







DUNDAS OF FINGASK

*' Still the ancient house stood rearing
Undisturb'd her chimneys high,
And her gilded vanes still veering,
Toward each quarter of the sky ;*

*While like wave to wave succeeding
Through the World of joy and strife,
Household after household speeding
Handed on the torch of life.'*

FITZGERALD.

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DUNDAS OF FINGASK

SOME MEMORIALS OF THE FAMILY

BY MRS. DUNDAS, (SENIOR)

OF CARRONHALL



EDINBURGH

DAVID DOUGLAS

1891

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TO MY CHILDREN

MY task is now completed. When, at Carron Hall, in the first years of my widowhood, I began to look over the letters and papers I now put in print, you were all around me. Time has gone on, all are now scattered, the old home is for the present deserted. If in the homes you have made for yourselves in distant lands, these "Memorials" help to keep warm in your hearts the memory of the good and brave from whom you are descended, my work will have fulfilled its purpose.

I have endeavoured to link the present with the past; to trace the unbroken line from "Helias, son of Huctred," the first to bear the name, down to his latest descendant in your branch of the family tree.

The materials at my command for the early history of the family are scanty. When the time comes for that portion of the family history to be written, the Charter-chests in the possession of Mr. Dundas of Dundas must yield their treasures to

the historian. A few of these Charters were copied at the time of the trial for "the headship of the family." They are contained in a manuscript, bound, and marked *Proceedings before the Court of Session in 1758*. I have made what use I could of these Charters, to throw their dim light on the doings of your early ancestors.

There is another manuscript, also bound, and entitled *The Antiquity, Descent, and Alliances of the Family of Dundas*. It seems to have been prepared by Mr. Thomas Dundas, younger of Fingask, about the middle of the last century. It has assisted me to trace the marriages of the family. I have endeavoured to authenticate the statements it contains, from other and more reliable authorities, and I have invariably given my references. A few loose sheets, in the handwriting of this same Mr. Thomas Dundas, I have also occasionally quoted.

I have been kindly assisted by the Rev. Walter MacLeod of the Register House, Edinburgh, who has made extracts for me from Charters under the Great Seal; and I gladly give his authority, in all the instances in which he has been able to trace any mention of the family in the old documents to which he has access. I have carefully examined all references in Nisbet's *Heraldry* and Douglas's *Baronage of Scotland*. The former contains in the

Appendix to the second volume a long notice of the "Dundas of Fingask," which, however, I have not made use of, as I was warned by my friend, the late Mr. George Burnett, Lyon King-of-Arms, that the second volume of this work, not having been written by Mr. Nisbet himself, is of no value in the sight of antiquarians. In Douglas's *Baronage, of Scotland*, "Dundas of Fingask" is mentioned, to be treated of in a later part of the work, which later part was, unluckily, never finished.

I am indebted to the kind courtesy of Mr. Dundas of Arniston for the copy of "the old Dundas Charter." He presented me with surplus copies which remained over from a volume lately published of family papers, entitled *Arniston Memoirs*. The plate is a facsimile, slightly reduced, of the interesting old charter by which, more than seven hundred years ago, the lands of Dundas were granted to the common ancestor of the many families who now bear the name of Dundas.

Since I began my work I have been deprived by the death of your uncle, General Sir Henry Lefroy, of the help of the kind friend who first encouraged me to attempt this family history, and to whose invaluable assistance I had looked forward at its conclusion.

The principal interest of these "Memorials" is centred in the letters of your great-grandfather,

Major-General Dundas. I have tried to give a slight sketch of his life; but it is unfortunate that nothing remains to give us an account of the part he took in the American War. Any letters written at that time have been destroyed.

I have endeavoured to thread together your grandfather's Peninsular Reminiscences from notes left in his own handwriting. They are full of interest; but any of the kind Colonel's old friends who may remember his peculiar handwriting will appreciate the difficulty with which I have deciphered them.

There is yet one, of whom I dare not trust myself to write! How worthily he upheld the family name, his children know; and that they may follow in his footsteps is the prayer of

Their Mother,

MARGARET ISABELLA DUNDAS.

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Waldū filii copatūi oib; probis hoib; suis. 7 omib; amicis suis tam factis q̄ p̄sentib; lat. Scotis
me dedisse 7 concessisse. 7 hac carta mea confirmasse helue filio hucūi dundas p̄ seruitio dimidi
militis illū 7 hedei suos. teneadū de me 7 hedi; meis in tenudo 7 heditate. in mortis. in agri
i stagnis in molendinis. in p̄cis. in pasturis. cū omib; rebus diuisis 7 p̄tinentiis. Concedo
itaq; q̄ uolo 7 p̄cipio. ut iste p̄dictus helua istā terram habeat 7 teneat tam q̄ere. 7 tā
libe. 7 tā honorifice. ut nullus miles de barone. teneat libius. q̄erū. 7 honorificatū in
tota t̄ra regis Scotie. his testib; . Iohē filio orni. Walduo filio baldeswin. Robto d̄ sco
michaelē. helua d̄ hadestādēna. Witto d̄ copland. Witto d̄ helleber. Aldano dapitō. ge
rardo mure. Iohē de gḡn.

DUNDAS OF FINGASK

CHAPTER I

EARLY FAMILY HISTORY

1145-1452.

“**W**ALDEVUS son of Cospatric, to all his good men and all his friends, present and to come: greeting. Know ye that I have given and granted and by this my charter confirmed to Helias son of Huctred, Dundas, for half a knight's service, to be held by him and his heirs of me and of my heirs in fee and heritage, in moors, in waters, in stanks, in mills, in meadows, in pastures, with all its right marches and pertinents. I grant therefore and will and charge that the aforesaid Helias have and hold that land so quietly and so freely and so honourably, as no knight holds of a baron more freely and quietly and honourably in all the land of the King of Scotland. Before these witnesses: John son of Orm, Waldev son of Baldewin, Robert of Saint Michael, Helias of Hadestanden, William of Copland, William of Hellebet, Aldan the Steward, Gerard the knight, John of Gragin.”¹

¹ I have copied this translation of the original charter from Part I. of *Facsimiles of National Manuscripts of Scotland*, selected under the

In such terms are certain lands called "Dundas," situated in West Lothian, on the eastern extremity of a low basaltic ridge overlooking the Firth of Forth, granted to "Helie filio Huctredi," the ancestor of the family, who from these lands took the surname of Dundas. The lands remained in the possession of the family from that time until the year 1875, when James Dundas, twenty-third, of that Ilk, through pecuniary losses found it necessary that the property should be sold.

The original charter is preserved in the charter-chest of the family of Dundas of Dundas, it is of course in Latin, and in the Gothic characters of the time.

There is no date, but from the names of the witnesses occurring in other charters, it can be proved to have been granted in the reign of David the First, somewhere about the year 1145.

It is not without fair show of proof that the family descent is claimed through "Helias, son of Huctred," from the historic Earls of Northumberland, who trace their origin from the Saxon kings of England—Cospatrick, son of the turbulent "Gospatrick," or Cospatrick, Earl of Northumberland, taking refuge in Scotland at the time of the Norman Conquest, Malcolm Canmore bestowed upon him the lands of Dunbar, and other lands in Lothian, which long remained in the possession of his descendants, the powerful Earls of Dunbar and March.¹

direction of Sir William Gibson-Craig, Lord Clerk Register of Scotland ; Edinburgh : 1867. The original Latin of the Charter of Dundas is given in Appendix, Note A, p. 233.

¹ For the Genealogy of the Earls of Dunbar and March see Nisbet's *Heraldry*, vol. i. p. 265. For the family of Dundas and the Arms, *ibid.* vol. i. p. 275.

Waldeve, son of Cospatric, the granter of the Charter of Dundas, is considered to have been the father of the first Earl of March and Dunbar. We find his name occurring in charters of this time, where he is designated "filius Cospatricii," and in a charter granted by David the First to the Abbey of Melrose, in which Huctred is a witness, Huctred is likewise designated "filius Cospatricii."¹

The inference is naturally drawn that Waldeve and Huctred were sons of the same Cospatric, and that in granting the lands of Dundas to Helias, son of Huctred, Waldeve granted them to his brother's son.

And this inference is further confirmed by Helias assuming the "Lion of Dunbar"² as his Arms, with the transmutation of tinctures only, namely, Argent, a lion rampant gules (a red lion on a silver or white field). Crest, a lion's head, full-faced, looking through a bush of oak, proper. Supporters, two lions gules; below the shield, for a device, a salamander in flames of fire.

The family motto, "Essayez," tradition says was got from a crusading member of the family who, languishing in a Saracen dungeon, was prompted to attempt his escape by seeing the successful efforts which a lion made to escape from a snare set for him in a thicket.

1. HUHTRED, or UCHTRED, is the immediate

¹ I cannot say whether this charter still exists. I quote from the family ms. compiled in the middle of the last century, and marked "Proceedings before the Court of Session."

² The family of Home, who trace their descent from the Earls of March, distinguished their arms from those of the chief family by only changing the tincture of the field. See Nisbet's *Heraldry*, vol. i.

ancestor of the family, and he is succeeded by his son,

2. HELIAS, to whom the above charter is granted, and who assumed from the lands the surname of Dundas.¹

In a charter confirming a donation by "Waldevus filius Cospatricii Ecclesiae de Innerkeithing," this Helias de Dundas is a witness, together with Duncan, Earl of Fife, who died A.D. 1154. Helias is succeeded by a son

3. SERLE DE DUNDAS, who is mentioned in several transactions in the reign of King William the Lion about 1170, and he is succeeded by a son

4. HELIAS DE DUNDAS, who is witness in a charter of Philip de Moubray, of lands in Innerkeithing, granted by him to the Abbey of Dunfermline in the reign of Alexander the Second. And Helias is also mentioned in an enrolment of Court by Roger de Moubray in the year 1229; for the family of Dundas had a small piece of land in Dalmeny of the Moubrays of Barnbogle.

He is succeeded by

5. RADULPHUS DE DUNDAS, who is a witness in a charter of Alexander II., "confirming a donation to the monastery of Kelso, May 26, 1240."²

His successor is

6. SAER DE DUNDAS. We come upon the name of "Saer de Dundas" among many other barons and lairds who were obliged to do homage to

¹ See Douglas's *Baronage of Scotland*, family of Dundas.

² See *Ibid.*

Edward the First of England during the years that he usurped authority over Scotland. These names are all preserved in records called the *Ragman Roll*.¹ Homage was thus sworn on three occasions, namely, in 1292, 1296, 1299. At the treaty of Northampton, in 1328, when Robert the Bruce had won from Edward the Third the full acknowledgment of the independence of Scotland, this ignominious record (the *Ragman Roll*) was returned to Scotland. It has now an interest as a kind of *Doomsday Book*, showing how long some lands have remained in the possession of the descendants of those who signed their names in it.

The entry is as follows: "At Berwick on Tweed, August the 28th, 1296, Saer de Dundas, of the county of Linlithgow, did personal homage."²

A second entry states that again on the same day and the same place, "Saer de Dundas did homage."

It has been suggested that this second homage may have been made for the lands of Fingask, in Perthshire, which appear already to have belonged to the family. In the *Ragman Roll* a Serle de Dundas is also said "to do homage, as tenant of the king (holding his lands of the king of England), in the county of Linlithgow," but nothing is known of this Serle de Dundas, or of his descendants.

Saer de Dundas is succeeded by

7. SIR HUGH DE DUNDAS.³ We are glad to find

¹ *Ragman Roll*. See Tytler's *History of Scotland*, vol. i. It has lately been published by the English Historical Society. The extracts I give were made for me, 1890, by the Rev. Walter Macleod, Register House, Edinburgh.

² See *The Ragman Roll*, Edward I., 1296, pp. 113, 202, 205.

³ See Abercromby's *Scottish Worthies*.

this name honourably mentioned among the supporters of William Wallace.

He is succeeded by

8. SIR GEORGE DE DUNDAS. The Carmelite Priory of Queensferry was founded by him in the year 1330. According to documents in the Dundas Charter Chest, he is said to have been a staunch patriot and steady friend of King Robert the Bruce. He was killed at the battle of Duplin 1332, fighting for Robert the Bruce's son, David the Second.

He is succeeded by

9. JAMES DE DUNDAS, who had a long dispute with the Abbot of Dunfermline¹ about the right to some islands in the Forth. The Abbot tried to silence him with an excommunication. A compromise seems to have been effected, as the excommunication was removed in 1342. This James de Dundas is mentioned in a collection of historical records relative to political transactions between England and Scotland, from the nineteenth year of the reign of Edward the First, to the eighth year of Henry the Eighth, called the *Rotuli Scotiae*. They consist of rolls preserved in the Tower and Chapter-house of Westminster, written in Latin and Norman French, and in 1814 were printed at the expense of Government, and are invaluable as preserving the material out of which history can be formed. In vol. i. p. 381, of the printed edition, we find "Letters of pardon by Edward III., king of England, to certain Scotsmen, who had submitted to him in regard to certain acts of war, which they had committed in vindicating the liberty of their

¹ See Douglas's *Baronage*. From Chartulary of Dunfermline.

own country." Here follows a list of names, and among them that of "James de Dundasse." The date is "at Berwick on Tweed, 10th October 1335."¹

James de Dundas is succeeded by his son

10. JOHN DE DUNDAS. He gets "a renewed charter of the lands of Fingask, in Perthshire, by King David II., giving, granting, and confirming to John Dundas, son and heir to James Dundas, the whole barony of Fingask, with its pertinents, lying within the sheriffdome of Perth, which barony and pertinents and all rights he had or could pretend to, the said James resigned in His Majestie's Hands at Stirling, to be holden by the said John and his heirs of his Majestie and Royal successors in ffee and heritage by all its rights, *meiths*, and marches, with all and sundry liberties, comodities, easements, and just pertinents whatsoever, belonging to the said Barony, or that any way could belong thereto thereafter, as freely and quietly, fully, wholly, and honourable as the said James held the aforesaid Barony and its pertinents before the said Resignation, and paying to His Majestie and Royal successors yearly one penney Scots at the Term of Whitsunday, in name of Bleuchduchie, if demanded, and that for all other services, executions, or demands.

"Dated at Edinburgh 18th February, in the 35th year of his reign, 1364."²

¹ These extracts from the *Rotuli Scotie* have been translated for me from the copy of this work in the Signet Library, Edinburgh, January 1890, by the Rev. Walter Macleod.

² In answer to my inquiry, I am informed by Adam Dundas, Esq., that this charter is in the family charter-chest at Inchgarvie House. He kindly sent me the copy which I give above, January 1889.

It will be observed that this Charter *confirms* a grant already given of the lands of Fingask. Unluckily the Charter by which the Barony originally came into the possession of the family cannot now be found.

As we have already mentioned, Saer de Dundas swore fealty to Edward the First in 1296, on two occasions in the same year; and it has been concluded that he did so for his lands of Fingask and Dundas.¹

These lands of Fingask are held as a Barony direct from the Crown, whereas the other lands belonging to the family are all held by Charters granted by some of the greater barons. A barony charter amongst other rights gave the power of punishment on the land, extending to what is popularly known as "pit and gallows." "The one term probably expressed distinctly enough the character of the prison kept by the feudal lord, the other needs no explanation."²

In Scotland there was no distinction of greater or lesser barons, as far as regarded admission to Parliament; but all were admitted to Parliament who had a free barony and power of "pit and gallows," till in the reign of James the First an Act of Parliament ordained "that small barons needed not to come to Parliament, but only two commissioners from each shire."³

John de Dundas has a son James, his heir; and a daughter Agneta, who married Sir Adam Forrester of Corstorphine. This Sir Adam was a distin-

¹ Douglas's *Baronage*, family of Dundas.

² See Burton's *History of Scotland*.

³ Nisbet's *Heraldry*, vol. i.

guished man, from being Burgess of Edinburgh, he was made Lord Privy Seal, in the reigns of Robert the Second and Robert the Third, and negotiated several treaties with England. In 1402, he followed Douglas in his raid into England; and at the battle of Homildon Hill fell into the hands of Hotspur. He was ransomed, and returned to die in his Castle of Corstorphine. By his wife, Agneta Dundas, he had a son, Sir John Forrester, who founded the Collegiate Church at Corstorphine, dedicated to St. John the Baptist.¹ In the old church an altar tomb, with the effigy of a knight in armour, commemorates the founder. Alas! the knight's head has been knocked off; beside him reposes his wife, Jean Sinclair, of the house of Orkney, with a breviary clasped in her hands.

In later years the descendants of this Sir Adam Forrester possessed the Torwood.²

John de Dundas is succeeded by

11. JAMES DE DUNDAS, who again resigns his barony of Fingask into the hands of the king, and receives a "Charter of Resignation by King Robert the Second, giving, granting, and confirming to James Dundas heritably, the lands of Fingask and pertinents, which formerly belonged to the said James Dundas, and were by him resigned in his Majestie's Hands, to be holden by the said James and the heirs then procreated, or thereafter to be procreated of his body, which failing, by Adam Forrester of Corstorphine and his heirs, dated at

¹ See *Old and New Edinburgh*, by James Grant, vol. iii. p. 119.

² The title of Baron Forrester of Corstorphine is now merged in that of Viscount Verulam of England. See Douglas's *Baronage of Scotland*.

Linlithgow, 28th February, in the ninth year of his reign, 1378.'¹

In 1397, James Dundas receives a Charter of "Resignation by William Seton of Seton, giving, granting, and confirming to James Dundas, all and whole the lands of Dundas, with their pertinents, together with one Oxen-gate of land of Queensferry, lying in the constabulary of Linlithgow and sheriff-dome of Edinburgh, which aforesaid lands with their pertinents were duely resigned into hands of his said superior, to be holden by the said James Dundas and the heirs then procreated, or thereafter to be procreated of his body, which failing, by the said Adam Forrester and his heirs whatsoever in ffee and Heritage of the granters and his heirs, and paying yearly the services used and wont, dated at the mansion-house of Seton, 13th December 1397."

James Dundas receives in 1407 a charter from Archibald, Earl of Douglas, of the lands of Dumbarnie, in Perthshire; and in 1416, a charter of the lands of Blairmuck, in Lanarkshire, in both of which charters James Dundas is styled by Archibald Earl of Douglas "his beloved and faithful shield-bearer."²

This Archibald Earl of Douglas succeeded the Archibald Earl of Douglas slain at the battle of Otterburn, 1388, and is the warlike Earl of Douglas who fought side by side with Harry Hotspur at the battle of Shrewsbury, made familiar to us all by Shakespeare's play. May we not think that the

¹ This and the two following charters relating to Fingask have been kindly copied for me by Adam Dundas, Esq. of Dundas, from the original charters in his possession.

² Copies of these charters are in our possession.

shield of the Douglas was borne on this memorable occasion by James de Dundas ?

At the battle of Shrewsbury, 1403, the Earl of Douglas was taken prisoner, and remained for several years a captive in England. In the *Rotuli Scotiae*,¹ we have a safe-conduct granted by "Henry iv. King of England to James Lord of Dundas, with John Synkler, and Robert de Trofort of Scotland, with their servants, horses, and equipage coming to the kingdom of England to the presence of the king about his affairs, and in reference to the Earl of Douglas, his cousin.—At Westminster, 28th September 1406." From this it appears that James Dundas was a relative of the Earl, whose shield he bore.

In 1416 James Dundas receives a Licence from Robert, Duke of Albany, Governor of Scotland, for building the "Tower and Castle of Dundas," dated 3d March 1416.²

In 1423 we have "a Charter of Resignation by Murdo, Duke of Albany, Governor of Scotland, to the said James Dundas, senior, of the said lands of Fingask proceeding upon his own resignation, to be holden by the said James Dundas, and the heirs-male then procreated, or to be procreated betwixt him and the said Christian Stewart, his wife; which failing, his own nearest lawful heirs; of his Majestie and royal successors, for the payment of the services used and wont, dated 1st December 1423."³

On the return of James the First, in 1424, from

¹ *Rotuli Scotiae*, vol. ii. p. 179. Translated for me from the copy in the Signet Library, Edinburgh.

² Copy of Licence in our possession.

³ Copies of both these charters kindly sent me by Adam Dundas, Esq.

his long captivity in England, he looked very keenly into the actions of the uncle and cousin who had usurped the Government of Scotland in his absence, and by Act of Parliament a general exhibition of Crown Charters was commanded. It is probably in consequence of this enactment that James Dundas receives a second "Charter of Resignation from King James, of the barony of Fingask, in favour of himself and his heirs-male, procreated betwixt himself and the said Christian Stewart, his wife, dated 24th May, in the twenty-fourth year of his reign, 1429."

This Charter is again confirmed in 1430.

Christian Stewart was a daughter of Sir John Stewart of Innermeath and Lorn, by his wife, Isabel, daughter and co-heiress of John of Ergadia, Lord of Lorn.¹ Her brother married about 1409 Lady Margaret Stewart, daughter of Robert, Duke of Albany, the Governor of Scotland, during the captivity of James the First.

It is a disputed point in the family history whether this Christian Stewart was a second wife.

We shall see how very bitterly the question came to be argued, more than 300 years after the death of this James Dundas, by his descendants, the representatives of the two houses of Dundas and Fingask.

On the one side, Dundas of Dundas asserted that James Dundas by a first wife, whose name has not been discovered, had three sons—James, Archibald, and Duncan. That by Christian Stewart he had two sons, Alexander and Thomas, and two

¹ See *The Stewarts of Appin*, by Lieut.-Col. Duncan Stewart, printed for private circulation, 1880, where the marriage of Christian Stewart to James Dundas is mentioned, but without date.

daughters. That in consequence of the charter given above, which provided the barony of Fingask to his heirs by Christian Stewart, Alexander, her eldest son, succeeded on his death to Fingask, and was the progenitor of that branch of the family, the "Dundasses of Fingask;" while James, the heir, dying without issue, Archibald, his brother, carried on the main line of Dundas of Dundas.

On the Fingask side it was contended that no proof can be shown of a former marriage, and that James was the eldest son of his father, James Dundas, by Christian Stewart, that on his forfeiture of the lands of Dundas in 1449, the barony of Fingask either remained in his possession, in consequence of this separate charter, or was restored when the attainder was removed, while the lands of Dundas, which had been given to the powerful family of Douglas, were ultimately regained by a younger member of the family, Archibald by name, and that consequently the family of Dundas of Dundas are descendants of a cadet of the family, the main line having been carried on by Alexander Dundas of Fingask, who is asserted to have been son of the forfeited James Dundas, by his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Alexander Livingston.¹

Upon this point turns the question, very interesting to those concerned, as to the right of the headship of the family.

¹ This marriage is given in Douglas's *Baronage*, and was not denied at the trial before the Court of Session in 1758. For full particulars of the trial for the headship of the family see MS. Proceedings before the Court of Session, George Dundas of Dundas claiming to be served heir to James Dundas of Dundas, father of James Dundas, who was forfeit in 1449.

James de Dundas must have died about 1437, and was succeeded by his son,

12. JAMES DE DUNDAS. There is a "Special Retour in favour of James de Dundas, as son and heir of James de Dundas, in the lands of Dumbarny, held of the Earl of Douglas, in Lanarkshire, dated 6th November 1437."¹

Up to the end of the last century on every succession to land, a jury of neighbours was summoned who affirmed the death of the last possessor, and that the successor was his true heir: this was called a "Retour."

On this followed what was called an "Act of Seisin" or (sasine), namely, a command from the Sheriff of the shire to deliver the lands into the hands of the new possessor.

These "Retours" and "Acts of Seisin," when they can be found, are the most valuable proofs of the direct inheritance of land; but unluckily they are now too often sought for in vain, having been lost or destroyed when the land changed owners.

James Dundas was connected by marriage with Sir Alexander Livingston of Calendar, and in the troubled times which followed the murder of James the First at the Black Friars Convent in Perth in the year 1437, and the succession of the boy-king, James the Second, the name of James Dundas occurs,² along with that of his relative, Sir Alexander Livingston, Governor of Stirling Castle, where he detained the young king and the Queen-mother as little less than prisoners. The roughness of the

¹ A copy of this Retour is in our possession.

² See Tytler's *History of Scotland*.

treatment then experienced was not forgiven by King James when he assumed the reins of government. In the words of an old chronicle of the day we are told: "That year 1449, the 19th day of Januar, James II. held his first parliament at Edinburgh. In the whilk parliament thar was forfeit Sir Alexander Levinstown, Lord Kalendar, James Dundas of that ilk, and Robert Brus, the lard of Clakmannains brother.

"And James of Levinstown, son and heir to the said Alexander, was put to deith, and Robert Brus, baith together on the Castle Hill, their heedes were striken off. And that same time Archibald of Dundas, brother till the same James of Dundas, stuffit the tour of Dundas, and said he suld hold it gif the king did them grace. And at the dissolwyn of the said Parliament, the king baith out and came himself, and asket the said hous, and gat it not, and laid seige about it till the end of April, and then it was given over.

"And the hous was cast doon, and the stuff parted betwixt the king and the Earl of Douglas."¹

In the year 1451 Sir Alexander Livingston and James Dundas were liberated from their confinement, in what our old family ms. calls the "cold Castle of Dumbarton."

In the *Rotuli Scotiae* we find "a safe-conduct granted by Henry VI., King of England, to James Dundas of Scotland, Esqre., and Duncan Dundas of Scotland, Esqre., being at present in England, with

¹ I have copied this account of James Dundas's forfeiture from a copy of the *Auchinleck Chronicle* in the Signet Library. Under this title original fragments of history, relating to the reign of James the Second, have been collected and printed by Mr. Thomson, Depute Clerk Register of Scotland.

two servants and five horses, to go towards the kingdom of Scotland, and thence to return to England, and then to pass to the Court of Rome, by way of the King's town of Calais, and by the same town to return again into England, and then to return to Scotland. Dated at Westminster, 21 January 1450-51."¹

It requires a close study of this disturbed period of Scottish history to follow the repeated rebellions of the lawless barons which distracted the early years of James the Second's reign. The Earl of Douglas, whom we find sharing in the confiscation of the lands of Dundas, is the same Earl discovered two years later plotting against the Crown, and slain in 1451-2 by King James's own hand at Stirling Castle.²

He had at this time incurred the king's suspicion, and had betaken himself to Rome. It is probable that James Dundas's object in obtaining a safe-conduct to Rome was to join in this plot.

After the murder of the Douglas, the insurrection planned by him broke out in the north of Scotland, headed by the Earls of Crawford and Ross, and opposed on the king's side by the Earl of Huntly. James Dundas must have returned to Scotland in time to join in this rebellion. We have in the "Auchinleck Chronicle"³ a quaint account of the battle of Brechin, fought on the 18th May 1452. It says: "Thar met and faucht in the field, on the mure besyd Brechhyne, the Erle of Crawford callit

¹ Copied for me from the *Rotuli Scotiae* by the Rev. W. Macleod.

² Tytler's *History of Scotland*.

³ Copied by me from the *Auchinleck Chronicle* at the Signet Library.

Alexander, and the Erle of Huntlie. And thar was with the Erle of Huntlie ma than was with the Erle of Crawford, because he displayt the king's banier. And the Erle of Huntlie wan the field, and slew the Erle of Crawford's brother callit John Lindsay of Brechyne, and the lard of Dundas, and other syndry gentile men."

The fate of James Dundas is thus put beyond doubt. After his death the attainder against him is, however, removed, for on the 26th of August of this same year 1452, "by consent of a Parliament holden at Edinburgh," a remission is granted by James the Second "*quandam* Jacobo Dundas and Duncan his brother."

In the *Rotuli Scotiæ*¹ we find repeated safe-conducts granted to Duncan Dundas and Thomas Dundas to come into the kingdom of England, given by Henry the Sixth and Edward the Fourth, and in safe-conducts, dated at Westminster in 1474; and again in 1484, a safe-conduct is given to Duncan Dundas and others, as "ambassadors of the King of Scots" coming to meet the "ambassadors of the King of England."

This Duncan Dundas is the ancestor of the families of Newlistoun and Philipstoun.

Of Thomas Dundas we know nothing more.

In 1465 we find Archibald Dundas in possession of the lands of Dundas. In a Charter² dated 6th March 1465, Sir Archibald Dundas of Dundas grants to John Dundas, his son and heir, "all and heal his lands of Dundas and Pewlands, lying in the Barony of Winchburgh and Sheriffdome of Linlithgow."

¹ *Rotuli Scotiæ*, vol. ii., copied for me by the Rev. Walter Macleod.

² A copy of this Charter is in our possession.

As the special Retour of Sir Archibald Dundas is missing, there is nothing to show under what circumstances he became possessed of the "Tour of Dundas," which he had defended in his brother's lifetime. Whether, when that brother lay dead on the "mure of Brechin," he, like the wicked uncle of the story books, seized on the inheritance which rightly belonged to James Dundas's young son, or whether James, having died childless, he succeeded by right as next heir, we know not. Our old Chronicle lifts for us, as it were, the dense mist which obscures those long-past days: we seem to catch a glimpse of the lawless baron of Dundas and his followers, harrying the country around to snatch the provisions with which he "stuffit the tour." Once more the little town of Queensferry resounds with the clang of armed men and horses, clattering over the narrow-paved street as the party, led by the king himself, goes out to demand its surrender. Then all again is silence, and we turn from this one short, picturesque episode to the worm-eaten, dusty Charters to obtain what further information they can give of the family history. We know that from this time dates the separation of the lands of Dundas and Fingask, which were never again held by the same hand. And our interest lies with the Barons of Fingask, and those by whom they have been succeeded. If, from lack of proof, we may not claim that they represent the main stem of the old family tree, there can be no doubt that the Fingask branch is the oldest offshoot of the many branches which have sprung from the root first planted in West Lothian by Helie filio Huctredi.

CHAPTER II

BARONS OF FINGASK

1452-1547

13. **T**HE "Retour" of ALEXANDER DUNDAS of Fingask is missing. Whether we suppose him to have been the son of the forfeit James de Dundas, or the younger son of James de Dundas and Christian Stewart, he must have been too young to take any part in the stirring times in which Archibald and Duncan Dundas were engaged.¹

In a Crown Charter to Laurence, Lord Oliphant, at Perth, 6th November 1468, Alexander de Dundas, Baron of Fingask, is a witness.²

In the family records he is said to have married "Helen, daughter and co-heiress of William Arnot of Balbarton, one of the oldest families in the county of Fife, and this lady brought him the lands of Knightspotty, in the barony of Abernethy and shire of Perth, also a tack of the lands of Bannachie, near Kirkcaldy, Fife."³ If Alexander Dundas's youth

¹ In the Appendix to the second volume of Nisbet's *Heraldry* this "Retour" is mentioned, but we dare not accept the statements in "the Appendix," as this portion of the work, not having been accomplished by Mr. Nisbet himself, is considered of no value.

² From the *Great Seal Register*, vii. 1. Seen and noted for me, January 1888, by the Rev. Walter Macleod, Register House, Edinburgh.

³ See "MS. Family Alliances." Her elder sister, Elizabeth Arnot, married Richard Brown of Fordell, parish of Arngask, before 19th July 1493. Balbarton was divided between the sisters. On the death of Richard Brown, about 1500, Elizabeth Arnot married Robert Colville of

was spent apart from the din of war in his quiet barony of Fingask, in his old age he is said to have fought for his king : there is a favourite tradition in the family that he and four sons were slain at the battle of Flodden Field, 1513.

Alexander Dundas is succeeded by his son

14. ALEXANDER. "Alexander Dundas of Fingask is one of an assize upon an apprising of the lands of Kirkton, Malar, etc., on the 31st January 1537-38" (Notes from the *Great Seal Register*, xxviii. 567).

Again, "Alexander Dundas of Fingask and Archibald Dundas of Potty are on assize for apprising the lands of Gorthy to William Moncreiff, 5th May 1539" (*Ibid.* xxvii.).

We have also "Confirmation by King James the Fifth to Alexander Dundas of Fingask, and Elizabeth Bruce, his spouse, of a Charter granted to them by Eufame Leslie, Prioress of Elcho, of the lands of Cotes, called Caldcotes, in the lordship of Elcho and shire of Perth, dated at the Monastery of Elcho, 22d April 1540, confirmed at Edinburgh, 8th August 1542" (*Register of the Great Seal*, xxiii. 292).¹

Alexander Dundas is said to have been killed at the battle of Pinkey, 1547.²

Hilton and Ochiltree. (See a privately printed work, *Browns of Fordell*, which contains an emblazoned representation of the armorial escutcheon of the family of Dundas of Fingask.)

¹ These extracts from the *Register of the Great Seal* were made for me by the Rev. Walter Macleod of the Register Office in Edinburgh, 1889.

² I have only the authority of an old ms. for this statement ; it is in the handwriting of Mr. Thomas Dundas.

The Elizabeth Bruce, "his spouse," mentioned in the above Charter, was the second daughter of Sir David Bruce of Clackmannan. On the death of the laird of Fingask, she married John Colless of Bonnymoore.¹

Alexander Dundas appears to have been the father of three sons—ARCHIBALD, his heir, ADAM, and THOMAS.

We find "Adam Dundas, Chamberlain to the Abbot of Kinloss, and styled brother-german of Archibald Dundas of Fingask, resigns the lands of Knock, in the shire of Banf, to William Abernethy of Byres, 5th July 1572" (xxx. 490, *Great Seal Register*).² The same Adam is styled of Knock in many Charters. We find at the same time "Thomas Dundas," styled brother of "Adam Dundas of Knock," is witness to Charters in 1571. The property of Findhorn, in Morayshire, remained for some time in the possession of this Thomas Dundas and his descendants. And it has lately been suggested to me that it was in consequence of this connection with the Highlands that we have a Dundas tartan. The truth of this assertion I must leave to be decided by those better skilled in the history of tartan than I am.

There seem to have been also three daughters—

¹ See Douglas's *Baronage of Scotland*, Bruces of Clackmannan.

² The Cistercian Abbey of Kinloss, in Morayshire, was dissolved at the Reformation. The lands and baronies which belonged to the abbey were given to Edward Bruce, second son of Edward Bruce of Blairhall, by James the Sixth, who in 1602 created him a peer, under the title of Lord Bruce of Kinloss, a title now borne by the Earls of Elgin.

NICHOLAS, married to Alexander Colville, Com-mendator of Culross.¹

MARGARET, married first to William Kerr of Ancrum, grandfather of the first Marquis of Lothian; and secondly, to Sir George Douglas of Mordington.

EUFAME, married William Colville, grandson of Sir James Colville of Easter Wemyss.

We have a "Confirmation by Queen Mary of Charters granted by James Colville, son natural of James Colville of East Wemyss, in favour of Eufamia Dundas, sister of Archibald Dundas of Fingask, of the lands of Crombie in the lordship of Culross, to hold to the said Eufamia and the children procreated between her and William Colville, her future spouse; whom failing, to Robert Colville of Cleish; dated at Culross 11th November 1560, confirmed in Edinburgh 31st May 1565" (*Great Seal Register*, xxxii. 140).

At this time there seems to have been a very close connection between the families of Dundas and Colville. We find Archibald, the eldest son, marrying the daughter of Robert Colville of Cleish, Nicholas, the eldest daughter, married to the Com-mendator of Culross, Alexander Colville, and another daughter, Eufamia, married to a William Colville. The ancestor of the Colvilles was Robert Colville² of Hiltown, who held the office of Steward to Queen

¹ I state the marriage of Nicholas on the authority of the old family MS., but I have been unable to authenticate this marriage for myself. The identity of Eufamia is vouched for by the Charter following, for which I am indebted to Mr. Walter Macleod.

² I have taken this account of the Colville family from two sources: first *Letters of John Colville*, printed for the Bannatyne Club; and a book entitled *Culross and Tulliallan*, by David Beveridge.

Margaret, wife of James the Third. His son, Sir James Colville of Ochiltree, in Ayrshire, exchanged this estate for the Barony of Easter Wemyss in Fifeshire, 1530. This Sir James Colville had several sons. James, his heir, the direct progenitor of the Lords Colville of Culross, Alexander, the husband of our Nicholas Dundas, who took a prominent part in the secularisation of the Abbey of Culross, of which he was made Commendator in 1567.

In passing we may remark that the principal families in the neighbourhood of the great Abbeys had begun before the Reformation to have lay members of their family made Commendators, or lay Abbots, and many of these Commendators, as in the case of Alexander Colville, by a timely adoption of the new doctrines, were able to retain the revenues of the Abbeys which they had before administered. The last Abbot of Culross was a John Colville, and along with him was conjoined as Commendator a William Colville, probably a relation.

Alexander Colville retained the title of Commendator until his death in 1597. His eldest son, John Colville, had, in 1587, acquired a reversionary right to the lands and revenues of Culross Abbey, then enjoyed by his father. These lands and rights he appears to have handed over to his uncle, Sir James Colville of Easter Wemyss (the third), by whom they were erected into a temporal lordship, and Sir James Colville was raised to the peerage as Lord Colville of Culross somewhere about 1609.

We must now return to the first Sir James Colville of Easter Wemyss, who, besides his two sons, James and Alexander, had two illegitimate

sons, whom he seems also to have provided for liberally. Robert, the elder, the father of Archibald Dundas's wife, received the property of Cleish in Kinross-shire, and his grandson was made Lord Colville of Ochiltree by Charles the Second in 1651 : a title now extinct.

James, the younger of the illegitimate sons, and the father of the William Colville who married Eufame Dundas, appears to have adhered to the ancient faith. There is a Charter,¹ dated April 1560, granted to him by William Colville, joint Commendator of Culross with John Colville, the last Abbot, of the lands of Crombie belonging to the Abbey, in consideration of a sum of money having been paid by the said James Colville "for the preservation of the liberty of the church in those dangerous days of Lutheranism." The Charter is confirmed by Queen Mary in 1565.

This Charter bears the same date as the one we have already given, by which Queen Mary confirms the grant, made by James Colville, of the lands of Crombie, to Eufame Dundas, and her future husband, William Colville.

It is a curious circumstance that in the Records of the Town Council of Edinburgh, under the date 18th June 1563, we find mention made of a Eufame Dundas, who is on that day called into the presence of the bailies and Town Council, and accused by John Gray, scribe to the kirk, of having "in the presence of ane multitude spoken divers injurious and slanderous words baith of the doctrine and ministers, and in especial of John Knox, minister,

¹ This charter is given by Mr. David Beveridge in a volume called *Between the Ochils and the Forth*.

there follows a very bad accusation against John Knox, quhilk being read to the said Eufame Dundas, personallie present in judgement, she denyit the same, and is warnyt apud the act.”¹

We cannot prove that the two Eufame Dundases are one and the same person, but as the name of Dundas was at that time limited to a very few families, all connected with the main stem, there is at least a strong probability that this Eufame Dundas is Alexander Dundas of Fingask’s daughter. The animosity to “the ministers,” and in especial to John Knox, may not be considered a favourable trait in her character, but is interesting as bringing us in touch as it were with the history of the day.

These were the days when the party spirit of religion raged through the land, and if the sisters of Archibald Dundas sometimes met under his roof, we can imagine that the old walls of Fingask heard pretty keen discussions over the “new doctrines,” the sharp tongue of Eufame, the slanderer of John Knox, can hardly have kept silent, we should think, when the presence of her brother-in-law, the Commendator of Culross, reminded her of the spoliation of its ancient Abbey.

Robert Colville of Cleish, the father of Archibald Dundas’s wife, the “Bessie Colville” of our ms., was a zealous Reformer, his wife an equally zealous Papist. It is said that in expectation of her confinement the Lady Cleish sent her servant to the Convent of Loretto,² “bearing in his hand her sarke, with ane offering of gold,” to secure the intercession

¹ Quoted by Kirton in his *History of the Church of Scotland*, p. 22.

² *Letters of John Colville*, Bannatyne Club.

of the "Ladye of Loretto" for her safety. Her husband discovering, what he considered an act of superstition, proceeds to show up certain impostures practised on the credulous by the nuns of Loretto.

CHAPTER III

MARGARET DUNDAS

THE second daughter of Alexander Dundas, "Margaret," claims a chapter to herself. Little as we know of her, her name occurs as the mother of two sons, by a first and second husband, who distinguished themselves in the history of their age.

Her first husband, William Kerr, was the eldest son of Robert Kerr of Ancram;¹ this Robert Kerr was a third son of Sir Andrew Kerr of Ferniehirst. The family of Kerr were of Anglo-Norman lineage, descended from two brothers who settled in Scotland in the thirteenth century. Their descendants branched off into separate races of border chieftains—the Kerrs of Ferniehirst, now represented by the Marquis of Lothian; and the Kerrs of Cessford by the Duke of Roxburghe.

We have not the date of Margaret Dundas's marriage with William Kerr. She had by him four sons. On a dark December night in the year 1590 William Kerr was assassinated in the streets of Edinburgh, by his kinsman, Sir Robert Kerr, younger of Cessford. The account of the murder is given by Archbishop Spottiswoode in his *History*

¹ See Correspondence of Sir Robert Kerr, first Earl of Ancram—printed from *Original Letters at Newbattle* for the Bannatyne Club—where the marriage of Margaret Dundas of Fingask to William Kerr is given.

of the Church of Scotland. He says, "There had been a long and old emulation between the families of Cessford and Ferniehirst for the Wardenery of the Marches." The Lady Cessford had also a grievance against the laird of Ancram, and is accused of having instigated her son to commit the murder. The king (James the Sixth) was highly offended at this outrage, and was resolved to use exemplary justice upon the perpetrator. But Sir Robert Kerr made his escape, and after remaining some months a fugitive, was pardoned upon satisfaction being made to the children of the murdered man.

It was supposed that the Lord Chancellor, Maitland, the brother of the still better known "Maitland of Lethington," had interest enough to obtain this remission, Sir Robert Kerr having married the daughter of "Maitland of Lethington," the secretary and strong adherent of Queen Mary.

The Kerrs of Ferniehirst had also been faithful adherents to the Queen, and Janet, daughter of the brave Kirkcaldy of Grange, had married in 1561 Thomas Kerr of Ferniehirst. So that our Margaret Dundas had married into a family deeply interested in the stirring events of that momentous time. Margaret Dundas's son, Robert Kerr, on the murder of his father, succeeded to the estate of Ancram. He was born in the year 1578. He seems to have accompanied the Scottish Court, when, on his succession to the throne of England, King James and the Royal family left Scotland. Robert Kerr held an appointment in the household of Prince Henry, then Prince of Wales: there is a warrant issued, August 30th, 1604, for his wages, £20; also for providing him with suitable dress. His cousin,

Sir Thomas Kerr of Ferniehirst, also appeared at Court about this time, and becoming a favourite of the king was raised to the peerage as Viscount Rochester and Earl of Somerset. We would like to think that some of the favour shown by King James to the family of Ferniehirst was in gratitude for their loyalty to his unhappy mother. Robert Kerr was knighted, December 24th, 1607. On the great occasion of Charles the First's visit to Scotland for his coronation in the Abbey Church of Holyrood, June 18th, 1633, "One of his goodlie train of attendants" was Sir Robert Kerr of Ancram, "who held the office of Master of the Privy Purse." Among the titles created to commemorate the day, Sir Robert Kerr was created "Earl of Ancram, Lord Nisbet, Langnewton, and Dolphingston."

He was growing now an old man, and infirm. In the troublous times which followed he seems to have taken no part: it is doubtful when his services as Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber ceased. In a letter in which he alludes to the king's death he says, "This sonne of mine (Lord Lothian) is cum'ed to be eye witness of a sadder spectacle than ever we thought would grow out of it. At this time I am creeping down the hill, or rather upp the hill, from this world to a better." The "sonne" here mentioned was his eldest son, William, who by marriage with his cousin, Anne, Countess of Lothian, was elevated to the peerage as Earl of Lothian on June 24th, 1631. Robert, Lord Ancram, seems to have spent much of his time at Newbattle with his son. But on the coming of Cromwell to Scotland, the old loyalist crossed over to Holland, and from October 1649 Amsterdam became his home, and there,

after four years spent in banishment and straitened circumstances, after a brief illness, the good old man's life ended December 1654.¹

Margaret Dundas, after the death of her first husband, married Sir George Douglas of Mordington, of the ancient family of Douglas of Thorrell.

Sir George Douglas was among the many Scotchmen who followed the Scottish Court to England; whether Margaret Dundas accompanied him we do not know. She had three children by her second husband, the eldest of whom, George, joined the great Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, in the war then going on in Germany, taking with him, in 1623, a company of foot of his own nation. After the death of Gustavus at the battle of Lutzen, Sir George Douglas was appointed ambassador-extraordinary from the King of Great Britain to the Kings of Poland and Sweden. He started on this mission in December 1634, and by his secretary, Fowler, full particulars of this embassy are given in a book, which he calls *A Briefe Commemoration of Sir George Douglas, Knight, Ambassador Extraordinary from the late King of Great Britain, for the treaty of Peace between Poland and Sweden*. After giving many dry details, he goes on to relate a strange presentiment that occurred at the town of Damin, in Pomerania, where they arrived on the 12th of March 1635. "Upon the eve before, being Saturday, for the space of two hours between the hours of eight and ten at night, an unwonted sound

¹ The account of Robert, Lord Ancram, I have taken from *Original Letters at Newbattle*, printed for the Bannatyne Club, by permission of Lord Lothian, 1889.

of bells was heard in the steeple of the town church. The Governor sending to inquire the cause at this undue hour, received answer that the church doors were shut. Orders were given to search with torches the town, to see if any persons might be concealed, who by this means were signalling to the enemy ; but neither in church nor steeple could any person be found, nor sound nor motion be perceived, though still below in the town the mysterious bells went tolling on. . . . Entering the town the same evening, Sir George and his suite were entertained at a banquet, where the governor related the strange occurrence, on which Sir George, smiling, replied, ‘ You need not have been so troubled, it was but a ceremony to entertain strangers ; your citizens knew not so well as your bells that Great Britain’s ambassador was to be here to-night, that tolling was for *my* reception.’ On rising next morning Sir George complained he was not well ; a numbness affected his foot. A few hours later he was struggling in the agony of death, and then the Secretary and those arround remembered the strange warning of the Bells.” (The story is printed among the town records of Damin.)¹

We cannot say how long Margaret Dundas lived to watch the successful careers of her sons, all of whom seem to have been more or less fortunate in their different lines of action. That she was a wise and good mother we learn by mention made of her by the Rev. John Weems, minister of Dunse, and afterwards prebend of Durham Cathedral, one of

¹ I have quoted this account from an old book in the Signet Library, called *Life of George Douglas, Knight, Ambassador-Extraordinary for the Peace between Poland,* by his Secretary, Fowler.

whose works, called *An Exposition of the Laws of Moses*, has a dedication to the Earl of Ancram. In this dedication he says, "I know, sir, that you will make better use of these, my labours, than most men in these times doe. I know, sir, your breeding craveth another thing of you, who was bred up under so wise and religious a mother, who for the education of her children was another Monica, as yourself and your virtuous sister, Mistress Catherine, are sufficient proofes. I cannot pass by her name upon this occasion, whose life and death was to me an instruction."¹

¹ From *Original Letters at Newbattle*, printed for the Bannatyne Club, 1889.

CHAPTER IV

LAST BARONS OF FINGASK

1547-1724

ALEXANDER DUNDAS is succeeded by his son

15. ARCHIBALD DUNDAS. An old family paper¹ quotes a letter from King James the Sixth to Blair of Balthock, concerning the affairs of Perthshire. He recommends him "to consult and advise with this Archibald Dundas of Fingask, as a person in whom his Majesty entirely confided. The letter is dated 23d September 1579."

On the marriage of his son and heir, William, to Margaret, daughter of Sir David Carnegie of Cul-luthie (half-sister to the first Earl of Southesk), Archibald Dundas resigns into the king's hands "the lands and barony of Fingask, with the tower, manor house, and parks, for conjoint Infestment with his son and his future wife."² The charter by King James the Sixth is dated at Holyrood, 28th January 1582-3 (*Register of the Great Seal*, xxxv. 665).

Archibald Dundas married Elizabeth,³ or, as our

¹ This old paper is in the handwriting of Thomas Dundas of Letham.

² Noted for me by the Rev. Walter Macleod, Register House, Edinburgh.

³ This marriage is given in the family ms. I have had no other means of authenticating it.

MS. calls her, Bessie Colville, daughter of Sir Robert Colville of Cleish. By her he had two sons—

1. William, his heir.
2. Archibald.

16. WILLIAM DUNDAS succeeds his father and gets a new Charter of Investiture of his barony of Fingask from King James the Sixth, dated Edinburgh, August 1588 (*Register of the Great Seal*, xxxvii.). He married, as we have seen, Margaret, daughter and co-heiress of Sir David Carnegie of Culluthie, by his wife, Elizabeth Ramsay, daughter and sole heir of Henry Ramsay of Culluthie.

William Dundas died in September 1589, and leaving no heirs, was succeeded by his brother—

17. ARCHIBALD DUNDAS. In the Retours of Perthshire now in the Register House, Edinburgh, we have found the following:—"1606, February 8, Retour of Archibald Dundas of Fingask, as heir-male of his brother, William Dundas, in the lands of Quotts, in the lordship of Elcho" (iii. 194).¹

We find incidental notice of this Archibald Dundas in the letters of John Colville to Sir Robert Cecil and others at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, which have been lately printed.²

This John Colville was the second son of Sir Robert Colville of Cleish, consequently the brother of Archibald Dundas's mother, "Bessie Colville." He was employed in offices about the Court of King James the Sixth, and, I am afraid, played the dis-

¹ Noted for me by the Rev. Walter Macleod, Register House.

² *Original Letters of John Colville, from 1582 to 1603*; printed for the Bannatyne Club, 1858.

honourable part of a spy, supplying Queen Elizabeth and her ministers with minute information of all that went on in Scotland.

It would appear that he occasionally made use of his nephew as a messenger. Writing to his brother-in-law, Mr. Henry Lock, May 11th, 1594, he begins: "Très cher et très fidele, finding the young Baron of Fingask cum through to Newcastle, I followed him to Durham. He carries a letter to our ambassador, declaring that the King is still ungoing agans these Papystes." Again, on the 14th July 1594, Colville writes to the same correspondent: "The Baron of Fingask is agane to cum up. I cannot advertise his erand, because I shal be absent at his bygoing."

In a long letter, which he addresses "To my honourable Mecenat Sir Robert Cecyll Knight, one of her Highness most honourable Privy Council," dated 26th July 1594, he writes: "The young Baron of Fingask is to be thair schortlie. I do think he will, as his dewite is, say the best for the king, and excuse the hard speches whiche his Majestie has uttered of my Lord your father and yourself, therwith-all, he will surlie say for the kings sinceritie in the action of religion and *amitié*. Bot being, as he is indeed, a religious honest gentil man, and one that I do heir is reported very honourably of, your Lordshipe, if he have acces to your Lordshipe, being demandit of his opinion what factions are in our Court, and how far men dar of honestie affirm of his Majestie's sinceritie; cannot in the first being a little touched theron, deny the former jelosy with many moir emulations, and in the other I think shall not *wis* protestations to be

trusted on the kings behalf, till Tyme the parent of Truth try the same. The gentil man being, as I am assured he is, both honest and religious, I hope can resolve you in those matters."

We know nothing further of Archibald Dundas's errands to the Court of England.

He married Jean Carnegie, daughter of Sir David Carnegie of Colluthie, and widow of James Carmichael of Balmedie. She was the half-sister of Margaret Carnegie, the wife of his brother William, and full sister of David, first Earl of Southesk, whose daughter Magdalen married the chivalrous James, Marquis of Montrose.

It may be in consequence of this double connection with the family of Carnegie, that two portraits bearing the names "Lord and Lady Southesk," came into the possession of the Dundas family. They still remain among the old family portraits at Carron Hall.

Archibald Dundas left two sons : John, his heir ; second, Robert, whose son, Laurence Dundas, was Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh.

Also six daughters :—

Nicholas ; married, first, James Kinross of Kippenross ; secondly, Alexander Fairlie of Braid.

Margaret ; married to David Bruce, son of William Bruce of Fingask and Rait.¹

Jean ; married to Alexander Ramsay, of the family of Banff.

¹ This estate of Fingask, in the "Carse of Gowrie," was sold about the year 1670 to Patrick Thriepland, a citizen of Perth, and Provost of that city from about 1660 to 1670.

Catherine; married to David Williamson, Sheriff-Clerk of Stirling.

Two daughters remained unmarried.

18. JOHN DUNDAS succeeded his father.

In the Retours of Perthshire, now in the Register House in Edinburgh, we find: "1629, April 25.—Retour of John Dundas of Fingask, as heir-male of Archibald Dundas of Fingask, his father, in the barony of Fingask and lands of Quotts" (x. 160).¹

On the 18th of June 1633, when Charles the First held his Court in the palace of his ancestors, on the occasion of his coronation at Holyrood, John Dundas received from the royal hand the honour of knighthood. Honours were profusely bestowed on that auspicious day among the nobles and gentry of Scotland. John Dundas's kinsman, "Robert Kerr," the son of Margaret Dundas, we have already heard of, as one of the "goodlie train of attendants," holding the office of Master of the Privy Purse, and created Earl of Ancram.

Another relative, David Carnegie, the brother of John Dundas's mother, is on the same occasion created Earl of Southesk.

Three years before the date of the festivities at Holyrood, on the 10th of November 1629, the gallant James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, then aged 17, had married Magdalene Carnegie, daughter of the newly-titled Earl of Southesk.²

A descendant of Sir John Dundas's thus writes

¹ Noted for me by the Rev. Walter Macleod, Register House, Edinburgh.

² *Memoirs of the Marquis of Montrose*; by Mark Napier.

of him : " His loyalty to his sovereign, and his near relationship by his mother to the great Marquis of Montrose, induced him to expose his life and fortune in the Civil wars, having raised and maintained a troop of horse at his own expense for his Majesty's service ; by which he ruined his estate that had been so long transmitted to him by a series of worthy ancestors."¹ We should like to have further particulars of the share Sir John Dundas took in the troubled history of his day ; but, alas ! no record remains ; and the only memorial left of the old cavalier is a dusky portrait with the name " Sir John Dundas," the family motto " Essayez," and the date " 1648."

In consequence of his loyalty to his unfortunate sovereign, we have perhaps the cause of the sale of Fingask. It was sold in 1650 to Mr. Gill of Ford.

¹ See a MS. in the handwriting of Thomas Dundas, younger of Letham. We may suppose that Mr. Thomas Dundas had further proof than we now possess for asserting the loyal principles of his great-grandfather. By the time he wrote the " Notes" from which I quote, the family politics had changed ; and his brother, Sir Laurence Dundas, was in charge of the Commissariat Department of the army which was defeating the unlucky Prince Charlie !

Mr. Macleod has sent me extracts from " the Acts of the Parliament of Scotland," in which the estates of Parliament appoint a levy of troops in the various shires, and the " Baron of Fingask" is one of those named to raise troops in Perthshire. This occurs on the 2d February 1646, again in 1647, in 1648, and 1649. Again, on the 21st May 1650, the Baron of Fingask is named on committee for " quartering troops." To quote from Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, we find that " the Parliament of Scotland, moved by compassion for their unfortunate monarch, and willing to obliterate the disgrace attached to the surrender of the king at Newcastle, appointed an army to be levied on his behalf." This was in 1647. Consequently we may conclude that our Sir John, with his newly-levied troop, took his share in this loyal demonstration.

Again, in the early summer of 1650, Cromwell with his " Roundheads" marched into Scotland, and was ably opposed by an army assembled by command of the Parliament of Scotland.

The old house was allowed to fall into ruins, and no trace of it, I am told, now remains.

The Barony of Fingask was in the parish of Rhynd, about five or six miles from Perth. The present road by the Bridge of Earn towards Newburgh goes by these lands, which have again changed hands. After remaining in the possession of the family of Mr. Gill until 1864, the property was then sold to the trustees of Sir George Simpson.

After the sale of Fingask, Sir John Dundas purchased in 1655 a small property called Ballindarg, in the parish of Kirriemuir, in Forfarshire, which became for a time the family home. Sir John Dundas died in 1678.

He married, first, Nicholas, daughter of Sir William Moncreiff, of that Ilk, by whom no issue; secondly, Margaret, daughter of George Dundas, of that Ilk, by whom he had one son.

19. JOHN DUNDAS. After his father's death, John Dundas resided at Ballindarg until 1686, when he sold this property, and purchased another small property, called Baldovie, in the parish of Maryton, near Montrose, also in Forfarshire. John Dundas died 1724. He married Magdalene, daughter of —— Allardice of Duninald, by whom he had one son, Thomas Dundas.¹

¹ For these changes of residence, see letter from Robert Carnegy, Esq., late of Ballindarg, in Appendix, Note B, p. 233.

CHAPTER V

BAILIE DUNDAS

1729-1762

20. **T**HOMAS DUNDAS entered into business as a merchant in Edinburgh, and, to quote from a letter in his son's handwriting, "lived long respected and esteemed by his fellow-citizens, by whom he was made a Bailie of the city of Edinburgh."

I have not found the date of the sale of Bal-dovie, but it was probably sold soon after his father's death, as in 1729 we find Thomas Dundas purchasing the lands in Stirlingshire of Powfouls, in the parish of Airth, also part of the lands, with the kirklands, of Bothkenner, and getting a charter from the Crown by which "the names and designations thereof were to be changed into that of Fingask for all time coming, to hold from the Crown for the duties therein specified. Dated at Edinburgh, 22 June 1732."—*Register of the Great Seal*, xciii. 103.¹

Among the papers at Carron Hall there is a worn old yellow sheet headed, "Dues and expenses of expiding Baillie Dundas his Charter of the lands of Fingask." The items of expense are given, and amount to £495, 10s. 4d.

According to the old Scotch custom of calling the lairds by the name of their lands (one which is

¹ A copy of this Charter is given in Appendix, Note C, p. 235.

fast falling into disuse), the Bailie, and after him his son Thomas, were familiarly addressed as "Fingask."

Although part of the lands named in the charters (those of Powfouls) have passed from the family, the charter still gives them the right to bear the old name, "Dundas of Fingask," which in all formal law deeds is still used, and it would be a pity to part with even this slender link with the past, and the long line of ancestors who for better or worse bore the name of Barons of Fingask.

The adjoining small property of Letham, also in the parish of Airth, was purchased about the same time, and the old Manor House of Letham became the country home of the Bailie and his family, while he continued to carry on his business in Edinburgh. A little old note-book lies beside me; it is the private record of this old Mr. Dundas's personal and family expenses, entered in his own handwriting, and in it I find frequent mention of expenses on the way between Letham and "the House in Town." The address in town is not given, but from mention of the "House in Parliament Close," I think this may have been the town residence.

The old note-book lets us know with what street music the ears of the citizens of Edinburgh were regaled on a New Year's morning a hundred and fifty years ago. Under the heading "Sundrie Disbursements New Year's Day 1732," we have "To the Hautboys and Drums 2/6." "The Beddills of the Church" on the same day receive 2s. "The Servants in the Coffee house" also 2s. "Charitie to the Toun poor Schules" is 5s. "For chair hyre to my wife 4/" suggests that Mrs. Dundas paid a

New Year's visit in her Sedan chair that day. A little further on in the note-book we find our Bailie's wig required "dressing," for which he pays 7s. 6*d.* "Powder for my wig," and soap balls, are a frequent entry, price 1s. 9*d.* On the 20th March, "gave Mr. Nisbitt for letting blood of myself 10/6." Mrs. Dundas must have been a careful manager, as her regular monthly allowance for house-keeping rarely exceeds £6, 6s. We have entries for extra purchases, such as "Orangers," which cost 5s.; quantity not mentioned. Tea is an expensive article in the housekeeping. A pound of tea is 8s. 6*d.*; green tea, 10s. 6*d.* Occasionally we find "1 pound bohea tea and $\frac{1}{2}$ a pound green tea," costing £1, 1s. On the 4th of May, "For a tea table 4/6"—around which we may picture the family party gathered to enjoy the social cup. The Bailie is a regular attendant at Church; both in town and country we have periodical entries of "at the Church," generally 2s.; but "at the Sacrament at Airth," the "Charitie at the Church" is 10s.

We are startled to find our Bailie making frequent entries of sales at "our Shop," but in the last century it was by no means uncommon for men of good family, carrying on exchange and banking business, to have besides a retail shop;¹ and that "the Shop" did not affect the social position of the family appears from the marriage, in the year 1744, of Thomas Dundas, the eldest son, with Lady Janet Maitland, daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale.

¹ Mr. Walter Macleod of the Register House, a competent authority on this subject, writes to me: "In regard to landed and noble families having relations who were merchants and burgesses, the instances are so common that it is not easy to select."

While Mr. Dundas carried on his business in the "Luckenbooths," the ancestors of the present Earl of Hopetoun were doing a brisk trade in their shop in "the Lawn Market."¹

There still remain at Carron Hall some old ledgers containing entries for the sale of very miscellaneous articles: "To my Lord Glasgow 2 pairs short black silk steckings 15/." "To the Duke of Perth fine scarlet cloath 13/4." "The Laird of MacFarline superfine cloath making breeches," price not entered. A letter, signed "Grisal Hamilton," requests Mr. Dundas to execute some small commission "at his own shop in Edinburgh." Another letter, addressed to "Thomas Dundas of Fingask at his shop Luckenbooths Edinburgh," gives us the address of "the shop," which we do not find in the ledgers.

In the winter of 1757 Mr. Dundas brought before the Court of Session his claim to be acknowledged as the "Head of the family of Dundas." His son Thomas, "the younger," as he is designated in the trial, is said by the opponent's counsel, "to be well known to have made an Idol of this headship of the family."

The proceedings of the trial are fully detailed in a manuscript volume in our possession, and to give some extracts will perhaps be the most exact way of showing the cause of dispute. The first page is headed, "Court of Service of the Brieve for serving of George Dundas of Dundas, Esqr., nearest and lawfull Heir Male in general, of the body of the deceast James Dundas of Dundas (and which James Dundas of Dundas was father of

¹ See *Anent Old Edinburgh*, by Alison Hay Dunlop.

James Dundas of Dundas who was forfeited by Act of the 6th 'Parliament of King James the 2,'—Holden at Edinburgh 21st and 22d days of Jan^{ry} 1449,—and whose blood was restored, and his Heirs reponed, against the said forfeiture by an act of the 7th Parliament of King James the 2d, Holden at Edinburgh the 26th day of August 1452), Holden within the Parliament or new Session house of Edinburgh, upon the 23 day of December 1757, before the Lords of Session." "The Judges affixed and sett the day of the said service to be within the Parliament, or new Session House of Edinburgh, upon the 9th day of Jan^{ry} next to come, for serving the said Brieve, and the said George Dundas nearest and lawful heir male in general of the body of the said deceased James Dundas of Dundas, and delivered the said Brieve to the said William Gibb, officer of the second Court, and ordained him lawfully to proclaim the same at the Mercate Cross of Edinburgh, Head Burgh of the Sheriffdome thereof, and that upon one or other of the ordinary mercate days, and in time of open mercate, and in presence of witnesses. Thereafter all having or pretending to have interest were warned to attend the next Court to be then again held."

"On the 10th Jan^{ry}. 1758, appeared Andrew Bucknay, writer in Edinburgh, as procurator for the said George Dundas, and witnesses having been solemnly sworn, the macers found the said Brieve duly executed, and thereafter all persons having, or pretending to have interest, were called, and there compeared Messrs. Alexander Lockhart and Walter Stewart, advocates, as procurators for Thomas Dundas of Fingask, Esqr., and objected that the said

George Dundas was not the nearest Heir male of the body of the said James Dundas, that they would make it appear that the said Thomas Dundas was the nearest Heir male, and that the said Thomas Dundas was possesser of the Arms of the said James Dundas's family, and therefore the foresaid service ought to be dismissed."

"Answered by Mr. Andrew Pringle, His Majesty's Solicitor General, and Mr. James Dundas, advocate, procurators for the said George Dundas. That it was not competent for any person to object against a Service unless they were ready instantly to verify their objection. That the said George Dundas was the Heir Male of the said James Dundas and his Titles were there upon the table. That the said Thomas Dundas, when Depute Lord Lyon, had got the arms of the said James Dundas's family foisted into the Lyon books in his own name, which was the subject of another proces.

"And that the said Thomas Dundas could not now be served Heir Male to the said James Dundas untill he procured brieves from the Chancery. The only proper opposition he could make was by taking out Brieves in order to procure himself served heir, whereby a competition of Brieves would arise, but as he had not done that, the claimant's service ought to go on."

The Court adjourned till the 31st day of January, "that in the meantime the said Thomas Dundas may take out Brieves for serving himself Heir Male to the said James Dundas, if he shall so think fit."

"On the 17th day of February 1758, the Court met again, when Mr. Stewart, as procurator for the

said Thomas Dundas, stated that he intended to make out two things, 1st, That Archibald Dundas acquired right to and possess the Estate of Dundas by singular Titles, and not as Heir to James Dundas, who was forfeited; and 2d, That Alexander Dundas of Fingask was the son and Heir of the said James, and that he expected and was informed both these would be made out on the points cleared up by production of papers called for from the Laird of Dundas; and craved Dundas might be ordained to produce them, or what of them he had."

Discussions follow as to the search to be made in the Charter-chests of George Dundas. It is at last agreed that "the Diligence should be restricted to the production of any service, or retour, of Alexander Dundas of Fingask, as heir to James Dundas of Dundas, who was forfeited 1449; and which retour the memorial published by the defenders in the supplement to Nisbet's *Heraldry* bears to be in their own hands."

From evidence given on the 24th February it appears that the retour required was not found among the Dundas papers; and again delay is asked for, and considering "that there was no Patrimonial interest at stake," it was agreed that this should be granted, Mr. Walter Stewart saying, "It must occur to the Court that other writings may cast up which will be equally good with 'retours.' That as James Dundas married Eupham, the daughter of Sir Alexander Livingstone of Callender, and was forfeited along with him anno 1449. Of this marriage there was a son, Alexander, and daughters; one of whom married Sir David Guthrie of that Ilk, and from the other connections of the

family by marriage, or otherways, Mr. Dundas has reason to expect that he may recover deeds which will tend to clear up the points in issue."

"That the Lands and Barony of Fingask, the only Freehold of the family, was sold, 1650, by Sir John Dundas of Fingask to M'Gill of Ford, in which case, beyond doubt, a progress would be delivered. Mr. Dundas has undoubted information that the writings of the family were so ill taken care of, the house remaining unpossesst mostly since the sale, and allowed to go to ruin; the Charterchest of the family was so decayed that the writings were to be found here and there. Part of the writs were secured in the ground story of the House, and others being old and curious, were from time to time picked up by different persons in the neighbourhood. Some of these may yet be recovered."

Mr. Stewart also suggested that what writings did remain had come into the hands of the Laird of Dundas, whose predecessor, the then Laird of Dundas, was tutor to the claimant's father (John Dundas, son of Sir John Dundas).

It is unnecessary to follow the tedious meetings and adjournments which continued during the spring and early summer of this year, 1758. Our MS. abruptly ends with a meeting of Court on the 21st July, when the Court adjourned till the 15th day of November, to allow time for diligence to be carried out against certain parties, from whom it was hoped to gain information as to missing deeds.

On inquiring from the late Lyon-King-of-Arms (Mr. George Burnett) as to the decision ultimately come to, I have the following answer in a letter from him:—"The macers of the Court of Session,

with Lord Auchinleck as their assessor, finally gave judgment in favour of George Dundas of that Ilk. There being, however, no full report of the grounds of decision, and accordingly George Dundas of that Ilk was served to his ancestor, James Dundas, on the 21st November 1758. The service is in the Chancery office." The trial, in so far as it can be called a trial, never went beyond the question whether Alexander, baron of Fingask, could be shown "by retour" to be son of James de Dundas, forfeit in 1449, as asserted by his representative, Thomas Dundas. This "retour" he no doubt failed to show. The document required is missing, and probably will never now be recovered. The shadowy distinction of the Headship of the family is, however, a matter of less consequence than the assurance that no link is wanting in the connection which unites the present representatives of the family, through a long line of ancestors, with the original "Helias, son of Huctred." No doubt was ever suggested that Alexander Dundas inherited the barony of Fingask in consequence of the Charter of the year 1429 from King James the First to their common forefather, James de Dundas, and his wife, Christian Stewart.

If Alexander Dundas was not the son of James Dundas and Eufam Livingston, he was the son of the elder James Dundas by his wife, Christian Stewart, as asserted by the pedigree given forth by the Dundases of Dundas, who claim their descent from this James Dundas by a former marriage, though they are unable to prove this marriage.

In consequence of the decision of the Court of

Session, Mr. Dundas (younger in 1769) applied to the Lyon Office to have his coat-of-arms differenced from the arms of Dundas of that Ilk. To the coat-of-arms (argent, a lion rampant gules), a double tressure flowered and counterflowered with flowers-de-lis is added, while the supporters are altered from two lions rampant, to a lion and an eagle. We give in the Appendix a copy of the sign-manual of the king (George III.) for the arms of Dundas of Fingask, dated from St. James's Court, 31st March 1769.

Mr. Dundas died in 1762, and on the 2d of June was buried in the Old Greyfriars Churchyard. Above the grated door of a spacious vault is the inscription: "Thomas Dundas of Fingask, 1711." The vault is situated in a long narrow alley, running in a southerly direction from the western corner of the churchyard. The entrance to this alley is protected by an iron gate, which is constantly kept locked.

From the date 1711 this must have been the earliest purchase of land made by Mr. Dundas, when he took up business in Edinburgh. Before the tide of life and fashion had ebbed from "Parliament Close" and its neighbourhood, this street of the dead, shut off by its massive iron gate from the common dust around, was an aristocratic resting-place, but the Greyfriars Churchyard has shared in the fate of the Old Town of Edinburgh, and in its loneliness and desertion the family vault of "Thomas Dundas of Fingask" has been shared by few of his descendants.¹

¹ I find that "Margaret Bruce Dundas," the daughter of Thomas Dundas, younger of Fingask, and wife of Alexander Gibson of Durie,

Thomas Dundas married Bethia, daughter of John Baillie of Castlecarry. A very hard portrait of this lady, with one of her husband, is among the family pictures at Carron Hall. By her he had two sons—

1. Thomas, his heir.
2. Laurence, the ancestor of the present Earl of Zetland.

If attachment to the cause of the Stewarts occasioned the embarrassment which led to the loss of Fingask, it would appear that the family had now transferred their loyalty to the reigning family, and in the service of the royal Duke of Cumberland Laurence Dundas amassed a fortune, which ultimately raised this younger branch of the Fingask family to the peerage.

In 1746 Laurence Dundas attended H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland to Scotland, and had the charge of supplying all the troops under his command. I have seen letters in his handwriting, dated from Inverness, May 20, 1746, addressed to the Sheriff of the county of Moray, desiring him “to send through the different parts of the county that what straw is may be forthwith sent to the shore of Findhorn, where proper persons are appointed to receive and pay what is delivered.” Again from the same county: “500 horses are required for immediate use.”¹

In 1747 Laurence Dundas was elected Member of Parliament for Linlithgow, and, in 1748, he

was buried beside her grandfather in this vault on the 24th December 1774.

¹ “Impress for forage for the use of the army under the Duke of Cumberland.”—From the *Kininvie Papers*.

accompanied the Duke of Cumberland to Flanders, as Commissary General to the army under his command. During what is known as the "Seven Years' War," Laurence Dundas engaged in extensive contracts for the service of the army in Germany under the command of Prince Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick. At the close of the war in 1762 he retired with a very large fortune, and in reward for his services was created a baronet. He married twice—(1st) Margaret, daughter of Alexander Bruce of Kennet; (2d) Lady Charlotte Fitzwilliam, daughter of the Earl of Fitzwilliam. His only son, Sir Thomas, was raised to the peerage as Baron Dundas in 1794; and his son and successor, Laurence, was created in 1838 Earl of Zetland.

CHAPTER VI

THOMAS DUNDAS OF CARRON HALL

1762-1786

21. **T**HOMAS DUNDAS succeeded his father in 1762. Through his mother, Bethia Baillie of Castlecarry, the family had an interesting connection with the old Scottish Abbey of St. James at Ratisbon, over which her brother, Bernard Baillie, ruled as abbot, from the year 1721 till his death in 1743. A member of the same family, Alexander Baillie, had, in 1634, been sent from Rome to rule the three monasteries of Ratisbon, Wurzburg, and Erfurt, when, through the calamities of the Thirty Years' War, they had been reduced to so low a condition that they could only support two fathers. Through Alexander Baillie's wise rule a fresh start was made, and as educational seminaries they did such good work that, at the Peace of Amiens, Napoleon exempted the institution at Ratisbon from secularisation, "as it was an educational establishment."

In his youth Thomas Dundas paid his uncle, Bernard Baillie, a visit; and we are told that the Brotherhood, anxious to show their gratitude for what these two members of the Baillie family had done for the monastery, met in conclave, and presented Thomas Dundas with several valuable pictures—one "the Trance of St. Jerome," an altar-

piece by Vandyck (now hanging over the dining-room chimney-piece at Carron Hall), two large flower pieces by a painter named "Bigee," also a beautiful amber crucifix, still preserved, and a diamond cross: the latter was made up into ornaments worn successively by the ladies of the family.

In connection with this monastery at Ratisbon a story was lately told me by an old and very learned Jesuit priest, Father Joseph Stevenson of the Oratory, London, which I will give, as far as I can, in his own words: "Sixty years ago I was a boy living with my parents at Berwick, and there used to come to the house a very poor, and rather dirty old mission priest, whose stories were the delight of my youth, for he had travelled far and seen strange lands. He was the son of poor Highland parents, and had very early been sent to the then wealthy Benedictine monastery at Ratisbon, where he remained for many years, till hard times came to the convent, the Bavarian Government determined to seize its revenues, and to secularise the property. One day the Abbot called the brethren together and said, You must go to your homes, you can no longer stay here. My old friend, whose name was Pepper, said, But, reverend father, what is to become of me? my home is far away, and I am poor. That can't be helped, said the Abbot, take your staff and begone, return to Scotland, and do what you can to evangelise your own country; we hear there are Presbyterians and queer people there, go and make them better. Father Pepper could do nothing else than obey, and with a few crowns in his pocket, and his staff in his hand, he set off to trudge home. He was too poor to pay his way by

Diligence, so he trudged on and on till he reached at last the sea-coast, and got taken across to Dundee. From there he went on in search of his native Strath, which he had left as a boy. He asked his way, and still trudged on, till the places began to get familiar to his eye. At last, very weary, he stopped at a poor little cottage by the roadside; he knocked, a very old woman opened the door, he asked her to give him a drink of milk, and let him come in to rest; he sat down in the little room, and the woman talked to him; at last he said, Mother, don't you know me? I am your son! No, no, said the old woman, that can't be, I had but two sons, and they are both gone from me, one went to be a Jesuit priest, and one went over the seas to a place they call Ratisbon, and he must be dead, it is so long since we have had news of him! And when Father Pepper had made himself known to his old mother he stayed with her till she died, and needed him no more, and then he came to Berwick, where many a tale he told me of the old monastery at Ratisbon."

Poor Father Pepper's sad experiences probably dated from 1820, when, on the death of Abbot Arbuthnot, no abbot was appointed, the house was governed successively by two old men, but it was not till 1848 that the Bavarian Government, asserting the difficulty of perpetuating a succession of "Scottish Benedictines," determined to transfer the establishment to Bavarian members of that order; paying the very inadequate compensation of £10,000, and thus there passed into German hands the last surviving of the many institutions where Celtic learning flourished at a time when "Scotch" and "Irish" were synonymous terms.

A portrait of Abbot Bernard Baillie, which is at Carron Hall, is probably also a memento of this visit.¹

Thomas Dundas, "the younger," as he was called during his father's lifetime, seems, besides taking part in his father's business, to have followed the calling of the law; we find him also for a time Deputy Lyon-King-of-Arms. While his brother, Laurence, was laying the foundation of his very large fortune, Thomas Dundas acted as his agent, and in his interest entered Parliament as Member for Orkney. In 1737 he married Ann Graham, daughter of Mr. Graham of Airth. Two portraits of her remain, one as a blooming girl in a milk-maid's dress, and they are the only remembrance left of her. She had no children, and her married life must have been short, as, in 1744, we find Mr. Thomas Dundas married Lady Janet Maitland, daughter of Charles, sixth Earl of Lauderdale. In a large brown leather account-book, with entries in the handwriting of Thomas, the younger, under the heading April 1747, we find, "to cash paid for an oven for my house at Drumdryan"; again, in "August 1748, we have for painting at Drumdryan £5, 19s. 10½d."; other entries for expenses, "for my house and ground at Drumdryan," suggest its being a villa residence; and in these days Fountainbridge and the adjoining Drumdryan were fashionable suburbs of Edinburgh, with large houses enclosed in their

¹ The lately established Abbey of St. Benedict, Fort Augustus, N.B., is the final representative of the suppressed Abbey of St. James at Ratisbon. The learned Bishop Forbes of Brechin, in an article in the *Edinburgh Review* for January 1864, "On Scottish Religious Houses Abroad," gives an account, from which I have quoted, of the abbey at Ratisbon, and its abbots, Alexander and Bernard Baillie.

own pleasure grounds; and here, no doubt, Mr. Dundas and Lady Janet had their first home.

Two years later Mr. Dundas purchased the property of Quarroll, which marched with his father's lands of Letham.

The conveyance from "George Drummond, of Blair Drummond, to Thomas Dundas, younger of Fingask," is dated 19th January 1749. The lands were an old possession of the Elphinstone family, and in still earlier days had formed part of the lands held in this neighbourhood by the wealthy abbots of Newbattle. The price given for the property was £7000; and it comprehended the old barony of Skaithmuir, with its mill, the lands and manor-place of Quarroll, the shore of Quarroll, now called Carron Shore, with coal-fold and buildings at the shore, shore dues, ferry, and passage boat, the coal in the lands above mentioned, "together with the right and title to the coal hewers and coal burners, working and serving in the present going coal, or which belong to the said coal, and may at present be serving in any other coal."

This last clause shows that so late as the year 1749 the colliers were bought and sold as part of an estate; their position, indeed, until the end of the century, remained that of serfs attached to the soil.

The big brown account-book records in the spring of this year 1749, "cash paid for advertising Drumdryan in *Courrant*, 11/." So we may conclude "the villa at Drumdryan" was about this time exchanged for the country residence at Quarroll, and now the old manor-house received the additions, which transformed it into the comfortable home we have known and loved as Carron Hall.

The large bay-window was added to the drawing-room, and Mr. Dundas must have been a man of taste, to judge by the fittings-up of the house, which still remain as memorials of him. He and Lady Janet occupied, as their family sitting-rooms, the two small rooms on the ground-floor adjoining the hall, the large public rooms were only used on great occasions, for in those days a very simple style of living satisfied our parents.

The old witch-elm in front of the house was Lady Janet's favourite summer haunt, and its familiar name of "Lady Janet" still recalls "the gentle lady" to the remembrance of her many descendants. It still flourishes, and measured twenty-four feet round the trunk on the 16th July 1879.

Torwood was purchased by Mr. Dundas in 1751, from the heirs of Lord Forrester.

Mr. Dundas seems to have had little turn for business, and to have become seriously involved while trying to manage the collieries on his estate. There is a letter from him to his son Thomas, afterwards General Dundas, dated 27th October 1777, in which he begs his son to undertake the management of the property, and enters very fully into his circumstances. He writes thus: "I began life by marrying early. My parents could not spare me a separate subsistence for my family. I followed business, and was happy and independent by your mother's frugal attention to our situation. Your uncle, my brother's (Sir Laurence Dundas) engagements with public business involved my time, and engaged my attention too much from my own situation, from 1744 to 1761; I was his agent and cor-

respondent. After he had acquired his large fortune I was made to believe my family would benefit. I had at his desire given up my own business in town, and retired to the country. . . . My greatest error has been trusting so long to my brother's affection and promises. I am deceived, and my credit has suffered by his conduct."

The letter proceeds to beg his son to give up the army and reside at home, attending to the family affairs. This request was not acceded to, but although he did not give up his profession, it would seem that his son did assist his father, and later on he appears to have managed the property entirely.

It must have been to relieve himself from the incumbrances weighing on him, that Mr. Dundas in 1773 sold Letham to his brother, Sir Laurence Dundas; the small property of Powfoulis was sold in 1787.

In the year 1766 Mary, the fourth daughter, married the celebrated Abyssinian traveller, James Bruce of Kinnaird. Among the old family letters there is one from Mr. Bruce to his father-in-law. He says at the end, "My most dutiful and respectful good wishes to Lady Janet. I never knew in my life what it was to be perfectly happy till now. My Mary is everything I could wish, and I believè, excepting from you, who are ourselves, we could live most happily strangers to the world, in the deserts of Nubia, was not my Mary's example wanted by the wives of this world."

Mr. Bruce was commonly known among his county neighbours as the "Traveller," and it would seem he rather bored them with his traveller's tales.

He was likewise rather dyspeptic, and fond of dwelling on his precarious health. A story is told of my own grandfather, Sir William Bruce of Stenhouse, on an occasion when Mr. Bruce had exhausted his patience, saying to him, "Weel, traveller, dee when you like, you'll dee wi' the gude-will o' a' your neebours." It was a doubtful compliment. The "Traveller" died in consequence of falling down the staircase in his own house at Kinnaird, when taking a lady down to dinner. A curious end to his travels.

Thomas Dundas died on the 16th April 1786. He married, as we have seen, Lady Janet Maitland, daughter of Charles, sixth Earl of Lauderdale. By her he had two sons and five daughters:—

1. Thomas, born 1750, who succeeded him.
2. Charles, born 1751. He married in 1781 Anne, daughter and heiress of Ralph Whiteley, Esq. of Barton Court, Berkshire. She died 1812. He married, secondly, in 1824, his cousin, Margaret Maitland, grand-daughter of Charles, sixth Earl of Lauderdale, and widow of Major Erskine of Venlaw. Charles Dundas was created Baron Amesbury in 1832, and died the same year, 1832, leaving one daughter and heiress. The title therefore became extinct. This daughter married her cousin, James Deans, son of James Deans, M.D., and Janet Dundas. He took the name of Deans-Dundas, became Admiral Deans-Dundas, and commanded the Black Sea Fleet during the Crimean War.

1. Elizabeth, born 1745; died 1762 unmarried.
2. Bethia, born 1746; married George Cockburn, who assumed the name of Haldane; died 1770.

3. Margaret, born 1752; married Alexander Gibson, Esq. of Durie, 1770; died 1774.¹

4. Mary, born 1754; married 1776 James Bruce, Esq. of Kinnaird; died 1786.

5. Janet, born 1758; married 1783 James Deans, M.D.; died 1837.

¹ I have found the "notes of marriage articles proposed betwixt 'Miss Peggy Dundas and Alexander Gibson, Esqr. of Durie.'"

CHAPTER VII

MAJOR-GENERAL DUNDAS

1766-1786

BY his father's death in 1786 his son, Thomas Dundas succeeded as Laird of Carron Hall, the 22d of his name. He was already high in his profession, having entered the army in 1766. There is a letter from his uncle, Sir Lawrence Dundas, to old Mr. Dundas in which he says :—" DEAR BROTHER,—I was tired waiting for a commission in the Foot Guards for your son, and as there was no appearance of a vacancy, I left orders to buy him into the Dragoon Guards ; and I have a letter this morning telling me his commission was notified last week in my friend General Mostyn's. I am glad he has got into this regiment, because I easily can get him leave of absence from the General for his education, which he wants very much." The letter is dated 1st May 1766.

Considering that the young Ensign's age was sixteen it is not surprising that his education required to be completed. Of the first years of his military career no record has unluckily been preserved.

We know that he served in America during the the whole of the Seven Years' War, which commenced in 1775, and that during part of that time he served under Lord Cornwallis, for whom he ever retained a warm affection. That he distinguished himself

during the war we know from the testimony borne to his military talent by General Tarleton, in the House of Commons, many years later.¹

We have only one letter of this period preserved ; it is to his brother Charles, afterwards Lord Amesbury, and is dated Charles Town Neck, 10th May 1780. He says :—“ It would afford you small entertainment to hear when and how the different approaches to Charles Town were made, and I am sure the *Gazette* will give you a much better account than I can. Let it suffice that we broke ground the 31st March at night, and I think this day will make the town ours with little loss. None of our friends or acquaintances hurt. You know it is a maxim with me to write no opinion ; however, I cannot help saying that our General has carried on this affair with credit to himself and troops, let it end as it may. You will be surprised at my writing you an account of what has not yet happened, but I think it is probable the Lt. Infantry may march so soon after this place is taken, that I may be prevented saying that I am well, which is all I think requisite on this occasion.” He adds, “ Jenny (his sister) writes me a bad account of my father. He has undertaken more than he is able for when he took charge of the colliery.

“ I have many hints of his wishing I should assist, but I must request that you may say that I am too deep in a profession I am fond of to leave it. I have got here 500 Lt. Infantry in order for most

¹ During the debate in the House of Commons on the resolution to erect a monument to the memory of General Dundas in St. Paul's Cathedral, General Tarleton supported the motion, and spoke of the great military talents displayed by General Dundas in the American War. See page 161.

things they may be asked to do. I wish I could say to end the war, but I believe you at home must do that now. We here have been long trying at it, and I am sorry to say when we have got Charles Town we have not got America." The letter is signed "Thomas Dundas, Lt.-Col., 80th Regt. Foot."

An indirect proof of the estimation in which, as Colonel of his Regiment, he was held, has lately been placed in my hands. It is a letter from a mother to her son, James Seton. The paper is very yellow and worn, and the writing not very distinct, but the mother's parting words had been treasured by the son. We know nothing more of him than this letter, which has passed into the hands of a relative, a nun in a convent in Edinburgh, and as it breaks the silence of those years, I think it is worth inserting. It is addressed to Ensign Seton, 80th Regiment, Portsmouth, and is dated Moor Park, April 17th, 1779:—

"MY DEAR JAMES,—I see by the papers the signal is given for all the troops to go abroad. Will you tell Col. Dundas I would take it a great favour if he would let me know where the Regt. is ordered for? I hear it is not going to New York, but to Carolina, to join General Campbell.

"I trust, my dear child, you will never forget your duty to God; by being punctual in that it will bring every other duty to your mind.

"Always take Col. Dundas's advice. He has seen much of the world, and if you repose confidence in him it will make him like you, and be of infinite advantage to you. Everybody speaks well of him, and whatever character he gives of the officers in his Regt. will be believed before anybody. So, dear

child, be obedient to him; never dispute what he says, even if you should think him to be in the wrong; your knowledge of the world is small, so never be positive; young people are often in the wrong; from want of experience their notions cannot be just. . . . May God Almighty be your guide is the prayer of yr. affectionate mother, S. SETON."

"P.S.—I beg to know if you are on the same ship as Col. Dundas."

There is a quaint mixture of worldly wisdom and true piety in this little letter.

In 1782 Colonel Dundas returned home. In the February of that year peace was concluded with America, and the treaty signed, which declared the United States "free, sovereign, and independent."

The war with America was ended, but it had left its legacy to the nation in a long list of claims for compensation to those "who, having remained loyal to the mother-country, had suffered in their rights, properties, and profession."

By an Act of Parliament dated "the 23d year of the reign of his present Majesty George the Third," 1783, a commission was appointed to examine the nature and justice of these claims. Colonel Dundas received the following letter from his cousin, Sir Thomas Dundas (afterwards Lord Dundas). The letter is marked private, and dated Arlington Street, 23d June 1783:—

"DEAR TOM,—Lord John Cavendish informed me to-day that there is to be a board of Commissioners to examine and settle the claims of the American Loyalists, and that one of the Commissioners is to be a military man. He had therefore made enquiry for a proper person, whose knowledge

of America and whose character in his profession would make him a proper member of such a board ; that all the persons to whom he had applied had named *you*. He therefore wished to know if you would accept. I told him you was gone home to Scotland, but that I would consult with your brother, who was in town. Upon most mature deliberation, Charles and I are clearly of opinion that you ought, that you must accept. Indeed, after the very flattering manner in which this is offered to you, I do not see how you can decline. Write to me at Upleatham, and let me know your determination."

The appointment thus offered was accepted by Colonel Dundas. He writes to Lord John Cavendish from "Carron Hall, near Falkirk, 28th July 1783 :—

"MY LORD,—I ought before this time to have informed you of my willingness to obey your Lordship's commands by accepting of the office of commissioner for examining the claims of the American Loyalists.

"The very handsome manner in which your Lordship has done me the honour to name me for that office, I ought also to acknowledge in the warmest terms. At the same time I must express how much I am flattered by the opinion of those officers under whose command I had the honour of serving in America. Notwithstanding that the necessary attention to the duties of the commission will be exceedingly inconvenient to me on account of my own private business, which has been neglected during an absence of near seven years from this country ; I shall, with great pleasure, give up still more of my time to the service of my

country, and shall be extremely happy if, by any attention of mine, or knowledge of the particular circumstances, I can assist in adjusting and settling the claims of the unfortunate Loyalists. I trust that your Lordship will not think me unreasonable if I should wish to remain a month or six weeks longer in this country, to settle some business on which I am at present employed. At the same time I beg to assure your Lordship that, should my attendance be sooner necessary, I shall be ready to obey your commands on the shortest notice."

In the beginning of August 1783, the commissioners met together to take the oath required of them, by which they bound themselves "faithfully, impartially, and truly, to execute the several powers and trusts" with which they were vested. The commissioners were six in number,—John Wilmot, Esq.; Colonel Robert Kingston; Colonel Thomas Dundas; John Marsh, Esq.; Jeremy Pemberton, Esq.; and Robert Mackenzie, Esq.; their Secretary, Mr. Munroe, who was assisted by Mr. Forster.

In the following year Colonel Dundas attained the crowning joy of his life in his marriage on the 9th of May 1784, with Lady Eleanor Elizabeth, daughter of the ninth Earl of Home. How complete was the happiness of this marriage, with what chivalrous devotion he regarded this beloved wife, we may still read in letters written to her, when the duties of his profession obliged them to be parted. From thenceforth she was his guardian angel, her miniature, worn at his heart, the talisman to preserve him from all danger; to be worthy of the title of her husband, the incentive to perform all duty, to bear all trial. And this love was returned with

all the devotion of a woman's heart. She was the wise and prudent manager of his worldly affairs, the unselfish comforter of his gentle mother and fretful old father, his companion whenever her presence beside him was possible. Her tender counsels remind him of the higher life above. All this we may read in the letters addressed to his "only love," which it was his solace to write, and which she treasured through her long widowhood, and which now lie before us.

Their home for the first year after their marriage was in London. The commissioners had their office in Lincoln's Inn Fields. By the Act of Parliament they were empowered, if necessary, to send any two of their number to any part of America, "to enquire into the facts and circumstances material for the better ascertaining the several claims presented to them." The date after which no further appeal would be received was fixed for the 1st of August 1788, for those claims sent to England; the 1st of December 1788 for those to be examined in Canada and Nova Scotia.¹

Considering the amount of claims sent in, and the difficulty of obtaining evidence as to the real losses sustained, we cannot wonder that, at the end of two years' work, the commissioners found it necessary to avail themselves of the power given them to send two of their number to examine into these claims on the spot.

¹ An exception to this rule was made in favour of certain persons, whose names are mentioned in the Act, who were entitled to special indulgence, they having been prevented, by particular circumstances, from preferring their claims during the time allowed. The name of Robert, Lord Fairfax, heads the list, and the name of a "George Dundas and Ann, his wife," occurs among them.

The two commissioners chosen for this duty were Colonel Dundas and Mr. Pemberton.

Accordingly, in the summer of 1783 Colonel Dundas prepared to sail for Nova Scotia. The little home in London was broken up, and Lady Eleanor and her infant daughter Clementina returned to Carron Hall, where the failing health of the old father required her presence. Before starting for Canada, Colonel Dundas sat for the picture painted of him by Romney, which is now at Carron Hall. His colleague, Mr. Pemberton, writes on the 30th July: "I have followed you at Mr. Romney's. I wish he may be as fortunate with me as he has been, I think, with you."

We have before us his farewell letter written on board ship a few hours before sailing. It is dated Falmouth, 23d Sept. 1785. In it he writes of his father's illness, and says: "I honour my dear wife for not leaving our mother. She is gentle and good; you are of the same nature, and will be her comfort and blessing. I am sure she loves you as her own child, and thinks you so. Don't let me forget our little darling; she is, I am sure, an entertainment and joy to you both. . . . My Love is all goodness; and I call heaven to witness that I feel more joy, more happiness, and more comfort in the possession of that valuable heart than all this world can give. My pride, my honour, my delight is to endeavour to make such a husband as my lovely wife merits. Yes, my love, I sincerely believe no two were ever so closely united. I fear that my Love allows our separation to prey upon her—the punishment is great,—I feel every moment of my life; yet, let us enjoy the blessed well-placed con-

fidence we have in each other, satisfied that altho' the Atlantic may separate us for a time, we are still but one, and a few months must bring us happily to each other's arms, and that this separation may enable us to enjoy life together in future."

He goes on to give directions for the colliery and farm to be managed in his absence by Lady Eleanor, adding, "I know you will go on *wonderfully*. I trust whatever my life undertakes will flourish. . . . Be assured that I am the happiest of husbands, and most truly yours, THOMAS DUNDAS." "P.S.—Three o'clock.—The wind continues fair, and we have everything favourable. You must not expect to hear from me before November. God preserve my dearest love!"

We have beside us a bundle of letters addressed to his man of business in Edinburgh, Mr. John Dundas, written during the period of his absence in Canada. From these letters we can see under what very trying circumstances Colonel Dundas left home. The earliest of the letters is dated Halifax, 29th Nov. 1785:—"Dear John,—I never can be situated all my life so as to require real friendship and assistance more than at this moment; and I declare to you I feel a most *complete* confidence that I shall find both in you—indeed, Lady Eleanor writes me that you had been out to Carron Hall, and given every possible direction for carrying on my father's affairs in the manner agreed upon—I am sure you saw my situation, a most cruel one—to be forced by conviction and sense of duty to leave my father in the state he was, and my mother and wife, who both required my assistance; but my coming here was unavoidable, my future prospects and

character depended upon it, having such friends as Charles, Deans, and you, made the matter much easier. I must add, that the more you know the two Ladys, the more you will think them capable of what human nature should do."

He concludes a long letter on the management of the estate, saying: "I shall expect to hear from you in the spring. Ships sail from the river in February, and Lady Eleanor knows how my letters are to be forwarded. They cannot arrive until April, *four* very long months, which I shall pass without a word from friends."

With the constant communication and regular post of the present day, it is difficult for us to realise the banishment implied by a winter spent in Nova Scotia a hundred years ago.

The next letter we have dated is "Halifax, 29th May 1786 :—"Dear John,—I received yours of the 26th January the 18th of last month, that being the earliest arrival we had from Europe. The accounts of my father's recovery was astonishing; but all things considered, I consider his life very precarious. . . . I fear that my father's fretful temper is very troublesome to himself and all about him; yet it is part of his disease, and a gentle answer is the only manner of treating him; roughness must hurt him, and can do others no good. I fear Lady Janet has a hard task, and I must join my own wife, who says nothing of herself; but I can gather from circumstances that she has had her troubles; but as I expect her in this quarter of the globe soon, I shall endeavour to make up for all her sufferings, for I can assure you no man was ever more sensible of the value of a wife than I am, and

regret most sincerely leaving her behind. I have sent my careful Old Soldier for her, and expect she will be here safe by the middle of July."

The end came sooner than was anticipated ; the old father died on the 10th of April. Colonel Dundas writes from Halifax on the 3d July 1786 :—
 "Dear John,—I received your letter of the 10th of April, the 1st of this month, and at the same time letters from Charles and from my wife informing me of an event by no means unexpected,—the death of my poor father. I fear his life has been a very distressing scene since I left the country, which must in some degree alleviate the distress of the loss of a father.

"I have by this opportunity wrote fully to Charles upon business, who, I am well convinced, did everything I could have done at our father's death, both in paying respect to his remains and making arrangements for the property, all which must be as I could wish, as we think alike. . . . Before I enter into particulars, I must inform you that one of the principal objects of my life is to contribute to the happiness of the best of mothers, who, I should hope, will consider herself a mistress of all I have."

The letter is a very long one, and gives minute directions for the management of the estate.

"The house at Carron Hall must be kept always for my mother's use, with the garden and milch cows, and poultry, as much as she can use." The fields, as far as possible, are to be let ; but he adds, "I must here recommend your attention to my father's poney as a pensioner for life."

He continues : "All good tenants may be as-

sured of their continuance in their farms, even should their leases expire in my absence." With regard to the colliery, he says: "As colliers require something to fix them, I would give a premium of a certain quantity of meal for each child of a collier who has worked diligently for one year in the coal work. Should any of my father's old servants or labourers be thrown out of employment by the reductions in the farm, desire Lewis to employ all he can about the colliery." . .

"You may well remember what past 'twixt us at the time of my marriage, as to my determination to discharge debt as soon as the estate was mine, and that I could—I have seen no reason to alter that resolution. . . Could I pay off £10,000 or £12,000, I should be satisfied; and from my present ideas, 'Torwood' should sell for the largest of these sums. I confess that in determining on this I make a very great sacrifice, as I admire the place most exceedingly, but I feel the necessity of clearing accounts. The persons whom I should think likely to offer for this estate are, Johnstone of Alva, Sandy Callender from India, and perhaps Keith Elphinstone; I think, all things considered, that it is to be sold for £12,000, or little less.¹

"For my own expenses, I shall hope to be little troublesome, unless my wife should take an extravagant turn, or my bairns come very fast. John Bull will pay nearly all my expenses, and I hope will find I work for it."

In all these letters to Mr. John Dundas, there is the same manly resolution to meet the difficulties

¹ Torwood was not sold till three generations later, when it was sold by Thomas George Dundas to John Bolton, Esq., of Carbrook, 1882.

of the situation by his own industry and self-denial; but the difficulties were many, and on some occasions seem to have been increased by the quarrelsome disposition of his neighbour and brother-in-law, Bruce of Kinnaird, the Abyssinian traveller, whose vanity and imperious manner had won for him the nickname of "The Prince."

Colonel Dundas writes: "Altho' I neither love nor fear 'The Prince,' I have not the smallest objection to selling him what is convenient, he paying well for it."

All these letters abound in directions for the comfort of his mother, who appears to have decided to leave Carron Hall, for we find him writing to Mr. John Dundas: "I am at present rather uneasy about Lady Janet's situation, I have wrote to Dr. Deans on the subject, and shall now repeat the same words to you that you may lay your heads together for the lady's comfort." He goes on to propose that a comfortable house in Edinburgh should be found for her, "such as would be convenient for my mother, and afford a bed for Lady Eleanor and me when business or amusement may carry us to Edinburgh. The situation I would prefer is the 'New Town,' if that is equally agreeable to Lady Janet." An unfurnished house is suggested, because "my house in London is out of lease, and the furniture of that house will answer vastly well for Lady Janet, as it is good and almost new." This business will render Lady Janet's situation far more comfortable. He winds up: "only let my good mother want for nothing."¹

¹ A small house in Northumberland Street was Lady Janet's home for many years.

In the management of his affairs, during his absence from home, Colonel Dundas had the assistance of Dr. Deans, the husband of his sister Janet, and his own brother Charles. The latter seems early to have taken to political life, and on his marriage, in 1781, with Miss Whiteley, the heiress of Barton Court, in Berkshire, he appears to have settled in the country. There are some letters in his handwriting, dated from Barton Court, of this date, in one of them, after assuring his brother of his readiness to be of service to him in looking after the affairs on their father's death, he concludes, "Believe me to be, in the truest sense of the word, your brother, CHARLES DUNDAS."

Now that the old father was dead, and Lady Janet settled in Edinburgh, there was nothing further to detain Lady Eleanor from joining her husband, so, leaving the little Clementina behind under the charge of Lady Janet, she started on her long voyage. How long the voyage was to Halifax, in those days, we see in the joyful letter in which Colonel Dundas announces her arrival to Mr. John Dundas; it is dated Halifax, 10th September 1786. He says, "My wife is arrived as well as ever she was in her life. She arrived the 1st of this month, after *seven* weeks' passage in a fine ship."

The next letter is dated from "St. John, New Brunswick, 28th October 1786." He says, "I take this opportunity to inform you, and our many friends, that Lady Eleanor and I are safely landed for the winter. After having travelled through the Province of Nova Scotia, and crossed the Bay of Fundy, we are come to a place where there was not

a house in 1783. However, by the attention of my friend, Captain Sutherland of the Engineers, we have got into a warm house, and have every prospect of passing a comfortable winter. You may assure Lady Eleanor's friends that she is as well and as happy as possible."

CHAPTER VIII

MAJOR-GENERAL DUNDAS

1786-1788

WE have before us an old note-book in which, under the heading "Private Remarks," 1786, Colonel Dundas has entered the observations he made during this journey from Halifax to St. John. A few extracts may be given; they are of interest in the light they reflect back upon Nova Scotia as it was towards the close of the last century.

He begins with, "The Constitution of Nova Scotia is Governor, Council, and Assembly. The Governor is appointed from home. His commission gives him power over the Province and its dependencies; with the advice of council his powers are considerable; the appointment is equal to £2000 a year. The Assembly is composed of thirty-nine members, the elections are as free as any can be. The old and new settlers at present struggle, and from the number of able enterprising men in the latter class I should think they are likely to prevail. The assembly enact laws subject to the approbation of council, governor, and, finally, of the king. Halifax appears to be chiefly supported by the dockyard, the navy, and the army. There is no dry dock. The present citadel or fort, which has been raised at great expense, does not cover or protect the dockyard. The soil for many miles round

Halifax is barren. As a sea port and harbour for men-of-war it is a valuable place, particularly as the ice is seldom troublesome, never dangerous."

"The new settlement of Shelbourne has made great strides since 1783. At the evacuation of New York by the British after the peace, people came to that place and built a regular town in a bay formerly called Roseway. These people brought very considerable sums of money with them, which they imprudently lavished in building, neglecting the more important object of cultivating the land, so that, after receiving for two years provisions from Government, they were unable to exist, and many returned to the States. The town and harbour of Shelbourne is well adapted for fishing, being within a few hours' sail of the banks of Newfoundland, and convenient for trade with the West Indies.

"On the 4th of October we left Halifax to travel by land to Annapolis, the season was fine, and the roads good. Forty-five miles from Halifax, we found at Horton fine country and large meadows, gained from the sea, called Dyke land. This country, and that now called Cornwallis, had been settled by the French. When Nova Scotia became ours, it was ceded by France in 1715, the scum of the people from Connecticut were invited to enjoy this highly cultivated country, and the French and Acadian settlers were driven off in a barbarous manner. The only excuse I can learn for this conduct was that the poor fellows were discontented with our government, and had joined the Indians in attempting to destroy the English settlement.¹

¹ The name of Acadia has been made familiar to us by Longfellow's touching tale of *Evangeline*. When this part of the country was ceded

Some few of these people remain settled in remote parts of the country, idle and inoffensive. I was informed little improvement was made in these townships after the French were drove away. The loyal refugees lately come among them have done much good ; already you know the farm of a loyalist from the neatness of it. We had no reason to form a good opinion of the loyal principles of the inhabitants of this part of Nova Scotia, and the loyal refugees complained of the treatment they experienced, and we saw many instances of their levelling principles. In general the people are Independent Presbyterians. The Sunday is spent from nine in the morning till dark in their meeting-houses. Annapolis River opens a fine country, there are some flourishing new settlements. The Gulf of Fundy is notorious for rapid tides, thick fogs in summer, and gales of wind in winter. We crossed this bay in four hours thirty minutes in a Norwegian pilot boat, and entered the harbour of St. John."

The winter of 1786-7 was spent by Colonel Dundas and Lady Eleanor at St. John. In his note-book he enters, "This has been a severe winter upon the new settlers, it being the first they had

to us by France at the peace in 1713, the feelings of the inhabitants were little consulted, but they took the oath of allegiance, with the understanding that they should not be required to take up arms against the French or Indians ; as Colonel Dundas remarks, they were accused of having supplied their former friends with intelligence and provisions. Whether or not the accusation was true, the punishment was indeed barbarous ; the Government of Nova Scotia fearing that if the inhabitants were driven *together* out of the country, they would join the French army in Canada, determined to disperse them among the distant British colonies where they could not unite. This decision was kept secret till their harvest was gathered in, which the British required for stores, then as a thunderbolt fell the tidings on the poor people that they were to quit their homes for ever (see introduction to *Evangeline*).

experienced without the king's allowance of provisions, and they could not be supported from the produce of their own lands. From different circumstances the moose-hunting was impracticable the first part of the winter, and in general the inhabitants have benefited materially from this supply, as when the snow is in a state to bear a dog, and not the sharp hoof of a moose, they are easily overtaken and killed, and are of a size to support a large family for weeks, being taller than an ox, and affording nearly as much meat.

“This settlement is now established beyond a doubt, and this year 1787 the farmers will be able to reap a sufficiency for their own support.”

The claims of the loyalists of Nova Scotia having been settled, as far as the Commissioners could do so, Colonel Dundas and Lady Eleanor, accompanied by Mr. Pemberton, left St. John for Quebec. They sailed on the 15th of April in the “Thistle” frigate, and after a passage of three days, reached Halifax, and on the 28th April sailed from thence for Quebec, where they anchored on the 11th May.

Colonel Dundas writes in his note-book, “The entrance of the bay before Quebec is very fine; the fall of Montmorency, 242 feet in height, occupies your attention on the right; the town of Quebec is before you, with the rivers of Charles to the north, and St. Lawrence to the southward. The town is ill-built, and makes an irregular appearance.

“We found Lord Dorchester busy collecting information respecting the political state of Canada, for the purpose of giving information to the Ministers and Parliament.” He adds, “The Canadians, in general, wish to remain in their present state, with

the exception of a very few individuals. These people retain their affection for the French, they are all Catholic, they speak the French language, and many of their priests are old French men, who keep the men in ignorance, and have great influence over the women."

At Quebec, on the 23d July 1787, Lady Eleanor gave birth to her second child, named Janet Maitland, after his mother. He writes to announce the event to Mr. John Dundas: "The infant is a fine creature. Lady Eleanor is nursing, and they are both vastly well. No more children till we get home.¹ . . .

"I leave this for Montreal the 25th August, where my spouse remains until May next. I proceed to Niagara and the Lakes on business and amusement. I expect to be back at Montreal by the 15th October, soon after which time severe winter sets in, and hard work for my colleague and myself. At that work we continue until May, when we return to Quebec, on our way home."

From Montreal Colonel Dundas writes to Lord Cornwallis.² The letter is dated 3d October 1787:—"MY LORD,—I had the honour of writing to your Lordship in the month of November last from the province of New Brunswick. Mr. Pemberton, my colleague, and I, having finished the business of the Commission in those parts, we came to Canada in the month of May, and have been employed all this summer in examining the claims of persons resident

¹ In Appendix, Note D, I give a story in connection with the infant Janet Dundas, which I have lately met with in the *Memoirs of Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglas*. The truth of the story I am unable to verify.

² Lord Cornwallis succeeded Warren Hastings as Governor-General in India from 1786 to 1793.

in this extensive country. They are very numerous—I think from 1100 to 1200—but are in amount very small, being mostly farmers from the back parts of New York Province. These people have been settled since the peace in the upper part of Canada, beginning 50 miles above Montreal, and extending to Niagara. They find the soil excellent and the climate good. They are mostly thriving, in so much that already they have been able to supply the king's posts with bread, and very soon they will be able to furnish meat—which circumstance ought to be a good saving to Great Britain, as the expense of transporting provisions and stores to the upper posts is immense; it will likewise be a market for those farmers, and make it much their interest to remain attached to Great Britain.

“Canada, my lord, has surprised me very much, as I had figured to myself that it resembled Nova Scotia; but it is, particularly near this place, equal in extent of rich country to any part of America. The winter is long, but still the summers are sufficient to ripen any grain. The Canadians are in number about 120,000; the Loyalists are about 6000, and they are a happy, flourishing people.

“Lord Dorchester has resided in this Province ever since his appointment. However, Hope, who is Lt.-Governor and Brigadier, has the management of all business, both civil and military, and has great merit for the manner he conducts both. The new-comers from the States have again raised a cry for a House of Assembly, and wish to put an end to the “Quebec Bill,” under which the great body of the people, the Canadians, live happily.

“Our neighbours in the States look towards the

Posts, which they consider their own, and will have them on the first opportunity by fair means or foul. By all accounts these people are in a state of complete confusion. Finding Congress of little use, the different States have elected delegates to meet in convention for the purpose of forming some system of government. The members of this Assembly are persons from whom I confess I did not expect any determination friendly to Great Britain. However, it is positively said that they have formed several resolves, amounting to this effect, that America must have a king, and that their throne should be offered to the Duke of York. . . . The indifference with which the States have been treated by Great Britain has given them time to consider and feel what they have lost by separation. What this may end in, God knows.

“The business of our branch of the Commission will be finished by the month of June, when I propose to return to England, where, if I have no military appointment, I shall retire to the country, unless when obliged to attend Parliament, a business I do not much like.

“It will give both Lady Eleanor and myself sincere pleasure to hear that your lordship enjoys both health and happiness in the East. Be assured, my lord, that the pleasure which I have had in serving under your command, and the many marks which I have received of your friendship, will ever remain strongly impressed in my mind, and that I am, with great truth, your lordship’s obedient servant,

“T. DUNDAS.”

During the winter of 1787-8, H.R.H. the Duke

of Clarence (afterwards William the Fourth) visited Montreal. He was then midshipman on board the *Prince George*, and seems to have been hospitably entertained by Colonel Dundas and Lady Eleanor. There are two letters in his small, cramped handwriting, frankly thanking them for kindness, with allusions to the society of Montreal, and its gossip. By the desire of the Prince, Lord Elphinstone writes from London, March 5th, 1788, sending a ring, with a cameo likeness of Prince William, "as a small mark of his regard." "Indeed," adds the letter, "it is as much as he can command at present. He has been in England two months and never permitted to see his family; but this is no time to say more on such a subject."

The ring is still in the possession of the family.

Colonel Dundas writes to the Prince from Quebec:—"9th June 1788.—Your Royal Highness's permission to communicate any information which I might think worthy of your notice respecting the upper parts of Canada, I embrace with infinite pleasure, and the more particularly as it gives me the opportunity of expressing my gratitude for the favourable manner in which your R.H. has represented the conduct of Lady Eleanor and myself during your stay in this country. We were before, Sir, most fully repaid for any thing it could be in our power to do by your marked goodness—that we shall never forget. Your R.H.'s likeness, which has been sent to me by Elphinstone, and which I received this day, I shall ever highly value. . . .

"The 27th of April Lady Eleanor and I left Montreal for Niagara. We completed our expedition without much difficulty in four weeks.

“The distance from Montreal to Cadleton Island is 60 leagues, which is done in six days in boats. The rapids are tedious, but the novelty of the scene and of the mode of getting along keeps the attention fully occupied. From Cadleton Island to Niagara the distance is 50 leagues. If you sail with a fair wind there seems no inconvenience in the navigation.

“Niagara is a Post. The style of the work is officerlike. After crossing a bar the river St. Lawrence, or more properly, Niagara river, is not 600 yards over. The Fort is on the left on a point formed by Lake Ontario and the river. On the right are all the new settlements; there is a good road on either side the river 15 miles to the Falls. I should advise the right hand side of the river as the first view of them; a stranger should see them first from the Table rock. I cannot attempt a description, and shall only say that they equal my expectations, and must surely surpass anything of the kind in nature. I must mention as a curiosity a woman of 50 years old, strong and healthy, who has lived 4 years next house to the Falls, within 200 yards, and who never saw them. This, I confess, surprised me as much as the Falls. The opposite side, where the French established, and where we still continue the Post, likewise deserves your R.H.’s attention. The voyage back is commonly easy and pleasant. . . . The falls, the navigation, the Posts, and the New Settlements, all considered, I never spent a month in my life more to my satisfaction.”

I have found two letters which must have reached Quebec in the early summer of this year. The first is in Lady Janet’s own handwriting, and is addressed to her dear children. It is artlessly in-

different to the rules of spelling, but it is full of tender love for "the darling Clementina," who had been left in her care. The second letter is from Colonel Dundas's sister, Janet, Mrs. Deans. Both these letters must have been very precious to the mother thus parted from the little child, whose playful prattle gladdened the kindly old grandmother's quiet life, and whose grandchildren may now read the letters so long preserved:—

"*Edinburgh, 28 Janry. 1788.*—MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I hope this will find you all in good health. Your darling child Clementina is in great good spirits, and growan tall and stout and in great health. At the same time she was so much the better of the sea bathing last year that I am deterrmint to begin her again as soon as the season will allow. Mr. Deans thinks it will do her good, as she agreed so well with it last year. So I hope this will make you forgive our coming to Barton Court to meet you, as at our time of life travelling is not so good; and you will have *annuff* to do with my sweet little name daughter, who I hope is continuing to do well. I think my sweet charge will be an accomplisht governess for her.

"I send by this packet a letter from Mrs. Deans. Mr. Deans has been ill for some days past with an *asmatick* complaint; but I think it's a cold, and he will soon be better. I wrote you before of Lord Hyndford's death. He has left John Gibson his heir. He is now John Carmichael, and will have £4000 a year by the time he comes of age.¹ My

¹ John Gibson was the eldest son of Alexander Gibson of Durie and Margaret Dundas, Colonel Dundas's third sister. His grandmother, Mrs. Gibson of Durie, was sister and heiress to Lord Hyndford. John Gibson

Ld. has left Tom only £1000. Lady Hyndford pays great attention to the boys ; they seem both determin't to continue at their books, and, their master says, are doing well. There is many suddent deaths just now. Mr. Home Rigg layed himself back in his chair and died, and he had been very well a minet before. I wrote you of Lord and Ly. Eglinton, but there's another Divorce talked about, the Duke and Duchess of Gordon. She is showing away at Court just now. This town is very full at present, and all the gay folkes in a hurry. Jane Holdane came into me ten days agoe, and she is begun the hurry. There is a world of Maitlands and their bairns in town. Ly. Lauderdale has brought forth another daughter to the world. Lord and Ly. Tweedle very gay, and has routes, &c. . . . Lady Tweedle lays in in March some time. Her daughter Ly. Mary is Clemy's only visitor ; she is some months younger than your darling. I dine with Ly. Betey Anstruther to-day.

“I have cut a dozen shiftes for you, and sent them out to Mrs. Logan to make, and a shifte of Mr. Dean's for a pattern, which I thought would fit you best, and I intend sending them to meet you at Barton Court. I am weareing to hear from you, for I dout you will have a very cold winter, more so than you had last, as it is furder from the sea ; but I trust you will write if you have any opportunity. I think I see you siteing with your lovely babe on your knee : I hope to live to see it yet. Clementina sends her duty to you and kisses ; she says she

Carmichael died unmarried, and was succeeded by his brother Thomas, who married the “little Janet Dundas.”

would write to you herself if grannie would give her pen and ink, which she loves very much.—I ever am your affectionate and loving mother,

“JANET DUNDAS.”

Mrs. Deans writes :—

“*Hailes*, 27 January 1788.—MY DEAR BROTHER, —Your kind letter of the 3d October gave me great pleasure. Nothing could give me sincerer pleasure than the good accounts it contained of you, my dear sister, and sweet Janet ; but I will not admit her to be in any way superior to my darling Clementina, who is every day more and more like her mother. I have written twice by the New York packet. Nothing can be more satisfactory than the account of your journey and situation. God grant we may all be spared to chat it over in old Scotland, when I hope you will wander no more. However, everything is for the best. Happy am I you was out of the way, else I doubt a regiment to go to the East Indies would have tempted you. *There*, I hope in God, you will never go. Colonel Robert Abercromby has got his regiment compleated, and embarks next month. Many poor men is provided for ; but, alas ! never will they return.

“I trust you will get something snug at home, and live happy with the best of wives and lovely bairns. Our mother is wonderfully well at present, indeed I never saw her better. She has an excellent house, and is just as you would wish her to be. Jenny Haldane is with her, and lovely Clementina is just my mother’s comfort and delight. She chats and sings, and I assure you Anty Deans is her first

favourite. I commonly take an airing twice a week to see my mother." . .

The letter goes on to repeat the news of Lord Hyndford's death and John Gibson's good fortune, and concludes: "I suppose some of your correspondents, or Lady Eleanor's (of the female line), will have wrote you all the scandal about Lady Eglinton, the Duchess of Gordon and the other news of the town."

There are also letters from the commissioners, who remained at work in the office in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

They contain their criticisms on the topics of the day, the affairs of the Princess of Wales; the sentence on Lord George Gordon, which is pronounced a very severe one, "he is confined to the fellow's side of Newgate for five years, a fine of £500, and at the expiration of that term, he must find £10,000 for his own bail, and his friends £5000 each." An expensive riot his Lordship had found it to be.

Writing on the 5th February 1788, Mr. Munroe writes: "They talk of Parliament being up very early, if Mr. Hastings' business does not detain it." Of this celebrated trial of Warren Hastings, he remarks: "Opinions are very various. I cannot help thinking it will end in his triumph and the disgrace of his enemies. His conduct may not have been altogether without blame; but I apprehend no man could have conducted himself in such a situation without falling into some errors. At any rate, if he be so criminal as his enemies represent, the British Government are still more so, who, at the time they are persecuting him, are calmly enjoying the fruits of his conduct."

In February Mr. Munroe again writes: "I rejoice in the prospect of our business being drawn so near its conclusion. In another fortnight we shall have heard all the cases, where the parties have signified an intention to be heard. Before a final report can be made, it may be necessary to collect all the scattered members of the board, and form a general arrangement of the whole business. I should hope the whole would be done in the course of the current year. I do not think the whole number of claimants heard *here* will exceed 1100, and I guess the whole expense to the country will be somewhere about two millions."

The work in Canada was now accomplished, and Colonel Dundas and Lady Eleanor prepared to return home.

Before leaving Canada an address was presented to the two commissioners from the inhabitants of the new settlement, signed by one person of a township on behalf of the whole. The letter enclosing it says: "We beg to assure you that we are no less enamoured with your conduct as commissioners than with your politeness as gentlemen." The address is as follows:—

"To Colonel Thomas Dundas and Jeremy Pemberton, Esq., commissioners appointed by Act of Parliament to inquire into the losses and services of the American loyalists.

"The address of the inhabitants of the New Settlement on the river St. Lawrence.

"GENTLEMEN,—The anxious task in which you have been for some time past engaged being now nearly accomplished, we cannot allow you to depart from this province without giving you some public

testimony of our gratitude in return for your great attention and tenderness in the investigation of our claims, which has given universal satisfaction, and therefore merits our united thanks.

“The object of the business is an additional proof of the uncommon generosity of the nation, and will add lustre to the annals of that period which gave it birth; but the execution of it shows how worthy and how equal you have been to the great and important trust committed to your charge.

“It will be the business of our lives, and we shall inculcate the same principle in our rising offspring, to render ourselves worthy of the patronage and protection of the best of sovereigns; and to manifest our gratitude to that nation, who, notwithstanding the weight of her own burthens, has so often and so cheerfully contributed to lighten ours.

“May our prayers and wishes for your welfare prove propitious, and waft you with safety to the other shore.—Dated New Settlement, May 15, 1788.”

The business in Lincoln's Inn Fields was still going on, and it was not until the December of 1790 that the commissioners finally concluded their task, a task which Mr. Wilmot in a letter of the 23d December 1790 terms “a tedious and invidious one, which we have at last accomplished by infinite pains, by unremitting perseverance, and the most rigid impartiality. It is impossible to suppose, as you justly observe, that errors have not been committed, for what human tribunal is free from them; but we have this consolation, that if there are some mistakes, they are such as the utmost attention and the utmost industry on our part could not avoid.

“Thank God we have brought this great work

to a conclusion, happy to the Loyalists, glorious to the nation, and, I think, not discreditable to us, who were the humble instruments of it."

On the 24th November of the same year 1790, Mr. Wilmot writes: "As our office in Lincoln's Inn Fields is about to have its doors closed upon us for ever, we have been employed overhawling the books and papers, and find a number of rough minutes of evidence taken in your handwriting. I am informed you wish to have them sent to you."¹

The companion of the expedition to Canada died very suddenly, just as their joint work was concluded. A letter announces to Colonel Dundas that Mr. Pemberton died after a few hours' illness on the 14th July 1790.

In a letter from Mr. Rose, Mr. Pitt's secretary, we are told of Mr. Pitt's intention to propose in the House of Commons, that a sum equal to £1200 a year should be given to each commissioner for the time he shall have served, and the sum of £3000 besides, as a final reward for their service. The letter is dated May 11, 1790. I am not aware whether this intention was fulfilled.

¹ These rough minutes are now in the possession of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. After lying for years in a lumber-room at Carron Hall, they were accidentally discovered by General Sir Henry Lefroy in the summer of 1874; and at his suggestion were offered to this institution, the secretary of which wrote his grateful thanks to the family for "this valuable contribution to the history of America."

CHAPTER IX

MAJOR-GENERAL DUNDAS

1789-1793

COLONEL DUNDAS was now in England; and on the 28th January 1789 we find his cousin, Sir Thomas Dundas, writing to him:—
“Secret and confidential. MY DEAR TOM,—The Duke of York is to be appointed Commander-in-Chief as soon as the regency is settled. He is determined to have a military man of rank and character in his profession as his confidential secretary, and the first person who has occurred to H.R.H. is *you*. Therefore until he has your answer whether you will accept or not, everything is at a stand which regards further arrangement.

“Fawcett is to remain Adjutant-General; but you will easily perceive that you in fact will be both Adjt. and Quarter-Master General. I cannot enter into further particulars in a letter; in the first place, send me an ostensible answer to this. And let me know in a separate letter when you mean to be in town; send both by return of the bearer. I write you a separate letter, as this must not be communicated to any person.—Yours faithfully,

“THOMAS DUNDAS.”

Colonel Dundas hesitates to accept. He answers from Barton Court, 28th January 1789:—

“DEAR SIR THOMAS,—I have this instant received your letter by express. H.R.H. the Duke of York does me great honor by thinking of me for a situation so honorable as that you mention, and I request that you would assure H.R.H. that at all times I shall be happy to obey his commands. At the same time I am confident that there are many men more capable of the situation of secretary to H.R.H. than I am. I propose being in London by three o’clock to-morrow, when I shall submit to you my thoughts on this subject.”

This answer by no means satisfies Sir Thomas, who, in the following testy letter, appeals to Mr. Charles Dundas :—

“*3d February 1789.*—MY DEAR CHARLES,—I cannot express to you the anxiety of mind I am under at present, lest your brother, from a diffidence of his own abilities, amounting to the extreme of false delicacy, should refuse a situation to which he has been called by the joint approbation of the whole army. It is but a bad compliment to the understanding of the Duke of Portland, Lord Fitzwilliam, W. Adam, and myself, that he puts his own opinion in competition with ours; and his own resolution in opposition to our joint efforts to convince him that in justice to himself, to the Duke of York, and to his friends, he ought, and must accept. Certainly we would not advise him to engage in a business that we thought there was the smallest doubt of his executing properly. We have asked him to take his diffidence to the Duke, and ask leave to retire, if he finds the business too much for him—but he says, No. In short, he is upon the

brink of hurting himself materially, not only in the opinion of his friends, but I am afraid in the line of his profession. I really cannot think of subjecting you to the situation I am reduced to myself in argument with him, otherwise I should have said, come to town the instant you receive this.—Yours ever,
T. DUNDAS.”

The king recovered, there was no regency for that time, and so Colonel Dundas was not called upon to overcome his diffidence, but I give the correspondence, as it shows the estimation in which his character and military talents were held by those who knew the value of his services.

During part of the summer of the following year, 1790, Colonel Dundas was engaged in a contest for his seat in Parliament, as member for Orkney, it is only incidentally that we can gather that he had already represented that constituency in the interest of his cousin, Sir Thomas Dundas. In those days of easy election, Orkney seems to have been looked upon as a “family seat.” Old Mr. Thomas Dundas of Letham for a time filled it, when his presence in Parliament could be of use to his brother, Sir Laurence; but on this occasion Colonel Dundas was not fortunate, as we find by a letter from a friend in London, dated 6th August 1790: “The oracle of this day declares Mr. T. Balfour the member for Orkney. I wish it had been otherwise, on Sir Thomas’ account, much more than on your own, as the patronage may not be easily recovered by him, and as you did not seem solicitous about it from any personal consideration.”

Thus set free for a while from public service Colonel Dundas and Lady Eleanor were able for a short time to enjoy their home at Carron Hall. I have found in his handwriting a little address intended, we may suppose, to be spoken to their servants on a Sunday morning at Carron Hall, now more than a hundred years ago; it says: "I have called you together to pay some part of our duty on this day to our holy religion. Your lady and I are of opinion that in a family consisting of so great a number we should in a body pass some part of the Sabbath day in worship—as that day is set aside for devotion, works of necessity and mercy excepted.

"We have hitherto done the duty by ourselves—as various changes in our residence and circumstances made family worship almost impossible; being now at home, we think it right that you should partake of what we have found most comfortable."

It concludes with a few kindly words, and is dated Carron Hall, 30th May 1790.

Among the old family papers there is a copy of a letter which must have been written by Colonel Dundas about this time; it is dated from Carron Hall, 12th October 1789, and is addressed to a young friend entering the army.

There is a curious sequel to this letter. Nearly fifty years after it was written, Colonel Dundas's grandson was about to enter the army, and his father, then Major Dundas, writes from Carron Hall to a friend: "I took Tom to Raith to see Sir Ronald Fergusson, and solicit his influence in procuring his appointment to the 79th Regt., of which Sir Ronald is Col. I was received with marked kindness and attention, it was the first time we had

met. He assured me he would do all in his power to further my wishes; on my expressing myself grateful for his kindness, he said: 'When I joined the 53d Regt. I received a letter of advice from your father. It was my guide through a long military life, and when my son entered the service I gave it to him as the rule of his conduct.'"¹

The letter thus valued is as follows:—

"MY YOUNG FRIEND,—As you are about to enter into the profession of a soldier, I think you will take in good part a few words of advice from one who wishes you sincerely well, and who has spent most part of his life in that profession.

"When you join the 53d Regiment, I would recommend to you to pay particular attention to the advice and behaviour of Major Mathews, your commanding officer, as an officer and gentleman. The other gentlemen of the regiment are probably in general very worthy of your friendship; but I would recommend before you form any friendship or intimacy, that you be well informed as to the character and former conduct of your new friend. I believe in general you will find those who are least worthy of friendship the most ready to become intimate.

"A young officer should study to be polite and attentive to all, but guarded in his friendships. To acquire information in your profession should be your first study, and although some parts of it may appear trifling, yet you will hereafter find a perfect

¹ Thomas Dundas, eldest son of Major, afterwards Colonel, Dundas, joined the 79th Regiment in 1837; he went out with his regiment to India, returned in delicate health, and died at Dresden, April 10, 1842.

knowledge of the most minute parts of use. Therefore apply closely to learn all you can.

“As to your person, I should recommend a strict attention to neatness and uniformity; few clothes, excepting what are strictly agreeable to the orders of your regiment, should be worn. You should never appear slovenly. Eat at the regimental mess; if there are two, prefer the first, although the expense should be greater, if that expense is not occasioned from drinking. Always keep the best company. Drunkenness in an officer or a gentleman is a shameful vice. Yet I would not advise you to be particular in refusing your glass in the company of those of whom you have formed a good opinion from just grounds.

“Never *play*. No man can be blamed for refusing to game; and it is ruinous, and introduces a gentleman to the most worthless company—except from this cards with the ladies, or whist with particular friends—that may be necessary.

“Be careful of your behaviour to young ladies, and avoid as much as possible showing any particular attachment, as a young person may consider you as having intentions which you do not mean. Relations are likewise apt to construe what is meant as civility into advances. Let me recommend early rising as healthful and gaining time, which, if well employed, is of great value. With the reading of history, which your father has attended to, let me advise your acquiring an ease in the use of your pen. Letter-writing and arithmetic are of infinite use to an officer. These accomplishments often raise a man in the Army.

“In money matters be correct, neither lavish nor

narrow. An officer must be an economist; but should never do a shabby thing, nor appear to make the saving of money an object in his personal expense. It is his duty to attend closely to saving money to those under his command. Personal courage is indispensably necessary for an officer, and as you must resent an affront, avoid attracting one. Always attend divine service with your regiment, and altho' you find those who laugh at attention to religious duties, be assured that they are proper, necessary, and becoming in every man.

“If you make a constant rule to keep account of your expenses you will find it comfortable, and attended with little trouble; you then know your expenses, and may increase or retrench in any part you find necessary. Upon your joining your regiment, the commanding officer will appoint a steady, honest soldier to attend on you. Employ him in little else than brushing your clothes and *combing your hair*;¹ the less you trust a servant the more you are independent. Altho' your father may allow you a horse, I would advise you to keep none, as that may lead you from a close attention to your duty, which should be your first study, particularly for some years to come.”

As I can find no further letters or papers preserved giving any account of the following two years, we may suppose they were spent quietly at Carron Hall, where each year added another little one to what Colonel Dundas fondly calls “his lovely flock.” But in January 1793, we find Colonel Dundas appointed “Deputy-Governor of Guernsey;” and in the May of the same year, he was confirmed.

¹ In those days, we must remember, gentlemen still wore *queues*.

Governor of the Island on the death of its late Governor, Colonel Browne. This appointment was of short duration, as the close of this year 1793 found Colonel Dundas on his way to join Sir Charles Grey's expedition to the West Indies. He was now "Major-General."

CHAPTER X

MAJOR-GENERAL DUNDAS

LETTERS FROM THE WEST INDIES—1793-1794

THE horrors of the French Revolution were at their height in this year 1793. The National Convention, under its leaders, Danton and Robespierre, had declared war with Great Britain early in the year; and the object of the expedition, now starting at its close for the West Indies, was to attack the French in their possessions in those islands.

The account of this expedition, from which he was never to return, of the large share General Dundas had in the conquest of the Islands of Martinique, St. Lucia, and Guadeloupe, is fully told in a series of letters written by him to Lady Eleanor. These letters, which she treasured to the end of her life, were afterwards carefully preserved by her daughter Clementina, Mrs. Bruce of Arnot, at whose death they were sent to Carron Hall, as their fittest resting-place.

“These fallen leaves, which keep their green,
The noble letters of the dead,”

are a precious legacy to his descendants, written at all moments which could be snatched from his arduous labours; they ever show his earnest sense of duty to his country and his God, his desire to

lighten the sufferings of war, his kindly consideration for all under his command ; his devotion to his wife, whom he "loved better than all the world," to the children for whose sake he toiled.

I have felt that these letters should be read simply as they were written, and I give them with a very few omissions.

The first we have is dated

"OFF MADEIRA, 17 *December* 1793.

"It may be a plague to you to read two letters by the same post ; but as the dates are different, you must bear your misfortune, as I cannot withstand the temptation of writing my love a few lines to find its way from this island. Since I wrote by the 'Rose,' Captain Prior, we have had a great deal of stormy weather, which our good ship has taken coolly and safely. I lost only one dinner, and all on board are well. We have now got into a fine climate, and almost a certainty of making our passage in 16 or 18 days. The admiral sent his fleet by a different route some time past, and we are now only two in company, which shortens our distance in point of time. Sailors are never remarkable for living well ; in that respect we fail a little. Guernsey butter, apples, etc., are most valuable. Still they mismanage, and Murphy¹ is in *désespoir*. However, we got on well, and our society is excellent. It is dangerous to venture to bring any stores on board these ships ; yet oatmeal and 'Bells' Beer' was thought necessary for my porridge. This island is composed of lofty mountains, studded with

¹ Murphy, the faithful servant, often mentioned in these letters.

white houses and vineyards. It is hazy, and in the large ships we do not go close in. . . . When the good Marquis sends us to the East, we shall pass a few days here.¹ If Monsieur has not stolen a march upon us, the West Indian Expedition cannot last, and I do not expect distant exertions from the 'Convention.' They are thinking of their necks. . . . I shall take a cask of Canary from the Isles to the South of us, to comfort our old age; and for all the dear loves, whom God bless. . . . By this time you are in the north, and I trust will soon be settled. Write often; packets sail twice in the month for Barbadoes; as the Jamaica packet touches there, you may likewise find opportunities from the Clyde. Some good salt butter in crocks, packed in boxes, might come safe. Anything from you is acceptable. Tell granny² that it would do her old bones good to enjoy the warmth of December here. Tell Jenny that her son will be a soldier if she does not take care. As for Thomas, I insist he is bound apprentice to Willie. . . . I am called to the deck, and our stay is only to throw letters into a boat, and make signals. So Adieu! my only love. Kiss and bless our infants. Love to all.—Yours ever, T. D."

"BARBADOES, 7th January 1793.

"MY ONLY LOVE will not be sorry to hear that 'The Boyne' arrived here yesterday morning, after a passage of 5 weeks and 6 days; we were the 1st ship of any of our fleets. Never was there a pleasanter passage or better company. All well.

¹ The Marquis of Cornwallis, then Commander-in-Chief in India.

² Lady Janet Dundas. Jenny is his sister, Mrs. Deans; "Thomas," his only son, aged two years.

This morning at eight o'clock the general, the admiral, and your good man landed in gala, and breakfasted with a Mr. Bishop, the president, two miles in the country. It is hot, yet very supportable, and the country pretty. You remember Col. Davis' drawings, they flatter, but are like. The country wants trees; the orange is the only fruit which I have eat of and like, every other fruit is odd and disagreeable. C. Maitland is well, O'Callaghan is in the veteran 64, Capt. Nugent not yet arrived. Col. Symes and I have three rooms unfurnished, bad quarters; but as part of the Cork fleet are come, I hope that our stay will be very short. Now, as to our foes, the yellow fever is gone all to the island of Antigua, where it is almost exhausted; this fever has carried off very many.

"Blythswood¹ is here, and as well as ever, I take him for my second, and I cannot have a better. The French have few white troops at Martinique, they have armed the blacks, and are in great confusion. I hope that you will soon hear good news from thence. Our commanders are fine fellows, and united.² Salisbury, who was wounded with me in Virginia, is here, ready again, to try his luck with me if I part with Rogers; and he has got so complete possession of our commanders, by his worth and merit, that I must resign my friend to them. I find many friends here, and my hands full of business, but our voyage has produced some disease on transports, and we are busy getting all well. This goes by an express boat to overtake the packet; my next will be long, as I mean to write and sleep

¹ Col. John Campbell of Blythswood, 9th Regt.

² General Sir Charles Grey and Admiral Sir John Jervis.

in the heat of the day. So God bless you and our babes, our worthy mother; Jenny, and her children. I have not time to write to Charles, you must for me, and make my excuse. C. Lennox does not come here, but Sir C. Gordon will. If Margaret Dundas¹ is to be married to A. Speirs, write to her and tell her how much I love her, and wish her all possible happiness this world can afford.

“I must now finish by saying that I have every reason to believe that this climate will agree with yours sincerely,
T. D.”

“BARBADOES, 8th January '94.

“After a hard day's work, and dining with the admiral on turtle, I cannot possibly spend a few minutes, to my mind, so agreeably as in conversing with what I most love. Thank God, you never can see this climate as my wife, because you who dislike heat would be unhappy, which I shall ever pray you never shall be; for my own part, I enjoy complete health, by means of flannel and constant perspiration. Our fleets are arrived, at least the best part of them, and we shall soon be in action. If I was to say that we shall have little fighting, you might not give us credit for the success we hope for; but Sir Charles says that we may do much with our heads.

“9th, Morning.—Col. Symes and I are together, and work to each other hands, he is a famous quiet hero. Salisbury of the navy, with whom you disagreed in politicks in 1784, is again under my command, he is in high repute here, and says that he will take another shot for my sake. Jamie Oswald's

¹ Sister of Sir Thomas Dundas, married Archibald Speirs of Elderslie.

son, 35th, is here well, and many fine boys. As usual I cannot rest after 2 in the morning, by which means I enjoy the cool of the morning, and sleep 2 hours in the heat of the day. Fredk. Maitland's father-in-law, Mr. Pretty John, is very kind. C. Maitland has a room from him ; I dine there to-day ; we drink about a bottle of wine, my food is principally turtle and fish ; no suppers ; orange juice and water, when I am thirsty, agrees with me. This island being most to windward is the most convenient to send anything to, remember that Jamaica is out of the way entirely. If they call here, anything for me may be left with Mr. Pretty John ; 12 pairs brown thread stockings may be useful. You might try 2 or 3 crocks of butter salted, 12 pounds in a can, and well shut up with bladder. Murphy and Jack both go well on. I have not yet a helper for Murphy, which distresses me. I have got two good horses ; walking much is dangerous, and I never liked it much, when I can ride. I do not think of staying here for pleasure. I expect the packet with impatience, because I shall hear from you ; and I shall expect some commission in the army, for I believe that I work for it.¹ A sight of my love and our brats would be happiness, but all in good time. Frank Dundas is, as usual, *violent*.² I am his best friend, and he thinks so. Our old Americans are the only officers, and we like one another. Adieu for the morning. I am going to show Sir Charles the Grenadiers and Lt. Infantry.

“10th.—2 *in the morning*.—A Liverpool ship sails

¹ General Dundas considered that his services entitled him to be made full colonel of a regiment, a position which as general he could have held.

² Adjutant General Col. Francis Dundas.

to-morrow, and I must this day finish my letter. All are now arrived but one ship, with Lt. Infantry, Lt.-Col. Blundell, with the 44th and 55th; they lost their masts and returned. To say that we shall conquer would be presumption, which is a folly, but the unhappy emigrants augur well, and soon expect to be again at home.¹ I dined yesterday with Mr. Pretty John, Frederick Maitland's father-in-law. He has 13 emigrants in his house, indeed he is a worthy man and my good friend. I cannot tell you how well we all go on—all busy, all inspired, our sick recover. Jonas Watson is Major of Grenadiers; Close, Lt.-Col. Lt. Infantry; Gillespie, Major of Brigade. Andrew Houston's son is unavoidably sent for a time to his regt., but he shall join us if possible. My family are steady and active. Sir Charles lets me speak out to him; and he shall never hear but truth from me.

“If I was to write for ever, I could not express to you how sincerely I ever am your affect. husband,
“T. D.”

“BARBADOES, 19th January '94.

“2 in the morning.

“Still many matters to arrange detains us, but we shall soon be at it. Blythswood and I shall do our business, under the blessing of God, with promptitude and little loss. We are nice doctors, sent to cure and to save. Our intelligence from Martinico is that they are divided, and we hope to settle them

¹ The “Emigrants,” frequently mentioned in these letters, were loyalists who suffered severely at the hands of the “Convention,” and were ready to welcome even an English army to protect them from their own countrymen.

shortly. This is Sunday, and I shall go to church, *if I can*, and pray for the protection of us all, and of my lovely wife and family.

“20th.—And I have not been in church, so much had I to do for my friend Sir Charles and the public good; but I am confident that I had my love’s prayers. This climate is far from being unsupportable; the mornings and evenings are charming. Report will find its way home that we are unhealthy, and at one time it had a dismal appearance; we had 1100 in hospital, but it proceeded from the shameful neglect of the officers from Ireland, who allowed their men to get sick with filth and nastiness; the fever was smart, but not very dangerous; the men were languid and low. The best possible treatment and attention from us all has conquered the ill, and they recover; above 100 are sent to their ships daily in high health. Our doctors took fright, getting so many patients upon their hands in a hurry and when unprepared. The director and purveyor took fright. If it had not been for some of us old soldiers, among the number of which I must add Dr. Wright, our friend in Canada, our army would have dwindled. Thank God, we now recover fast, and only wait for a regiment or two and some arrangement to be all right and away.

“A packet arrived and no letter from you; wonderfull. But I know the cause: you are on your way to Scotland, from whence I shall hear of you. Had we our 8 regiments we could do everything at once.

“But I am called to duty; adieu.—Yours ever,
bless my dear babes, etc.,
T. D.”

“BARBADOES, 30th *Janry.* 1794.

“It is my joy to avail myself of every moment of relaxation from the tasks of my duty to converse with my only love.

“The Commander-in-Chief has intrusted a most material service to me. I have chosen my men, and you shall have good tidings of us, please God. We are all on board; my family is increased one aide-de-camp, a nephew to Monsieur de Boullie, who says he must go with me. He is only 15; bred in London; a charming boy. If we succeed, I shall give him a daughter; he has a good estate of 7000 per annum.

“All are in high glee. I have worked like a horse—to good effect. I think the effects are already visible; from a lock step banditti we shall be a regular army at our ease.

“Campbell, Cradock, Maitland, and myself go on board the ‘Vengeance.’ I think that God Almighty is with us, and I am confident that He is with you and our dear lovely babes.

“I am where I should be, and am equal to the task. Our General and Admiral are my friends,¹ and I shall not deceive them. Tell Lord Cornwallis, by letter, that I am equal to do my duty in India if I survive. If not, I believe that I shall hereafter be happy in Heaven in the company of my dear wife, whom I love better than all the world.

“Best love to all my dear friends.—Yrs. ever,

“T. DUNDAS.”

¹ General Sir Charles Grey, Commander of the Forces, and Admiral Sir John Jervis.

“ ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE,
“ 22 *Feb.* 1794.

“ MY DEAREST LOVE will be glad to hear happy tidings of me, and here you have them. On the 5th of this month, in the dusk of the evening, I landed with a chosen band, about 2000 men, at Gallion Bay. The only sad news you must have you shall first hear. My *Friend*, my *Brother* Soldier, my unequalled second in command, John Campbell Blythswood, is killed. He was too brave ; I have often told him so ; but his virtues were in the extreme ; I never felt any loss more severely. It was in the hour of victory. For three times we beat the rascals with much bloodshed ; but oceans of their blood can never recompense our loss. Pray write to Mrs. Swinton, with his other sisters, for I cannot ; my very soul bleeds when I think of my loss. I think that he was the *best man* and the *best officer* in the army. Soldier and officer shed tears over him and now wear mourning for him. I turn the leaf and leave the subject. By one o'clock next day after we landed, I was ready to move on *in style*, which I did, and in an hour and a half beat the rascals thrice, with no great loss on our side ; the actions were at Gallion neck and Le Brun ; by dusk I had surrounded and taken all their fortress, posts, etc., which they had hitherto considered impregnable. Belgrade, their mulatto leader,¹ fled at least 30 miles, saying that we fought like ten thousand devils. The miscreant mistook the word ; God Almighty and His angels watched over our

¹ The French had armed the mulattos and employed them in their service. These men fought more like savages than civilised soldiers.

steps and guided us. I wore my guardian angel's picture next my heart, and in danger felt secure. Having established a fleet of men-of-war and transports in Trinité, I left a garrison and marched to *Gros Morne*, the stronghold of the island, which my friend Campbell and I took at 12 at night with the Grenadiers and Light Infantry without losing a man. This was thought everything done; but as I value highly the effect of panic, I thought it wise to avail myself of it, marched with my little corps in the night, and took posts within cannon-shot of Fort Bourbon, through such a country as troops never before marched in an enemy's country. We had beat them so unmercifully the first day that they durst not look us in the face, as my countryman says, 'in the dark.' Before our friends got to me I had hemmed in the foe into their strongholds, occupying posts in the front extending 15 miles, with about 1600 men, the rest of my force garrisoned posts; had I been first in command I could have shortened the distance by an attack, and taken post for the siege with little loss; but military etiquette does not allow of it, and I lay on my arms. In the night of the 10th the yellow rascal Belgrade made the garrison of Port Royall drunk. He inspired his people with courage, which he does not want, and he led them to the attack of Post Matilde, where I had four companies of British Grenadiers under the command of Col. Craddock. The night was dark; the ground covered with brush. They crept close to the post, killed the sentries, and were upon our Grenadiers before they could fire. The attack was rapid, and we might have lost many men, but that young Campbell of the 9th Grenadiers dashed

at the enemy with his bayonets and drove them with great slaughter. This is Andrew Houston's nephew, a fine young man. He and his company got my public thanks, as well they deserved. We lost Captain M'Ewen, 38th Grenadiers; 8 killed, 19 wounded. In two days the General came up and proposed another patrole, which I have since executed with great fatigue. But the effect is wonderful. We fought them three times the same day; in the night took all their works; and at day-break marched into St. Pierre, the 1st town in the West Indies, to the Grenadier's March. Alas, poor Campbell—fell.

“*St. Pierre.*—However, here I am, the 22nd; after spending four days in the midst of confusion, order is produced; 200 sad murderers are shipped for France, their deluded followers of colour, calling themselves free, are on board to enjoy freedom there until landed in Africa. I have left Col. Myers in command at St. Pierre, and am on board the ‘London,’ my own ship, to command the right of the siege; the guillotine, still bloody, was burnt by themselves the morning I took St. Pierre, they are low, low! All my family are well, Murphy the same, and Jack most usefull, and have done excellently their duty. Dobie is commissary of prisoners, the admiral and general ready to serve him, he will do well, and I advise his being agent of prizes. I have a recruit, acting aid-de-camp, a nephew of the Marquis de Boullie, 15 years old; he has done wonders, and as his estate is ample, has asked one of your daughters, if he deserves it! he is charming, and only desires always to be with me, and employed. I never was better, my soldiers like me, the

island call me their saviour; can my love desire more than that our God and Saviour should enable her husband to do good to the wretched. Harry Grey, the general's son, has been my lieutenant, the general, his father, sends him home. When Fort Bourbon is taken, Lady Grey will write to you. I must have a sleep, which I have not had these 15 days; but, be assured, that I never was better. My heart and soul are with you and my dear children, Lady Janet, etc.

“*Camp la Coste, near Fort Royal, 26th Feby. 1794.*—I continue to write, my love, after receiving your letters of the 2nd December from London, and 18th December from Edinburgh. These gave me heartfelt joy. My letters were brought me when I had laid down to rest; some careful friend had kept them snug for days, not knowing where I was to be found. I woke, and only read your letters, and slept with them. I have here a good post, and the enemy give us little trouble. I work all night erecting batteries and mounting guns. I have about 1800 soldiers. My friend, Rogers, with 600 sailors, and about as many negroes. Sir Charles Gordon¹ is now my second, he is very steady and willing to do his best. We divide our work, and go on very well; but I shall never have a 2nd Campbell! I have adopted *his* family, a Major Lorraine, and a Mr. Dean, formerly in the 9th. Maitland does very well, a steady, brave fellow, he has done me good service; has drawn some rebel blood; he only disputes some, of many, French colours which I have taken, and which are now making into coverlets for you, *after being washed.*

¹ Col. Sir Charles Gordon.

“I dare not venture an opinion when this place (Fort Bourbon) may fall; but as they are weak in numbers, as they are a motley crew divided against themselves, I think that the fort cannot stand ten days after that we open; indeed, from good authority, it may surrender without our firing a shot, but I am not sanguine, they have provisions and stores enough. Get one of the maps published last year—and you well understand our operations—Fort Bourbon,¹ now the stronghold, is on Monte Sourriere, my post is from Ponte Negroe to L’Archet, and I could burn Fort Royal when I chuse. I found a Mr. Earle of the 6th Grenadiers in high favour with his corps, he is Mrs. Capt. Deans’ brother. I appointed him asst. engineer, an office of fatigue, but honor, and a dollar per day; he seems a fine young man, and will get on. John M’Murdo’s son, of the 8th, is likewise an adjutant of Grenadiers. And. Houston’s son is with his regiment doing very well, and he must learn his duty before he can be employed elsewhere; he took a battery at landing. Buchanan Auchliskey is here under my command, the same fine quiet fellow as ever, in great health, as we all are. I gave young Oswald a night job the other day, after taking out the flints of the Grenadiers. He is a fine young man; when I gave him his orders, ‘*Mama*’ stared me in the face; I said so to him, his answer was, that ‘she wished him to do his duty!’ Oswald is a fine young *man*.

“28th.—Report says that the yellow leader, Belgrade, has submitted, and that the fort will soon be ours, in that case I am off for another island. We are all, officers and men, in flannel shirts and drawers,

¹ Defended by the French General, Rochambeau.

yet we grow fat. Brevet Major Jonas Watson will get a majority, he will sell and retire to Canada, where his wife and children are. I took the 65th with me on my last enterprise to St. Pierre, they behaved very well, but lost some men. I had young Ramsay likewise with me, and 80 of the Queen's. Ramsay is a good-humored boy, and does very well, his command is a very fine one. Fort Bourbon taken, our work is done, the other islands must fall easily. I have reason to believe that Sir Charles would give me any appointment I chose, but none would compensate for my absence from all I love ; and this climate can never do for you and our darlings. Women from Europe cannot be well here. Now Ministers must bring me into the army, and we can jog on.¹ God bless you all. I shall finish this when the place is taken.—Yours, T. D."

3rd March.—I did hope before this time to have sent off this letter, with an account that Bourbon or Fort Constitution was ours, but a committee of safety from my good town of St. Pierre has got into it, and have encouraged the garrison to hold out; for, observe, that our whole time has been spent in preparation ; in consequence we shall open seriously on them very soon. On the 1st March Belgrade, with most of his crew, gave themselves up, and are allowed to pass to Boston never to return. If he keeps his word, these islands have got free of a 2nd Wilberforce, a desperate rogue ! My love's letter of

¹ General Dundas appears to have gone on half-pay at the conclusion of the American war, at which time he commanded the 80th Regt. He was now desirous of being made full colonel of a regiment, a position which, as general, he could have held.

the 29th only came to hand the 1st, Mr. Stanley had sent it from St. Christophers, where it had gone with the Government dispatches. The coal abstract was enclosed, the ballance very fair, considering the great expense in opening a new field. Balfour and Stanton's conduct¹ surprises me very much, and you behaved as a good soldier's wife should. Spirited and steady, the difference of price will clad the bairns, and we increase and multiply.

“What I shall do for you here I cannot guess, but prize-money we shall have, please God we take Bourbon, which I cannot doubt. Already St. Pierre affords means, at least 3000 hogsheads of sugar, and large magazines of provisions; the Americans have been very busy supplying them, and had produce in return. We have many prizes from that country. I don't know how they will like it.

“I have not said a word as to Lewis's farm; but I rather wish him to possess Anton's hill, on account of the hedges and plantations, which he surely will pay more attention to than any other person would. I would, however, wish a break at the end of every seven years, in case that I should wish to possess any part of these fields myself. This may be possible, although our young ladies will keep you from home for some years; and C. Maitland agrees that Bath will be requisite after our fatigues and dangers—indeed, I do not see how we shall stand Scotland after using flannel in midsummer; and the effect is wonderfull. We are a healthy army. Many thanks for your advice about swearing. Your advices always do me good, and in that respect it is sometimes necessary; but I study to check that

¹ Stanton, Manager of the Carron Company.

bad habit. I trust that I am grateful to the Almighty for His care and protection, and that I take every opportunity to return him my thanks.—
 God bless you, T. D.”

“*6th March.*—Yesterday H.R. Highness Prince Edward¹ arrived in this camp from Canada *via* Boston. Sir Charles has sent him to command here; and I have every reason to think that he will do very well, being disposed to do everything in his power. I find my duty easier, and Sir Charles Gordon and I carry on the laborious part of the duty.

“*11th March.*—I have been so very much employed that I have not put pen to paper to my love for two days. This siege goes on slowly. I hate a siege. I always did, and this may turn out long. We have some fighting and lost some men, not many. The Prince is pains-taking, and now knows the sound of a canon ball. We still continue healthy, although labour and fatigue is great. I am perfectly well, as are all my family. Maitland eats and sleeps as usual. I am just going on board the ‘Boyne’ to meet the General and Admiral on business, and shall take this with me, as there may be an opportunity for England before the frigate sails.

“*14th March.*—This letter has been so long going on that I must avail myself of a packet which is to sail to-morrow, to send you my narrative; although Bourbon is not yet ours, and it would be presumption to say when it may be ours, only we are hard at work against a very strong place by nature, altho’ ill garrisoned. They fire all day and sleep all night. The army continues healthy

¹ H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria.

as yet, and our loss by the enemy is not yet very considerable. All our friends and acquaintance are well. I gave a summons from the General and Admiral to Rochambeau.¹ It was answered with civility after an hour's consultation. This was the 12th; still we go on, and it must be slowly. I shall still hope to send you soon good tidings of great joy.

“My best love and compts. to all friends. Bless you and our lovely babes, Lady Janet, Mrs. Deans. Adieu!
T. D.”

The same packet which conveyed this letter to Lady Eleanor brought Sir Charles Grey's despatch to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, the Right Honourable Henry Dundas. An old copy of the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, date “From Friday, April 18th to Tuesday, April 23d, 1794,” lies before me containing this despatch, which from its honourable mention of General Dundas must have cheered Lady Eleanor's heart, as she watched at Carron Hall for the tidings which were so long of coming.

The despatch is dated from “Camp before Fort Bourbon, Island of Martinico, March 16, 1794.”

It relates the landing of the troops on the island in three separate divisions, and goes on:—“I have the pleasure to say they all succeeded, namely, at La Trinité, by a division under Major-General Dundas and Commodore Thompson, on the 5th and 6th February. At Caise de Naivre, by another under Colonel Sir Charles Gordon, and near Trois Rivion, where Lieutenant-General Prescott and I were. . .”

“Major-General Dundas immediately advanced

¹ Rochambeau, the French Commander.

with Colonel Campbell, of the 9th Foot, and the 1st Battalion of Light Infantry, and carried Morne Le Brun ; and detaching Lieutenant-Colonel Craddock with the 2d Battalion of Grenadiers to attack Trinité fort the enemy fled, and our troops got possession of it. Proceeding to Gros Morne, he gained that post by twelve at night of the 7th ; having formed again, he seized Morne Bruneau at noon of the 8th. On the 10th he detached Colonel Campbell with five companies Light Infantry, who seized Colon during the night." The despatch goes on to relate the movements of the two other divisions, and then returns to the attack and capture of the town of St. Pierre on the 17th by General Dundas, adding, " which General's ability, good conduct, and activity, first in penetrating through so difficult a country from La Trinité to Bruneau, and afterwards to the capture of St. Pierre, do him the highest honours, and merit His Majesty's notice in an eminent degree."

In order to understand the allusions, in this and the following letters, made by General Dundas to the enemy he was opposing, we must remember that the Revolution had spread to the French colonies, where, as in France, the Royalists were at the mercy of the so-called patriots. To be delivered from such anarchy and bloodshed they might thankfully accept even an English general as their saviour. Some of the Royalists seem to have joined our army ; and the young De Boullie, the boy aide-de-camp, was the son of a wealthy French Royalist.

The next two letters still continue the weary details of the siege of Fort Bourbon.

“ MARTINIQUE,
 “ CAMP LA COSTE BEFORE F^t. BURBON,
 “ 4th March 1794.

“A long narrative, entertaining and instructing, is in my writing-case for you, to go by the frigate which is to carry an account of this island being completely ours; this must be soon the case. All being in our possession excepting Fort Bourbon. I am happy to assure you that I have had my share of success, St. Pierre, Trinité, Gros Morne, and the greatest extent of this fine island, have submitted to me. I have had six actions with them, in all most successful. I have only to regret the loss of my valuable friend and second in command Col. Campbell Blythswoode, he was killed on the 16th February, the day before I took St. Pierre. A better man nor a better soldier never lived. My loss is irreparable. I must bewail his poor sisters, such a brother never was. We are all in perfect health and spirits. I have received yours of the 3rd, 18th and 29th December, and as I see a packet in the Bay of Fort Royal, I have sent Maitland with these few lines and to get letters if possible. Flannel shirts and drawers keep us alive and well, some fine flannel is the best thing you can send us, but I hope soon to be with my love and our dear babes, God bless you all.

T. DUNDAS.”

“ CAMP LA COSTE, 8th March 1794.

“I wrote my love a few lines two days ago, but Capt. Jones of the ‘Chesterfield’ has called upon me and sails in a few hours for the other islands, and may get home before any frigate from hence, as Fort Bourbon is not yet taken. We opened our batteries

yesterday at daybreak with good effect, and in a few days, I shall hope that the enemy may submit. Yesterday we lost some men, but it was occasioned by the ignorance of young soldiers as much as by the fire of the enemy. Prince Edward has joined the army and commands at this post, so my shoulders are lighter. He takes all possible pains and I give him my best advice, but I hate a siege and wish it over. The accounts you give me in your letter of the 10th January of our little flock are charming; I shall be most supremely happy to join you and them once more. For my sake and theirs take care of yourself, and be assured that, as far as is consistent with honour and my profession, I shall take care of *your* husband. I have a long letter by me to go by the frigate and I consider this a round-about mode of conveyance, but it may arrive first, and therefore I say we are all well, although fagged a good deal. By this packet I write Andrew Houston an acct. of my friend Campbell's death. Alas such a loss!

“To wearing flannel I attribute the health of this army, I never wear linen, and some flannel shirts, and 20 yards fine flannel is the greatest present you can send me, it will soon be scarce in these parts. Maitland is well, indeed everybody with me is well. Murphy still works like a horse, yet keeps his health. We scramble on very well, often wet and dry. Hot and wet is our greatest trouble, still we do not suffer. My hands and face are dark brown, but the rest of my body is the same. Sir Charles says I grow fat, and I really don't decrease. The General is vastly well and likes the climate, but a commander-in-chief has every night in bed, although he goes through much in mind and body.

“ I have every reason to think that we shall do well notwithstanding your terrible accounts from home.¹

“ May God bless my love and my dear infants. Best love to Lady Janet, Mrs. Deans, &c.—Adieu, my love,
T. D.”

“ MARTINIQUE,

“ CAMP LA COSTE, 18th March 1794.

“ I sent my detail, written when wet and weary, by a packet which sailed yesterday. It was intended for the frigate which was to carry home Fort Bourbon! but as the resistance of that post exceeds our expectations it is still difficult to say when we may be in possession. However, we gain ground daily. ‘Fort Royal’ Town, and ‘Fort Louis’ are in our power. Yesterday the seamen boarded a French ship of war and took the Capt., Lt. and 12 men out of her, the wind and other circumstances did not allow of her being taken away. What will interest you most is, that we all keep healthy; you will hear of some having died, but be assured that it is in a great measure from their own fault; thoughtless young men, regardless of the consequences of irregularities; many of them in bad state of health from an Irish campaign. All mine are steady troops and are healthy. I had a visit the other day from the chief ecclesiastic of the French Islands, a sensible man, a great friend of De Boullie; he is now re-established at St. Pierre, his residence, after having been eighteen months *émigrée*. He took particular care of my young aid, and has sent me some old wine, some sweetmeats, and some liqueurs, to enable me to stand the fatigues of the siege. The first I shall use,

¹ Probably of the war going on in Europe with France.

the two last shall be kept for our happy meeting and for our darlings, for I must be happy in the hope of that happy moment, notwithstanding our fatigues and dangers, which have made on me as yet no impression. You would be shocked at the impudence and want of feeling of these brigands. Three hundred yards in front of the Lt. Infantry under a battery is their hospital, the town of Fort Royal joins it, and Bourbon is distant by a winding road about one thousand yards. When we took this post the General and Admiral did, by my suggestion, send a flag saying that now their town, their women, their children, their sick and wounded were at our mercy, they might have reasonable terms, otherwise all must be laid in ashes. They debated ten hours, and at last sent answer that they were attacked by a generous enemy, and that they should defend the fort in a manner to merit our esteem. This happened the 12th at night, and although we have it in our power, yet no mischief has been done to them. We can burn the town and save the hospital, and the town is full of supplies for our enemy. Our General and Admiral have too much mercy for these unmerciful rascals who sacrifice their wretched families and sick to save themselves. I believe they dread the usage they may receive. There are those who think that we shall not succeed, for my part I trust that we shall by a different style of operation, which must now soon begin. Sir Charles continues in great health and spirits, full as much as he has a right to have, considering that we have now been here a month and the season advances. I speak out to Sir Charles and he allows me to do so. The Prince goes on quietly doing what he is bid, yet

sometimes thinking himself the great general, which he cannot yet be. My little friend Sir Charles Gordon encourages him a good deal, attending his rounds and laying it on, which is wrong.

“I have requested the Prince to lessen his suite on account of the men, it attracts fire and does no good. You know I do not flatter. Sir Charles Grey was angry when I told him I had written to Lord Amherst desiring to be recalled if I was not brought into the army,¹ that His Majesty and every general officer with whom I had ever served had approved of my conduct, that Sir Charles Grey would do the same, I therefore supposed that His Majesty’s ministers, who neglected me, did despise my services, and therefore the sooner I was recalled the better, as I was wasting my time and constitution to no purpose. Sir Charles asked me to stop my letter, but I begged his excuse as they had already used me too ill to submit any longer. He said that I was undoing all he did. This I did not allow, as if they thought my services of consequence, they might reward them. He was not convinced, but my letter is gone. I even desired that if others were to have regts. over me, that at least I might be brought into the army Lt. Col., in place of my friend killed under my command. This is putting it into the strongest possible point of view, but being on full pay would at least make me £300 per annum a richer man, which with our flock is of great consequence. I think it proper to bring the matter to a point, for I have no desire to continue in this climate to no purpose for my family, when ministers think that they do me a favour. Sir Charles Grey is expected in

¹ From this expression it appears that General Dundas was still on half pay.

camp, which keeps me at home this forenoon, and gives me an opportunity of long converse with my love. When I may send it God knows, but it is great pleasure for me to compile, and I know you have pleasure in reading my life and adventures. Your own life is, I am sure, a very quiet one, and as I fully partake of your feelings, it does not surprize me ; let us hope for a happy re-union. If it should not so happen, it is God's will. Guess my happy feelings at having such a mother to protect and direct so lovely a flock, and that happen what may they are one and all independent in this world, and that from a wise and tender mother's care they will be brought up with good principles of honor and religion, and with good constitutions. All these considerations must determine us to do steadily our duty, and to take the necessary and proper care of ourselves. By this I must be understood to require that you do take all care of your health and spirits in hopes of soon meeting ; and as for myself, I think that you know me enough to suppose I do not mean to shrink from danger when duty calls me, yet I am of opinion that in the rank I hold it is not my duty to lead the 'Advance Guard' in enterprizes of great danger ! Being assured of this will, I am confident, keep my love easy whatever stories of danger may reach your ears from many young men, who unused to danger think it greater than it really is, and so write. . . .

"I observe that you have had a visit from the Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh. I believe that she is a worthy woman and has always been your friend and well-wisher. I must therefore think that you act like yourself, wisely in paying her all respect.

"My poor friend Soter, who was my companion

and guide in reducing the island, had nearly lost his life the other day. He went as guide with Major Maningham to surprize a noted brigand in the night, when the house was surrounded the Lt. Infantry were ordered to force it. Soter was among the foremost, was thrown down in a mistake for an enemy, and nearly killed, when calling out my name they knew my friend.

“The expedition succeeded to his wish, and he is recovered. I don’t know how that man can be rewarded sufficiently. My little De Boullie goes on very well. Maitland, whom he calls *My Broder Aid de Camp*, is rather severe on him; as to his being a Frenchman and a little lazy of a morning, this last is however at my express desire, as he could not stand our work night and day. I now find my restless temper as inconvenient to the enemy as it has been to you, but which you have so often forgiven in yours ever,
T. D.”

“21st March.—I dare say that my love will not be sorry to learn that we have made Rochambeau cry ‘Pecave.’ Yesterday at ten in the morning an attack was made on Fort Louis by the shipping. The ‘Asia’ 64 should have stood in, but failed, I know not why. Capt. Faulknor in the ‘Zebra’ sloop of 16 guns attacked the fort in a most gallant style and took it, the Light Infantry entering the town at the same time, but Faulknor had already settled the business in a masterly style, having only one man killed and three wounded. We kept a very heavy fire from the batteries in his favour. My post was with the Grenadiers to intercept any attempt which might be made to succour Fort Louis from Bourbon,

but this did not happen and I was a spectator, as indeed was the whole army, excepting the 1st and 3rd Lt Infantry, neither of which lost a man. I durst not before this mention a cruel circumstance which happened a few days since to this same Faulknor. A sailor did not obey his orders on the batteries, and he struck him with his sword; rashly and in a passion. The stroke was mortal, and the sailor died on the spot. The Admiral had been tried, he was acquitted, and this occasion was given to him to distinguish himself, which he did in a style to regain the affections of the navy and army, who were before much exasperated against him, but seeing his gallantry exclaimed to a man 'We forgive him! We forgive him!' It was passion and he has suffered enough. Indeed I never saw any creature more dejected. The poor sailor left a wife and family, these will be taken care of. While our battle raged below, to my astonishment Bourbon was almost silent, but being sent into Ft. Royal by the Prince to regulate matters, and to prevent confusion and risk, a French dragoon was brought to me, who informed that a short time before our attack he and nine more were sent by the municipality of Ft. Royal to request of Rochambeau to capitulate, as they could no longer hold out. The dragoon gave me his answer in writing to this effect, that already at the desire of the municipality in Bourbon and of the troops under his command, he had sent a flag to Sir Charles Grey desiring terms of capitulation. Thus we have nearly finished the arduous task of Bourbon, as I learn that the inside of the fort is a heap of ruins. Ft. Louis is a very sieve with our shots. The part of the garrison which escaped ran like lusty fellows. I cannot

tell you what an acquisition this island is to Great Britain, where millions of French money has been expended in the defence of it. A fleet can ride here the hurricane months, it is to windward of our possessions, and if the inhabitants can be brought to agree, the island is as fine as anything in the West Indies can be. When the capitulation is signed I shall continue my story.

“Maitland has had an attack of his old complaint, the asthma, but is well again, the frequent heats, wettings, etc., are against him, for myself I have not had a finger ache, if I feel unwell castor oil sets me up. Prescott is talked of as our governor here; a good thing, but residence would be a scrape, as the Royalists and Patriots cannot possibly agree for some time, and there is much, very much, to do to put things in order.

“22nd.—My love will not be sorry to read that last night Ft. Bourbon surrendered to our armies, which makes all this very valuable island ours, in six weeks. Monsr. de Boullie allowed 15 months for the siege of Bourbon.

“As I began so I finished, working until the capitulation was signed under the walls. The brigands consider us rapid movers.

“The Prince has just received orders to take possession of the gates with the Grenadiers and Lt. Infantry. He sends me a request to go with him, and Murphy is off to find a white shirt if possible, as I have not used one these 6 weeks—ragged and tough we look like Falstaff’s Corps, but good stuff. I shall soon write more. At last our Grenadiers are in possession of Bourbon. The Prince was decorated

and performed. It is a noble fortress but not without faults. If we are to remain mistress of the sea and to have West India plantations, this port and fortress is invaluable. General Prescott remains governor *pro tempore*, he is not exactly what the governor of Martinico should be at this moment, but I understand that he has many good qualities. Sir Charles has always kept me with a separate command, which prevented my seeing much of him.

“I had a long conversation last night with the General. He told me that he had done me ample justice, and that he owed me much, as my exertions had got him the island, and that ministers must give me a regiment. Indeed I know from his secretary, who is no *particular* friend of mine, that he has done me an ample justice. I think that our next move will be St. Lucia, to which place I understand that a summons will be sent offering the inhabitants their property if they submit without opposition, if not that they must lose all; this has been the rule of conduct here.

“For your satisfaction I can assure you that the worst is now over. Bourbon was the doubt, and Sir Charles Grey has alone the merit of determining to attack it, in which determination Sir John Jarvis agreed warmly, and all their officers supported them in the execution, but I will venture to affirm that no officer in the Fleet or Army gave their opinion for the attack, and all Sir Charles Grey’s instructions led only to the reduction of St. Lucia, and Guadeloupe; his force was considered as equal to the attack of these islands. I say all this redounds to his honor, it should be known. What comes next, says my lovely mama? We have still near two months to act in,

these will be employed at St. Lucia and Guadeloupe. Some force will be sent afterwards to St. Domingo by the 15th of May operations cease. You know that I am at the command of our General, yet if we are to be idle until November it is possible that I may make a dash home. If I have not a regiment by that time you will scarcely ask me to return to this climate. What may happen in six months God only knows. I shall therefore submit to His will, confident that your goodness will plead my pardon with our Great Judge for my many faults. I have always the gratification of offering up my fervent prayers for the health and happiness of my lovely wife and our dear infants. Grannie is not forgot, and our many friends, God bless and preserve you all. C. Maitland is better. I write this from camp, and propose going this day on board ship, as being cooler and quieter to write letters. Here I shall finish this. Adieu."

"24th, in the Evening.

"I have just got on board the 'London' for a few hours to write quietly, as the frigate sails to-morrow with my friend Harry Grey, by whom I shall write a few lines, lest this, which shall go under Nepean's cover, should be delayed.

"There is little to add interesting to you, but that the General has appointed the Prince to the Grenadiers and me to the Lt. Infantry, that at the head of these corps we may see Rochambeau lay down his arms with his motley crew, some good, very many, bad. . . .

"All friends continue in good health and spirits.—
I am ever your affectionate husband,

"T. DUNDAS."

CHAPTER XI

MAJOR-GENERAL DUNDAS

LETTERS FROM THE WEST INDIES—1794

THE weary siege of Fort Bourbon being thus successfully ended, the next point of attack was the Island of St. Lucia, and the following letter tells of its easy conquest, and the return of General Dundas to Martinique.

Sir Charles Gordon was placed in command at St. Lucia. His subsequent career was a sad one. He was accused of unjust extortions and peculations, tried by court martial, found guilty, and obliged to leave the army.¹

Exaggerated rumours reached England of extortions made by the British troops in the Islands. That it was impossible altogether to prevent plunder after a siege, we may believe. In the letters which follow we may see how much General Dundas deplored the evils of prize-money, and how resolute he was that justice should be fairly administered while he commanded at Guadeloupe.

“ST. LUCIA, 3d April 1794.

“My only love will rejoice in our success. Three days has made this island British without the loss of a man. Your goodman did his part with the

¹ See *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1843.

light troops, the Prince with the Grenadiers; but I dare say that the *Gazette* account will give you all in detail. Being no admirer of this island, which, so far as I have seen, is an uncleared swamp, with high hills and fine harbours, I received the General's orders to embark to-morrow with great pleasure for another island. Now for myself. The day that Rochambeau laid down his arms I felt unwell, and after the ceremony went on board ship, where I had a slight fever, a seasoning which shook me a little. A night in a small sloop coming here made me so violently sick that my sides have not yet recovered the amazing straining; it was perfectly distressing. Now, I tell you all my misfortunes; other husbands would not; but you always partake of good or bad with me. After Guadeloupe I shall look forward to home, as I cannot see the prospect of much happiness for five or six months of rain and hurricane. *Entre nous*, I rather think that Sir Charles and I shall be of a party home. How pleasant to have Lady Gray's ball; but all this in good time. We have still a month's work on our hands; although much may be done in a month as we go on. But the wet season sets in in May, when we may expect to be sickly; and it were a pity, for flannel shirts have hitherto kept us well, very well. Maitland is taking possession of Morne Fort, and as we shall be busy to-morrow he may not find time to write; therefore I beg of you to say to Mrs. M. that he never was better, but his hat and jacket shocking—out at the elbows. All other friends very well. I am sleepy and tired, therefore finish for the night. To-morrow I shall close. Adieu."

"Boyne, 4th.—In the middle of confusion and

hurry I have only time to repeat my being well, only sore bones from cold, etc. Our men now feel their hard work at Martinique, but we lose few. The 'Rattlesnake,' Captain Preston, carries this and General Grey's aid-de-camp, Captain M.—I am, ever yours,
T. D."

"MARTINIQUE, 7th April 1794.

"I had only time to write a very few words to my only love by the dispatch from St. Lucia, and these few words were not such as would give you pleasure. As I told you, I had been ailing, but as it was true, I thought it right to keep by our invariable rule of truth. I am now better than I have ever been in the West Indies, having got free of some beef, and in health and strength.

"Our stay at St. Lucia was as short as successful. The climate did not please any of us, and our soldiers grew sickly. I landed the 1st April; the place surrendered the 3d; and on the 4th, in the evening, I sailed with my ship full of ailing light infantry men for St. Pierre, where our general hospital is; 5th, landed the sick, filled my ship with recovered men, and yesterday came here. . . .

"I found the town of St. Pierre, which I had taken by storm the 17th February, on the 6th April in perfect peace and tranquillity, shops open, and all things gay. Even the principal actress was at the moment with Colonel Myers, the commandant, getting permission to open the theatre. St. Pierre is a beautiful town, the finest in the West Indies, with one very great luxury; in every street there is a run of charming, clear, cool water. It is on a declivity, so

that there is cool water in every house, and the streets always clean. I had a few democratic looks from the ladies for having sent their husbands prisoners to France. Still, I believe they would rather have me to rule them than any other—*à propos* upon my arrival here I had a conversation with my friend Sir C. Grey, who rather seems to think he will spoil my trip to Great Britain. He hinted as much, and I assured him, although I liked home as well as him or any other man, and although I loved my own family better than ever a man loved wife and children, yet all these considerations must give way to duty, and that I should think ill of my general if he did not place me where the service of my country required. He assured me that he wished to place me here, at the head of the whole, but that he could not spare my active services. The fact is that Prescott, who at present commands, is an old woman, who has not been guilty of any military act since we began our operations, and who now thinks to govern Martinico like a justice of the peace, giving liberty and our laws to a rascally banditti, who have for years past been employed in acts of murder, robbery, etc., and if we had not arrived would very soon have extirpated the whites, the consequence of which would have been certain death to all the whites in the West Indian Islands, where the negroes would have followed the same course.¹ The thinking part of the Creation therefore agree that we have saved the lives of our fellow-creatures. I must tell you a story, although my paper is bad and damp. Wilberforce, by means of his political

¹ The French had pressed into their service the negroes who were on the different estates.

friends, had got a parson appointed to the 'Veteran,' which parson was intended to preach liberty and religion to the negroes. In a few days, before he left Spithead, he found that anarchy was not our principle, and that we wished to relieve the oppressed white Christians. He was staggered; asked leave to remain behind; sold his clothes and stock; and was refused, at that late hour, to retire from a service he had volunteered. In despair, he deserted at the Land's End with the pilot, and now, I doubt not, exhibits in Moorfields.

"8th.—I was called away in the middle of my story to receive my orders. I am again to have a separate command of much consequence, and I like it. With your prayers to our Great Protector I am confident of success and safety. My guardian angel¹ is ever present with me, next my heart. At Guadeloupe we have no Bourbon, but a strong post called 'Palmist,' over Bassterre, near a lofty mountain called Sonfrierre. I hope to write my love next from that same Palmist, and then I think the campaign is over.

"It would be pleasant, then, to say *for Europe*, but I fear that cannot be. Sir Chas. says I must command at Guadeloupe; he talks of the government and a regiment. My answer is, it is mine to obey and to do my best. You think, as I do, that all is for the best, and we must endeavour to do what is right. Yet it is hard to be banished from all I love, and here my dearest wife would never be happy; neither could I think of you coming out, unless peace restored, and that I was placed in command at either this island or Guadeloupe. Then,

¹ Lady Eleanor has written on the margin, "this was my picture."

as I know you equal to anything, you might leave *home, children*, and friends to cleave to your husband. In the meantime, my love, let me request of you to take care of your health and spirits for our own sakes and that of our dear infants, who, I doubt not, will fully repay us for all our labours and sufferings. I am writing these few lines while under weigh from Fort Royal Bay, expecting that an opportunity may offer for Europe, as I know you expect to hear from me often. With a large fleet we drop down to leeward of Martinico, Dominica, and Guadeloupe. I shall be near Governor Bruce's government, but I have not yet been able to see him. If we succeed we shall be near neighbours. I understand that his subjects are notorious for their brigand principles. I mean that their neighbours shall show them an example of happiness under *firm*, good government. I continue to enjoy perfect good health; Maitland never was better, and O'Callaghan very well. My young aid-de-camp De Boullie was hard pressed to remain at his plantation, and I even advised it, but he would not hear of it; he goes on. Indeed, I meant that he should have a commission, and his uncle the Marquis has a fine estate at Guadeloupe. He stands all hardships well and never complains.

“The Prince talks of Nova Scotia. Indeed, he could do no good here; for although he pays every attention to his duty, yet the head seems of little use, it is parade, it is form and fashion which occupies his attention. He seems civil and well-bred to every body, and rather complains that he has been nine years from England. Indeed, they might give him a few months at home, although he can ill afford the expense. I need not say continue to write to

me. Your letters are invaluable, and I have not received one this age—not since that of the 19th January. The packet is long long of coming. Observe that the Jamaica packet touches at Barbadoes, that there are two regular conveyances per month; but letters must be put in to go by the Jamaica packet to be dropt at Martinico, or Guadeloupe more certain.

“ Now may God bless and preserve my love and infants. Make my best wishes to our worthy mother, Mrs. Deans, etc. I do not write Charles this time; pray give him two lines. Sir Charles Gordon commands at St. Lucia, not a pleasant place. Madame, now called My Lady, is gone to him. Abergelldy pride may not relish this, but she seems a pleasant, modest woman, and Sir Charles talks of ‘the quarters in her arms.’—What can I say more than that I am, ever your truly affectionate husband,

THOMAS DUNDAS.”

“ ‘LONDON’ TRANSPORT,

“ GUADELOUPE, 13th April 1794.

“ My dearest love will not be sorry to find that her goodman has kept the glorious 12th of April to good purpose, that he is well.¹

“ Yesterday morning at 2 o’clock I left the water-side with about 900 men, light infantry and sailors, to attack the stronghold of the enemy on the part of this island called Grand Terre. The Prince followed at half past 3 with Grenadiers, Colonel Symes at 4 with a mixed corps. We were to meet at 5, and, by a signal, attack. I fell in with two parties

¹ Their wedding day.

of the enemy on the march, but by the steady gallantry of my light infantry we did the business quietly, losing, however, some men; and poor Thong of the 6th Light Infantry, who crossed to St. John with us, is dangerously wounded on the March. At 5 Symes and I attacked Fleure d'Epée and carried it by storm, putting most of the garrison—150—to the bayonet. Some more escaped. Our loss is considerable—of officers and men 58, some sailors killed and wounded; Captain Macdonnell, 21st, must die of his wounds; Lieut. Erskine, Royals, doing duty with the 43d Light Infantry, is wounded, not dangerously. We have gained honour to the Light Infantry, *if possible*. All my family are well. I was never better. Little Boullie had a sore foot, and knowing we had a stiff job, I ordered him to remain aboard ship; not with goodwill did he remain. The Prince's Grenadiers were, by some mistake, out of the scrape, which made the affair more severe on others. I have every reason to believe that the General will do us justice in his dispatches. He is determined to leave me in command here. If we get the island, and if I must remain, this is the best island. The taking of one more post, the Palmist, over Fort Charles, in Bassterre (see your maps) only remains, and then our business of the campaign is over. I have reason to hope that the last exertion will not be a dangerous one; the inhabitants are disposed to befriend us. Captain Buchanan, 39th, is in our regiment with me, which I am glad of; he is well. Now, my love, have I said enough? My heart and soul are with you and our babes. I know that your affectionate prayers and good wishes assist in my protection at all times of danger. I am happy

in the affections of my officers and men, and shall, please God, write you again from Fort Charles, Basse Terre, where my residence is to be.—God bless and preserve you.

T. DUNDAS.

“Poor Tilt died yesterday of a fever, regretted by all the Army. He laboured too hard. His wife and family shall be thought of. In the meantime pray inform her of this melancholy circumstance. Ross and Ogilvie can recover a year’s pay and her pension. I hope to say in my next letter that more shall be done for her—prize-money and a subscription of the benevolent.”

“GUADELOUPE, 22d April 1794.

“My only love will certainly rejoice at our rapid and continued success; beyond anything we or you could expect. Again I may say I have had my share, and my corps, the Light Infantry, have done everything.

“My last letter of course informed you that Sir Charles Grey fixed this as my post. I obey with, I confess, a sore heart. Yet I command the most valuable island, with a probability of keeping it. The climate is the best in the West Indies. It is said that my situation may be lucrative; for your sake and that of our children I trust that it will prove so. I can venture to say that I have well earned it. This valuable possession has been gained at the loss of two men on my part. As to myself, here I shall remain, doing all the good I can to a fine country and civil people, who say that we are their saviours. What I shall do away from my wife and

dear infants they best know. I sometimes think that you might come out; yet the climate is not what we should like, and as for our children, they must never breath this air. Before October nothing must be thought of. By that time, if *in peace*, and that I am *confirmed* in command, we may do well here for some time.

“The General says that I shall be so, and have a regiment as well. That as it may be. I shall do my duty. I have got a large old house, and many guests, living very dear. With all that there are advantages which may make it do.

“I have two battalions Light Infantry—39th and 43d Regiments—as my garrison, some of them 50 miles distant.

“23d.—I have been at work all day upon the hills, etc., and I find the frigate sails this evening. I therefore can only say God bless my love and her dear infants, and all friends. Major Frederick Maitland remains as my secretary.—I am ever yours,
T. D.”

“GUADELOUPE, 26th April 1794.

“So much have I had upon my shoulders for some days past that, since the capture of the island I have worked from 5 in the morning until 9 at night with all my force, hitherto with success. My good general only has been hard upon me in not giving me the powers I should have, but as these powers are only as to life and death I am satisfied to be without them. I have really not had time to write to my love.

“This island is rich, and for the W. Indies it is as fine as anything can be; the inhabitants certainly

are divided into two classes, which division requires management, and certainly the people whom we have conquered are not over and above pleased with us, particularly as we have seized every store of produce of value, indeed we have been most ravenous in our seizures. You well know my sentiments as to prize-money, they continue the same, but if I get £1000 for each of our dear girls I shall think my labours well spent. I am, thank God, in perfect health, and my little corps is healthier than the rest of the army, light infantry are the fashion, and I shall take care of them.

“My mansion is old. For some years past there have been no repairs, nothing done in these islands, all confusion; the governors appear to have prepared for a safe retreat with full pockets to America, and fame says that Rochambeau and Collot have both revelled in cash. Some republicans still remain, but I shall send them to the Convention, than which they fear nothing more; and as France does not want men, we do *them* no good. A frigate arrived this day from Barbadoes, heaps of papers to me to the end of January, none of which I have yet read, as I would rather enjoy my talk with you. Not a letter as yet. I must think all well, as I hope is the case, yet to hear is joy, great joy, and I know that you will write. The prince left us yesterday, he and I parted the best of friends; he dined with me every day till he went, and left me his horses, etc.

“My family are all well. Major Fk. Maitland, my secretary, a good one. Charles Maitland has got, *if he likes it*, the command of an island legion. It should get him major's rank. O'Callaghan is appointed . . . to this island, a good place; Dobie

becomes interpreter to this island in place of St. Lucia ; and Boullie is ensign in the 33d Regt. ; Deane, poor Campbell's friend, is town major ; in short, I have a phalanx round me that will fight, I believe, as well as Collot's garrison fled.

"Report says that Lord Cornwallis is come home,¹ and that he has a command. You, of course, have sent him my letter, and will write to him, say that I have worked for a regt., and that I know he will do me justice, I wonder that he has not wrote to you. You will think me older when we meet ; but I really think that I am not much the worse for the campaign, and now I hope to be able to take care of myself.

"*3d May.*—The above has lain in the top of my red box, and I have wrote a few lines since.

"The great men have left me, and we begin to get quiet. I even hope that the island will be so ; they have shown some desire to assemble, but I took every man of them, and they are embarked ; having got things into some tolerable order in this part of the island called Basse Terre (see your map), I set out to-morrow for Grande Terre, the richer part of the island, distant 45 miles, from thence I mean to visit Marie Gallant and the Saints,² which are dependencies on the Government, thus, you see that I do not mean to be like Gov. P., years without seeing what I command.

"I take nobody but Major Fredk. Maitland with me of my family, as Charles Maitland is gone after the commander-in-chief to resign his honors, and O'Callaghan remains here to regulate matters, and

¹ From India.

² A group of small islands between Guadeloupe and Dominica.

execute my orders. I cannot possibly find time to answer my love's letters word by word until I return, in the meantime a packet may pass this way, and I know that you expect to hear from me by all occasions, as it is my duty, my inclination, my wish that you should. And as I am sure that I shall hear from you, don't let idle stories alarm you—American war, bad climate, bad fevers, etc. etc.—let us trust in God that we are to meet and be happy, and that our great Protector will be better to us than we merit; much have I been hurried, and I am sensible that I have not been sufficiently dutifull where I should be. I must hope for forgiveness, and power to amend. Little Boullie is gone to England, I did not write to you by him, because he only goes to London for education.—Adieu, heaven preserve all that is dear to T. D.”

“GUADELOUPE, 29th April 1794.

“This day has brought me letters from my only love so late, *I think*, as the 24th Febry. Thank God, all well, only the poor boy¹ has lost more blood in his skirmish with the corner of the table than his father lost the whole campaign.

“When I received your letters I ran them over with avidity, with pleasure, for their contents were most favourable; yet I felt the distance betwixt what ought never to be separate, and I feel myself in honor bound to remain where I am, and God knows when I may be relieved, or if it can be thought wise for you to join me. At this moment I am told that a boat is come from the packet for letters, and that I have only time to write a few

¹ His little son, aged two years.

lines, these shall be to assure you how keenly I feel separated from my love; that it never was intended. Yet here I scarcely wish to see you. Indeed after what I have experienced from ministers, it is a doubt if they will confirm my appointment. And had any other man placed me here but Sir Charles Grey, I doubt if I had remained; but he said, 'you should remain.' Others talked of the situation being most advantageous. You know a sentiment of mine, that an opportunity lost may not be regained. The people seemed to wish my stay, I have my own victorious Light infantry with me, and the island of all others is the most healthful. All these circumstances make me stay, even when I see Sir James Murray put over my head, even when I feel that I have done my duty successfully hitherto. Sir Charles says, have patience, but that fails me I confess, although I feel that I cannot ever be set aside. All your letters shall be answered verbatim, but I must read them again and again. My only joy.

"The admiral and general stay here a day or two, when I shall make a tour of my governments to regulate. My present life is, the garrison under arms at 5; guards mount at six, rides military until 8. Breakfast, after which I have a complete bore of business, until worn out I take an hour's sleep if possible, dine; hitherto it has been business until 9, but I hope to ride in the evening.

"Charles Maitland is confirmed Major of the Island Rangers, horse and foot. Young Boullie must go to London for his education, so that we shall be only 4 or 5 in family. When settled I mean to give two dinners per week of 20, at present

my house is *table-d'hôte* for many. Murphy does his best and his 2 or 3 cooks; yet we scramble, as must be the case, when we want a head.

“The subscriptions for officers’ widows exceeds my hopes, Sir Charles £100, Sir John Jervis £100, the Prince £50, and your husband the same. I enclose the certificate of Tilt’s death, which may get a year’s pay, and a quantum for the children; the pension and prize-money, let her lodge it with Ross and Ogilvie. Lord Cornwallis has not written to me. His not answering YOUR letter does, I confess, surprise me. Who could abstain from such a joy as now glows within me in doing that pleasurable act.

“No business can I venture on. My best love to our mother, to you, to Charles, and our lovely flock. I will soon again write.—Yours ever, T. D.”

“BASSE TERRE, 11th May 1794.

“Returned from a warm journey round Guadeloupe and Grande Terre. I have it in my power to say that I have seen this fine country, and it gives me sincere pleasure to sit down, after having done so, and converse with my only love.

“First, let me say that I have received your letters of the 2d, 16th, and 29th December; of the 10th January and 1st February, 13th and 16th March.

“I have written as often as I could; but neither in quality nor quantity can I pretend to keep pace with you. I can now dedicate my evenings to the pleasure of spending an hour with you; but I must tell you my plan of life. Up at five; we parade at

half-past five, nearly an hour, when the Guards are arranged. I visit the Hospital, where I am happy to say I have few at this place. I do some business till eight, and breakfast, when I do all my business till midday, when heat and early rising make me glad to lie down for an hour. At two we dine, and ride from four to seven in the cool, after which I am yours till nine, when I am dead asleep. I never dine from home, and at home always ten, viz., self, Fredk. Maitland, C. Maitland, O'Callaghan, Dean the Town-Major, a captain and sub. on guard, and some visitors. I mean to have two dinners per week. Murphy says it is a very irregular house, and it is so; but my establishment must serve for another occasion. Let me read and answer your letters. The General and Admiral's ale came *à propos*, at least the receipt did, and I suppose the ale; as they talk of soon sailing for Europe, but may call here, at least they say so, when I shall dine them. The General is the same honest brave soldier he ever was. Sir John¹ has been led off his legs by prize-money, but although I have ventured to sport opinions very different from his, yet I believe that we are still the best of friends, which was not always the case. At one time he was angry at me because I ventured an opinion, which I fear will prove too true, that it will do us more hurt than good, for you will hear sad stories of us—indeed, our soldiers began to follow our example, and in this island we plundered shamefully.

“My command preserved our good name until lately, that we came into quarters, when, alas! we

¹ Admiral Sir John Jervis.

have been most irregular, but that cannot be, they shall have the tawes¹—and—I am asleep.

“12th.—So far my sleepy letter of last night, and not one word in answer to your letters; but I must first say that I would not for the universe that you or our darlings were here. No woman looks herself, no child looks healthy, yet this is the most healthy of the islands. The negroes are better looked after than in our islands, yet their indelicacy, their manners are horrid; and the women no more mind a negroe than we do a horse. I was writing Sir Charles to-day, and I gave him my opinion that a needy peer, or a monied commoner would be sent out here to repair his shattered fortune; and I cannot desire better, for very soon, should I tire of my honours, yet I could not refuse them; when they take them from me, I must get my military rights. I admire your courage at the attack of Bourbon. It is better in idea than reality; but, as my friend in Flanders said, ‘it is glorious to say, yesterday I was in a battle.’

“Sir James Murray has made a good campaign. I grudge him nothing but the regiment. Lady Bath is no treasure, God knows, or many stories we have heard are not true. One way or other we always get our reward in this world. I have mine. Sir Charles says ‘Wait a little, your labours must meet their reward; I have not forgot them, and they shall do for you.’

“I have little faith in our ministers at any time. As to coal, it is my wish to deal fairly with Carron Co.; and manufactures cannot flourish at present, therefore let me advise that you should keep friends

¹ Scotch for *rod*.

with them. Clarke's reports are very sensible and just; they agree most perfectly with my own opinions and ideas. I really cannot enter fully into the business at this distance, with my head distracted with many public concerns, civil and military; and if I *was* to give opinions without knowing circumstances accurately, these opinions might do much hurt and distract your operations. I have confidence in my friends, and I am sure that you will do as much for our loves at home as I can do abroad. My friend, J. Ogilvie, is not over fond of Carron Co.; keep that in mind—*entre nous*—these two last words make me bring to your recollection my horrid French in Guernsey. Here I speak ten times more and worse. Nobody speaks English as yet, although they all say that they shall.

“14th.—I have been a day without writing, because I had business until dark, and then was glad to ride by moonlight. These have been severe days on me. I called in the assistance of some of the most respectable inhabitants, nine as a council, to inform me as to customs. We have been hard at work till my head required rest, and the pleasure of my love's conversation. Again to your letters.

“I can feel all your uneasiness even after we were before Bourbon, although what we had already done should augur well. After all, I confess it was hard work, now it is over; and this climate distresses me. Our fine soldiers, full of spirit and strong constitution, sink under fever, and I cannot save them. This day I have lost a Mr. Campbell, 39th, surgeon, a most valuable man. He was off his guard, and slept in the bed of an officer, who had died two days since.

“Charles Lennox is here. He is going to Jamaica. Sir Charles Grey says he was unfortunate in not being here when something was going on, and sends him ‘to make believe,’ as my Charlotte says.¹ Nepean has not sent my papers regularly. I seldom get any, and these late.

“I often think of Sandy Maitland. If I can, I will do something for him yet. The climate is against his complaint, and his not being on the spot is unlucky. I much fear my getting him placed. Be assured that I love my wife and my bairns too well to neglect my health. I am sure if either Sir C. Grey or I were to turn our side over to the foe, we should not merit the wives and children we have. I read with great joy your accounts of our dear infants. I don’t know which I like best of the girls; but all are to be preferred to a horrid boy! I am sorry to find that Andr. Burn has behaved ill; but Jean should take things quietly. She does right, that is enough; and God will bless her children. Murphy is as usual most indefatigable. I tremble for his health, although he never was so well. I shall keep Jack’s secret, although he longs to be at home. Good night!

“15th.—C. Lennox wishes to see some of the dependencies of this island, and I am about embarking for the Saints with him, and to see some of my recovery men. I hope that Margt. Dundas and her husband may be happy, as I was greatly the occasion of the match, which is most dangerous ground for any man to meddle with. She is good, I am sure, and sensible; he may be easily managed. Tell her I wish her happiness as much as we do our own

¹ His little four years old daughter, afterwards Mrs. Hart Davis.

girls. The 41st have gone past this for Jamaica. If they had come here, I should have kept Williamson as an orderly or lieutenant. It is in my power to serve people of that description. Murphy is intended for Clerk of the Market, which would be a good place if he was to remain, but I have not yet given him a commission until I know it to be a good thing, *i.e.* better than his place. Even then he would not like to leave me; and although he works hard, he would not be so happy. Pray don't spare long letters. From you I like quantity, and quality they always have. It is the only reading I do not go to sleep over, so hot it is.

"I much fear that I am not so good as you wish me or as I should be, yet your admonitions even breathed across the long long seas have wonderful effect. You are too fond of Tom. Remember that a spoiled child is a nuisance. In a great degree don't let him be so. You fought a good battle with Carron Co.; but remember that Jn. Ogilvie is not their friend, and that Lewes feels it his interest to get me a high price. Still this war is against all manufactures, and the price now given is a fair one. It is material not to quarrel with the Co. These contingent expenses are immense. My works here must tell if there is honour in man, and all will help to make us happy soon. I cannot submit to long banishment in the west; here you cannot come. If we can make an expedition to the east we may go together, and be in a degree happy, for all suffer in these climates. Lord Cornwallis not having answered our letters hurts me, only that I am confident that he is all goodness and honor. He possibly means something by it.

“ I never got any statement of cash from Lewes, or John Dundas, which is not comfortable ; he should let me know if I am thriving or not. I hope that I have enough for our lives. Our success is, I trust, equal to your wishes. Oh, could I but *tell* you the tale. Perhaps our operations may give peace, although I don't expect it. Yet if I had our old regiment it would be welcome news to us all. Even if I was obliged to hold Guadeloupe by a deputy, which Sir C. Grey says I may. Pray close accounts with Sir M. Bruce¹ if possible ; short accounts make long friends, which is to be wished in our narrow country. John Carmichael only went into the army for education, therefore he is as well out ; he would never have been a General *fit for service*. Indeed, he would not like it. If he knows what he is about, which I think he does, he has enough. Indeed if a man has not as much perseverance as your husband, who has a sufficient share, he can never thrive in the army. Indeed you know how I have been repaid for much hard work.

“ Let me know something of Home's² succession. You know that I am interested in the brother of *all I love*. Think not of fever, I can take care of *your* husband, and do good to many under my command. Dr. Wright, who was at Montreal with us, is appointed staff surgeon to this island, at my desire. He is a valuable man, and as much depends on method and arrangement, with precaution, as on medicine.

“ Nothing from Greenock has as yet got here. At Barbadoes and at Martinique they press all the sailors,

¹ Sir Michael Bruce, Bart. of Stenhouse.

² Lady Eleanor's brother, Lord Home.

and the ships cannot move. Maitland's father-in-law, Mr. Pretty John, will take the trouble of sending me any thing directed to his care. You would be sorry to hear of poor Tilt's death, and Campbell, alas ! he cannot be replaced—but to business.

“ 18th.—Your directions about ploughing and draining are prudent and proper, for being once afloat it is hard to say when we may settle, and, at all events, we can be happy with our flock anywhere where they are well, and we are together. I have many reasons for not being satisfied here, and nothing but our flock shall make me remain. Don't trust to promises of ministers, yet the chiefs say I shall be well treated, which I much doubt. I delight, and live in the hope of seeing our flock—not here, for that never can happen with comfort to you, therefore it must not be. Dr. Wardrope's pupil, Salmon, deserves all that can be said of him. He is a mate in the 'General Hospital,' and his merit is allowed by all of his profession. Be assured that if I can serve him I will. Wright of the 60th is come here surgeon to the island, in which respect I am most fortunate as I respect him much. He will take care of us all.

“ I am sorry to say that Andrew Houston's son has not been so much within my reach as I wished. Maitland is my only aid-de-camp, and he will live for ever if eating and sleeping will do it. Houston's son is at St. Lucia, where they are healthy, and his doing duty with his regiment will do him good. Buchanan, 39th, is with me. He will soon be at head-quarters ; in the meantime he is better where he is.

“ 19th.—Guess my distress on finding my faithful servant, Murphy, in a most dangerous fever. He

was taken ill yesterday after dinner. I sent for Wright who gave him some medicine, and when I saw him at five this morning he appeared cool and better, but Wright now tells me he has a confirmed fever of the country. He shall want for no care in my power to give him, as you know how I should, and do value him.

“20th.—I am happy to assure you that Murphy is better, and I trust that the fever has taken a favourable turn. I am convinced that many lose their lives in this country from neglect and wrong treatment. You will believe me that those I have to do with shall not be in that number; constant attention shall be paid them. Poor Jack was very low on Murphy’s illness; he took to his Bible and dropt a tear. He staid by him until I was obliged to order him away lest infection should deprive me of both their services. His attention to his friend pleased me much, but Jack is, like all Highlanders, easily alarmed about sickness, although he assured me that he was not afraid. I dare not speak to him of his better half, it is too tender. I somehow think that we cannot stay long here, then they may be happy, for we shall all rejoice at leaving the West Indies.

“22d.—Yesterday morning I was seriously alarmed for Murphy, his nose bled, and he could retain nothing on his stomach. However, towards evening the fever took a favourable turn, and I had the satisfaction to see him better, and Wright almost declared him out of danger. I give myself some credit for his recovery, if it pleases God it should so happen; he had not thought of his flannel under-waistcoat in the first part of the fever, which I observed

the day before yesterday, and he put it on, which restored his perspiration, and his pulse fell.

“Major Maitland takes some charge of our living, and Jack’s misery is somewhat relieved by a soldier of the 39th taking charge of the table, yet both he and I should rejoice at getting to our wives. If it should be otherwise, and I am doomed to remain here, which I think just possible, I enclose a list of such things as may be necessary for myself and family here ; Villom will order them to be sent out. Still I hope and think that they cannot be wanted, in a belief that I shall get home, for here I cannot stay in comfort, and here you cannot come. What my fate may be you will learn long before I can, and if I do remain you will use your endeavours to supply my wants. As yet nothing has found its way to me but some scarlet cloth for a jacket. That anything should find its way would be extraordinary, for I understand that all sailors are, on their arrival at Barbadoes, taken on board the men-of-war, where the service have lost more men than we have done ashore. Yet as there will be little trade to this island direct, I still think that Barbadoes or Martinique will be as safe a way as any to send me necessary supplies.

“23d.—A dismal tale, poor Murphy is dead. Yesterday morning, after I wrote to you, his fever put on all possible bad symptoms, and he died this morning. Wright paid him every possible attention, and I called in a French physician. None of them could do him any good.

“For the last twenty-four hours I could not see him for many reasons, but he mentioned your name, with that respect and veneration which it well merits

from all who know you. His attachment to us both was strong to the last moment of his life. I cannot tell you how I feel his loss. Jack was much affected; indeed he was half-mad when Murphy was given over, and hinted dissatisfaction at some treatment he had received from Maitland and O'Callaghan at Camp La Coste, where, in a fit of passion, he had, as I am told, abused a negro, in consequence they had said to him he should be tied up and flogged; his Highland pride was hurt, and again broke out last night. I rather think that it was tinged with fear, and I told him so, and assured him that he should be sent home in the convoy next month to relieve his apprehensions. He said he was not afraid, but I am sure that he is, and wishes earnestly to get home, so, if possible, I shall get him away to his wife. Fr. Maitland has written to St. Lucia for a very valuable servant that Major Gordon had. If I get him I may be able to weather out my short stay, for I, like Jack, wish to get home to my wife. At the same time I have no dread of the climate, as I can now take care of a good constitution, and am not exposed to labour and fatigue as most people are. I expect the General here to-day or to-morrow, to whom I shall tell my mind, but without hope of getting home very soon. Indeed, as I am situated, it would be imprudent to go off hastily. Perhaps my stay here may do us all good, particularly our lovely infants.

“This letter is long, the end of it dismal. I expect the ‘Boyne’ soon. I shall therefore close this in confidence that my next may be more favourable. God in His goodness and mercy grant us a speedy and happy meeting. May He preserve my love and

our dear infants. My best love to grannie, Mrs. Deans, etc.—Yours ever most sincerely, T. D.

“I cannot read the last part of this letter over, so excuse incorrectness.”

The shadow of coming woe must have fallen on Lady Eleanor's heart as she read these lines, which told of sickness and death. The ravages of the fever, which deprived General Dundas of the services of the faithful “Murphy,” was now weakening the force under his command. “My fine fellows die daily” is the report in the next letter—the last he ever wrote.

“GUADELOUPE, 26th May 1794.

“Situated as I am, it is a duty I owe to my only love to write by every possible opportunity. Capt. Walker has just been with me to say that Mrs. Walker is unwell, and to ask leave to go and see her at St. Vincents where she is, from whence there are many opportunities from England, therefore I must tell you that I have lost my faithful Murphy; he died, the 25th, of a violent fever, in a great degree the effects of unremitting labour which I could never prevent.

“He died almost with your name in his mouth, speaking with that respect and veneration which my love meets from all who know her. I am sadly affected by his loss, and as I see Jack drooping I have ordered him home, and shall write by him. Charles Maitland goes home to be married, and to be, I hope, happy. He is a good aid in the field, but not in quarters. I shall find one. O'Callaghan likewise leaves me, being unhappy here. I am left with Fredk. Maitland, and Deane, Town Major; this

is a little hard, but I cannot help it, and this, I can assure you upon the word of *your* husband, which I value more than any other title, that I am in most perfect health, and I believe and trust in almighty God that I shall continue so, although I have a terrible scene round me. My fine fellows die daily in this dismal climate. Poor Wright, who attended Murphy, and who laboured hard for all of us, is delirious, and, I fear, must drop. He was very unwell, and received very bad accounts of his wife and family by the Jamaica packet of April, which passed two days since; these letters have, I fear, distracted him. I saw him this morning delirious.

“No letters for me have yet come to hand by this packet, but I well know they will. I have seen papers to the 5th April, and as I observe that accounts have reached England of our successful operations, I believe that I shall have answers to some letters I wrote from Martinique; but, at all events, remember that no news is good news. The fleet sails next month with three of my friends I have mentioned; but before that, the Admiral and General sail in the ‘Boyne.’ A long letter to you is in my red box to go by them; it is shamefully long, but it is my daily work and pleasure.

“I shall write, when the great folks sail, of the latest date, to assure you that in staying here I feel myself doing my duty to my country, and, I trust, to my family, that my hours would be soured if I felt that you was unhappy, that it would be unlike yourself to be so at any time, but when we retire to *within ourselves* then I feel it is impossible to stem a torrent of tears, which rush upon me from some trouble, some vexation, much gratitude to the

Almighty for His care and protection, and the most confident hope and belief that I shall be restored to my dear wife, my lovely infants, and dear friends. Of this I often reflect with great pleasure—of this enough ; let me now abuse ministers for not thinking of those who labour for them—with clean hands. *Sir Charles says they will give you a regiment*,—that as it may be. Let us laugh a little. Yesterday O'Callaghan was low, and did not come to dinner, at 3, for we dine at 2 ; he sent for some broth. A chicken, the only one in the yard, was caught and boiled with rice, rather good ; at 4 we went to see him eat, which he did well, and I found the enclosed on his table—I said that you should see his shop bill ; at the moment an order came for a West Indian merchant to sell all prize goods, the [*unintelligible*] master was in agonies, and eat no more broth. I then went and saw Mrs. Gloster, the Attorney General's wife, a West Indian. Her children eating butter, cake, and bad fruit. Agreed that children should do as they like. N. B. Thought mine would like the doctrine, but thanked God they were not in Guadeloupe to practise it. The lady talked of her youngest being given over in the morning, but being better,—Cool !

“No bloom, no health among them ; I have not seen a child or a woman I liked, or could consider as either, since I came here. Mrs. Myers is a good woman. You remember her in the 26th Regt. She said so, and I gave her Lochnell's snuff-box !

“Be assured that I am sorry to have written this sorrowful letter, yet, as I am as well as I ever was, be assured that so I shall continue, happy in doing good to many.—Yours for ever,
T. D.”

CHAPTER XII

DEATH OF MAJOR-GENERAL DUNDAS

1794

IT must have been within a few days of writing this letter that General Dundas fell a victim to the same fatal fever. We know nothing of his last hours, we only know that after a few days' illness he died on the 3d of June 1794, aged forty-three, and was buried in the principal bastion of Fort Matilde, in the island of Guadeloupe.

I have before me an old copy of the *Caledonian Mercury*, dated Saturday, August 16, 1794,—it contains the despatch in which Sir Charles Grey announces “Major General Dundas’s death.” He adds, “In him His Majesty and his country lose one of their bravest and best officers, and a most worthy man. I, too, feel severely the loss of so able an assistant on this arduous service, and a valuable friend ever to be lamented.”

The despatch is dated from “Guadeloupe, June 11, 1794.”

Sir Charles had been hastily summoned to return to the island to assist in its defence against a French force which, on the 5th June, two days after General Dundas’s death, effected a landing at Grande Terre. Much fighting followed, in which the French regained possession of Guadeloupe.

Fort Matilde was not retaken until the 10th of December, after gallantly holding out against the attacks of the French, commanded by the savage Victor Hugues. General Prescott succeeded in retiring with the small remnants of the garrison. It was then that Victor Hugues issued his horrible proclamation: "That the body of Thomas Dundas, interred in Guadeloupe, shall be taken up and given as a prey to the birds of the air."¹

Many years after the perpetration of this horrible outrage, there was discovered in a garden in Trinidad a marble urn and tablet, on the tablet was this inscription:

"TO THE MEMORY OF
MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS DUNDAS,
WHO, WITH GREAT PROFESSIONAL ABILITIES,
AND WITH A MIND GENEROUS AND BRAVE,
FELL A SACRIFICE TO HIS ZEAL AND EXERTION
IN THE SERVICE OF HIS KING AND COUNTRY,
ON THE THIRD DAY OF JUNE 1794,
IN THE FORTY-FOURTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.
HIS REMAINS WERE INTERRED
IN THE PRINCIPAL BASTION OF FORT MATILDE,
IN THE ISLAND OF GUADELOUPE,
IN THE CONQUERING OF WHICH
HE BORE A MOST DISTINGUISHED SHARE,
AND WHICH HE COMMANDED AT HIS DEATH.
THIS TABLET WAS ERECTED BY HIS BROTHER OFFICERS
AS A MARK OF THEIR HIGH ESTEEM FOR HIS MANY
VALUABLE QUALITIES,
AND THEIR REGRET FOR HIS LOSS."

We have no authentic information how this monument found its way to Trinidad, we can only

¹ In the September number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1843, there is an interesting article on General Dundas, and the Expedition to Guadeloupe, in which the retaking of the island by the French is fully related.

conjecture that the brave garrison, which had defended Fort Matilde all through the summer of 1794, and at last effected their retreat in the December of that year, must have carried it with them.

The urn and tablet on its discovery in 1839, was reverently placed, by order of the Governor of Trinidad, in Trinity Church, the principal church of the town.

The outrage shown to the remains of so distinguished an officer must have excited strong feeling in England, and by a vote in the House of Commons it was resolved "that a humble address be presented to His Majesty, that he will be graciously pleased that a monument be erected in the Cathedral of St. Paul's, London, to the memory of Major-General Thomas Dundas, as a testimony of the grateful sense entertained by this House of the eminent services which he rendered to his country, particularly in the reduction of the French West Indian Islands, and which occasioned a gross insult to his remains in the Island of Guadeloupe."

This Resolution was proposed in a speech made by Mr. Secretary Dundas in the House of Commons on the 5th of June 1795.¹ He said:—

"The House, he was sure, was sufficiently aware of the General's character to rescue him from suspicion of any partiality in the warm eulogium he was in justice bound to bestow on a deceased and most dear friend. The services he had rendered to his country in a long military career, even before the present war, remained written in the memory of

¹ Henry Dundas of Arniston, afterwards Lord Advocate and Chief Baron Dundas.

many gentlemen then in the House, while all ranks of people bore testimony to his merit and services in the war we were now engaged in. A character so glorious, viewed in the light of public capacity, was rendered more illustrious by his private conduct; for in all the various relations in which he stood, his life was one uniform tissue of excellence, in which it was difficult to say whether the patriotic, the social, or the domestic virtues were most prominent. To sum up his character in a few words, he was wise, yet unassuming, brave, mild, and generous."

General Tarleton, speaking in favour of the resolution, related an instance which came under his own notice in the American war of the extraordinary military talents of General Dundas, in which, when opposed to a superior army, headed by the French general La Fayette, his superior skill and cool behaviour obtained a decided victory.

Mr. Wilberforce's name is among those who gave their assent to the motion; although, characteristically, he had something to say about the West Indies, and has to be reminded that "this is not the time for irrelevant matter."

Mr. Charles Dundas rose to express gratitude "for the honour done to the memory of a beloved brother. By the vote of that night he and the family of the General were in some measure restored to that comfort, of which they were deprived by the wanton cruelty of a barbarous enemy."

All this can be read in the columns of the small, badly printed newspaper of the day, the "*Sun*, price *fourpence-halfpenny*," a copy of which has been pre-

served among the other old newspapers to which I have occasionally referred.

The monument thus voted by his country, to be erected to the memory of Major-General Dundas, is placed against a pier in the centre of the north transept of St. Paul's Cathedral. It is by Bacon.

CHAPTER XIII

LADY ELEANOR DUNDAS

LADY ELEANOR DUNDAS was at Carron Hall when the news of General Dundas's death reached England. The sad tidings were concealed from her for a time, as she was then expecting the birth of her seventh child (Elizabeth). Her intimate friends, Judge and Mrs. Brenton,¹ spent some of this anxious time with her, when rumours of fever in the West Indies must have added to her anxiety.

Their daughter, Miss Mary Brenton, has related to me how her mother told that each day after dinner Lady Eleanor used to beg them to join her in drinking the health of her General, and success to the expedition, and how hard it was to do this, knowing all the time the bitter sorrow which sooner or later must be communicated to her.

Some years after this time Lady Eleanor related to a friend, who wrote down the relation as it was told, a remarkable dream which she had during those days and nights of anxious suspense at Carron Hall. It was as follows :—

“I dreamt that I was walking in a large green field. The sky was cloudy, and its dark hue was

¹ Lady Eleanor made acquaintance with Mrs. Brenton at Halifax in 1786. She was then unmarried, and accompanied Lady Eleanor to Quebec, and was with her at the birth of her little Janet, to whom she stood godmother. On her marriage with Judge Brenton, then a young

reflected in a river which flowed below the field, and farther on fell into the Firth of Forth. As I walked on by the side of the river I observed a vessel in full sail coming from the sea. It came rapidly along and passed me. It also looked dark and black from the sombre tint of the sky. But just after it had passed a faint, sickly ray of sunshine glanced upon the stern, and I read these words, 'From St. Vincent.' I instantly felt heart-struck, and exclaimed, 'That vessel brings me fatal tidings!' I then awoke.

"I had not recovered from the unpleasant shock of this dream when the letter-bag was brought to me, being seven in the morning. I tore open the paper and the leading article was an extract from St. Vincent, which stated the death of Sir Charles Grey (who commanded the expedition). I was greatly shocked, knowing the intimacy between him and my husband, but felt great thankfulness that my worst fears had proved unfounded. Alas! it was himself! Through some unaccountable error the mistake was made in the names."¹

It was indeed a heavy burden of sorrow which was laid on Lady Eleanor, left so young a widow, with the weary charge of seven young children, and an encumbered estate to manage for her only son, a child of two years old. Carron Hall continued for some years to be her home, where she has been

barrister, the friendship was extended to him, and he remained a faithful and, in many instances, a most useful friend to Lady Eleanor during the rest of his life. His daughter, Miss Mary Brenton, died at Leamington in her ninetieth year in 1882 or 1883.

¹ Lady Eleanor, in telling this dream to her friend Miss Davis, added an instance of unusual consideration shown towards her by the editor of the Edinburgh paper, who on several occasions printed a copy of the paper expressly for her, omitting all the prevalent reports, until the despatches had actually arrived.

described to me as "bearing a sad heart ever with a smiling face, that the shadow of her own great grief should not darken the lives of her children."

Her jointure was a small one, and from a few letters which we have, addressed by her to Mr. John Dundas, the family man of business, we can see that money difficulties often pressed hardly upon her. To meet some of the expenses, most of the family plate must have been sold. There is an "inventory of silver plate sold at Mr. Houston's sale, Dec. 16, 1805." It includes a silver tureen, silver dishes, and a few smaller articles, to the value of £378.

At this time the colliery was being worked at the expense of the estate, and in the difficulties which this complicated business entailed upon her, Lady Eleanor applied to her friend Judge Brenton for advice and help, and he and Mrs. Brenton spent one whole year at Carron Hall, giving Lady Eleanor the benefit of his legal knowledge.

In the Christmas-time of 1805 the young laird of Castle Craig, Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael,¹ rode over from Castle Craig to visit his aunt and cousins at Carron Hall. As they rode along from Falkirk, the groom, who rode behind, heard the country people say as they passed, they hoped his master was going to look after one of the young ladies at Carron Hall. And their wishes came true; for, before he left, Sir Thomas had wooed and won his fair cousin Janet, and on the 7th of February they were married.

¹ Thomas Gibson Carmichael, second son of Mr. Gibson of Durie, and his wife, Margaret Dundas, succeeded to the estate on the death of his elder brother John in 1803.

Long years after, Miss Mary Brenton, then a very old lady, described to me the sweet dignity with which Lady Eleanor came forward to give away her daughter herself. The marriage was a very quiet one, for the kind old grandmother had been taken to her rest a very short time before.¹ Lady Janet Dundas died in Edinburgh on the 31st of December 1805.

Another wedding was soon to take place at Carron Hall, as the following year, 1807, Clementina, the eldest daughter, married Mr. Bruce of Arnot.

These bright events were succeeded by a time of great anxiety and sorrow, in the illness and death of Ann, the fifth daughter, who died at Carron Hall in July 1808, aged only fifteen. Lady Eleanor closes a letter to a friend in which she has touchingly told of the hours of suspense and grief:—"I have been wonderfully supported and enabled to part with this dear child without one murmur. I am at present with Clementina (in Edinburgh), but long to return to Carron Hall. The scenes I have lately gone through there endear the place to me more than ever."

This year 1808 must have been weighted with many anxieties for Lady Eleanor, as her only son had passed, in the early spring, from Marlow College into the army; and with his regiment, the 52nd Light Infantry, was sent out to Portugal, to take his part in the Peninsular War then commencing.

The famous retreat to Corunna sent him home in the following January, and Lady Eleanor writes to her friend Mr. Davis:—"Thank God my beloved son is safe on British ground; I have this morning

¹ According to the account given by Miss Brenton, the marriage took place at a house in George Street, Edinburgh.

(30th January) a letter from him from Spithead in health and spirits—without a shirt to his back, or a penny in his pocket; but this will not long be the case. He gives an excellent account of the retreat, which he says he looks back upon with horror. You, as a father, can have some idea of the joy and gratitude I feel at this moment.”

Without an hour's delay the young ensign started on the weary three days' coach journey, which brought him to Edinburgh early on a Sunday morning, to find his mother dressed to go to church. Many years after that Sunday morning, he has told me how his mother, in her joy at getting him back, took him with her to church, saying they must thank God together for his safety; and how the warm church soothed him into a deep sleep, from which a zealous old lady tried to wake him, and how he heard his mother begging her to “leave the poor boy alone.” A boy he was indeed, only seventeen, and had already gone through a campaign which tried the strength of many a veteran.

Another reminiscence of Lady Eleanor in church was a favourite one with her children. She always joined heartily in singing the hymns in whatever church she happened to be, and on one occasion when she was thus singing in a fashionable London church, a lady touched her and said, “I beg your pardon, madam, but it is not the habit to sing in this church.” “And a very bad habit too,” was the answer, as, without lifting her eyes from her book, Lady Eleanor sang away louder than ever.

Having let the colliery on a long and advantageous lease to the Carron Company, Lady Eleanor left Carron Hall. In fact, from a coal pit having

been opened close to the house, it must have become a very undesirable residence.

The family removed to Clifton,¹ and it was while residing there that a friendship was formed with the Davis family and Battersbys, which brought about the marriage of Charlotte, the fourth daughter, to Mr. Hart Davis. They were married on the 11th of July 1813, and in 1816 Elizabeth the youngest daughter married Mr. Battersby of Stoke near Bristol.

A heavy sorrow had fallen on Lady Eleanor in the death of two of her daughters. Janet, Lady Carmichael, died at Castle Craig in 1814, of whooping cough, which she caught from her children when recovering from her confinement.

Eleanor Primrose,² the third daughter, died at Harrogate in 1815. Lady Eleanor seems to have spent much of the latter years of her life in the homes of her married daughters. It is impossible now to gather together the reminiscences we should like to have of her ; most of her letters have been destroyed, and all her children have joined her in her home in "the better land." From Mrs. Hart Davis' sister-in-law, Miss Clementina Davis, I have heard how she passed one winter in their house confined entirely to her own room ; but though she was then an old lady, and my informant a young girl, it was, she said, her greatest treat to be allowed to sit with

¹ Lady Eleanor had already passed some winters at Clifton. I find from letters of Mrs. Harford of Blaise Castle, that in 1800 Lady Eleanor had a house in Richmond Terrace, Clifton, and spent two years there for the education of her children.

² A marble tablet in the church on the common at Harrogate has this inscription : "Sacred to the memory of Eleanor Primrose Dundas, 3rd daughter of Major-General Dundas of Carron Hall, who died March 14th, 1815, aged 26.

'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'

Lady Eleanor, who was always full of interest in all that concerned others. My own mother can also remember her as the most charming and lovable old lady.

At Castle Craig, where Sir Thomas Carmichael was again married,¹ Lady Eleanor was always a welcome guest. I have before me a letter written by Lady Carmichael to Mr. Hart Davis on hearing of Lady Eleanor's death; it so well expresses the love and respect felt for her by all her friends that I give the following portion of it. The date is from Castle Craig:—

“We were prepared to expect the account you wrote of the death of our sainted Lady Eleanor. Still it comes at last as if she had not so long been ill; or rather, as long as she was in this world, no one felt exactly as they would do upon hearing of her removal; the loss must long be deeply felt, and, out of your house, nowhere more than here. We were all tenderly attached to her, and she was always so kindly interested in every member of the family; to me her kindness was most gratifying, and I truly felt a filial affection for her. . . . Eleanor² and Margaret loved their grandmother most truly, therefore they feel her loss acutely, tho' every thought and remembrance they have of her is connected with some kind or holy idea. Her example and all the excellent advice she has given us will remain with us, for surely she was without exception the most beautiful example of a Christian character that ever

¹ Sir Thomas Carmichael married in 1816 the Honourable Anne, daughter of the seventh Lord Napier.

² Eleanor, afterwards Lady Kinloch, and Margaret, who died unmarried, were the daughters of Janet, Lady Carmichael. She also left one son, Alexander, who died unmarried in 1850.

I knew, and made religion so attractive because one saw the heavenly effect of it in everything she said or did. Her visit here last winter was a treat to us all, and often have I talked over, with all my young people, much that she then said. I am so glad the younger ones saw her then, as they acquired for her an affection that will never wear out. She had a way of attaching children by being so interested in all their pursuits. I trust your sweet wife has not suffered from all this fatigue and anxiety. The affection of her and her mother was a most touching sight, and sorely will Charlotte feel her loss."

It was at Hampstead, in the home of this favourite daughter Charlotte (Mrs. Hart Davis¹), that Lady Eleanor's long widowhood, of forty-three years, ended. She died on the 11th of April 1837, and is buried in the Kensal Green Cemetery.

The portrait of Lady Eleanor Dundas, painted by Romney, probably in 1785, when he painted General Dundas, has made her lovely face a living reality to her descendants. It still hangs in the drawing-room at Carron Hall, where, with folded hands, she seems calmly to watch the joys and sorrows, the changes and chances, which have fallen to the share of the three generations who have occupied that home, to which she was brought as a bride more than a hundred years ago; where her kindly presence cheered the old father-in-law, worried as he was by colliery difficulties; where she read, no doubt with beating heart, the successes which attended the

¹ Mrs. Hart Davis in the latter years of her life became quite blind, but in spite of this great affliction she was ever full of love and interest in all around her, and her house in Oxford Square was, for many years, a home in London for all the younger members of the family, by whom she was known as "the beloved Aunt Chatty."

first few months of the General's command in the West Indies, and where she wept the untimely death of the husband whose last thoughts were for her.

Among the many descendants to whom Lady Eleanor Dundas is a common ancestress, I do not think there is one family in which she has not a namesake; many who, as the much loved Eleanor Lady Kinloch, or the saintly Eleanor Battersby, may truly be said to be not unworthy to bear the name, which, in the Spanish mother's tongue of one of the latest of her descendants, has been softened into "Léonore."

Major-General Thomas Dundas, born 1750, died 3d June 1794; married, 9th May 1784, Lady Eleanor Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander, ninth Earl of Home, by his wife, Primrose, second daughter of Charles, Lord Elphinstone; by her left issue, one son and six daughters:—

Thomas, his heir, born 13th February 1792, died May 25, 1860; married, February 18, 1815, Charlotte Anna, daughter of Joseph Boulton, Esq., Springfield, Warwickshire.

1. Clementina, born 1785, died 1861; married, 1807, Mr. Bruce of Arnot, Kinross-shire. Two sons: (i) Thomas Bruce, Esq. of Arnot, who has issue—Two sons: Thomas, died in the West Indies, 1863; Charles, knighted 1889. Three daughters—(i) Clementina; married, 1859, Major-General Williams, R.E.; issue, one son and two daughters. (ii) Eleanor; married, 1865, John Wilkie, Esq. of Foulden, Berwickshire; died, 1872; issue, two sons, three daughters. (iii) Josephine, unmarried. (ii) Rev. David Bruce, died, 1888; issue, two sons, one daughter.

2. Janet Maitland, born at Quebec 23d July 1787, died 1814; married her cousin, Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael, Bart., of Castle Craig, 1806. Left one son, Alexander, who succeeded to the title, and died without issue, 1850; two daughters—Margaret, died unmarried; Eleanor, married Sir David Kinloch, Bart., of Gilmerton, died 1849. Issue: one son, the present Sir Alexander Kinloch, Bart. Three daughters—(i) Isabel, married Harington Balfour, Esq.; (ii) Harriet, married to Admiral Henry Fairfax, R.N.; (iii) Eleanor, unmarried.

3. Eleanor Primrose, born 1789, died at Harrogate, 1815; unmarried.

4. Charlotte, born 1790, died in 1861; married Mr. Hart Davis, 1813. No children.

5. Anne, born 1793, died at Carron Hall, July 1808; unmarried.

6. Elizabeth, born 1794, died 1823; married Mr. Battersby of Stoke, near Bristol (1816). Two sons and two daughters: (i) John, who, on succeeding to Blaise Castle, took the name of Harford; married, 1848, Mary Charlotte, daughter of Chevalier, afterwards Baron, de Bunsen; died 1875; issue, two sons, six daughters. (ii) Rev. Thomas Dundas Battersby; married, 1854, Mary, daughter of George Forbes, Esq.; four sons survive. (i) Mary, married to Henry, eldest son of Baron de Bunsen; two daughters. (ii) Eleanor Battersby, died 1884, unmarried.

CHAPTER XIV

LIEUT.-COLONEL DUNDAS

23. **T**HOMAS DUNDAS succeeded to Carron Hall in 1794. He was two years old at the time of his father's death in the West Indies.

At the age of sixteen he left Marlow College to enter the army, and joined as ensign the 52d Light Infantry; and in August of the same year, 1808, he landed with his regiment in Portugal. On the 21st of August he fought his first battle, the battle of Vimeira.

The events of the next few months, ending with the retreat to Corunna, and the battle of Corunna, at which as youngest ensign he carried the regimental colours, we have told by himself in his own words.

He landed at Spithead in the beginning of the year 1809, as his mother wrote in a letter to a friend, "in health and spirits—without a shirt on his back, or a penny in his pocket."

In July of the year 1809 he accompanied the second battalion of the 52d Regiment on what is known as the "Walcheren Expedition." This also is related in his own words. On his return from this, he was transferred to the 1st Royal Dragoons as lieutenant, and in the autumn of 1810 he was sent with his regiment again to take part in the Peninsular War. We have his own description of the battle of Fuentes d'Onor, fought 4th May 1811.

In the following year, 1812, he exchanged into the 15th Hussars as captain; took part in the battles of Vittoria, Orthes, and Toulouse; and marched into France with the army of occupation.

He returned home, and in 1815 married; but, on the breaking out of war that year, he rejoined his regiment. In 1816 he retired on half-pay with the rank of major, and was subsequently raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

His Peninsular medal, with its clasps for the battles of "Vimeira," "Corunna," "Fuentes d'Onor," "Vittoria," "Orthes," "Toulouse," remains as an interesting memorial of his service to his country.

A useful but uneventful life succeeded to the perils of his youth, and was spent at Carron Hall, where the "good Colonel" was beloved by all who knew him.

He was a Liberal in politics, and exerted himself so usefully during the passing of the Reform Bill, that a baronetcy was offered to him, which he declined. He was for many years an elder in Larbert parish, and was ever ready to give his aid in behalf of all objects for the good of the neighbourhood he loved so well. Indeed, the interesting accounts we have of his Peninsular experiences are mostly taken from notes made for lectures delivered by him in the villages of Carron Shore and Stenhousemuir. He was often urged to put his reminiscences into a more regular form, but unfortunately time went on without his doing so. When I looked over his papers, in the hope of giving more details of this interesting period of his life, I could only find scraps, which I have put together in as consecutive a manner as I could. The Retreat to Corunna

he had written in the form of a story ; so, unluckily, many names of his companions were changed, and their real names cannot now be recovered.

It is interesting to compare the account of this campaign, as it is given in full detail by Sir William Napier, in his history of the Peninsular War, with these "Reminiscences of a Subaltern."

Colonel Dundas died at 4 Clarges Street, London, on the 25th May 1860, in his 69th year, and is buried in the family burial-ground in Larbert churchyard. He married, February 18th, 1815, Charlotte Anna, daughter of Joseph Boulton, Esq., Springfield, Warwickshire. Out of a family of fifteen children born to him, only four grew up, two sons and two daughters :—

1. Thomas Dundas, born 21st October 1819, died at Dresden, April 10th, 1842 : unmarried.

2. Joseph Dundas, his heir.

3. Charlotte Anna Dundas, born 6th January 1824 ; married February 12th, 1845, Colonel Armine S. H. Mountain, C.B. ; he died in India, February 8th, 1854 ; married, secondly, 1860, Colonel afterwards Sir John Henry Lefroy, C.B., K.C.M.G., Royal Artillery. No issue.

4. Clementina Dundas, born May 12th, 1825, died 13th June 1867 ; married, 1846, Vincencio Bartolucci. Two sons and five daughters :—

(i) Thomas Dundas, born 1852 ; married, 1886, Marie Clotilde Juge, daughter of Capitaine Commandant Alexandre Juge, killed at the battle of Sedan, 1870 ; a son and a daughter.

(ii) Luigi Dundas, born 1865 ; married, 1887, Mary Theresa Laughlin ; two daughters.

(iii) Ida, born 1848 ; married 1873, Charles Pollock, Esq. ; died 1884. No issue.

(iv) Charlotte, born 1849 ; married Murray Rogers, Esq. Issue, two sons and one daughter.

(v) Candida Louisa, born May 3d, 1854 ; married, May 1878, Lord William Montagu Hay, afterwards tenth Marquis of Tweeddale. Issue, three sons and one daughter.

(vi) Evelyn, born 1855 ; married, October 1877, Admiral Sir Astley Cooper Key, G.C.B. Two sons and two daughters.

(vii) Louisa, born 1860 ; married, 1881, George Falconar Stewart, Esq., of Binny, Linlithgowshire. Three sons.

24. JOSEPH DUNDAS, who, on his father's death, succeeded to Carron Hall, born 28th November 1822, died in Switzerland, July 7th, 1872, buried at Monnetier, near Geneva ; married, 28th November 1850, Margaret Isabella, second daughter of George Charles Moir, Esq., of Denmore, Aberdeenshire, and grand-daughter of Sir William Bruce, Bart., Stenhouse, Stirlingshire. Ten children, six sons and four daughters :—

1. Thomas George, born 14th May 1853 ; married, 3d December 1879, Mary Davidson, daughter of Duncan Davidson, Esq., of Tulloch, Ross-shire. Issue, Archibald, born 22d September 1880 ; Ronald, born June 13th, 1886.

2. Laurence Armine, born 4th October 1854 ; married, 26th June 1882, Isabel, daughter of Don Santiago de Nogez. Issue, Léonore, born 25th March 1885.

3. Arthur Bruce, born 31st March 1860 ;

married, 10th February 1891, Margaret, second daughter of William Montgomery, Esq., grandson of Sir James Montgomery of Stobo.

4. Charles, born 17th April 1861.

5. Archibald Cospatrick, born 3d December 1863, died 4th April 1871.

6. George Joseph, born 26th November 1866.

7. Mary, born 8th August 1856; entered St. Catherine's Convent, Edinburgh, 18th September 1883.

8. Eleanor Charlotte, born 4th December 1858.

9. Isabella, born 4th February 1865; married, 13th December 1888, George Boyce Allen, Esq., of Toxteth Park, Sydney, N.S.W. A daughter, Margaret Primrose Dundas, born 2d April 1890.

10. Charlotte Anna, born 30th August 1870, died at Monnetier, near Geneva, 28th August 1871.

CHAPTER XV

REMINISCENCES OF THE PENINSULAR WAR BY

LIEUT.-COLONEL DUNDAS, 1808

“ **A**T the age of sixteen, I read my name in the *Gazette* as an ensign in the 52d Regiment. In March 1808 I joined the 1st Battalion of that regiment, having received my commission from the hands of Sir John Moore, who had served under my gallant father. The 52d was one of six or seven regiments which Sir John Moore had trained himself, and which became the *élite* of the army.

“ It was an admirable school. Whatever advantages a young officer possessed, he was not esteemed unless he knew his duty well, and executed it faithfully. It was required of every man that he should know well, and be able to do, all that he was to teach others. At sixteen I was not very steady on my legs, so I was five or six back at the goose-step; but I learnt patience at least, that crowning virtue of a soldier. The duties were far more arduous than they are now, and every man and officer felt that he was preparing for a struggle; and he did not know the hour when his turn to take part in that struggle might come.

“ We were required to be in the barrack-yard by half-past six in the morning to parade the men.

From 7 to half-past 8, drill; 10, parade-drill till 12.30; at 1, men's dinner-parade; 2 P.M., drill till 3.30; 5 P.M., officers' dinner; 7, drill till 8. Every hour of the day was engaged, so I could understand the meaning of the General's reply to my uncle, when he asked him if he would wish me to have a horse, 'If you give him a horse, you must give him a man to ride him.' My captain was a smart officer, but apt to indulge in the habit of those days of swearing at the men. However, his swearing cured me of mine, by disgusting me with such language.

"I had been engaged at drill for above three months and had not got arms, when a notice was received that the regiment would soon be sent on service. I have been sent on Continental service four times, and this is the only occasion on which I received any warning. The Adjutant represented to the Colonel that the young gentlemen must now be given arms, and instructed in the manual and platoon. By the time we had completed the course, the order arrived to embark, and thus ended my drilling.

"We embarked in Kent, and dropping slowly down the Channel, it took us five weeks to reach the mouth of the Tagus. The passage was agreeable enough.

"In the evening of the 19th August 1808, we were landed in Peniché Bay. It was nearly dark when we were put ashore, and we lay down in column as we were formed on the sand-hills. The weather was warm, and we slept till daylight, when we began our march. It was not more than about twelve miles; but being over stony, narrow roads, and under a burning sun, it seemed long enough. Sir Arthur Wellesley, fearing Junot might attack

us, detached a division to cover our flank; but no such attempt was made on the part of the enemy to disturb our junction with the rest of the army. On our arrival at Vimeira we were bivouacked in position, very nearly on the same ground on which the regiment was formed for battle on the following day.

“Our first day’s march had been sufficiently long to fatigue every one; and it was well it was so, for we had no means of making huts, nor anything but the ground to lie on. The sod was dry, so the bed was not a bad one. I strolled over the field with two of my messmates, Scotchmen. It was a beautiful scene. The sea, tho’ not more than two or three miles distant, was not visible; but in front of the army was a range of wooded hills, on which our outposts were established. Towards the rear, the baggage and detachments of soldiers were moving up to the position; the 42d was expected, and we saw several regiments, or parts of them, slowly move up into line. A harsh grating sound was heard in the distance, and red coats were seen approaching. ‘Ah!’ said my Highland friend, ‘here comes the gallant 42d, the old Highland Watch, don’t you hear the bagpipes?’ and sure enough, the wailing shrill sound continued. I never could make out much tune in a pibroch; but now it appeared like one continued note. I observed, the 42d could not be strong in pipes. My friend appeared hurt, but remarked, ‘You will see when they come into line.’ We waited on in hopes of seeing the gallant regiment; but the red coats we had seen proved to be only the guard to some bullock cars. But what was most painful to my friend was to find that the sound which had

awakened his patriotic feeling, proceeded from no Highland bagpipes, but was occasioned by the creaking wheels of the bullock cars. Any one who has had their ears assailed by the creaking of a Spanish bullock car, will remember the prolonged drone which accompanies their progress.

BATTLE OF VIMEIRA, *August 21st.*

“We turned out a full hour before daylight. The line was formed, orders were given in a subdued voice; then the silence was unbroken, the enemy was expected to attack us. This was August 21st. As day broke slowly, we fancied we saw troops forming in the woods; but no shot was heard. Nothing could have passed our watchful posts. The broad daylight showed us the field, calm as the preceding evening. After remaining an hour or more in line, and reports having been received that all was quiet, the troops were dismissed, being warned, however, to be ready to fall in. About half-past seven a shot was heard at the outposts; soon afterwards another, then two or three in quick succession. I was stretched on the ground; near me stood the Colonel, and two or three of the senior officers. ‘We shall have a day of it yet,’ said the Colonel. Then came a volley from probably a whole picket to our left. The Colonel gave the word, ‘Stand to your arms!’ He saw me, and said kindly, ‘Fall in, Dundas’; and I took my place in rear of the company. Next to me was the serjeant who had drilled me. ‘I am dismissed drill now,’ I said, as we stood together. The shot came thick; the French fire at a great distance, and we took no notice of it. I did all I

could not to *bob*. We were sent forward with two or three companies to engage in extended order. The French gave way, and we followed them. It was delightful to see the pleasure some of the soldiers took in the fray. The officers all did their duty well, and the men had taken good aim, for we found the ground covered with dead and dying. The first body I stepped over was that of a fine grenadier, and I emptied his haversack of some biscuits, and munched them as I went along. I was very hungry, that must be my excuse; but I did not soon hear the last of 'the dead man's biscuits' from my comrades. I got a shot or two at the enemy, as I had no particular duty to perform. 'Hurrah!' said my old serjeant, 'a raw recruit may chance to shoot great General Bonyparty,' the chorus of a popular song of the day.

"The battle was over. To us it was scarcely a battle, and one-half of our army was not engaged.¹ My company was left on the ground to remain 24 hours on picket. We passed a tolerably quiet night, and were relieved next day about 4 P.M. When tired and hungry enough, I met a friend, who said, 'Come, Dundas, we have kept your mess for you. We have no vegetables but these pease; we boiled them long enough, but they are desperate hard.' So I found them, altho' my teeth were of the best. No wonder, for we came to know 'those pease' well enough in the course of our Spanish campaign as 'Indian corn.'

¹ In the year 1831 Mr. Croker was staying at Walmer, and had the following account of the battle of Vimeira from the Duke of Wellington:—"The French came on at Vimeira with more confidence, and seemed 'to feel their way' less than I found them do afterwards. They came on in heavy column, and I received them in line. We re-

“ On the 23d we advanced to near Torres Vedras.

“ At this time our poor fellows were in great glee. On landing in Portugal, it appeared in orders that ‘ His Royal Highness has been pleased to dispense with the use of queues.’ In less than ten minutes—altho’ there was not more than three pairs of scissors in the company—every head was cut close. The queue, or club, as it was called, was a constant source of annoyance to the soldier. In the first place, because being at the back of his head, and Nature not having provided him with eyes at the back of his head, no man was answerable for his own club, and the responsibility, therefore, devolved on his comrade. They were mutually responsible for the good order of each other’s tails. Then a soldier on guard could not lie down on his back, lest he should destroy the shape of his club. The club was formed by pulling all the hair tight back from the line of the ears, working tallow and soap into the head till the hair can be fashioned into shape. It must be about 9 inches long, and tied with a leather rosette.

“ It was a painful and far from cleanly adornment to the soldier, and it seemed hard to understand the ‘ *use of queues* ’ which the order declared to be graciously dispensed with ; and we might have doubted the possibility of any *use* they could serve,

pulsed them several times. At last they were beaten off at all points, while I had half the army untouched, and ready to pursue ; but Sir Henry Burrard, who had joined the army about the middle of the battle, and, seeing all was going well, had desired me to continue in command, now that he considered the battle as won, resolved to push it no further. I thought it but half done, and begged very hard that he would go on ; but he said enough had been done—indeed, if he had come earlier, the battle would never have taken place. He wished to wait for Moore’s arrival.”—See Croker’s *Papers*, vol. ii. p. 122.

had it not been for an accident which happened at a mess a few days before the total abolition of queues. An officer dining at mess swallowed a fish-bone. It was a large one, and, after struggling to draw it out, the officer fell back in his chair, turned black in the face, and appeared to be in great danger, and, indeed, was so. Every one looked aghast, not knowing what to do. The doctor alone preserved his presence of mind. From the opposite side of the table he saw what had happened. Not a moment must be lost. Springing across the table, with one hand he held open the mouth of the unfortunate officer, with the other he seized his queue and rammed it down his throat. Away went fish-bone and every other obstruction. The young officer finished his dinner, having practically experienced the use of a queue.

“After the Battle of Vimeira we advanced towards Lisbon, and were at several different camps. We passed nearly a month in this gypsy life, and we were never happier. Torres Vedras, Calonse, were among our resting-places.

“Whilst we were at Calonse two steps occurred in the regiment, and I and another officer were sent to join the 2d Battalion. To me it was like leaving home—I had made so many friends in the 1st Battalion; for there is nothing like a few weeks bivouac for throwing men together, and bringing out the good or bad points in a character. My new quarter was not above half-a-dozen miles off, and I was accompanied on my way by several of my friends, for with a few things in my haversack I started to walk.

“I had now joined the army under the command of Sir John Moore. General Anstruther commanded our division. The ‘Convention of Cintra’ had followed the defeat of the French at Vimeira. For this all the English generals got blamed, but I should say it was the best bargain ever made. Almeida and Elvas would have been relieved at last by Napoleon; but honest John Bull was not satisfied, because we did not send Junot and his boys to London. By the Convention of Cintra, the French were obliged to evacuate Portugal. The object of our month’s bivouac in the neighbourhood of Lisbon was to see them safely out of that city.

“When I had been about ten days with the 2d Battalion we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to march in two days. We were given to understand that we should return to Lisbon, the object of our march being to escort the French garrison of Elvas, which was about to evacuate the place, and which was threatened with destruction by the Spanish troops, as soon as they should quit that fortress. The garrison did not exceed 1200 in numbers; but, I am inclined to think, had the ‘Dons’ attacked them they would have got the worst of it.

“When we were about to march it became necessary to procure a baggage animal, so my friendly serjeant, who managed most things for me, purchased an ass for my use. From Lisbon we were taken by boats to Aldea-galega, where we passed the night. On our arrival at Monte Moro, we were put into quarters in that town, and there remained till

the arrival of the French garrison of Elvas.¹ The French commander was carried in a litter at the head of the party. The Spaniards had got a shot at him, and wounded him severely; but this was the only loss sustained by the French. This was on the 25th September. We remained a few days in this town, expecting to be recalled to Lisbon, as I believe had been intended. The roads towards Spain were so little known, that it was long uncertain how we should be led to our place of rendezvous. We received however a route to Estremoz, a beautiful little city surrounded by a rich and cultivated country. We reached it in two days, and here I passed a month very pleasantly. We formed a mess, which was well ordered, and was the only mess I ever knew in the Peninsula, for of course in camp life a mess is out of the question. I believe that I, and another young fellow, with a terrier belonging to one of us, killed in the course of our stay at Estremoz every *cat* in the town. We were fond of sport, and cats were the only game to be had!

“A more tranquil amusement was bathing in a large tank in an orange grove. When I was tired of the water, I took to the oranges, and when tired of the oranges, returned to the water.

“We left Estremoz in the end of October while the weather was still very fine. The days however were shorter than is desirable for a long march, and we had several marches of about 20 miles, and that is a long road for a regiment of foot. We marched four days, and halted the fifth. Our first halting

¹ “Colonel Girod evacuated the fort on the 25th of September, and his garrison proceeded to Lisbon attended by the 52nd Regiment as an escort.”—Napier's *Peninsular War*.

place was Albuquerque, an interesting old town. The Colonel had a discretionary power to halt on occasion of bad weather; he might have used that power on this occasion, for we had a march of 25 miles before us, and the lowering heavens plainly announced what sort of weather we might expect, but our Colonel was anxious to push on to Salamanca lest a shot might be fired there before our arrival, so he refused to believe the signs of the times. Off we went, and had scarcely cleared the town when the rain commenced, and we had 8 or 9 hours of it. It was one of those levelling days when those who had greatcoats and those who had none were on the same footing. If one is to be wet to the bone, it makes little difference how many layers of broadcloth there may be between the sky and the skin. In the evening we reached a village, where there was just room for each man to lie down; a chamber about 8 feet square was appropriated to another ensign and myself.

“We passed through two interesting towns, Alcantara and Ciudad Rodrigo. In two or three more marches we reached Salamanca, in the middle of November.¹ We were among the last regiments to reach the rendezvous. Most of the troops had taken a more direct route. Here we found our 1st Battalion, and I felt like a boy going home from school. A party of the officers walked out to meet us. How much more I thought of the joy of meeting my friends than of the news which then reached us. We marched into the town of Salamanca and formed on the parade ground; a large assemblage of officers

¹ “It was the 23d November before all the troops were concentrated under Sir John Moore at Salamanca.”—Napier’s *Peninsular War*.

were ready to receive us. I believe we were objects of general admiration. We had come off a long march, but there was no sign of fatigue; each soldier knew he helped to make up the credit of his regiment. We had no stragglers; only the baggage guard was absent. The poor mules could not be expected to partake of regimental enthusiasm, and the way was long. As soon as we were dismissed I was taken possession of by my friends of the 1st Battalion, taken to their quarters, told my story, and how we were hurried off expecting to return to Lisbon, and how I had come poorly provided with kit, and then one contributed some article of dress, some another, till I was in a state of good equipment again.

“I need not say that no army was ever more thoroughly compromised than that under Sir John Moore.¹ Had it not been for the sagacity of that chief we should all have been swallowed up. Sir John began to suspect the Spaniards, and by employing men in whom he could implicitly confide, such as Graham,² he found out that there was nothing for us to depend on but our own valour and prudent conduct.

“At Salamanca we lived comfortably, and we were much interested in anticipation of our future destiny. Every day we heard of some new defeat of the Spaniards. As yet we had seen no Spanish soldiers, and our sources of information were few. Indeed the only correct information came through headquarters, and that part which came our length was

¹ For confirmation of this statement see Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*.

² Afterwards Lord Lynedoch.

strangely adulterated ere we got it. As to the reports among the Spaniards, no doubt some of them were true, but the truth was hard to distinguish. We were pretty easy on the subject; there was great confidence in ourselves, and unbounded reliance on Sir John Moore—the mild and brave! The flying reports were called by us ‘Shaves.’ I don’t know where that term was first coined. One day, as we were on our road to parade, we met a staff officer, and the staff of course had the earliest information; he had great news. The French had gained another victory, and a brigade of French dragoons had advanced to Valladolid. Whilst he was telling us the news, the numbers of soldiers passing along the narrow streets jostled us so, that one of us suggested the staff officer had better go into an entry close by ‘and shave us there.’ There was more than ordinary truth in this ‘shave.’¹ We expected to be ordered to move, and were all ready to be off at a moment’s notice. Our brave chief had much to bear. Had he acted on the advice pressed on him, and advanced, our destruction would have been certain. The French, outnumbering us tenfold, could have combined to defeat *us*, the only army in the field, and we could by no possibility have escaped. It is true we did not achieve a great deal; but it is difficult to imagine any possible arrangement by which we could have done more with 20,000 or 22,000 men. Sir John Moore caused the whole French army to be diverted to his capture. About 100,000 men followed us as far as Astorga, and half that number continued to pursue us to

¹ The defeat of the Spanish army, commanded by General Blake, in the Asturias.—Napier.

Corunna, and a goodly portion of that number left their bones there or thereabouts. What remained were at last turned out of the country by the Duke of Wellington at Oporto.

“While we remained at Salamanca I was quartered in the house of a Padre. One day he came to my room and began a conversation with me, saying, that as I should probably soon be returning to England, he thought I might wish to possess some object of value to take home as a gift to my mother or sisters, or other friends. I told him I saw no immediate prospect of such a return; but even if I did I had no money to spare. He asked me my pay. Now, in dollars, 40 dollars a month sounds well. He was struck with astonishment, declared a Spanish colonel might be glad to have as much, as, though nominally more, he never got his pay in full. He then begged me to follow him, and leading me through several empty rooms we reached one in which stood a large clock, about the size of an ordinary eight-day cottage clock. He stopped, and taking off his wafer hat, and pointing to the pendule, said: ‘There, Signor Inglese, I respect your nation, and I will sell you that clock for a month’s pay.’ In vain I protested that even had I the money to buy the precious article, I had not the means to transport it. To this day, I fear, he considers me a compound of avarice and dulness, with such an income to reject such a bargain.

“When we had been in quarters nearly a month ‘shaves’ became very rife; in fact people ‘shaved themselves,’ or formed their plans according to their wishes. I wished to go to Madrid, others thought we would be sent to Valladolid; all agreed we were

about to be sent to fight somewhere. Our wise chief looked on, but would not be induced to commit his gallant band to a contest with a force tenfold its superior in numbers. We began to prepare for a winter campaign—good shoes and warm clothes were procured. At last we got orders to move to the front. We left Salamanca about the 11th December. After two moderate marches we reached Toro. There we met for the first time a party of Sir David Baird's corps. The ground was covered with snow, and I took a slight attack of ophthalmia. My eyes were inflamed, and I had to wear a bandage, as the white fields gave my eyes great pain.

“On the 21st December we were ordered to parade at sunset. It was understood that we were to march to attack Marshal Soult at Carrion. Sir John Moore was anxious to do all he could to help the Spaniards, though they did so little to help themselves. I was still suffering from sore eyes, and went on parade with a bandage so tied I could just see to guide myself. We were started and marched out of the town, but we were hardly clear of the place when a staff officer brought an order that we should return to quarters. There was great lamentation; we had expected to have been on the French by daylight. I did not dare to express my feelings; had I told the truth I should have been considered unworthy of my uniform, but I was in great pain, increased by the cold, so it was not unnatural that I was very glad to return to warm quarters. We remained the next day at Gralet di Campo, and left on the 24th (I think). We made long marches, but were under cover at night, which was very necessary, for there was thick snow on the ground.

“ We did not know how great was the anxiety of Napoleon to overtake us, nor did we know how necessary it was that we should attain a certain point before the French. Everything went on with the same regularity as if we had been in England. At last we reached the Esla. Our company was left on the right bank, where a strong post was established to cover the bridge ; the rest crossed the Esla, and went to Benevento. We had a large party of officers of different regiments, and no food among us. One of our company, who spoke Spanish, explained our wants to our hostess, who counted heads, and then prepared a capital mess for us. It consisted of bacon, large onions, a good handful of garlic, chopped not too small, the whole fried together, to this was added about 2 doz. eggs, and we fell to work ; I did not forget that meal for 48 hours. Solid garlic is not soon forgotten ! At Benevento we had good quarters, and our continued retreat (for such it now clearly was) as far as Astorga was very peaceable.

“ At Astorga we had hoped to remain a few days, but Nap was on our heels, and the next day we had orders to march. Here I sustained a sad loss. Some of our mules were allowed to escape whilst watering, and I was left with nothing but what I could carry on my back. We had to choose the best things in our kits, and leave the rest. I took my best jacket, over it a greatcoat and cloak, and a pair of blue pantaloons. I had good shoes, but we had 200 miles to walk to Corunna. The night was fine, though cold, and it was well on in the day before we reached Bembibre. It was a horrid place, full of disorder. It was the rule of the British army that no plunder was allowed ; I dare not say

that none of our men plundered, but I am sure very few did ; and by the exertion of the officers discipline in the regiment was kept up. I was very tired, and slept all day. The next day we made a short march to a large town, Callabellos, and got good quarters, and plenty to eat. The following day some great excesses were committed ; two or three of ours were found among the culprits. One of these, who appeared the ring-leader, was ordered to be hung. A parade was ordered, and although we were threatened by an overwhelming force of the enemy, everything went on as if we were in an English quarter. A square was formed under an oak tree ; a small guard under charge of the provost-marshal marched into the square, and directed their steps towards the tree. The troops were called to attention, the crime of the prisoner was declared, and the order for execution was read. At this moment an orderly hussar trotted into the square, and delivered a note to the general, who remarked no time must be lost. The poor culprit was ordered to attend to the sentence. His countenance wore an expression of vacant terror ; a chaplain approached him ; he spoke to him of sin, of repentance ; there was solemn silence as he knelt in prayer. The condemned man was still on his knees when a second orderly rode into the square, and delivered a verbal message. We heard the General answer, 'Indeed.' It was clear there was no time to lose. The chaplain rose from his knees, the culprit remained kneeling, but he was now in the hands of the provost-marshal, who helped him to rise ; he stood up mechanically, and the officials busied themselves about him. At the same time several shots were heard at no great distance. The

sub-provost, quite unconcerned, continued to adjust the rope about his neck, to pinion his arms ; this was soon completed. The shots were now more regular, and without intermission. Four men placed themselves under the bough of the tree ; the prisoner was hoisted upon their shoulders ; the provost clambered up into the tree. At this moment the bugle of the hussars was heard sounding the assembly, the shots were nearer and more frequent. Still the provost appeared unconscious of everything but his work of death. He climbed to a bough above the prisoner, and the end of the rope was handed to him. The fatal preparations were completed, the soldier was tied to the tree, and it only remained for his comrades, on whose shoulders he sat, to start aside, and by this human drop the condemned man would be launched into eternity. Our attention was at this instant attracted by seeing several hussars riding to the rear with their cloaks on, and their horses led by another soldier ; they were evidently wounded men. The Colonel called to the Adjutant, and asked if a burying party had been warned. They had omitted to do so. A slight bustle followed ; the culprit continued sitting, awaiting his doom. Now there was a movement among the staff ; the General came forward, and we breathlessly awaited the order to be given by him for the last act ; but ere the words could be spoken, a hussar galloped into the square and delivered a verbal message to the General. 'The French are upon us, retire at once !'

“ The General ordered the provost to take down the culprit, and, while his release was being effected, addressed a few words of admonition that the scene

just witnessed might be a warning for the future against the crime of plunder.

“The poor fellow was released, and it was some time ere he realised whether he was in this world or the next! In a few minutes all was forgotten in the haste of our retreat. We retreated through the town, and halted on a hill on the outside, from whence we could see the French advancing over the post we had so lately occupied awaiting the execution. The out-posts were attacked, a body of cavalry was pushed forward to lead the attack against us. The French general, Colbert, was killed, and some more of the French. The attack was checked, and as evening closed in we continued our retreat.

CHAPTER XVI

THE RETREAT TO CORUNNA

1809

“**T**HE retreat to Corunna used to be considered the best example of military hardship, till the horrors of the Russian campaign threw our sufferings into the shade. Still the retreat to Corunna was pretty severe, and as it was early in our education, it had all the more effect than had it come later in our Peninsular campaign. The hardships gradually increased. As far as Astorga everything went on with regularity, and up to that period we had clear frosty weather, and we were always in quarters. On leaving Astorga¹ we began night marches, which, of all things, tends to destroy discipline. It is difficult to preserve order in the dark, and if the officers are able to do so in the early hours of the night, yet, as morning approaches, they become worn out by fatigue, their senses are asleep, and they become incapable of the continued exertion; then is the time for stragglers, as men can leave the ranks unobserved. The change of weather was also trying. From leaving Astorga heavy rain set in, and continued during the remainder of the retreat. The

¹ Napoleon took possession of Astorga on the 1st January 1809 (see Napier's *Peninsular War*). From Astorga he was recalled to France by tidings that the Austrian storm was about to burst, and the command of the army devolved upon Marshal Soult.

nights were bitterly cold. We began our night march at dark, and having been allowed a few hours' repose in a small mountain village, we continued our march. I well remember how bad the bread was in this place. Although I had eaten nothing at all,—and of course my appetite was keen enough,—it was so bitter, I could only munch as much as would somewhat stop the cravings of hunger. The ground we had to pass over was high, and covered with snow and hoar frost; a cold, piercing wind blew through us, and completed the chill of our wet clothes. Near the top of the hill we found a cask containing spirits. It was empty, but it was evident that the contents had not been unemployed. Around the cask lay three or four dead bodies; they were the bodies of soldiers, but one was a woman. It was a ghastly sight. The woman's eyes were wide open, and seemed to fix their glassy gaze on all that passed; her arm was raised above her head, with a clenched fist, and her countenance bore an expression of rage and violence. Thirty-eight years have passed since that day, but the recollection of the frightful scene comes vividly before me as I relate it. That wretched woman's face haunted me for months. There could be no doubt these people had drunk to excess, and falling asleep had been frozen to death.

“We wended on our weary way. Discipline was maintained, but the spirits of the men sank very low. The small quantity of food they were able to obtain was not sufficient to fortify them against the fatigue of constant marching, and, after being wet all day, even the wits of the company were nearly silenced. Those who had been wont to enliven the march with stories now plodded along, and had

nothing to bestow on the flagging spirits of their comrades. Sometimes a wag would attempt a song, which would be taken up for a few minutes, when we sank again into our dull monotony. The young officers appeared on the whole to have the best of it. There were a dozen of us under eighteen, and although we did not stand the fatigue so well as older men, still the animal spirits were so strong, that a little food and a sleep made us forget all our troubles. We had out-marched the French, but after two or three days they overtook us, and now we had to submit to another trial: the cavalry began to fail us. They were in high order, and their spirit was well sustained by the generals, Lord Paget and Sir Charles S. These two officers were admirable, ever ready to attack the French cavalry when opportunity offered, and invariably with success; but this fine body of men became totally ineffectual from the want of *horse nails*, and many a fine horse was shot to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy, which, had its rider possessed a set of horse nails, would have been in the highest state of effectiveness. So many horses were sometimes shot before leaving a camp, as to startle us with the idea that the post was being attacked.

“Our gallant chief, Sir John Moore, was always about the rear-guard, directing the placing some post by which the enemy might be checked, or laying a gun at some angle which swept the road to our rear. His countenance had naturally a cast of sadness; it had so now, though it might equally have been interpreted as an expression of calm determination. As such it would have been a true index to his thought. All hope of a glorious campaign had

passed away. All he could now hope for was to rescue his army from destruction by a force tenfold superior to his own. The longer he remained in the country the more reason he had to be convinced of the truth of the statements, made to him at Salamanca, of the real inefficiency of the Spanish army and of the utter hopelessness of depending on Spanish assistance. He sent officers to visit the so-called Spanish armies. They consisted of a half-naked mob, in numbers less than the fourth of what was stated on paper. We passed through what was said to be the best of these armies. I saw some five guns drawn by splendid mules, but the infantry consisted of a few wretched stragglers; a train of bullock-carts followed this rabble, covered with sick, and even some dead bodies, which had not been removed. The scanty remains of this army found shelter in the mountains, where they could not be pursued by the French.

“The Spanish authorities would do nothing, and appeared to be careless about the future. All who served in that campaign ought to feel grateful to the gallant Moore, who saw in time the value of those allies for whose sake he was expected to risk his army.

“The morning cleared up. We were closely pursued by the French all that day. We crossed a fine valley by a beautiful bridge, and the division was drawn up on the opposite side. The enemy, having made some slight demonstration, found that our position was too strong, and they finally took a position on the opposite side of the river. A slight skirmishing continued till nearly dark. The French appeared to be uneasy, as if something were intended, but the night closed in and all was still. There was

abundance of fuel, and we built up large fires, which were expected to supply the place of food, clothes, and lodging; the two last were tolerably represented, but the food was altogether wanting. We had orders to prepare for keeping up the fires during the night, and a quantity of fuel was collected. Some of our wood foragers brought in a great side of bacon. No one seemed inclined to make use of it. We had no cooking utensils of any kind. Exhausted by fatigue and hunger, soldiers and officers gathered around the fire and slept. The bacon lay before me unheeded, now it appeared to me it might be usefully employed. I cut off an exceedingly large flat piece; and, seeing a light in a cottage window, I made towards it, collecting on my way as many turnips as my haversack would hold, these by a fortunate chance presenting themselves in my path. After some difficulty I was admitted to the hut, my youthful appearance reassuring the middle-aged woman, its sole inmate. I explained to the good woman as best I could my desire to have the bacon cooked, and while she cooked the bacon and turnips I slept by the fire. I might have slept the whole night and found myself a prisoner in the morning, had I not been awakened by the husband, who warned me the French army was at hand. I paid for the earthenware vessel in which the bacon and turnips, having been cooked, were now stored, and returned to the camp. I roused up my companions to partake with me of the supper I brought back, and got great praise for my pains. We had scarcely finished our meal when an order was brought for the Regiment to move on. The fires being first replenished, the operation was performed in silence, and we shrunk

away from our camp and continued our retreat. The night was not cold, but very dark. The march was a painful one. The officers exerted themselves to prevent straggling and succeeded well. The morning broke upon a haggard crew. We had not been overtaken by the French, and we reached Lugo about 9 A.M. On going through the town we were released from the rear-guard, and sent to some villages a couple of miles farther on the road to Corunna. Here we had a good rest, and having as much money as was necessary, we had also the opportunity of spending it, which had not been the case in the mountains of Galicia.

“Want is a good teacher, and the temporary relief from suffering is sweet. We rejoiced in being able to purchase a little coffee and sugar, and happy he who possessed youthful spirits ; mine stood me in good stead. The refreshment of this rest was of great use to us ; it prepared us for the last act of the retreat, which was by far the most severe.

“We remained twenty-four hours in this village, and I should have been perfectly happy, had I been able to procure a pair of shoes, but I could not get any. My own were nearly done ; indeed the upper leather alone was serviceable ; soles were scarcely to be recognised as such, and before we had completed our first march from Lugo what little remained had vanished altogether. I was suffering from dysentery, and the disorder made rapid progress when my feet were always wet.

“Previous to leaving our quarters we got a good dinner ; it was the last good food we saw for a week or more. Before daybreak the bugle sounded, and we marched out, as we imagined, to fight the French.

We were quite ready, and probably the enemy knew this. We were first into position, and ere sunrise our line was formed. Excitement kept us from feeling the cold, and we were in momentary expectation of being engaged; it was not till we were dismissed that we began to feel the cold. Good fires were soon kindled and parties sent out to procure fuel. Again a fitch of bacon was brought in by some of the foraging parties and thrown aside as useless, there being no means of cooking it, nor a morsel of bread to eat with it. I hungrily eyed the fitch, and having been successful on a former occasion with bacon, I did not feel inclined to give up hopes of this piece. I observed some of the stones which composed the low walls of the country lying by the fire; they were slaty, and capable of being split into thin slices. I took some of them and placed them on the embers, when they became quite hot and formed extemporary frying-pans. So, cutting up the bacon, it was soon frizzling on the slates, and I had around me a party of hungry souls, who came at first to laugh at my cookery, but remained to eat. I was in high spirits serving my customers, when I heard a stir behind me, and looking up found a general officer and his staff had reined up their horses and were watching my proceedings. The general did not belong to our Division. I was somewhat annoyed to be discovered at this boyish work, and dropping my knife, stood up to salute the General. The officers round me burst into a roar of laughter, and I felt foolish enough. 'Never mind, young man,' said the General, 'it is well for those who can laugh and make laugh on such occasions; I should like to carry you through the camp to

try and infect the whole army with your good spirits.'

"We heard nothing about the French. They were, of course, as ill off as ourselves. The whole day was passed in position. We were ordered to parade in the morning, and about dusk the troops began filing off. We still stood fast. The weather was bad, about dark it began to rain, and continued doing so most part of the night. About eight o'clock we began to retire, and we marched all night; but I suppose we must have missed our way, for when morning broke Lugo was still in sight. It was still raining, and we marched on wearily; but still we had the satisfaction of getting ahead. We saw the General several times; our own Division- and Brigade-Generals never left us even for a moment. It was dull work; the men were exhausted; we passed many stragglers from other regiments; our officers exerted themselves and kept our men well together, but many of the officers were too much done up to be able for exertion. The cold of the preceding night had aggravated the dysentery from which I was suffering, and I felt very weak. There was no use complaining; no one could help me. It now became clear that we were to abandon Spain and go home. We thought of the comfort of ship-board, and a warm berth, and salt pork, with pease-pudding to match. We passed through several hamlets, at each of which we hoped to halt. The poor soldiers staggered under their load and rolled on in silence. At last, about midnight, we halted, no village was at hand, but there were some barns, the roofs of which furnished fuel, our camp was in a grass field, and it was very wet. Some wheat

flour was served out, and being kneaded into dough, it was baked. The dough-boy is unpalatable fare, still I ate largely of it, and felt, as might have been expected, much the worse for it. However, I got a sound sleep, and an enormous fire dried my clothes ; but my poor shoes were done, and I really was bare-footed—nothing but a little of the upper leather remained.

“There were some hovels near, but I was afraid to venture under their shelter, for it was uncertain when we should march, and if I had no one to awaken me, I should have slept at least a round of the clock, and have awakened a prisoner, if some French dragoon did not prolong my sleep by taking my head off. About sunset the order came to parade in half-an-hour. An order also came that the soldiers were to be charged strenuously not to leave their ranks. If they were unable to keep up they might throw away their knapsacks, or even their arms, but no excuse would be admitted for leaving their ranks. We filed off and commenced our weary way ; it was heavy work. Most of us would rather have stood still and fought, but it is not for the soldier to choose his duty. It seemed an endless night. We often halted to allow stragglers to close up. The French were said to be near us. The food I had taken disagreed with me, and I was very poorly. I should have complained, had I not seen the brave men around me, who uttered no complaints. We were cheered by words of encouragement from our brave chief, Sir John Moore ; he had called us the best soldiers in the army ; I was one of these. So much for keeping good company.

“Long ere dawn I was completely done ; I could

walk no more. I slept as I stumbled along. I would have fallen, and indeed did slip more than once, and heard a kindly voice from one of the soldiers saying, 'Poor little Mr. Dundas, he is young for this sort of work.' The march lasted nearly twenty-four hours, from sunset one day to sunset on the following day. Utterly exhausted, I at last availed myself of the permission which had been given to discard arms, and threw my sword away. I did so reluctantly, but it was long, and I could only keep it from tripping me by holding it steady with my left hand, or carrying it under my left arm. I knew well enough that in battle there are weapons in plenty to be had, so I chucked my sword into a ditch and felt much relieved by its absence. Towards morning, having nearly fallen several times, I determined, at whatever cost, to have a sleep. I could not walk a step further, and lay down on the roadside, where in all probability I should have remained till aroused by the French advanced-guard, had I not been found by my gallant friend Captain N., who happened to be in command of the rear-guard. He carefully examined the roadside as he marched along, and, in spite of darkness, nothing escaped him. No doubt many men were lost that night, but they had either gone into houses, where they could not be found, or had wandered to a distance off the main road.

"I was awakened by a blow on the back and a loud voice calling out, 'Up, up, the French dragoons will be here in a minute! Up!' I sat up half-awake, my friend recognised me; 'My dear boy that I should strike you,' were his next words, and then, seeing how utterly done I was, he applied his

flask to my lips. A few drops of wine recruited me, and passing my arm through his he supported me as we walked along. He told me that I must exert myself, that this was our last stage, and that then we should halt, and give the French such a licking as we did at Vimeira. 'Come along, it will soon be daylight, think what your mother would feel if you did not return with the Regiment.' My mother! dear soul, she had said scores of times what the Grecian mother said to her son, 'Return with your shield, or on your shield,' but that was when I was safe at her side!

"We had to exert ourselves to gain the column. We were the last in the line of march, everything had passed us. Had the French possessed a body of chasseurs it would have been all up with us, but the French dragoon is not a very active fellow. We regained the rear-guard, and now my companion had his duty to perform of looking after stragglers. We came upon a party who were assembled in a house by the roadside. One room, I regret to say, was entirely full of officers; not one of my own corps, I am proud to add, was among them. They were sullen and inclined to be quarrelsome, but Captain N. put a stop to that very quietly. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I am captain of the rear-guard, and I have orders to leave none behind me; I order you immediately to rejoin your regiments, and I call upon you to assist me in my duty with the men.' There was no longer delay, the mob pressed on and joined the crowd of stragglers who encumbered the road.

"There was a good deal of grumbling among some of the groups. 'We are ready to fight, that's a soldier's work, not to be killed by hunger and cold,'

was the burden of the complaint. It was impossible but that some such grumbling should be heard, but on the whole the men plodded on in patient silence. By degrees we reached the rear of the column and I rejoined my own people.

“ At last day broke. It was no great relief. We saw each other’s haggard faces. The sight of a set of men who have been travelling during the whole night and are sleepy, unwashed, and unshorn, is not a pleasing one; add to this our long fast and three days’ beards. As soon as it was broad day the Division was halted, and the roll called; many were absent, but not more than might have been expected. The duration of our halt was uncertain; it depended upon the advance of the stragglers, and a long line was seen. By degrees many rejoined their regiments, and we continued our march, which was frequently interrupted by short halts to allow of the rear closing up, but which gave no time for repose. An absurd scene took place as we were marching on. A major in one of the regiments in our brigade saw a soldier drunk and disorderly leaving the ranks in spite of his serjeant. The major rode up and seized him by the collar; the soldier cocked his fire-lock, and was in the act of levelling it at the officer, when he was disarmed. At that moment Sir John Moore rode up, and on hearing the cause of disturbance, and that the man bore a bad character, ordered that he should be taken to the front of the column and shot as an example. Sir John rode on, the drunken soldier rolled along. The major, a very amiable man and the party really aggrieved, felt unwilling to take a hand in the punishment. The order had been a general one, and no one seemed to think the un-

pleasant duty devolved on him. At last a serjeant stepped forward to take charge of the prisoner. 'Go on, sir, go on.' No answer from the soldier, 'Go on, sir, to the front and be shot,' cried the serjeant. 'I won't go on, and I won't be shot,' from the soldier. The altercation continued for a while, but as no proper support was offered to the serjeant, I conclude he gave up the matter, as we heard no more about it.

"Towards sunset, January 9, we came in sight of the town of Betanzos. We were halted and formed in close column. Sir John Moore rode up and addressed the Division. He congratulated us on our appearance, (I could not take any share in that compliment,) and told us we were the best soldiers in the service, that we had borne the most fatigue, and had kept the most together, and that we should be the first to go on board ship. The luxury of a transport appears to me now no great recompence to valour, but it was to me a transporting prospect at that moment!

"As soon as we were dismissed I threw myself on the ground, and was asleep in a minute. My sleep was a short one. Even in those days of exhaustion order was maintained in the camp, and a party of 4 or 5 men under command of an officer was regularly told off from each company to go in search of wood for fuel. I was awoke by the serjeant saying, 'For duty, Mr. Dundas to take charge of a wood party.' I roused myself up and found the party waiting for me. With no very distinct idea of what I was to do we proceeded. We had no tools. Axes had long been discarded, so that had we found trees, which would not have been easy to do in the dark, they would have set us at defiance. Luckily for us, after

a few minutes' walk we came upon a hovel with a thatched roof; this seemed exactly suited for our purpose, and the soldiers fell like ravening wolves to the work of destruction. It was cold work looking on, and availing myself of some embers I found near the barn, I made up a blaze and sat down to watch the proceeding. Soothed by the warmth, I was soon sound asleep. How long I slept I know not, but I awoke when the fire burnt out, to find myself alone in the dark. The camp however was not far distant, and I made my way back in time to come in for my share of 'dough boy,' and then a good long sleep.

"The bugle at daybreak roused us to our toilet; it was that of a Newfoundland dog,—three yawns, a shake, and we were in the ranks.

"The Colonel addressed us. He said so many of the men and officers were so much fatigued, that permission was now given to such as chose to avail themselves of it, to proceed in front, and get on to Corunna as they best might.

"This would have been a very great privilege on the preceding march, as it might have been accomplished in one half the time, had we not been obliged to halt so frequently for stragglers.

"There was now no chance of seeing the enemy, for we were closing up to the army, and no hostile advanced guard would be likely to meddle with us. At first I felt unwilling to join the not 'fatigue' but *fatigued* party, but when I asked my Colonel if I had better go, his answer was a decided one, 'You are of no more use now, go and take care of yourself; you have done too much already.'

"The road was flat, so it demanded no great exertion to get on. The town of Betanzos, which we

had to pass through, was far from inviting; the poor inhabitants, released from the tumultuous society of a British army, were awaiting in terror the arrival of the French. I purchased some biscuits and went on my way, walking with difficulty, for my feet were sore, and I felt altogether very weak. I came to a hill, which to me seemed very steep. I doubted my power to get any farther, and seeing a green bank where the sun was shining, I sat down, and there I should probably have remained, had I not been observed by an officer on the staff,¹ who, seeing my sorry plight, begged of an artillery officer, who was passing at the time with some ammunition wagons, to give me a lift. I felt very thankful to mount on the wagon, for my legs felt fairly done.

“The distance from Betanzos to Corunna was said to be 15 miles. It was over an undulating country our road lay, and eagerly we looked out for the first glimpse of the sea, hoping to descry the transports which were to take us home.

“At last we gained an eminence from which we could view the ocean stretching far around, but alas! no fleet,—only one large vessel surrounded by a few small brigs. The disappointment was great, and wearily we jogged on to Corunna.² As we entered the town I met a brother ensign, and as our regiment had not yet come up, we had no quarters, and agreed to go together to an inn. We were directed to one, but with difficulty gained admittance. The land-

¹ The officers were Capt. R. Napier on the staff, and Lieut. Tom Dundas, R.A. In the year 1846 Capt. Napier, then adjutant-general in Dublin, told this story of how he had saved her father's life to Lady Lefroy, then Mrs. Mountain.

² The troops reached Corunna on the 11th January.—(Napier.)

lord did not like our appearance, and certainly we were ragged enough. Our epaulettes alone showed we were officers, and they were shabby enough and nearly black. However, rest and food were at length obtained. I would willingly have remained at the inn a second day, but I feared to appear to shrink from duty ; so, having purchased a pair of shoes and stockings, I rejoined my regiment, by this time in quarters outside the town.

“ We were comfortable enough, and received regular rations. Scarcely one officer possessed anything but the clothes on his back. The soldiers, most of whom had kept their packs, were the best off.

“ The transports were still not in sight, and the French, having repaired the bridges, took up position in front of our line. They had suffered little less than we had, and were quiet.

“ It is but justice to the French to observe that they usually are quiet, and do not make a trouble of a pleasure. If they are going to fight, why then they fight ; but otherwise they do not get up outposts and skirmishers, but remain peaceably in their camps.”

CHAPTER XVII

BATTLE OF CORUNNA

January 16th, 1809.

“ON the morning of the 16th January a report was brought that a number of ships were entering the roadstead. I turned out and saw seven or eight ships doubling the point. In a few minutes another squad appeared, and it was plain the transports were come. Hurrah for Old England! An order came for the regiment to parade the same evening half-an-hour after sunset. There could be no doubt of the object of that parade; our Spanish campaign was at an end; no more marching for a time!

“This must be a gala day in our company. We had been so ill-fed that anything in the shape of food had been made welcome; but at this, our last dinner on Spanish ground, we determined to go in for luxuries; and a bullock’s heart, and potatoes, constituted a meal fit to set before a king! The dinner was to be thoroughly enjoyed, for the large room in which we officers slept, and passed most of the day, being the only room in which there was a fireplace, our dinner was to be cooked in it, so we looked for the enjoyment of the savoury smell of the costly viand as the preliminary part of the pleasure. It takes a long time to roast a heart, for

it is deep, and the only way to cook it thoroughly is before a very slow fire. While our heart was roasting we could not afford to be idle, for a court-martial was ordered at mid-day, of which I was a member, as well as several of our officers.

“The court sat at one end of the long room ; the heart at the other. We progressed in our official work ; the heart got very savoury. The court was cleared for consideration. It was my first court-martial, and I, as youngest, had to give my opinion first ; two young cavalry-men followed, and, as they agreed with me, we formed the majority. The Captain left us to submit the decision to the Colonel ; and, as dinner was now ready, and we were more than ready, it was agreed that we should dine on his return. All was ready ; we heard the Captain’s returning footsteps ; but his first words told us our hope must be deferred a while : ‘Gentlemen, the court-martial is reversed, you must reconsider the sentence.’ It was now a quarter-past three. We reversed as rapidly as we could ; still, time was spent ; again the Captain was to take the sentence to the Colonel. A tremendous roar was heard ; no one knew whence it proceeded. Each man looked to his heart—the roasted one, I mean. I will not attempt to describe the noise ; it resembled that of multitudes of heavy carriages rolling over the paved streets. We were not long left in ignorance of the cause. The French artillery had arrived, and as the guns came up they were formed into a tremendous battery of nearly twenty pieces, and they opened with a salvo. The scene of action was an amphitheatre of hills, and the repeated reverberations drowned the original report of the

ordnance, and gave it that rolling sound which had surprised us.

“We were not allowed a moment’s pause, but turned out ; the men formed ; the companies joined the battalion, and were in full march for the scene of action within five minutes of the first alarm. So began the battle of Corunna, and, I may boldly say, that it is the first and last time that any part of the gallant 52d lost heart going into action !

“On leaving our quarters I cast a last longing look at the dinner, which, but for the reversed court-martial, would have been ours. We could not even get a sop in the pan.

“I was the youngest ensign, save one ; and I was put in possession of the regimental standard. We met the advance of the French army, which was hanging on to our flank ; they had expected no opposition, and were cheering gallantly ; the brisk attack of our splendid division stopped their pipe ! As far as we were concerned this was a most satisfactory battle. It came upon us suddenly. We were thinking of our dinners, and in a few minutes we were on our road to battle, and in a few more minutes the French were running away, having left a captain and about a dozen prisoners in our hands. Our share in the action was not important ; our battalion was weak ; our loss did not exceed fifty killed and wounded.¹ When the French were drawn back we formed line, and a few skirmishers kept up fire till after dark. We had not long been in line when the word was passed,—‘Sir John Moore is killed !’ It came by no regular report. Such a

¹ The 52d Regiment formed part of the Reserve under the command of Lieutenant-General E. Paget. See Napier’s *Peninsular War*.

piece of intelligence would have been suppressed, but it passed in a whisper along the line, from the centre where the fatal shot took effect. There were but few remarks; we believed the report to be but too true. Few mourned aloud, but all felt we had sustained a grievous bereavement—the service an irreparable one!

“It has been poetically said, ‘We left him alone in his glory’; but we did not leave *all* the glory which enshrouded him; much glory remained. His memory was engraved in the hearts of all true soldiers. His glory remained in the brilliant regiments he formed, and which became objects of emulation to the whole British Army.¹

“About seven o’clock we slowly returned, and reached the main road. We did not enter the town, but, keeping to the right, were formed into a line upon the sands, and soon heard the approaching flat-boats which were to take us on board. There was much delay, and it was ten o’clock when the embarkation began, and well on in the dark winter’s night when I jumped from the row-boat on deck of the transport which was to bear us home.

“Our voyage was a short one, which was fortunate; for, though we were now able to rest from our fatigues, we had no means of supplying ourselves with necessary clothing, and the ship’s fare was

¹ “I hope the people of England will be satisfied. I hope my country will do me justice,” were Sir John Moore’s last words. His corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Corunna. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours. Soult, with a noble feeling of respect for his valour, raised a monument to his memory. See Napier’s *Peninsular War*.

not suitable for men suffering from dysentery. I had worn the same shirt since the end of December, and in disgust at its dirt I threw it overboard the first night, forgetting that it might have been washed ; and so I was shirtless for the rest of the voyage."

CHAPTER XVIII

WALCHEREN EXPEDITION—1809

“**I**N July 1809 I was promoted to a lieutenancy, and became effective with the 2d battalion of the 52d, then stationed at Deal. I joined in perfect health, a few months' rest having sufficed to complete my recovery from the effects of my Spanish campaign. Soon after I joined, the 1st battalion was ordered to Spain, but we were sent to Shorncliffe; and when the expedition to Walcheren was undertaken, we were of the number. It was a splendid armament, and our hopes were high. It appeared as if the whole army and navy of Britain was determined to make a grand struggle. The Channel swarmed with armed craft, and those who were not under orders to embark wished to go as volunteers. I do not believe any one knew where we were going! No quarters were to be had within twenty miles of Deal. In those days of excitement many clergymen deemed it their duty to take to the sword; they became members of volunteer corps, and stood ready to assist in repelling an invasion, which was then looked for as an almost certain event. I knew more than one instance of young men who, having held deacon's orders, entered the army, and were sometimes addressed as the 'Reverend Cornet.' Both the men

I knew did honour to their former cloth. We marched from Shorncliffe to Dover, where we were to embark. The embarkation was speedily effected, and we were put on board men of war waiting to receive us. We sailed for the coast of Holland, and after a good passage anchored at the mouth of the Schelde opposite Ter-Nere, a small place, which was besieged and taken. We saw the whole transaction; it was chiefly bombardment, and we got sick of being so long idle.

“The report was that we were not to be employed in the operations against Walcheren, but were reserved for the great movement against Fort Lillo and Antwerp. It has since been known that, had we marched against that place at once, it might have been easily taken, as the only garrison consisted of a few veterans; but such an action demanded an active chief, and such unfortunately we did not possess in Lord Chatham; and, instead of making a bold movement forward, our time was frittered away in taking little places, which might have been kept in check by a single brigade. After a few days we sailed up the Schelde, and anchored off the island of South Beveland. It was now believed we were on the eve of a great undertaking, and Fort Lillo was fixed upon as our destination; but here we remained, and dull work it was. The ship was two miles from shore, and it was often difficult to land from the shallowness of the water. Our campaign began to assume a very languid character. Fort Lillo appeared to be forgotten. Some of our men took fever, though even that was not to the extent experienced in some of the islands. Every means had been resorted to by which the men could

be kept healthy. To good food and plenty of exercise I attribute my own health at that time. Now it was recommended that the soldiers should have a dram the first thing in the morning ; I need not say this order was submissively obeyed. One morning an unexpected order came for the regiment at once to be re-embarked. We remained on board ship for three weeks, much to the inconvenience of the officers and men of the ships in which we were quartered, but nothing could exceed the kindness and attention they paid to their compulsory guests.

“ Having waited to allow of the equinoctial gales blowing themselves out, we sailed for England, and so ended the Walcheren expedition—an altogether inglorious termination to our great expectations.”

CHAPTER XIX

REMINISCENCES OF THE PENINSULAR WAR—

1810-1814

“SOON after my return from the Walcheren expedition I was transferred to the Royal Dragoons, and joined my new regiment at York. In the autumn of 1810, we were sent to Portugal. We had a long passage. Before starting I was made caterer for additional comforts for the voyage, and was much laughed at for laying out £1 on ginger-bread. However, we had not been long at sea before my selection became a popular one. We met with a sharp gale in the Bay of Biscay, and when the storm lulled and my sea-sick comrades began to look up a little, I produced my stores of spicy gingerbread and some port wine, and I was declared the prince of caterers. On our way we were visited by two French privateers. It was blowing hard, with a heavy sea, so that the privateers could not come near us. I was the only officer not sea-sick, our chief was a brave man, but unable to raise his head from his pillow. I heard our master tailor in a piteous voice addressing him, ‘Oh, Captain B. ! oh, captain ! won’t you come up and fight the French for us?’ ‘Oh, yes,’ was the answer from a sofa, ‘Bring me a Frenchman *here*, and I’ll fight him for you.’ Luckily no French came to such close quarters. The privateers seeing

it was a troop-ship, shoved off. As soon as we reached Lisbon I joined my regiment, which was lying opposite Santarem. On the rich flat plain, within two miles lay the Light Division, with my beloved 52d. A man is always attached to his first regiment, and the feeling was peculiarly strong in all who had served in the Light Division. How many dear friends I there met—all, alas! no longer among us. My fine chum Booth killed at Badajos; Dawson, Douglas, both killed in the Pyrenees; the brave thoughtless Madden, who fell leading his men like a hero to the breach at Badajos. All brave and good, and all full of life and spirit then!

“In March 1811, the French left Santarem. I was on that day’s picket, and we followed the enemy, but did not overtake them. In the evening I was pushed across the river with my twenty men, and felt that I was somebody, and that the safety of the army depended on my vigilance. The enemy patrolled up to my vedettes during the night. I was glad when light appeared and I advanced, having lost one patrol in the dark. We pushed on, passing through the city of Torres Novas, and found a squadron of French dragoons drawn up outside the town. I turned to an old soldier near me and said, ‘Shall we charge them?’ The old dragoon looked aghast and answered, ‘For the love of God, don’t think of it!’ The enemy soon filed off, and in about an hour the British cavalry came up, and we followed up the French. The following ten days were of a sad character. For nearly 100 miles no living thing was seen. Most of the towns and villages were in flames; and in many of them the bodies of the few old people who could not fly, and

who had been murdered by the retiring French. It was a terrible scene of wanton devastation, and naturally the Portuguese revenged themselves on stragglers. No kind of food was to be purchased. Bread became a dainty, and as much as a dollar was given for a biscuit. Money was useless. Bread and brandy were alone of value. As we approached Spain, bread was brought in from the Spanish villages.

“In Spain the French did not plunder as they did in Portugal. There the cruelty to the peasants was so great, that Lord Wellington represented to Masséna, that if this conduct continued he would hand over all prisoners to the Portuguese! The French prisoners were protected by us as far as possible; but any stray Frenchman was killed by the Portuguese as vermin.

“One day I was confined to my tent with a boil, and, looking up from my bed, where my servant was doctoring me with mallow poultices, I saw a miserable Frenchman rush into my tent. He uttered a fearful cry as half-a-dozen peasants followed him. I sprang from my bed, and seizing a loaded carabine levelled it at the mob, who retired, leaving the wounded man to our care. We did what we could for him; but he died soon after, and was buried in the same grave with two wounded Portuguese, whose bodies were lying before the door. This exertion cured my complaint, and I was able to rejoin my troop the same day!

“We had now outmarched our supplies, and for five days were without bread, and for twenty days without corn for the horses, so that we were in a wretched condition. When the French retired into Spain we halted at Almeida, which was invested.

My regiment was sent to the rear, to get up the condition of men and horses. It was weary work waiting there. We had been hard worked, but this inaction was ten times worse.

BATTLE OF FUENTES D'ONOR, *May 5th*, 1811.

“On the 1st of May we received orders to rejoin the army immediately. Lord Wellington had taken up his position at Fuentes d'Onor. His object was to cover Almeida, which Masséna sought to relieve. The position was a good one, but there was no retreat. Had we been defeated, our cavalry and artillery must have been taken.

“The night before the battle, 4th May, I was on picket at Nara-da-bar. The guerilla corps of Don Julian was with us; the outpost duty was committed to them, and well they did it. At dawn of day we saw the advance of the French; it was magnificent. The sun breaking through a mist showed us the plain full of French soldiers, masses of infantry, and the brass helmets of the dragoons glistening as the rising sun shone on them.

“We retired to our own people, and as we came into action we witnessed the gallant conduct of Captain Norman Ramsay. As we advanced to charge, we saw him at the head of his guns, followed by French hussars, who were kept at bay by the mounted gunners. We charged, but all dispersed before us. We saw the plain covered by small parties of French and English cavalry. My horse got bogged and stopped me for a minute. As I was about to remount, I saw a French chasseur on his knees before a German hussar,¹ who was ham-

¹ Probably one of the Hanoverian contingent.

mering the flint of his pistol to shoot the chasseur, having missed him once. 'What are you about?' I called out. 'Oh, I shoot dis fellow, then he do no more mischief.' I could only save the poor chasseur by threatening to cut down the hussar, who rode off much disgusted. The Frenchman knelt before me, not to beg his life, but to thank me for it, and asked where he should go. I told him to do as he pleased; but to give me his sword, as my own was broken at the hilt. It was secured to his hand by a handkerchief instead of a sword-knot. I took the hint, and for the future tied my own with a silk handkerchief.

"The French soon came on in great force and drove us back. As we retired, a splendid line of infantry was seen on our right. It was the Chasseurs Britanniques, composed of Swiss and French. One man of my party was killed by their fire, he would not halt, as he was told to do; and fell, pierced by balls. The French, however, did not follow; and our line was formed, supported by squares of infantry. A cloud of skirmishers was seen approaching. Captain Oxenschild, of the Portuguese artillery, opened fire on them, and several shells were seen to burst among them. An officer was seen galloping forward, waving a white cloth. Of course the firing ceased. The officer rode up and said that the men fired on were part of the Brunswick contingent, who were dressed very like the French. Oxenschild was in despair. 'Ach, I am a lost man, to think that I shoot my dear brüder, my landsleute! I never can shoot again!' While the German captain's grief yet lasted, a second officer rode up, and seeing his woe, hastened

to comfort him. 'My dear friend,' he said, 'I rejoice to say that, singular as it may appear, not one man has been hit.' But now the distress became only more intense. 'What do you say? no kill nobody, my fine guns. I know they kill very much; bin very sorry, but kill they must, be it my land-leute or even my fader.'

"The chief point of attack was the village of Fuentes, on our left, which was repeatedly attacked, and was subjected to a heavy cannonade. The 71st and the 79th suffered severely. In the evening of this long day I was sent to the rear with orders. I met an old serjeant of the 79th. 'Well, serjeant,' I said, 'how goes it with the 79th?' 'Oh, sirs,' was the answer, 'it has been a sore day with the 79th. The kornal's killed, and a wheen fine laddies by the colours.' 'Who are they?' I asked; 'Och, young Macintosh was killed at the king's colours; and there was a cry, "A man for the colours o' the 79th!" and young Macdonald came. It was na long or a cannon ball took the head aff him; and they cried again, "A man for the colours o' the 79th!" and young Archie Frazer, he stepped out, and it was na long or he was whipped awa like the lave; and they cried, "A man for the colours o' the 79th!" and none came. And it passed along the line, "There's nane to tak' the colours o' the 79th"; and when the auld major heard it, he lappid fra' his horse, and he took the colours out of the hand of the serjeant, "It shall never be said, there's no a man to take the colours o' the 79th." And och, sirs, but it was grand to see the old gentleman as he stood to the colours of the old corps.' I have lately seen this anecdote in

Alison's *History of Europe*; but I give it as it literally happened to me, and well it remains in my mind, though forty years are come and gone since that day.

“The French did not retire till the 6th or 7th. On the 8th we moved into our old quarters, near the Aqueda. On the night of the 8th an explosion took place at Almeida. One nearly similar had taken place for several nights at the same hour, and nothing was suspected; but this one was the blowing up of the works at Almeida. At the same time the French garrison issued forth, and having observed the British posts accurately, they continued to pass through unobserved, or nearly so; but they could not have escaped had Lord Wellington's orders been obeyed. The 2d or Queen's, whose emblem was a lamb, remained in quarters that night instead of being at its post. The 4th, whose emblem was a lion, ought to have been posted at a ford on the Aqueda; but it also was absent from its post. Next day a good pasquinade appeared; ‘The lion slept, the lamb fed on green pastures, the eagle took wings and flew away.’

“About 1200 French left Almeida, and more than one-half escaped with their commandant, who was so exhausted as to be unable to sit on horseback without help.

“The route lay through Villa de Zyqua, and as the French were informed that the town was full of English dragoons, they turned aside. It was about six o'clock, and the men who were at stables jumped on their horses and pursued the garrison, and took many prisoners. An old quarter-master obtained the most valuable prize. He observed a Frenchman

had a ledger in the strings of his knapsack, and shrewdly supposing him to be a cashier, he got as near as he could to the column, and, watching his opportunity, he dashed at full speed on his prey, seized the ledger-man by the collar, and shaking the musket out of his hands succeeded in taking him prisoner, and found in his pack about 60 doubloons (£250). The quarter-master bore the appropriate name of Kite. I saw him some years ago in the town of Birmingham. Thus ended the Fuentes affair.

“In the close of 1811 I was promoted to a company in the 60th, and in March 1812 I got leave to join in England, when I exchanged into the 15th Hussars, and in the close of that year the regiment was ordered to Portugal. We reached Lisbon early in 1813. In May commenced that glorious campaign when Wellington out-manceuvred the French and walked them out of Spain.

“The 15th formed part of the corps under Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) which crossed the Douro, and came down on the line of the Esla, thus turning the strong position of the French on the Douro. We crossed the Esla on the 1st of June; it was a dangerous ford. About 100 men were carried away by the flood, and 20 of the infantry encumbered by their packs were drowned. I crossed with three or four infantry soldiers holding on by my stirrups or horse's tail. The pickets of French cavalry of 30 men were all taken, and next day at Toro the Hussar brigade attacked the French cavalry, and took above 200 men and horses with small loss.

BATTLE OF VITTORIA, *June 21st, 1813.*

“ On the 21st of June was fought the battle of Vittoria. I had the singular good luck to be within 20 yards of Wellington as he gave the order of attack—being under orders to attend him on his reconnoissance. After visiting different parts of the line we took post on a flat hill within cannon-shot of the enemy. It was sufficient in itself to inspire courage to witness the coolness with which he gave the orders. After about an hour I heard him say, ‘ Now let the Light Division advance, supported by Hussar Brigade.’ The French were on a conical hill. I was 200 yards behind the infantry, but we gained on them going up the hill, and reached the top together, but found no French. We were unfortunately halted, for we could have done good service had we been allowed to accompany the Light Division. They moved on, driving the French before them ; my dear friend, Captain Currie, was killed cheering on his men. We took, as is well known, nearly 150 guns, and all the baggage of the army, and much of the spoil which King Joseph was carrying off with him.

“ The Hussar Brigade was ordered to the left of the town of Vittoria. We passed through a mob of broken infantry. The ground was very irregular ; I was on the extreme right, and my troop was separated by a gravel pit from the other troops of the squadron. But on we went till I came to a brigade of French dragoons, formed in close column, at a distance of 200 yards. I at once gave the word ‘ turn about,’ and retired at a trot ; but an officer of the ‘ Chasseurs d’Élite ’ galloped out, and I

was obliged to face him, ordering my men to continue their retreat. I did not care for the job, but there was no choice. The officer and I met at full speed, and I saw no more of him; our swords clashed, and that was all. My horse dashed on at a furious pace, and I only stopped him when I came within 50 yards of the column. About half-a-dozen French dragoons followed me, when a strange scene took place. The plain was covered with parties of all sorts, and I saw one of the 15th attacked by three French dragoons. He rode well and received them, but I feared they would kill him before I could reach them, so at about 50 yards I uttered a fearful *skirl*; at once the three dragoons dismounted and gave him their swords. The hussar galloped away, and I never could discover this brave man's name. I was on horseback that day from 4 A.M. till midnight.

“The French retired, and we passed a great part of the winter in the Pyrenees.

“In the beginning of 1814 we entered France.

“The Duke was more strenuous than ever in his orders against plunder. He knew that our success depended on it. Even Soult began to see the policy of this, and hanged a great many soldiers. It is ever the case; a slack commanding officer is obliged to change his ways, and then he is ten times more severe than the strict one. I did all in my power to obey the orders of the chief, but I would not hear complaints against a soldier who civilly helped himself to food in his quarters.

“1814.—The battle of Orthes was fought on the 28th February. I saw the gallant Duke of Richmond lying shot through the body, and, as I thought,

mortally wounded. Near him, leaning against a wall, was a noble-looking French sapper, a splendid man. He had no one to aid him, and I asked him how I could serve him; he answered faintly, 'à boire.' I put my flask to his lips; he took a draught, and bowed gratefully. He was very near death.

"Two days before the battle of 'Toulouse' I was sent to ascertain whether or not the French were advancing on the road to Alby. I took a serjeant and six well-mounted men. On reaching the town we found the greatest alarm. Some carts of sick men had just passed through; while I was pursuing my investigations a picket of French Chasseurs entered the square. I had no time to spare in getting off with my men." . . .

The battle of Toulouse was won on the 10th April, but of this battle we have no reminiscences from the pen of the gallant writer, whose records of his Peninsular campaign are at this point abruptly concluded.

War was for the time at an end, and he returned along with the rest of the British army to England.

APPENDIX

A P P E N D I X

NOTE A.—P. 1.

CHARTER OF DUNDAS.

“Waldeus filius cospatricij omnibus probis hominibus suis et omnibus amicis suis tam futuris quam presentibus : salutem. Sciatis me dedisse et concessisse et hac carta mea confirmasse Helie filio Huctredi, Dundas, pro seruitio dimidij militis, illum et heredes suos tenendum de me et heredibus meis in feudo et hereditate, in moris, in aquis, in stagnis, in molendinis, in pratis, in pasturis, cum omnibus rectis diuisis et pertinencijs. Concedo itaque et uolo et precipio ut iste predictus Helias istam terram habeat et teneat tam quiete et tam libere et tam honorifice, ut nullus miles de barone tenet liberius et quietius et honorificentius in tota terra regis Scotie. His testibus : Johanne filio Orm, Waldeuo filio Baldwin, Roberto de Sancto Michael, Helia de Hadestandena, Willelmo de Copland, Willelmo de Hellebet, Aldano Dapifero, Gerardo milite, Johanne de Gragin.”¹

NOTE B.—P. 39.

EXTRACTS from a LETTER by ROBERT CARNEGIE, late of Ballindarg, to THOMAS DUNDAS, Esq., of Quarroll, 1767.

“SIR,—I heard it lately alleged that by reason of a chasm of some generations you could not prove your propinquity,

¹ The above is copied from vol. i. *Facsimile of Charters and Manuscripts, selected by Sir William Gibson-Craig, Lord Clerk Register of Scotland, 1867.*”

much less your being the Representative of Sir John Dundas of Fingask, who was knighted in the year 1633, son and heir of Archibald Dundas of Fingask, by Jean his spouse, daughter of David Carnegy of Colluthy ; and that your connection with the Bruces of Clackmanon, and some other families of good repute, were not so distinct as pretended.

“ Although I am not acquaint with you, I have access to know something to the contrary of these allegations.

“ I find the lands of Ballindarg in Parish and Regality of Kirriemure and Shire of Angus (once my property and designation) belonged to Sir John Dundas of Fingask, your great-grandfather, by Jean his spouse, daughter of Dundas of Dundas. For in the dispossession of these lands of Ballindarg to him, the said Sir John Dundas, by Mr. David Moncreif of Balcaskie, dated the 26th of March 1655, he is designed Sir John Dundas, sometime of Fingask. Charter, Sasine, follow thereon.

“ And by a Disposition from him, said Sir John of same Lands of Ballindarg, in favour of his son John, your grandfather, he therein designs him John, eldest lawfull son of the said Sir John Dundas of Fingask. The said dispossession is dated 25 March 1656. Charter and Sasine follow.

“ By a Contract of alienation past between Walter, Lord Torphichen, with consent of John Dundas of Ballindarg, as he is therein designated, on the one part, and John Carnegy, Provost of Forfar (my grandfather), on the other part, dated 4 October 1686, they dispone these lands of Ballindarg to the said John Carnegy. Charter and Sasine follow.

“ The said John Dundas of Ballindarg thereafter acquired the lands of Baldovie in Parish of Maryton, near Montrose in Angus, from which lands he thenceforth took his designation, to which he removed from Ballindarg, where both his father, Sir John Dundas of Fingask, and he himself had for some time resided. These frequent shiftings from Dundas to Fingask, and thence to those other lands above-mentioned, and thereby passing under different designations after the lands they at these periods of time possessed, may easily account for their originals not being so well known to many, and made a handle of for others to claim their being the stem of the Dundas family.

“ The said John Dundas, when in possession of Ballindarg, was married at the house of Innerquharity, in same Parish, to Magdalen, daughter of Allardice of Duninald, in Angus.

“Thomas Dundas of Baldovie, your father, was the son of said John Dundas of Ballindarg and Magdalen Allardice his spouse. The said Thomas Dundas married Bethia, daughter of John Baillie of Castle-Carry, by whom he had yourself and Sir Laurence Dundas, your brother. I think your mother had a brother who was Abbot at Ratisbon.

“Now, sir, whatever may be alleged to the contrary, it appears evident to me that there is no chasm in the descent from the old Dundas’s of Fingask, but that in the direct Male line you are the Representative and stock of the Dundas’s of Dundas and Fingask.

“I have a Letter, dated at Clackmanon 13th Nov. 1738, from the deceast Miss Janet Bruce, sister to the present Henry Bruce of Clackmanon, together with a copy of the Tree of that family drawn out by her own hand ; from this tree I observe that Elizabeth Bruce, daughter of David Bruce, the 4th Laird of Clackmanon, was married to Alexander Dundas of Fingask, and I think Sir John Dundas of Fingask, who purchased Ballindarg, was their grandson and heir.—Your most obedient servant.
(Signed) ROBERT CARNEGÝ.”

“EDINBURGH, ye 20th of Dec^{br.}, 1767.”

NOTE C.—P. 40.

CHARTER to BAILIE DUNDAS of the lands of Powfouls and Kirklands of Bothkenner, and changing the names thereof to *Fingask*.¹

“Charter in favour of Thomas Dundas of Fingask, Merchant, and late Bailie of Edinburgh, and Bethia Bailie, his spouse in life rent, and to Thomas Dundas, their eldest son, his heirs and assignees, heritably and irredeemably, of parts of the lands of Powfoulls, in the parish of Airth ; also parts of the lands of Bothkenner, with the kirklands thereof, etc., proceeding on resignation thereof by the respective owners, in terms of the

¹ *Register of the Great Seal*, Lib. 93, No. 103.

Disposition therein-mentioned, and changing the names and designations thereof into that of *Fingask* in all time coming.

“To hold of the Crown for the duties therein specified.”

Dated at Edinburgh 22d June 1732.

COPY of HIS MAJESTY'S SIGN MANUAL for the ARMS of
DUNDAS of FINGASK.

WHEREAS We are well assured of the Loyalty and affection of our trusty and well beloved Thomas Dundas of Fingask, Esqre., and it being represented to Us that he is desirous to have added to his coat of arms (argent a Lyon rampant gules) a double Tressure, flowered and counterflowered with flowers de Lis of the Last, with a Lyon and Eagle for supporters; therefore, and as a mark of our royal favour, We thereby authorise and order Our Lyon King at Arms in that part of Our Kingdom of Great Britain called Scotland, to give to the said Thomas Dundas as an addition to his said Coat of Arms (argent a Lyon rampant gules) a double Tressure flowered and counterflowered with flowers de Lis of the Last, with a Lyon and Eagle for supporters, for doing whereof this shall be a sufficient warrant to Our said Lyon King at Arms, and all others whom it may concern.—Given at Our Court at St. James, the 31st day of March 1769, in the 9th year of Our reign.—By His Majesty's command,—(Signed) ROCHFORD.

Superscribed by His Majesty.

COPY of the PATENT.

“To all and Sundry whom these Presents do or may concern. I, John Campbell Hooke of Bangeston, Esqre., Lord Lyon King at Arms, do hereby certify and declare that the Ensigns armorial pertaining and belonging to Thomas Dundas of Fingask, Esq., are Matriculated in the public Register of the Lyon Office, and are blazoned as on the margin, thus, viz., Argent, a Lyon rampant gules, within a double Tressure flowered and counterflowered, with flowers de Lis of the second. Above the shield is placed an Helmet befitting his degree, with a mantling gules, the doubling argent; and on a wreath of the tinctures is set for

Crest, a Lyon's head full faced, Crowned with a Ducal Coronet, and looking through a bush of oak, all proper—Motto, Essayez.

“Supporters. On the dexter, a Lyon rampant, and on the sinister an Eagle with his wings erected, both proper.—Conform to His Majesty's Royal Sign Manual bearing date at St James, 31st day of March 1769.

“Which Coat and Supporters above blazoned are hereby ratified, Confirmed, and Assigned to the said Thomas Dundas of Fingask, Esqre., and his heirs, as their proper Coat of Arms, and bearing in all time coming.

“In Testimony whereof these presents are subscribed, and my seal of Office appended thereto, at Edinburgh the sixteenth day of January, One thousand seven hundred and seventy-one years.—(Signed) RO. BOSWELL, Lyon-Deputy.

*The arms are blazoned on the margin
of the Patent.*

NOTE D.—P. 80.

EXTRACT from “MEMOIRS of SIR JAMES CAMPBELL of Ardkinglas, written by himself.” Published 1837.

“Not far from Craigforth there resided an old companion in arms, Colonel Dundas of Carron Hall. He had been sent as a Commissioner by the Government to settle the limits of the British frontiers in America. In this mission he was accompanied by Lady Eleanor Dundas. After they had been some time in the back settlements of America, Lady Eleanor gave birth to a daughter. Her ladyship's health being far from strong, she was induced to employ a Squaw of one of the aboriginal tribes as the infant's nurse. The infant was left with the Squaw, under the charge of a favourite servant; and such was the attachment which the whole tribe had formed for their little pale-faced guest, that it was not without great difficulty they were persuaded to part with her. When the party was about to return to England, a serious application was made for the restoration of the child; but she was not given up until

after a long negociation, with all the formalities required by the laws of the tribe. Certain casks of brandy were found to have considerable weight with the Indian plenipotentiaries; and on the part of the tribe the child was presented with a quantity of fur, so very valuable, that I have seen a muff worn by Lady Eleanor, formed out of a part of the present, which was said to be worth a hundred guineas. A large party of the tribe, accompanied by the nurse, insisted on carrying the child to the shores of the Atlantic—a distance of 500 miles—to the place where Colonel Dundas and his family were to embark for England.”

THIS book has been presented to the following Public Libraries, namely—British Museum, London; University Library, Cambridge; Bodleian Library, Oxford; Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; Trinity College, Dublin. Also to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, U.S.A.; to the University College, Toronto; and to the Provincial Library, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

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Author Dundas

Title Dundas of Fingask

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