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THE

CONSTABLE OF FRANCE;

AND OTHER

MILITARY HISTORIETTES.

BY

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"SECOND TO NONE," "CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD," ETC.

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PREFACE.

IT may be necessary to explain that the detached historiettes of which this volume is composed, are authentic, and are prepared from the notes which I have had occasion to make in the course of historical and other reading, while engaged on my military romances; and the success of a similar work, "The Cavaliers of Fortune," has induced me to make a second attempt of the same kind.

In the brief history of the Constable Buchan are detailed some of the events of a war in which the Scots engaged for the defence of France, events which are not related in ordinary histories of Scotland. It is a little record of the faith and valour of our forefathers in France, whose kings did well to request that the Scottish standard might be bordered by the double tressure of lilies, in memory of the old and to them extremely useful alliance.

Some of these sketches have already appeared in the pages of the *United Service Magazine*, &c.

The Memoir of General Wolfe appeared in that periodical, and was prepared from various sources; among others, the records of the War Office, and of the 12th, 20th, and 67th Regiments. Since then a volume has been dedicated to his achievements by another hand.

The Memoir of Sir Andrew Wood of Largo was a contribution to *Tait's Magazine* in 1852.

In the instances of Wolfe, André, Keith, and on many other occasions, I have to acknowledge the courtesy and kindness of the authorities at the Horse Guards and War Office, in affording me such information as I could obtain nowhere else.

The achievements of the Scots Fusilier Guards formed to me a tempting subject. The record here is necessarily brief, but it is as yet the only existing historical account of a regiment that has contributed its full share of valour to sustain the glory of the British arms on many a famous field—from the battles of the Covenant even to those of the Crimea.

26, Danube Street, Edinburgh,
April, 1866.

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THE CONSTABLE OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE OF JOHN OF COUL.

AT the head of Strathcromar, in Aberdeenshire, in a place surrounded by heath-clad hills, but of no great height, and not far from a vast morass, which in rainy seasons is converted into a lake, that is frequently covered by aquatic fowls, stands the ruin of the ancient castle of Coul, once an edifice of vast dimensions.

In the latter part of the last century, when the accumulated soil and verdure (that nearly covered these remains, and made them seem like large green mounds) were removed, there were found, as the old statistical account records, four gates and the basements of five round towers. Each of the latter was about eighteen or twenty feet in diameter, and the walls throughout are still fifteen feet thick, and built of solid stone and lime.

One of the gates was then entire, and topped by a Gothic arch of freestone. The castle was

found to have been square in form, with a frontage of fifty yards each way, and among its ruins were found a number of silver coins, bearing the inscription "*Alexander Rex Scotorum.*"

It crowns a rocky eminence near the old parish church, and was originally the stronghold and patrimony of one whose name is still remembered traditionally in the district as "the brave John o'Coul," whose career we propose to relate in the following historiette, for he was a stout and gallant soldier of royal lineage and heroic courage, who served his country and her ally, France, nobly and well, and shed his blood in one of the most important of their battles in the days of the Maid of Orleans—an old, old story now; but, as Thackeray says, "bravery *never goes out of fashion.*"

John Stewart of Coul, afterwards Earl of Buchan and Constable of France, was the youngest son of Robert, Duke of Albany, and of his second wife, the Lady Murielle, daughter of Sir William Keith, Great Marischal of Scotland (a knight of high reputation for honour and fidelity in the times of David II. and Robert II.), and he was born about the year 1380, or sixty-six years after the battle of Bannockburn, and while what we may well term the struggle of the Hundred Years' war, varied by an occasional truce as breathing-time, was still waged between the Scots and English.

His father, Duke Robert of Albany, brother of King Robert III. (whose baptismal name was John), on the death of that unfortunate monarch, became Regent of Scotland.

The terrible death of his eldest son, David, Duke of Rothesay, who fell a victim to the ambition of Albany in the castle of Falkland in 1402, made King Robert resolve to send his only remaining son, the young Prince James, then in his fourteenth year, to France. He embarked at the Bass Rock, but was treacherously captured by a large armed English ship off Flamborough Head; and, though the time was one of solemn truce between the countries, he was taken to London, and was afterwards detained by Henry IV. till manhood, in the castle of Windsor. The seizure was a lawless act, and caused much bloodshed; but Henry said, mockingly, "that the prince would be as well educated at his court as at the court of France, for that he understood French well."

On hearing of these tidings, says Balfour in his "Annales," King Robert, "being at supper in his castle of Rothesay, in the Isle of Bute, was so surprised with griffe and sorrow of heart, that he expired within a few hours thereafter, on the 4th day of Appryle, 1406, being Palm Sunday, in the sixteenth year of his raigne, and was solemnly interred at Pasley Abbey."

Little knew the poor old king that the whole

affair had been concerted between Henry and Albany, who was now chosen Regent by the Parliament at Perth—a declaration having first been made that the crown belonged by right to James, Duke of Rothesay and Earl of Carrick, then a prisoner among the English; and Albany, we may easily suppose, was in no haste to shorten the captivity of his nephew, whose detention abroad strengthened his own power at home. Cruel, grasping, and ambitious, Albany was yet regular in the administration of such laws as the Scots of those days would submit to, and in the levy of such taxes as they cared to pay; so time glided on, he was virtually king of Scotland, while James I.—the good and gentle poet king—pined a captive in the tower of Windsor. The period of peace which ensued was very beneficial to Scotland, long wasted, as she had been, by the atrocious wars of the Edwards.

In 1406 Duke Robert named his son John of Coul, as a hostage to proceed to England, in lieu of Archibald, Earl of Douglas, who had been taken at the battle of Homildon, and who had since been fighting in Hotspur's ranks at Shrewsbury; but Henry could not forget that the Earl had slain several of his friends with his own hand, overthrown the royal standard, killing Sir Thomas Blunt, its bearer, and was next about to kill himself; so all negotiations for Douglas's release at that time proved

abortive, and John of Coul remained in Scotland.

On the 12th of March, a month before his death, the old king, Robert, had bestowed upon his nephew John Stewart, then somewhere about his twenty-sixth year, the post of High Chamberlain of Scotland, an office which gave him the duty of collecting the revenues of the Crown, and disbursing the money necessary for the king's expenses and the maintenance of his household; and one of the Regent's first acts on the 2nd of May, a month after the king's death, was to convey to his son, John of Coul, the earldoms of Buchan and Ross.

"The Letters Patent under the Great Seal granting the office (of Chamberlain) to Stewart, designate him laird or lord of Buchan only; and by the same designation he appears in a grant from his great-grandfather, Sir William Keith, the Marischal, and Margaret Frazer, his grandmother, of the lands of Touch and the sheriffship of Stirlingshire, which sufficiently prove that the territory of an earldom *did not* at that time convey jurisdiction in Scotland."

Murdoch Stewart, Earl of Fife, the eldest brother of our hero, had been taken prisoner, with many more of the Scottish noblesse, in 1402, at the battle of Homildon, which was fought between Douglas and Hotspur, and he was long detained in England after his companions had

achieved their liberty by the payment of ransom. Albany, though caring little about the release of his nephew the king, already manifested an increasing anxiety to procure the liberation of his eldest son, with the view of transferring to him the Regency of the kingdom, in case of his own demise. Negotiations for the purpose had been frequently opened with Henry IV.; but he, desirous of peace with Scotland while warring with France, contrived to amuse the Regent with promises which he never meant to fulfil. In 1408, however, the young Earl of Buchan was named as one of the hostages who were to take the place of Earl Murdoch in England; but, as Rymer records, though a safe-conduct was sent for these hostages, the transaction went no further.

The office and jurisdiction of Earl were, in this year, first conveyed to John Stewart by a charter recorded in the Rolls of his father, the Regent; and in 1413 he married his cousin, the Lady Elizabeth Douglas, second daughter of Archibald, fourth Earl of Douglas, who, some time after the battle of Shrewsbury, had permanently purchased his liberty from the English by the payment of a high ransom, and had once more assumed his high place at the Court and Council in Scotland.

The Regent had obtained the earldom of Ross for his favourite son, through the resignation of Euphemia (heiress and daughter of Alexander

Leslie, Earl of Ross, by the Princess Isabella, daughter of Albany by his first marriage), who was deformed and sickly, and whom he induced to take religious vows—a resignation which, in after-years, led to the invasion by the Western Islemen, the great battle of Harlaw, and the annexation of the earldom of Ross to the Crown.

By his matrimonial alliance with the powerful house of Douglas, the young Earl of Buchan obtained extensive possessions, among which were the lands of Stewartoun, Ormsheugh, and Dunlop, in the bailiwick of Cunningham; Trabuage, in the earldom of Carrick; Tullyfraser, in Stirlingshire, and Tillycoultry, in Clackmannan. Ross alone was "a noble territory, which included the Isle of Skye and a district in the mainland, equal in extent to a little kingdom."

A portrait, said to represent the Earl about this period of his life, was in possession of David Stewart, sixth Earl of Buchan (of the house of Erskine), and was engraved in 1792. It is rather apocryphal, though inscribed "The Constable Jn. E. of Buchan," and represents a handsome young man, with a long straight nose, and short curly beard and moustache, in complete armour, with an open helmet and flowing plume.

In 1415 his brother, Earl Murdoch, was released or exchanged for young Henry Percy (son of the gallant Hotspur), who was a prisoner, or exile rather, in Scotland.

The weakness of Murdoch's character soon became apparent to his father, and in the following year a negotiation was opened with Henry to permit James I. to return for a time to Scotland, leaving in England a sufficient number of hostages to insure the payment of 100,000 marks if he broke his parole.

On receiving letters of safe-conduct, the Earls of Fife and Buchan, Douglas, and other lords, with the bishops of St. Andrew's and Glasgow, repaired to Henry's court to complete the treaty, a task in which they completely failed. "Henry," says Tytler, "suddenly became cool, and interrupted the negotiation, so that the unfortunate prince saw himself at one moment on the eve of regaining his liberty, and being restored to the kingdom which was his rightful inheritance, and the next remanded back to his captivity, and once more condemned to experience the misery of that protracted hope which sickens the heart."

One of the secret springs of action in the vacillation of Henry in this and other instances, has been fully explained by Tytler in his historical remarks on the supposed death of Richard II., who was then believed to have escaped into Scotland, where he was fostered and protected by the Regent Albany.

Soon after Buchan's return to Scotland, Henry of England, ambitious and warlike, put himself at the head of an army to enforce his absurd and

inadmissible claim to the crown of France, as the representative of Isabella, queen of Edward III. In his great Council at Westminster, in April, 1415, he announced that it was his firm purpose, "by the grace of God, to recover his inheritance."

With his knights and archers he was soon before the walls of Harfleur, closing them up "with English dead." Agincourt followed, with all its glories, prisoners, and booty, the successes of Henry being greatly aided by the distracted state of France, which was rent between two rival factions, led by the Dukes of Burgundy and Orleans; the unfortunate Charles VI. being alternately the prisoner of each, while the luckless Dauphin, the scoff of both, was a fugitive, and in constant danger of destruction.

While such was the state of France, the wily old Regent of Scotland, Robert Duke of Albany, died in the castle of Stirling on the 3rd of September, 1419, in his eightieth year; and Murdoch, his eldest son, succeeded him in his titles and Regency.

In the same year, while a war was raging on the borders between Scotland and England, the Duke of Vendôme arrived as ambassador from Charles the Dauphin, craving assistance from the young Regent against King Henry, and the boon was not sought in vain.

The Scots had beheld with natural jealousy and alarm the success of the English arms in France.

If her old ally fell in the struggle, Scotland *might* follow, and hence it was resolved to send her succour; and it is somewhat singular that the first signal defeat which the English sustained on the soil of France they received at the hands of their fellow-islanders.

CHAPTER II.

BUCHAN PROCEEDS TO FRANCE WITH A SCOTTISH ARMY.

AFTER the assembling of the Parliament, it was resolved to send to France an auxiliary force under Sir John Stewart, Earl of Buchan.

The transports to be furnished by France, by Don Juan II., king of Castile, and the Infant of Arragon (afterwards Alphonso VI.), who were in alliance with Scotland, and promised to lend a fleet of forty sail.—(*Rymer's Fœdera.*)

Henry, who had now returned home, became seriously alarmed on hearing of these preparations, and instructed his brother, the Duke of Bedford, who acted as his Regent in France, to use every means for intercepting Buchan and his Scots at sea; but these orders came too late, and in 1420 the Earl embarked with a body of troops, stated by Buchanan to be seven, and by Balfour in his "Annales" to be ten, thousand men, on board the Castilian and Arragonese carracks and row-galleys, which came by the west coast of England to the Scottish waters, from whence they made a prosperous voyage to France.

The following were among the noblesse wh
accompanied the Earl of Buchan:—

Sir John Stewart, of Darnley, constable of th
Scottish troops, afterwards slain at the siege o
Orleans in 1429.

Archibald Douglas, Earl of Wigton (afterward
fifth Earl of Douglas), Lord of Longueville an
Marshal of France.

Sir Henry Cunninghame, third son of Si
William of Kilmaurs.

Sir Robert Houston.

Sir Hew Kennedy, of Ardstinchar, second so
of Sir John of Dunure.

Sir Alexander Buchanan, of that Ilk; killed a
Verneuil.

Sir John Swinton, of Swinton, and of tha
Ilk; killed at Verneuil.

Sir John Carmichael, of that Ilk; ancestor o
the Earls of Hyndford.

Sir Alexander Macauslan, a knight of th
Lennox.

Sir William Crawford, of Crawfordland; kille
at the siege of Clavell in 1424.

Sir Robert Stewart, of Railston.

Sir Robert Maxwell, of Calderwood; died of hi
wounds at Chinon.

All these knights and their followers ha
served in the long and bloody defensive war
against England, and all were accoutred in th
order of Scottish armour and arms, which by th

laws of that period were plate mail from head to heel, for every man possessed of land yielding an annual rent of £20, with battleaxe, two-handed sword, iron mace, or spear. Persons of inferior rank, worth only £10 of yearly rent, or £50 in goods, had to provide themselves with helmet and gorget, vambrace, rerebrace, corslet, and greaves. —(*Acts of Parliament*, vol. ii.)

Of the constitution of the Scottish troops in those days we may obtain some light from the orders drawn up thirty-five years before by Robert III., to regulate the movements of his combined French and Scottish forces.

Pillage was forbidden under pain of death. Any soldier killing another was to be instantly executed; any soldier striking a gentleman was to lose his hand or his ears; any gentleman defying another was to be put under arrest. If knights rioted, they were to be deprived of their horses and armour; whoever unhorsed an Englishman was to have half his ransom; and every French and Scottish soldier was to wear a white St. Andrew's cross on his back and breast, which, if his surcoat was white, was to be broidered on a square or circle of black cloth. Such were some of the regulations for the Scottish troops in the early part of the fifteenth century.

The Spanish fleet landed Buchan and his army at Rochelle in the summer of the year. From thence they marched at once to aid the Dauphin,

who was then about to attempt the reduction of Languedoc, and who, by a courier, informed the Earl that he had been deceived by the pretended reconciliation at Pouilly le Fort with the Duke of Burgundy.

Unfortunately, the latter was accidentally assassinated during a conference at the bridge of Montereau-Faut-Yonne — a circumstance which inflamed the people greatly against the Dauphin, who was supposed to be accessory to the deed; and in many cities it caused the Prince of Wales to be acknowledged as presumptive heir to the crown of France, where the English troops, under the Duke of Clarence, were rapidly reducing every place and province to subjection.

To Buchan and his Scots were assigned the town and castle of Chatillon, in Touraine.

They soon came to blows with the English and their Burgundian allies; and in one of their earliest encounters Sir Robert Maxwell, of Calderwood, was mortally wounded. He made his will at Chinon, 7th September, 1420, bequeathing, among other items, his coat of mail to his cousin John Maxwell, and to his little page ten pounds. Dying soon after, he was interred in the church of the Friars Minors at Angers.—(*Hist. of the Maxwells.*)

The successes of the Scottish auxiliaries so greatly enraged King Henry, that he insisted upon his royal captive, James I., accompanying

him in his *next* expedition to France, where, *in the Scottish king's name,* Buchan and his troops were ordered to abstain from all acts of hostility.

To this they all declined obedience, and the Earl replied,—

"That so long as his sovereign was a captive, and under the dominion of others, he did not feel himself bound to obey him."

This resolution inflamed Henry's wrath, and served to prolong the captivity of James I., and to afford the English a pretext to treat as rebels all Scots who fell into their hands.*

"We know," says Tytler, "from the chamberlain's accounts, that immediately after the death of Robert III., Albany obtained possession of Richard II. In this way, by a singular combination of events, while the Scottish governor held in his hands the person who, of all others, was the most formidable to Henry, this monarch became possessed of James I. of Scotland, the person of all others most dreaded by the governor. The result was, that Albany and Henry, both consummate politicians, in their secret negotiations could play off their two royal prisoners each against the other, Albany consenting to detain Richard so long as Henry agreed to keep James."

* Thirty Scots, who were found in the town of Meaux, Henry slaughtered in cold blood, alleging "that they bore arms against their own king."

To Buchan and his Scots was entrusted the defence of the province of Anjou, while to Tannegui de Chatel and other distinguished leaders was assigned the command of the French troops in Tours.

Prior to the arrival of Buchan, we read (in Walsingham and the Histoire du Roy Charles VI.) of a Scottish garrison in Fresnoi-le-Vicomte, under Sir Thomas Quelsetray and Sir William Douglas, of Drumlanrig, making a desperate resistance to the English under Henry. In one sally a hundred Scots were killed; the banner of Douglas was taken, and, by Henry's orders, was hung as a trophy in the church of our Lady at Rouen; but the Scots defended themselves in Fresnoi for fully eighteen months, until their countrymen landed at Rochelle, which so exasperated the King of England, "that though he made several short truces, sometimes with the Dauphin and sometimes with the Duke of Burgundy, he would never allow the garrison of that place to be comprehended in any of them."

The knight of Drumlanrig was afterwards killed in the service of France in 1427.

CHAPTER III.

BUCHAN SLAYS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE, AND GAINS THE BATTLE OF BAUGÉ, IN ANJOU.

THE Duke of Clarence, who had been appointed nor of Normandy, after being joined by Sir Thomas Beaufort and two Portuguese captains of free lancers,—on Easter-eve (says Monstrelet's Chronicle, edited by Johnes), marched his army towards the county of Anjou, to combat a large body of Scots and Dauphinois, under the Earl of Buchan, Maréchal the lord de la Fayette, who was Seneschal of the Bourbonnois, the Vicomte de Narbonne, and others.

On the 22nd of March, just as the Duke had sat down to dinner, he was informed by some Scottish foragers whom his horse had captured, according to one authority, by Andrea Fregosa, an Italian deserter, according to others, that the forces of Buchan were encamped in his vicinity, at Baugé, a small town twenty-two miles eastward of Angers.

"Let us attack them!" said Clarence, springing from the table; "they are ours; but let none follow me, save the men-at-arms."

With all his knights and cavalry he set forth; "himself," says Buchanan, "besides his other gallant furniture and armour, wearing on his head a royal diadem, set with many jewels," and pushing on, he left the Earl of Salisbury to follow with 4,000 infantry and archers.

The Scots and French, we have said, were at Baugé, situated on the Couanon, which is there crossed by a bridge, and the plan of the encounter which ensued there bears a strong resemblance to that of the battle of Stirling, in which Wallace defeated the Earl of Surrey, and slew the barbarous treasurer Cressingham—a similitude that has not escaped M. Michel in his great work, "Les Ecossais en France."

The Couanon, a rapid river, separated the armies of Buchan and Clarence, and an old narrow bridge, that dated probably from the days of Fulk, Count of Anjou, was their only means of approaching each other.

Under Stewart of Darnley and the Sieur de la Fontaine, Buchan had by chance despatched a party to reconnoitre, and these coming suddenly in sight of Clarence's advancing troops, were driven in, or fell back in time to warn the Scottish leader that the foe was at hand.

"*To your arms!*" was now the cry.

Buchan and others were soon armed and accoutred; and drew up in order of battle in front of the town. Clarence, inspired by anger

to find the passage was to be disputed by the Scots, and, says Sir Walter Scott, "that this northern people should not only defend their own country from the English, but also come over to give them trouble in France, had made a hasty march to surprise them."

In the words of Shakespeare (*Henry V.* Act I. :—

> "There's a saying, very old and true,—
> 'If that you will France win,
> Then with Scotland first begin:'
> For once the eagle England being in prey,
> To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
> Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
> Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
> To spoil and havoc more than she can eat."

Leaving Salisbury to make the best of his way by a ford elsewhere, and turn the Scottish flank, if he could, Clarence came on with a glittering array of knights and men-at-arms, riding at their head in his magnificent armour, and with the coronet of jewels encircling his helmet, he advanced, sword in hand, to force the passage of the bridge.

To Sir Robert Stewart, of Railston, with thirty archers, was intrusted its defence; and just as the skirmish began, Sir Hugh Kennedy, who was quartered in ac hurch close by, rushed forth with a hundred Scots, who, in their hurry, were but half-armed, but who, by a shower of arrows, drove the English back; and now Buchan pressed

forward at the head of 200 chosen horse, and in the narrow passage of the old stone bridge there ensued a dreadful and, to Clarence, most disastrous conflict. Flushed by the memory of the hundred years of war that had been waged between their countries, the English and Scots met in the shock of battle, as they alone could meet each other. The former, to quote Buchanan, "took it in great disdain, that they should be attacked by such an implacable enemy, not only at home, but beyond the seas; so they fought stoutly, but none more so than Clarence himself, who was well known by his armour."

Distinguished alike by his coronet of jewels, his princely bearing and heroic courage, Clarence was almost immediately assailed by Sir John Carmichael, of that Ilk, who, with helmet closed and lance in rest, rode at him with such fury that he shivered the shaft of his weapon on the breastplate of the Duke, who was next wounded on the face by Sir John Swinton of Swinton; then, just as he was falling from his horse, the Earl of Buchan dashed out his brains by an iron mace. Godscroft styles it "a steell hammer."

Infuriated by his fall, the bravest of his knights and men-at-arms came crowding over the bridge to avenge him; but were thrown into confusion and cut to pieces by the Scots, who continued to slay the fugitives till night came on. Monstrelet records that about 3,000 English fell;

Buchanan limits this number to 2,000, and the prior of Inchcolm to 1,700, adding that the French lost twelve, and the Scots only *two* men, which seems barely credible, as Monstrelet's Chronicle states that the Dauphinois lost 1,100 men, among whom were the good knight Charles le Bouteiller, son of the lord of St. Charlieu, Sir John Yvorin, Garin des Fontaines, and others.

Among the English there fell the Earl of Kyme,* "the Lord de Roos" of Hamlake, and Sir John Grey of Heton. John Beufort, Earl of Somerset (whose sister Jane was afterwards queen of James I.), the Earl of Dorset, and Henry Holland, Earl of Huntingdon (son of Richard II.'s half-sister), and two hundred more, with their horses and armour, fell into the hands of Buchan.

The English lamented most their gallant Duke of Clarence, whose body Buchan permitted the Earl of Salisbury and John the Bastard of Clarence to bear away unmolested. It was conveyed to Rouen, and from thence to England, where it was interred in the cathedral of Canterbury, at the feet of his father, Henry IV., as the duke had directed by his will.†

After the battle, Sir John Stewart of Darnley bought Clarence's jewelled coronet from a Scottish soldier for 1,000 angels; and Sir Robert Houston

* Gilbert de Umfraville, titular Earl of Angus, in Scotland.

† Johnes, note to Monstrelet.

afterwards lent him 5,000 on it. Buchanan of Auchmar asserts that Sir Alexander Buchanan of that Ilk slew Clarence, and bore the coronet out of the field on the point of his spear, in memory whereof there was added to his armorial bearings "a hand coupé, holding a duke's coronet, with two laurel branches, wreathed, surrounding the same, which addition was retained by the family of Buchanan in all times thereafter." George Buchanan, in his "History of Scotland," on the authority of the lost "Book of Pluscardine," assigns the glory to Sir Alexander Macauslan, who "took the diadem" from Clarence's head.

To Sir John Carmichael, in memory of shivering his spear on the duke's corslet, were added to his armorial bearings a dexter hand and arm, bearing a broken spear; but the honour of unhorsing the duke was shared by another, and hence the last minstrel sings how—

> "Swinton laid the lance in rest,
> That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
> Of Clarence's Plantagenet."

To Sir Hugh Kennedy's shield the King of France added *azure* three fleurs-de-lys *or*, in memory of his defence of the bridge; and these are borne alone by Kennedies who are descended from him.

For this signal service, almost the first solid check met by the English since the glorious day

of Agincourt, the Earl of Buchan received the sword and office of Constable of France, which had been last held by Charles, Duke of Lorraine, and which the Dauphin sent to him from Tours, where he first heard of the victory.

Such was the battle of Baugé, in Anjou, which was fought on the 22nd March, 1421.

The office of constable (according to Mr. Hill Burton) "was considered too formidable to be always full, and seems to have been reserved, like the Roman dictatorship; and that hour of emergency and of destitution of native spirit must have been dark indeed, when its highest dignity, and also the custody of the honour of the nation, were together conferred upon a *stranger*. The dignity was followed by princely domains and castles stretching over the territory between Avranches and Chartres. These the new comer (Buchan) seems almost to have taken into his own hand, for the French authorities speak of his putting himself in possession of the castle of Chartres after the battle of Baugé."

But both castle and city fell afterwards into the hands of the English, who held them until expelled by the brave Dunois in 1432.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONSTABLE IN SCOTLAND—THE SCOTS ROUTED IN HIS ABSENCE.

THE field of operations in Anjou being now left entirely to the Scots and Dauphinois, the heir of France, the future Charles VII., with the Constable Buchan and the Duke of Alençon, recaptured several places from the English in the counties of Perche and the Chartrain, the Earl of Salisbury, who had now succeeded Clarence in authority, not having sufficient force to oppose them.—(*De Mezeray*, &c.)

The Constable laid siege to the strong old fortress of Alençon, which stands on a wide plain on the north bank of the Sarthe, and which had fallen into the hand of the English five years before. At the head of his Scottish men-at-arms and pikemen he was pushing on the siege when Salisbury, with his English knights and archers, marched to its relief, but did not feel in sufficient strength to attempt it, as the Scots were strongly posted, and, moreover, were flushed by their recent victory.

Salisbury thus retired, and Buchan, who had

grown weary of the protracted investment, fell suddenly on his army, and cut off about four hundred men.

At the head of his Scots and French he afterwards captured the town of Avranches, in Normandy; but the English retook it again, and retained it until 1450.

Towards the end of February, 1422, a great body of the allied troops came from the county of Berry, under the command of Buchan, the Count of Aumale, the Viscounts of Narbonne and d'Annechy; but, according to Monstrelet, after marching 6,000 men within six leagues of Meulan, which they meant to besiege, "a quarrel arose among the leaders, so that they broke up in a very disorderly manner, and departed without advancing further." This quarrel probably originated in the Viscount of Narbonne's jealousy of Buchan, an unworthy sentiment, by which he afterwards lost the battle of Verneuil and his own life. In this affair there is a discrepancy between Monstrelet and Rapin, who alleges that the quarrel was with Sir John Stewart.

The besieged in Meulan, on finding that the Scots and French had retired without succouring them, in their rage tore down the banner of King Charles, and on the battlements many gentlemen rent to pieces the crosses which they had worn as badges of their loyalty.

The retreating troops meanwhile lost many

men from desultory attacks of the English. After a treaty concluded with the Earl of Salisbury, the famous Sir John Fastolfe and others, Meulan surrendered, and its garrison swore fealty to the English Regent.

About this time the Scots in Berry seemed to have carried matters with a high hand, for Michel records that they hanged up eight peasants to revenge themselves for being robbed in the vicinity of the place where they were found.

The weak and slothful character of Murdoch, Duke of Albany, together with the feuds and quarrels that broke out over all Scotland during his regency, compelled the Earls of Buchan and Wigton, with several other knights, their companions, now to return home, leaving Sir John Stewart of Darnley as commander, or, as he was styled, Constable of the Scots in France.

Surviving his adversary, Henry V. of England, by only two months, Charles VI., "the well-beloved," died on the 21st October, 1422, and the Duke of Bedford (John of Lancaster, an eminent soldier and statesman, whose name the future persecution of the Maid of Orleans covered with disgrace) ordered young Henry VI., his nephew, to be proclaimed King of France, whilst the Dauphin, now Charles VII., to whom the Scots adhered, was mockingly called "the King of Bourges," for the English and Burgundians had all Normandy, with the best provinces of

France, and all the land between the Scheldt and the Loire. The Scots guards, of whom Darnley was now captain,* were with the Dauphin at the castle of Espailly, near Du Puy, in Auvergne, when tidings came of the old king's death. The first day Charles VII. put on mourning, on the second he appeared clad in scarlet at the mass in the chapel, when he set up the banner of France, on which all the knights and nobles present waved their pennons of arms, and cried, "Vive le Roi!"

All the princes of the blood and bravest captains in France adhered to Charles VII., and his affairs were seeming to prosper, when there came to court bad tidings of his Scottish auxiliaries at Crevant, and though that matter has no immediate connection with the Constable Buchan, we may be pardoned narrating it here.

Monstrelet, though usually pretty correct in his details, mentions that "in the beginning of the month of July, 1423, king Charles ordered a large body of forces to cross the Loire and besiege the town of Crevant. The chief of this expedition was *the Constable of Scotland.*" But this is

* It is about this time we begin to find the French mode of spelling the name of the Scottish royal family. "24th March, 1422. *Jean Stuart,* Seigneur d'Arnelay et d'Aubigné: —*Jean Stuart,* Seigneur d'Aubigné, fils du précédant, &c. —*Robert Stuart,* cousin du précédant, Seigneur d'Aubigné, fait maréchal de France en 1515."—*Liste des Commandeurs de la Compagnie des Gendarmes Escossois, depuis son Institution.* Père Daniel, 1727.

merely a mistake for constable of the Scots in France, as it is Stewart of Darnley he refers to. He was a brave soldier, but so deficient in military skill that the Scots had reason to deplore the absence of their leader, the Earl of Buchan. Rapin states that the forces which crossed the Loire were led by the Maréchal de Severac; but he simply commanded the French.

Crevant, which they besieged, is in the district of the Auxerrois, and the river Yonne lay between them and the united English and Burgundians, whom Hall estimated at 15,000 men, on whose approach Stewart drew up his army in order of battle on a hill, having the invested town in his rear, and in front the stream, with the stone bridge by which it was crossed.

The Duchess of Burgundy, then at Dijon, had urged that the town should be saved from the Scots if possible, whereupon the Lord de Toulongeon, Marshal of Burgundy, joined his forces to those of the Earls of Salisbury and Suffolk, with whom where Robert Lord Willoughby of Eresby (one of the heroes of Agincourt, afterwards Earl of Vendôme) and many others.

The weather was sultry, and they suffered much on their march by the weight of their armour and the extreme heat of the sun. Many of the gendarmerie marched on foot, leading their horses by the bridle.

As they advanced towards Crevant, sixty Eng-

lish and sixty Burgundian men-at-arms, with as many archers, were thrown forward as scouts. Every English archer was provided with a stake, having two sharp points, to plant in the earth, if necessary, to ward off cavalry, like the Swedish feathers of later times. Solemn mass was heard in Auxerre; the English and Burgundians "drank a cup in much brotherlike affection," and departed to fall upon the Scots and French, who had been under arms all night, and towards whom they advanced in handsome array, as the old governor of Cambrai records, at ten o'clock on the morning of Saturday.

Sir John Stewart had under his orders 3,000 Scots, with a few French under the Maréchal de Severac, the Lords of Estissac and de Ventadour. With their troops in solid array on the slope of the hill, with all their armour shining in the summer sun, he and those leaders sat quietly on horseback, while the adverse forces surveyed each other for three hours, after which they tamely permitted the English and their allies to defile across the bridge of the Yonne and then to arrange their squares of foot and squadrons of men-at-arms, when they ought to have occupied the *tête-de-pont* with cannon and crossbowmen, or have attacked them when half their strength was over! The most simple lessons of military art and tactics were forgotten by their leadres, and most disastrous was the result!

Without striking a blow, nearly the whole of the French under the Maréchal de Severac fell back, and left the field to the Scots, who tood firm.

Overwhelmed and overlapped by the superior strength of the English and Burgundians in front and on both wings, galled in the rear by a sudden sortie from Crevant, the poor Scots soon fell into disorder. To do him justice, Stewart fought bravely to repair his error; but losing an eye in the melée by a sword-thrust through the visor of his helmet, and becoming blinded with blood, he surrendered himself to Claud de Beauvoir, the Burgundian lord of Chastillux.

According to the "Mémoires de la Pucelle d'Orléans," "le Connestable d'Escosse descendit à pied, et avec lui plusieurs vaillans François et Ecossois, croyans que Severac et les autres deussent ainsi faire; ou, au moins, frapper à cheval sur les ennemies: il y fut fort combatu, et finalement les François et Escossois furent defaits et y en eut plusieurs de tuez et pris, jusques au nombre de deux à trois mille, qui fut un grand dommage pour les Roys de France."—(*Mémoires Historiques*, vol. vii.)

De Ventadour also lost an eye, and surrendered himself to the Lord of Gamaches, and Jehan Poton, lord of Xaintrailles (Marshal of France in 1454), was also taken.

Of the Scots, nearly 1,200 were cut to pieces in

their ranks, and among their knights who fell, Monstrelet and others enumerate a nephew of the Earl of Buchan, Sir William Hamilton, and his son, "John Pillot, a Scots captain and bastard to the king;" Stephen and John de Farsmeres* (*sic*); Sir Thomas Swinton. Four hundred Scots were taken prisoners. Among these was Sir William Crawford, of Crawfordland, who was released afterwards with James I., but fell in France.

Among the English knights who died here were Sir Gilbert Halselle, Sir William Halle, Sir John Grey, and Richard ap Murdoc.

The whole slope of the green hill was strewed with Scottish dead and wounded, and before the evening closed the English and Burgundians offered up a solemn thanksgiving for their victory in the churches of Crevant. The next fruits of it were the capture of Gaillon on the Seine, and of La Charité upon the Loire.

Sir John Stewart was afterwards exchanged for the Earl of Suffolk's brother, the Lord Pole. He was made Lord of Aubigny, Concressault, and Evereux, with the right of quartering his family arms with those of France. After arranging the marriage of Margaret of Scotland with the future Louis XI., he was slain in his old age at the siege of Orleans in 1429.

* Ferriers?

CHAPTER V.

HE RETURNS TO FRANCE WITH ANOTHER ARMY.

THE fame of the Constable's exploits at Baugé and elsewhere had preceded his arrival in Scotland, where he was received with exultation by his countrymen, and by his brother the Regent Murdoch, who, to further the interests of the young king of France and to annoy the English, attacked their garrison in the castle of Roxburgh, and laid siege to Berwick; but a short time elapsed before envoys arrived from France with tidings of the defeat of Darnley at Crevant, the success of the English and Burgundians elsewhere, and to urge the return of the Constable with fresh succours under his command.

These envoys were Réné of Chartres, Chancellor of France, and Juvenal des Ursins, Archbishop of Rheims, a celebrated prelate, and the historian of the reign of Charles VI. By their influence, some of the Scottish landholders, excited by the renown and wealth their countrymen were acquiring in France, and inspired not a little by a desire for vengeance on the victors of Crevant,

equipped another small army to join the auxiliaries; and in this force, the best and noblest in the South of Scotland took service under the Constable.

Ill health prevented the Earl of Wigton from setting forth again; but the father-in-law of Buchan, Archibald IV., Earl of Douglas, a brave warrior, who had lost an eye at the battle of Homildon, who had defended the castle of Edinburgh with success against King Henry in 1409, invaded England and burned Alnwick in 1420, joined him with a body of men-at-arms and pikemen, and was created Duke of Touraine and Marshal of France. The duchy with its appendages and appurtenances he was to enjoy during his life, excepting "les châteaux et places de Loches et de Chinon," which the king reserved for himself.—(*Mémoires Historiques.*)

In the ranks of this new force were Adam Douglas, who was afterwards governor of the castle of Tours; Bernard Lindesay, fifth son of Sir David Lindesay of Glenesk (afterwards Earl of Crawford), and whose sister Matilda was Countess of Wigton; Robert Hop-Pringle of Whitsom and Smailholm, who was armour-bearer to the Earl of Douglas, and was killed by his side at Verneuil. Among others, Godscroft enumerates "two Douglasses, who were predecessours of the houses of Drumlanrigge and Lochlevin, and John Carmichell of the house of Carmichell in Doug-

lasdale, who was chaplain to the Duke of Touraine," and who was afterwards Bishop of Orleans, and "during the siege thereof, did notably assist Joan d'Arc, called the Maiden." To France also went Sir Alexander Home of that Ilk and Dunglas.

The latter, an aged Border warrior, had resolved to send his younger brother in his place; but it is recorded by Godscroft, that when he came to the seashore and saw the departing troops in their armour, the knights with their pennons, and all the array of war, his military spirit was fired anew.

When Earl Douglas saw his old comrade of Homildon, and many a hard-fought Border raid and battle, about to take leave of him,

"Ah, Sir Alexander," said he, "who would have thought that thou and I should ever have parted?"

"Neither shall we now, my lord," replied the old knight, and sending back his brother, David Home of Wedderburn, to take charge of his estates and family, he sailed with Douglas and the Constable, and died in his armour on the fatal field of Verneuil.

Meanwhile the Duke of Bedford was no less active in obtaining reinforcements for his army from England; fresh levies were also made in France and Burgundy, and the war was carried on with renewed vigour.

The new Scottish auxiliaries are generally stated as mustering 5,000 men, though Holinshed doubles the number. They landed at Rochelle, and joined the other Scottish troops and Charles VII. in Poitou, in the spring of 1424. About the same time, the Duke of Milan sent to the king 600 lancers, and as many crossbowmen.—(*De Mezeray.*)

Being threatened with an invasion of those provinces which adhered to him, Charles found it necessary to retain every fortress which he possessed in those of the enemy.

The Duke of Bedford had, in person, besieged Ivri-la-Bataille (a town of Normandy situated on the Eure), where Girault de la Pallière, a brave knight, made a long and obstinate resistance, during which he contrived to let the king know that he would be compelled to capitulate, and that he had agreed to surrender the town to the Duke of Bedford if relief did not arrive before a certain day.

Charles resolved to succour the place at all hazards, and with considerable difficulty collected 18,000 men (one half of whom were Scots, according to some authorities), "under the Earls of Douglas, Buchan, and *Murray*," according to Monstrelet; the rest under Aymeri Viscount of Narbonne, De Ventadour, De Tonnerre, and the Duke of Alençon; and Buchan, as Constable of France, commanded the whole, though Monstrelet

always, in his account of this affair, names the Duke first.

Bedford, with Salisbury, Suffolk, and the Lord Willoughby, with 1,800 men-at-arms and 8,000 archers, having reinforced those troops which blockaded Ivri, received the keys of the city; for by delays the relieving force suffered the appointed hour to pass, and a knight of Wales, with a garrison, now occupied it for the King of England.

It would seem that Buchan, Alençon, and the other leaders considered the position of the English before Ivri too strong to be attacked with a hope of success; so, after some delay, they approached Chartres, then occupied by the English and Burgundians. From thence they proceeded to a village of Dreux, named Nonancourt, where they heard certain tidings that Ivri had fallen into the hands of the English Regent, Bedford. Upon this, they marched twelve miles further to Verneuil, which belonged to the Duke of Alençon, being his heritage, and of which he gained possession from its English garrison, not very honourably, by giving the citizens false information, to the effect that the English army had been cut to pieces in the field, and that the Duke of Bedford had only escaped by the speed of his horse.

On this, the inhabitants opened their gates and gave themselves up to him, rendering due homage, as their feudal lord required. He had thus pos-

session of all the town save the tower, into which a few English (who perhaps had some doubts about Bedford's defeat and flight), retired to defend themselves. After a time, however, they capitulated; and thus, by a successful ruse, both tower and city were possessed by the king and Alençon.—(*Mémoires Historiques.*)

Verneuil is situated on the small river Arve; it is yet surrounded by an old rampart. The tower into which the English retired is still standing; its walls are fifteen feet thick, but time and decay have reduced its height to less than sixty feet. It stands twenty-one miles south of Darnley's fief of Evreux, which the English retained till 1441.

The Duke of Bedford, with all his disposable troops, marched after the Scots and French, about whose exact numbers no two authors agree. Rapin states Buchan's force at 20,000 men; but Père Daniel gives it at 14,000, one-half of whom were Scots; while Hall asserts that it consisted of only 5,000 Scots, with 15,000 French and Bretons.

The army of Charles VII., on reaching Verneuil, was *led* by the Constable Buchan, who there, says Rapin, "was pleased to resign that honour to the Earl of Douglas, his father-in-law, to whom the king sent for that purpose [*i. e.* to command], a patent constituting him lieutenant-general of the whole kingdom, otherwise the Constable could not have acted under his orders."

Bedford's force was 15,000 strong; so the sides would seem to have been pretty nearly equal.

When within a mile of Verneuil, he sent a herald and trumpeter to the Earl (whom old French writers style "le Mareschal Comte Du Glas"), to say that "he would come and dine with him."

Douglas, who had been long wont to ridicule the Duke of Bedford, whom he named *John with the leaden sword,* replied, that "the Duke was welcome, and he should find the cloth ready laid."

Bedford, however, made no attack; knowing the impetuous character of the French and Scots, he resolved to await them, and choosing a piece of ground advantageous alike for a camp or a battlefield, flanked by a hill, he posted thereon 2,000 of those famous old archers, in those days alike the glory and defence of England. Before his front ranks he placed those pointed stakes which had done such good service at Agincourt in repelling charges of cavalry, and in this fashion he patiently waited the measures of Douglas.

The latter drew up his forces in order of battle before the walls of Verneuil.

To the Constable Buchan, with the Scots, he assigned the centre. The command of the wings he gave to the Maréchal de la Fayette and Viscount Narbonne.

Each wing he covered by 1,000 mounted men-

at-arms in complete mail, with lance, and battle-axe, and barbed horses. Those of the right were led by the Baron de Coulonges, the Lords of Thionville, Estissac, and Marshal Xaintrailles. Those of the left were led by the Lords of Valpergue and Laquin de Rue. In his ranks were also a body of raw militia and Lombard crossbowmen, fully armed and mounted.

It was the intention of Douglas *that the attack should be received, not given.* While his captains were arraying their men, he had ridden forth, accompanied by the Constable, to view the position of Bedford, and having come to this conclusion, he summoned a council of war, to which he invited all the leaders of his army.

He represented to them "that the Duke of Bedford, instead of advancing, evidently intended to fight with advantage on strong ground chosen by *himself;* that hence he thought a battle should not be risked."

This advice did not suit the views of the French captains, among whom a fractious party was formed against him, led by the Viscount of Narbonne, who urged, "that if a battle was avoided, the reputation of the king's arms would be irreparably lost! that by this timidity the troops would become so infected, that it would be impossible to lead them against an enemy who were once avoided when they should have been attacked; that the king's affairs were not to be restored without some

great deed of arms, and as there could not be a fairer opportunity than this, to neglect it was to betray the interests of the king and of France."

Notwithstanding these reasons, the Constable and all the veteran leaders of the French troops, adhered to Earl Douglas; but the other party resolved to force on an engagement, and Narbonne —the same lord whose sword was the first to pierce the Duke of Burgundy at the bridge of Montereau—ended the debate by ordering his banner to be displayed, and beginning his march towards the enemy at the head of his own followers.

Hall and Père Daniel record that Douglas was infuriated by this disobedience, and that neither he nor the Constable could arrest the purpose of these rash French lords and soldiers. At home, in Scotland, they would have left them to their fate, or might, perhaps, have ended the matter more readily by killing their leader on the spot. But Douglas was in a foreign land, and afraid that his honour might suffer if the field was lost by only half his troops being engaged; and so, compelled by this fear, he issued orders for the *whole* to advance up the hill, and attack the position of the English.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BATTLE OF VERNEUIL.

IT was at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 16th of August, 1424, that this famous old battle began. The accounts of it are nowhere very clear, save in one point,—that dissension among the chiefs of King Charles proved the weakness of his army and the strength of the English.

Bedford had now reduced every town and fortress beyond the Loire; hence, on the issue of this battle before the walls of Verneuil the fate of Charles and of France seemed to depend.

The mass of Douglas's army was on foot; the Lombard crossbowmen, four hundred strong, were all on horseback, with orders to attack the English archers on the flanks, and, if possible, in their rear.

The wings of Bedford's army were protected by bodies of those archers, each of whom—as already stated—had a sharply-pointed stake planted in the turf before him.

In rear of the men-at-arms were the pages, grooms, and such horses as were unfit for service,

with their collars and tails tied together, so that they could not, if surprised, be readily carried off. These were guarded by 2,000 archers.

Many esquires were dubbed knights on both sides before the battle began, and Enguerrand de Monstrelet, in his "Chronicle," records that "the English, as usual, set up a great shout as they advanced," which we may suppose to have been a hearty English cheer, "that alarmed the French much."

Douglas's heavily-mailed Lombard crossbowmen on horseback would seem to have made a rapid *détour*, and (at the moment when the Scottish columns of the centre under the Constable came to blows hand to hand with the English) swept round on Bedford's rear; but so surely and so swiftly shot the archers, and so stoutly stood their pointed stakes, that no serious impression was made. The Italians, however, contrived to cut off some of the horses and baggage, with which they fled, leaving their infantry to fight as best they could.

And now the Viscount of Narbonne, full of envy and spite at Douglas in his high capacity of Lieutenant-General of France, on finding that the Scots had engaged first (all breathless though they were by a rapid march up hill in their armour), according to some accounts, treacherously withheld his division; according to others, he failed for a time to advance and support them

properly in that conflict which his rashness had precipitated.

Though the thousand cavalry of the right, under the Baron de Coulonges, and those of the left, under M. le Borgne de Coqueran, attacked the English archers on the wings, and succeeded in breaking their ranks and trampling them under-foot in vast numbers, the steady flights of their cloth-yard shafts elsewhere soon told with disastrous effect upon the wing under La Fayette and the Scots under Buchan.

Both began to waver and retire, though all their leaders, foreseeing the ruin and dishonour of defeat, fought with heroic courage, using their swords, maces, or battle-axes in the close *melée;* and all chose rather to die on the field than to survive it with reproach.

The conflict lasted barely one hour; but therein died, sword in hand, the Constable Buchan; his father-in-law, the Earl of Douglas; Sir Alexander Home of Dunglas; Hop-Pringle of Smailholm; Sir Robert Stewart; Sir John Swinton of that Ilk; two Sir James Douglas's; Sir Walter Lindesay; De Ventadour, the Viscount of Narbonne, the Lords Graville and Rambouillet; Jean Comte d'Aumale, and a multitude of brave lords and knights from Dauphiné and Languedoc, with five thousand more, "the greater part of whom were Scotsmen, and two hundred taken prisoners," says Enguerrand de Monstrelet in his "Chroni-

cles;" and there were a great many wounded, among whom was found the young Duke of Alençon, half dead.

Of the English he states that there fell 1,600, the principal of whom were two captains named Dudley and Carleton. The losses, as reported by the Montjoy king-at-arms and other heralds present in the field, were 9,700 Scots and French killed, and 2,100 English, and "that the enemy lost most of their best commanders, as well Scots as French."*

Grafton, in his Black Letter Chronicle of England, printed in 1572, states that "ther were slayne *three* Erles and many others of name, and at the least five thousand common souldiours" of the enemy. One of these three nobles is called by Monstrelet the Scottish Earl of Murray; a mistake, as Thomas Dunbar, who then bore that title, was a hostage in England from the 28th of March, 1425, until the 16th of July in the following year, and died at home in Scotland.

The Duke and bastard of Alençon, the Maréchal de la Fayette, and many Frenchmen of high rank, fell into the hands of Bedford, who next day found in Verneuil all the baggage and the military chests of the French, Scots, and Italians.

Sir Philip Hall was made governor of the tower and town, which were given up to the

* Notes to Tyndal's Rapin, and to *Acta Regia*, vol. ii.

French twenty-five years afterwards by the treachery of a miller.

On the corpse-strewed ground, as the summer sun sank behind the wooded hills of the Eure, the Duke of Bedford and his knights returned thanks for their victory. It was during the rout that the greatest slaughter was made; night alone ended it, and the Lombard crossbowmen, when returning to the field, which they did on false information that Douglas and the Constable were victorious, were unhorsed and shot down in great numbers by the English archers in the twilight.

The dead and wounded were then stripped of their armour and clothing, the spoil collected, and preparations made for marching elsewhere.

On the following day, as the English entered Verneuil, they met the dead body of the Viscount de Narbonne being borne forth for interment; and as he was one of the murderers of the late Duke of Burgundy, John the Undaunted, at the bridge of Montereau, his remains were hung by the neck on a gibbet and quartered.

Fighting as one who inherited blood of the house of Stuart and the sword of the Constable du Guesclin, thus fell, covered with wounds, John Stewart, Earl of Buchan and cousin of James I. of Scotland, with his kinsman and comrade, the great Earl of Douglas. Their remains were borne from the field to the city of Tours, where, on the 20th of August, they were interred in one grave

in the chancel of the cathedral church of St. Gratian.

Their Scottish soldiers who survived the field were incorporated with the Garde du Corps Ecossais of Charles VII., under Sir John Stewart of Darnley, and are now represented in an unbroken line by the 1st Regiment, or Scots Royals.

According to Godscroft, who wrote in 1643, Earl Douglas's coat of arms was long to be seen upon the gates of Tours; and elsewhere he records that, in the principal church of Orleans, that of the Holy Cross, there *is mass said daily* for the souls of the Scots who fell in the cause of Charles VII. Douglas was long remembered in Scotland as Tine-man, or "the loser," having been defeated in three great battles—Homildon, Shrewsbury, and lastly at Verneuil.

Buchan was succeeded as Constable of France by Arthur Count of Richemont, Duc de Bretagne, who married Margaret of Burgundy; and as Chamberlain of Scotland, by Sir John Forrester of Corstorphin, Master of the Household to James I.

He left one daughter, who was married to George Lord Seton, for whom a dispensation was obtained from Pope Eugenius IV., dated at Bononia, 6th January, 1436, permitting them to espouse, notwithstanding their being doubly related within the third degree of consanguinity. His earldom of Buchan, in virtue of the limitations in

the grant of 1406, devolved on his brother, Murdoch, Duke of Albany, on whose execution for treason and complicity with the King of England in 1424, it became vested in the crown.

Of his castle of Coul, in Strathcromar, little more than the fosse and a few grass-covered foundations can be traced. For a time it became the stronghold of the Durwards, a once powerful feudal family; and it is still believed in the district that "the kirk bell of Coul tolls of its own accord *whenever a Durward dies.*"

The kings of England, by a long series of wanton wars, invasions, and absurd pretensions, had themselves to blame for the old alliance of the Scots and French; yet this little sketch may well be closed by quoting a portion of the address of the English ambassador, Lord Scroop, to the Scottish Lords of Council, when seeking to frustrate the marriage of Margaret of Scotland with the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., and to secure her as a bride for the King of England, offering a perpetual peace between the two countries, with the restitution of Berwick and all that the Scots possessed of old, even to the Re-cross in Yorkshire.

"What have ye advantaged yourselves by your alliance with France, save that they engage your bodies in their wars, and, while conferring on you unprofitable titles of honour, take from you that which is truly real? Ye are reserved as a postern

gate by which they may enter England, diverting our forces, and taking the scene of war to our own borders. Learn to forget your French, or, if ye be so enamoured of France, love her after *our* manner; come, take a share, and be partakers of our victories! Are not our forces, *if united,* sufficient to overcome, nay, to bring hither in chains that king of Bourges, and make us the masters of his continent? France did never so much good to Scotland in twenty years as Scotland hath suffered loss from England by the love of France. Are not your wounds received at Crevant and Verneuil yet bleeding, and all for France! It hath been *your valour,* and *not* the French, which heretofore impeached our conquest and progress in France; had it not been for *your* swords, we had ere now planted our trophies on the loftiest summits of the Alps and the Pyrenees." *

But the alliance with the continent was preferred; the poor young princess, in her twelfth year, was consigned to the mercies of the horrible Louis XI., and closed a sorrowful life in France by dying of a broken heart.

* Hawthornden, &c.

THE CHEVALIER D'ARTAGNAN,

Captain-Lieutenant of the Mousquetaires du Roi.

ALL who have read that famous romance of Alexandre Dumas, "The Three Musketeers," are familiar with the name of the valiant Gascon adventurer, the comrade of those three mysterious swordsmen, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis; but few, we believe, are aware that he was a man of flesh and blood, who really existed, and whose memoirs were published at Cologne by a certain Peter Marteau, in the year 1700, and that they extend to three volumes of some five hundred pages each.

The editor tells us that they were collected from loose papers in the hand-writing of the Chevalier, which documents he had found after his death and simply connected. From these we learn that he was one who really shared in the confidence or intrigues of Richelieu and Mazarin; who served in the wars of the Grand Monarque under Condé; who ran alike after great court ladies and gay grisettes; made love to any man's

wife or daughter without compunction, punished him for interfering—if a citizen by a good caning, if a gentleman of good blood by leaving him on the green turf of the Pré-aux-Clercs, or in the barren fields near the old Convent des Carmes, with three feet of a bowl-hilted rapier in his body; who as a soldier may have been drilled by the great Martinet, as a courtier may have danced to the music of Raimond Lully, laughed at the jokes of Rochefoucault (the Rochester of Louis's court), and frequented the Hôtel de Bourbon when flirtations with chanoinesses were no scandal in the salons of Paris; and who was a contemporary, perhaps acquaintance, of Racine, Corneille, and Molière, as he was the comrade of Condé, of Turenne, and of Grammont.

From those quaint old volumes of Peter Marteau we learn that Claude de Batz de Castelmor, the Chevalier d'Artagnan, who was born about the last years of the reign of Henry IV., was the youngest son of a poor old Gascon gentleman, who had little or nothing whereon to support a large family, and who consequently sent him forth to seek his fortune in the world, after having given him all he could spare, to wit, a little shaggy Bearnese pony, worth about two louis, with ten crowns for his journey.

To these the old gentleman added his blessing, and that which proved more useful in those cut-and-thrust days, the old sword which he had worn

in the wars of Henry of Navarre; and with these small properties, and a threadbare cloak and doublet, our Chevalier came to Paris, at a time when hate was high between the Catholics and Huguenots, when men's swords were seldom from their hands and never from their girdles, and when robbers, mendicants, murderers, and all manner of brawlers, made the gay city of the Bourbons a perilous residence.

The ten crowns of D'Artagnan were soon spent, and want compelled him to enlist, *not* in the Musketeers, as we are told in the brilliant romance of M. Dumas, but as a private soldier under Louis XIII., in the old Gardes François, a body originally raised by Charles IX., in 1563, for the immediate protection of the palace. Five feet four inches French (about six feet English) formed the standard height of this corps, to which peculiar privileges were attached, and to which no stranger, or even a native of Savoy, Alsace, Strasbourg, or Piedmont, could belong.

In consequence of his good conduct and courage, he was soon transferred from this corps to the first company of the King's Musketeers, commanded by the Comte de Treville, the son of an old Leaguer, and a prime favourite with Louis XIII., who appointed him *premier Capitaine-Lieutenant* in 1634.

The gentlemen composing the household troops of France, particularly the Mousquetaires Gris et

Noires, seem to have been pretty much in character as Dumas describes them. "Loose, half-drunk, imposing, the King's Musketeers, or rather M. de Treville's, would spread themselves about in the cabarets and in the public walks, shouting, twisting their moustaches, clanking their swords, and taking great pleasure in annoying the guards of M. le Cardinal; then drawing in the open streets, as if it were the best of all possible sports, sometimes killed, but sure to be in that case both wept and avenged; often killing others, but then certain of not rotting in prison, M. de Treville being there to claim them." Hence, in the first volume, the public duties of D'Artagnan are mingled with a great many savage duels fought with the sword for himself or his comrades, and innumerable amours, the relation of which suits not the somewhat fastidious taste of the present day.

The Mousquetaires consisted of two companies selected from the young men of the best families in France. The king was captain of each; consequently, the captain-lieutenant, the rank speedily attained by D'Artagnan, stood high in position among the officers of the Guards. The second company was attached in after-years to Cardinal Mazarin as his personal guard.

The uniform of the Mousquetaires was scarlet, with scarlet cuffs and lining. The first company had their ornaments, lace and buttons of gold; the second, of silver. The uniform of D'Artagnan

and the superior officers was embroidered with gold or silver according to their company, and they were styled *officiers à hausse-col*, as they usually wore gorgets and breastplates. They wore white feathers in their broad cavalier hats, and were armed with sword, dagger, and musket. Each company had one flag and two standards; the former was used when they served on foot, the latter were only uncased when they served on horseback. Those of D'Artagnan's company represented a bomb falling on a besieged town, with the motto:—

QUO RUIT ET LETHUM.

They were provided with a handsome table daily at the expense of the civil list.

A great jealousy would seem to have existed among these old guards of the monarchy, but their order of rank and precedence was as follows:—

Scots Guards, two squadrons;	raised	1440.
French Guards, four squadrons;	„	1440.
French Guards, two squadrons;	„	1474.
Gens d'armes Guards, one squadron;	„	1590.
Light Horse Guards, one squadron;	„	1570.
Mousquetaires Gris, one squadron;	„	1622.
Mousquetaires Noires, one squadron;	„	1667.
Horse Grenadiers, one squadron;	„	1674.
Scottish Gens d'armes,* a half squadron,	„	1422.

D'Artagnan tells us how in his capacity as an officer of the Musketeer Guards he was woven up

* Bearing on their standard a stag-hound, with the proud motto, "IN OMNI MODO FIDELIS."

with many, if not nearly all, the important occurrences of the French court and in the camp during his days. He writes at some length of the famous conspiracy formed in 1642 by the Duc de Bouillon, the royal favourite D'Effiat Cinq Mars, and François Auguste de Thou, to ruin, if not to assassinate, the formidable Cardinal Richelieu, whom, while he was sick, almost on his deathbed at Tarascon, they had brought into discredit with Louis XIII. It was truly a terrible age of intrigues, conspiracies, and duels.

In relating how the Cardinal kept his place and power despite his enemies; how Louis confessed his own weakness; how Gaston of Orleans was disgraced; and the Duc of Bouillon lost his lordship of Sedan; how Cinq Mars and De Thou perished on the scaffold, and so on, until at the death of the King, the Queen-mother, Anne of Austria, obtained the Regency in 1643, during the minority of her son, then barely in his fifth year, the Chevalier only tells us what we may read elsewhere.

And now commenced *the age of Louis XIV.*; "yet," to quote Voltaire, who wrote in the next century, "their manner of living was as different from ours as their mode of dress. Were we to see the people of those days, we should scarcely think they were the preceding generation. The buskins, the doublet, the small cloak, the large ruff, the long moustachios, the sharp-pointed

beard, made as great a difference between them and us, as their passion for duelling, their carousing in public houses, and their general ignorance, notwithstanding their natural good sense."

In the same year that the Queen became Regent, Cardinal Mazarin succeeded Richelieu in power, and pursued nearly the same line of policy; thus, in the summer of 1643, the Chevalier d'Artagnan found himself, with his musketeers, serving in the army of the celebrated Louis de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien, son of the Prince of Condé, then in his twentieth year, and afterwards known to fame as the *Great Condé.*

He marched to relieve Rocroi, a town of the Ardennes, then besieged by the Spaniards.

At this time, the great civil war was raging in Britain; yet Louis de Bourbon would seem to have had in his army a new Scottish corps, under Andrew Rutherford (afterwards Earl of Teviot* and Governor of Dunkirk for Charles II.), styled *le Régiment des Gardes Ecossais,* afterwards incorporated with Douglas's old Scots corps, the regiment of Lord Dunbarton.

On the 19th of May the French encountered, on the plain before Rocroi, the famous Spanish and Walloon infantry under Don Francisco de Melo, and, after an obstinate engagement, defeated them with the loss of 9,000 men, all their

* Slain by the Moors, when commanding at Tangiers, in 1664.

cannon, baggage, and colours, some of which were captured by the King's Musketeers. De Melo was taken by the French, but was retaken by the Spaniards, and, to save himself, had to throw away his bâton of command, while the aged Conde de Fuentes, who charged at the head of the infantry *in a sedan chair*, as he was unable to ride on horseback, was killed by a musket-shot.

The Chevalier records, that the battle was fought by the Duke, contrary to the advice of the Mareschal de l'Hôpital, who was instructed by the court to prevent it; but Rocroi was won, the town saved, and with it, perhaps, France.

D'Artagnan next served at the capture of Thionville, on the Moselle. Rutherford's Scots had the honour of making the attack on the counterscarp, when two of their officers and several men were killed. The siege was pressed with ardour, and the town was surrendered by 10,000 Spaniards, who had retired thither from Rocroi.

In the autumn of 1646 he was at the siege of Dunkirk. At this time there were no less than five English and three other Scottish battalions serving in the army of Louis XIV. The latter are called the regiments of Douglas, Chambers, and Praslin. We read also of a troop of Scottish cuirassiers distinguishing themselves at the great battle of Lens. All those corps were then made up of fugitives from the army of Charles I., whose affairs had gone to wreck in England.

Condé pushed the investment of Dunkirk with such vigour by land, while the Dutch, under Van Tromp, blockaded it by sea, that its governor, the Baron de Leyden, was compelled to surrender on the 10th of October, 1646.

After the battle of Lens, where Condé overthrew the army of the Archduke Leopold, an insurrection broke out in Paris, where the civil dissensions were fomented by the intrigues of the Cardinal de Retz; the court retired to Rouel, afterwards to St. Germain, and D'Artagnan with his musketeers formed part of the army which was recalled to defend the young king. He was engaged in some fighting in the streets of Paris, when Condé, though dissatisfied with the court and the alleged intrigues between the Cardinal and the Queen-mother, with 6,000 men dispersed the undisciplined troops of the Parliament, and forced on the treaty of Rouel, by which a general amnesty was granted and peace procured, till 1652 saw D'Artagnan again sword in hand, at the famous affair of the Barricades, when the troubles in France were renewed.

The Duke of Orleans and Condé, who was at the head of an army, were opposed to the court.

The Musketeers, household troops, and Scottish regiments were with the Viscount Turenne, who commanded the royal army against the insurgent Frondeurs. In that army, the young Duke of York, afterwards King James, was serving in

command of the Gens d'armes Ecossais, and frequently won the applause of Turenne.

After many marches and countermarches, they came to blows in the vicinity of Paris. Condé formed barricades in the faubourg St. Antoine, where he was attacked on the 2nd of July. These barricades, the simple device of Pompey Targon, an Italian engineer of those days, though merely ramparts of earth, casks, trees, and paving-stones, were thought a great invention. One was stormed by the regiment de Douglas with great success, and the Royal Horse began to force a passage through the faubourg, when the cannon of the Bastille opened upon the royalists and forced Turenne to retire. Here the regiment of the Duc de Navailles lost no less than three lieutenant-colonels, twenty-two captains, and many subalterns.

During this strife, Cardinal de Retz was inclosed in Notre Dame, guarded by the venerable Earl of Crawford and fifty Scottish officers, who had served in the campaigns of the great Montrose, and were now in exile.

It was the daughter of the Duke of Orleans who ordered the cannon to be fired on the king's troops.

"These guns have slain her husband," said Mazarin, when informed of this daring act, and knowing that she was ambitious of being married to a crowned head—perhaps to the king of France.

The Chevalier d'Artagnan was a steady political adherent of that unpopular Italian cardinal Julio Mazarin, yet, in his autobiography, he does not spare the prelate's character, but accuses him of craft, penuriousness, and duplicity whenever he has occasion to write of him. He portrays him as a man of unbounded ambition, and full of vast designs for the aggrandisement of his family, for he actually conceived the idea of wedding one of his nieces to the young king Louis XIV., and another to Charles II., of Great Britain. He describes him as mean and covetous withal; that he sold all public posts and places, making money however and whenever he could; that he was a man without honour or conscience, whose plighted word was valueless; who never deemed himself bound to fulfil to-day the promise of yesterday, and who, for the value of a louis, would break with or lose the greatest and best of his friends.

Young Louis XIV., on the other hand, notwithstanding his known ambition, his excessive love of empire and military fame, a passion which compromised the real interests of France, the extravagance of his political projects and his lavish prodigality, our Chevalier extols as a perfect hero, the possessor of all manly virtues, one without a fault, or guilty only of such errors as are requisite in stirring times to make a truly great and illustrious character; but it must be

borne in mind that D'Artagnan's experience of the Grand Monarque comes no lower down than 1673.

Louis de Bourbon he seems to have considered one of the greatest leaders in Europe, but allows that he was insufferably proud and frequently ungrateful, and that he was the uncompromising foe of the Cardinal, whom he abhorred.

The Chevalier relates that however craftily the cunning Mazarin had himself named as plenipotentiary to conclude the treaty of the Pyrenees in 1659, Don Louis de Haro, the plenipotentiary for Spain, proved deeper than he.

The great progress of the French arms under Turenne had induced Spain to sue for peace. A cessation of hostilities ensued, and Cardinal Mazarin and Don Louis Mendez de Haro met in the Isle of Pheasants, near the Pyrenees, in November, to conclude the affair.

The Cardinal, who, as D'Artagnan relates, valued his personal interests more than those of the King of France, dreaded beyond everything the restoration of his personal foe, the Prince of Condé, to the position which he had held at court prior to the war of the Fronde and the battle of St. Antoine, being aware that vengeance on himself would be Condé's immediate purpose.

To avoid this he sacrificed the good of France to his own emotions of alarm, and gave up some important places to Spain on condition that she

should commit to oblivion the private interests of the Prince of Condé.

This was cunningly agreed to by the Spanish minister De Haro, who added that the King, his master, was willing, for the sake of peace, to forget much that he had promised to the Prince of Condé in making the present treaty, yet that honour bound him to give some recompense in another fashion. It was therefore resolved to create for him a small principality in Flanders.

Mazarin knew well what this meant. He felt that he was outmanœuvred by Don Louis, and, alarmed by the prospect of having such a sovereign as his mortal foe so near the gates of Paris, he was the first to reverse what he had proposed, and required the restoration of the places he had yielded to the Spaniards on condition of their abandoning the interests of Condé.

"What is done *is done*," replied De Haro coolly; "after having settled his plans, the King, my master, permits of no alteration."

D'Artagnan, who perhaps was present, adds that this reply nearly made the Cardinal despair; but all he could obtain from De Haro was that, instead of yielding up four places to prevent the return of Condé, he was only to give *two*, on condition of his being fully reinstated at court!

Thus Condé come back to Paris, Spain renounced Alsace, and Louis XIV. was to marry the Infanta, with half a million of golden crowns; but scarcely

was all this completed when the hand of death closed the stormy career of Cardinal Mazarin.

As captain-lieutenant of the King's Musketeers, D'Artagnan was frequently employed in arresting and conducting to the Bastille great state prisoners. The principal of these were perhaps the Sieur de Fouquet, Superintendent of Finance (formerly Procurator-General), and his deputy, M. Pellison, whom he seized with an escort of musketeers.

In searching the repositories of Fouquet for treasonable papers, &c., the Chevalier found his private diary, which afforded incontestable proofs that he had seduced many of the maids of honour belonging to the court of the Queen; for therein were their names duly entered, with the exact and particular sums which he had paid these fair demoiselles for tender favours granted.

This amusing discovery was considered scandalous enough; but heavier charges were made against him, and D'Artagnan (in whose custody he remained until the sentence of banishment passed upon him by the criminal court was changed by order of the King to the more terrible one of perpetual imprisonment in the gloomy Bastille) believes that he was even more guilty than the people of France then deemed him.

His extravagance in building, his expensive household, the numerous pensions he bestowed on a multitude of people to make them his

creatures and adherents, the fortification of the almost inaccessible Belle-isle, an island which he had purchased in the Bay of Biscay, on rumours arising of designs forming against him in Paris,—all weighed less perhaps with Louis than the entries in that unlucky diary found by D'Artagnan, who mentions that the financier had the daring to demand the armed assistance of the King of Britain against his master the King of France, whom he had defrauded of many millions of money.

The family of Belle-isle, a line of the house of Fouquet, gave up the island, which had been purchased from the Maréchal de Retz, to the Crown of France in 1718, in exchange for the duchy of Gisors, which belonged of old to the Counts of Nemour.

The Sieur Fouquet's mode of amusing his leisure hours in prison, before he was allowed the use of writing materials, would infer that he wished to be deemed insane. He obtained from D'Artagnan a package containing a thousand common pins, which he was wont to pull from their paper and strew about the chamber, that he might have the employment of gathering and resorting them; after which he would scatter them all again, that he might enjoy another search; and thus oddly he solaced the dreary hours of his perpetual imprisonment.

On obtaining pen and ink, he set about writing

a history of the King of France, with what object may easily be inferred, as his MSS., according to the Chevalier, were always conveyed by the governor of the Bastille to the King as regularly as each part was completed.

The Chevalier d'Artagnan served in the army under Condé, when war broke out with Spain in 1668, when Louis, at the head of 40,000 men, burst into Flanders, and, a few weeks after, saw the fleur-de-lis flying on most of the barrier towns.

Condé led an army into Franche-Comté, or Haute-Bourgogne, as it was sometimes named (having long formed an independent government), and conquered it in three weeks, a rapidity of progress alleged by D'Artagnan to be chiefly owing to the cupidity of the Marquis de Yarine, who was governor of the province for the King of Spain, and who sold it in secret to Condé for a sum of money, which, however, he doubts very much if the faithless marquis ever received. By the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, Louis was compelled to restore the province to Spain; but ultimately and finally, in 1678, it was ceded to France.

The autobiography of the Chevalier comes no lower down than 1673, the year in which he was killed; hence, the little that follows is supplied from other sources than the volumes of Peter Marteau.

In the year preceding, war had ensued between

Louis XIV. and the States-General, against whom our Charles II. also drew the sword, and a British force was sent to France under the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, to co-operate in the attack upon Holland. In this campaign the famous adjutant, M. Martinet, whose name is a proverb in European armies, was killed at the siege of Doesburg, when leading on the Régiment du Roi (12th of the old French line), of which he was then colonel.

The two companies of Mousquetaires were with the army of Turenne, the Grey and the Black, so called from the colour of their horses. These two mounted companies did not take rank in the army latterly, but enjoyed the same privileges that were attached to the guards, gendarmes, and light horse.

The Viscount ere long found himself before Maestricht, one of the most important fortresses in Holland, being encompassed by strong walls, deep ditches, and having many detached bastions. The siege commenced; King Louis arrived, and began to conduct the investment in person. For thirteen days the trenches were open, during which the garrison made a most resolute defence, and many lives were lost.

Louis had 8,000 British troops under Monmouth; but in addition to these were the Scottish regiments of his own service, particularly our 1st Royal Scots, of sixteen companies, which had

returned to it in 1670, and resumed its original rank.* In 1678 the Royals returned to the British establishment permanently.

The garrison was 6,000 strong, and commanded by an officer of great courage and experience, named Farjaux; but, by the 24th of June, the trenches being pushed to the edge of the great ditch, and the town having been cannonaded day and night from five batteries, Louis ordered a general assault to be made.

The stormers consisted of 300 grenadiers, to be supported by the Mousquetaires Gris, dismounted, led by the Chevalier d'Artagnan, and four battalions of the Guards, under the Comte de Montbrun.

At eleven o'clock on a dark night they advanced to the counterscarp (or slope of the ditch) with hatchets and hand-grenades, muskets, pikes, and pistols, under a terrible fire of musketry, round-shot, and bombs.

Near the gate of Tongres the bloodiest combat ensued; the Half-moon, close by, was carried by storm; then the Dutch, on being reinforced by the regiment of Morbee, drove out the French, who, however, retook it again under D'Artagnan, while

* "*Le Régiment de Douglas Ecossois.*—Ce régiment a servi plusieurs années en France, et s'y est fort distingué. Je trouve dans l'ordonnance de Louis XIV., de l'an 1672, pour le rang des régiments, qu'il étoit un des premiers."—PÈRE DANIEL.

the Comte de Montal was making a futile attack upon two other points of the counterscarp which covered a hornwork.

Next day Farjaux sprung two mines, and attacked the French under D'Artagnan, who still held the Half-moon. So fierce was the struggle, that *it was taken and retaken three times* ere the Dutch remained masters of it, together with the dead body of the gallant captain-lieutenant of the Mousquetaires Gris, who was killed during the action, dying as he had lived, sword in hand.

In the history of the United Provinces, published at London in 1705, he is styled the *Count* d'Artagnan; and another authority adds, that "the taking of this place cost the King of France 9,000 of his best soldiers, all his mousquetaires *except seven*, and an infinite number of brave officers."—(*Life of William III.*)

The body of D'Artagnan was afterwards captured, with the fatal bastion, by the gallant Duke of Monmouth, at that time lieutenant-general, in the trenches, "who had sworn to retake it or die in the attempt."

The town surrendered to Louis on the 2nd of July.

Such, then, was the real career of that brave Gascon adventurer, the Chevalier Claude de Batz de Castelmor Artagnan, whose name the brilliant romance of Dumas has rendered so familiar to the readers of fiction.

He would seem to have made the fortune of his family, and had it ennobled; for, forty-three years after his death, in 1716, we find the Comte d'Artagnan appointed to the command of the King's Musketeers. The latter had fought with distinguished bravery at the battle of Malplaquet, seven years before, where he commanded the right of the French infantry, had three horses killed under him, and received four bullets on his cuirass, procuring for himself most honourable mention to the King in the despatch of the Maréchal de Boufflers.

THE TRAITOR AND HIS VICTIM;

or, the Story of the unfortunate Major André.

THIS brave and enterprising, but most unfortunate officer, who, though Adjutant-General of the British army, was fated to perish on an American scaffold, was born in London in 1751. His parents were originally from Geneva, and he was sent there for his education by his father, who was a wealthy merchant; but he returned to England before his eighteenth year, and resided at Lichfield. In that quiet little cathedral town, chance threw him into the literary circle of Miss Anna Seward, when, most unhappily for himself, as it proved in the sequel, John André formed an attachment for one of her friends, Miss Honoria Sneyd, a young lady equally beautiful and accomplished.

This love affair progressed rapidly, and inspired by his passion for her, André attempted the art of design; he painted a portrait of Honoria, and, however inferior it may have been in power and execution, by Miss Seward it was considered so

faithful a likeness of her friend, that she referred to it in her will. Marriage was now proposed; but by the interference of his father—the wary old man of business—and the friends of Miss Sneyd, on account of the extreme youth of the parties, it was postponed. At the same time it was arranged that André should become a merchant, with the view of making a due provision for his intended bride. Occupying a desk in his father's counting-house in London, he strove to apply himself to the drudgery or routine of business; but his aspirations were elsewhere. Still, inspired by the image of Honoria, and the promises she had made him, he struggled on, till tidings reached him which well nigh broke his heart.

She married *another*—one whose ill-usage crushed her spirit so completely that she sank into a decline, and died a few months before the execution of her first lover. To overcome his unfortunate attachment, he resolved to enter the army. "Major André," says Miss Seward, "possessed numberless good qualities; he was a poet, a musician, and a painter. On the union of a faithless mistress with another, he left the counting-house, and, stimulated by despair, entered the English army."

Miss Seward's account is denied by Mr. Lovell Edgeworth (the object of Honoria's choice), who, in his Memoirs, states that André's first com-

mission is dated 4th March, 1771, while his own marriage to Miss Sneyd did not take place until two years after André joined the British army in America. Be this as it may, a reference to the *War Office Gazette* shows his first appointment thus, under date, April 2nd, 1771, in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, commanded by General the Hon. George Boscawen:—"23rd Foot. Onslow Beckwith to be First Lieutenant, vice Hawkins, by purchase. John André to be Second Lieutenant, by purchase, vice Beckwith." He was soon after transferred to the 26th, or Cameronian Regiment, then commanded by Major-General Lord Adam Gordon, brother of Lord George, of the famous riots in 1780, and to this corps he seems to have been greatly attached. The Lieutenant-Colonel was the Hon. Charles Stuart (son of John, third Earl of Bute), an officer of celebrity, who died a Lieutenant-General and K.B. in 1801; and among the subalterns was John, seventh Lord Lindores, a Scottish peer, the last of his race. With his regiment André joined the British army in America, and in the year 1775, the 26th, with a portion of the 7th Fusiliers—the whole under Major Preston, of the former corps—garrisoned the fort of St. John, on the western bank of the Richelieu river, an old frontier post, formed of field-works strengthened by palisades and pickets. The fort was besieged by a strong

American force, under the gallant General Montgomery; and during the November of 1775 Preston defended himself vigorously, amid severe snow storms, till he was compelled to capitulate, but on honourable terms.

Nearly 700 men surrendered; but they were allowed their baggage and effects, the officers to retain their swords, the arms of the soldiers to be put in arm-chests and restored to them when the troubles were over. André, with all the other prisoners, was sent up the Lakes by the way of Ticonderoga, inland; but he soon after effected an exchange, though Major Preston would seem to have returned home. André was appointed aide-de-camp to General Sir Charles (afterwards Earl) Grey; he was subsequently transferred to the staff of Sir Henry Clinton, who esteemed him so highly that, on a vacancy occurring by the resignation of Francis Lord Rawdon, he appointed Captain André to the important office of Adjutant-General, and urged the Horse Guards to confer upon him the rank of Major in the army. But, after his appointment to the staff, his heart still seemed to be with his old comrades, the Cameronians, as the following original letter of his, which it is our good fortune to possess, addressed to Major Preston, evinces:—

"New York, 16th July, 1777.

"Sir,—I suspect, from our uncertain situations since you left us, that you have not had many accounts from the regi-

ment. I am determined to call myself back to your memory before we start for regions unknown, which we expect to do every day. A small sketch of our adventures since last January will perhaps not be indifferent to you.

"The regiment remained in cantonments on Staten Island until the beginning of June, when they took the field and marched with the rest of the army into the Jerseys; during this time we exchanged Captains Livingstone and Delaplace for Captains Myers, of the 38th regiment, and Duffe, of the Fusileers,* both acquisitions to the regiment. Our progress in the Jerseys was from Amboy to Brunswick, and thence to Hillsborough, on the Millstone Creek.

"There we remained for a few days viewing Mr. Washington's advanced post on the top of the Blue Mountains; but, as he did not choose to appear in the plain, and possibly, as it was thought, not practicable to come at him in his fastnesses, the army marched back to Brunswick and thence to Amboy, where preparations were making for conveying the troops and baggage across to Staten Island. We heard here that a body of men, under Lord Stirling, was drawing near the town, watching our motions, in order to infest our rear on the embarkation, and Washington, with the rest of the army, had come down from the mountains to second this body upon their attacking the British troops. An attempt was made, on our side, by a forced march, to cut off Mr. Washington from his favourite hills; but the van of the army having fallen in with Lord Stirling's corps, the alarm was given, and the rebel army gained the mountains before we could come up with them. We took three pieces of cannon and about a hundred prisoners, and did a little mischief besides, with bayonet and sabre.

"The army marched back to Amboy the next day, and a day or two after crossed to Staten Island, where they

* William Duffe, Major of the 26th Regiment, 4th January, 1786.

encamped till the seventh and eighth of this month, when the whole embarked. The transports, &c., are now lying off the Narrows, and we are in hourly expectation to sail, but know not whither!

"As to the achievements of *the Cameronians*, they had no opportunity to show prowess on this expedition; but you will have heard that we had the good fortune, in an excursion towards Sandy Hook, to surprise between seventy and eighty, and to bring them into New York. We only lost one man (M'Culloch), whom you may remember. The rebels had ten or a dozen killed or wounded.

"The 7th and 26th are now lying off New York, where it is thought they will land and do duty. General Prescott has had the misfortune to fall again into those wretches' hands; he was surprised by a party of twenty men, and taken in his bed, at a country house on Rhode Island, between Newport and the camp. Barrington is taken with him.

"I have had the good fortune to be appointed aide-de-camp to Major-General Grey, to whom I am now attached; in this capacity I move with the army. His brigade consists of the 15th, 17th, 42nd, and 44th. In order of battle the *inseparable* 26th and Fusileers were in the reserve.

"We have very strong reports that Ticonderoga is taken, and certain intelligence is arrived of its being invested, so that we can scarcely doubt its being in General Burgoyne's hands. A magazine of theirs, at Fort Anne, on the Otter Creek, is said to be taken by a part of Burgoyne's army, with some prisoners. This, however, is only from report in the country.

"I hope you will do me the favour, in an hour of leisure, to let me hear from you, in the persuasion that all that concerns you must be very interesting to,

"Sir, your most obedient and obliged servant,

"JOHN ANDRÉ.

"To Major Preston, of Valleyfield,
near Dunfermline, Edinburgh."

Prior to the operations recorded in this letter, the titular Earl of Stirling had been appointed Brigadier-General by Washington, and the troops under his command were from New Jersey, Connecticut, and volunteers from the city of New York.*

On the 18th May, 1778, we find André bearing a leading part in a singular fête, named the *Mischianza*, in the city of Philadelphia, when serving with the army under Sir William Howe. It was a species of tournament between six knights of the *Blended Rose* on one side, and six mounted knights of the *Burning Mountain* on the other, Lord Cathcart acting as chief. All wore fantastic silk dresses, with ribbons, devices, lances, shields, and pistols. André appeared as the champion of Miss P. Chew, his device being two game cocks, with the motto "No Rival." The twelve champions closed in mock fight, shivering their lances and firing their pistols. Swords were then resorted to, but Lord Cathcart, as marshal of the field, commanded them to desist, and a grand banquet followed.

"The tragic fate which, in two years, befel the sprightly and ingenious André—the moving spirit of this show—gives it a sad interest," says a writer of the time.

Soon after this, Major André engaged in the

* "Life of Alexander, Earl of Stirling, Major-General in the United States Army." New York, 1847.

duty which led to his terrible fate. Miss Seward, who was sincerely attached to him, says that, rendered careless of existence by his disappointment in love, he formed the plan of obtaining intelligence of the American army by visiting their lines in *disguise*. But this was not quite the case. Benedict Arnold's defection from Washington being expected, Sir Henry Clinton confided to André the entire management of the difficult correspondence with that general, who proposed to deliver up to the British the important fortress of West Point, with its magazines, containing the whole ammunition of the American army! In the diplomacy of this affair, which was facilitated by the circumstance of André having been acquainted with the wife of General Arnold prior to her marriage, the American traitor adopted the name of "Gustavus," while André assumed that of "John Anderson;" and the real object of the correspondence was veiled in mercantile terms, with which André's early life had made him familiar, and it seemed to have reference solely to some commercial transaction; thus Arnold's fidelity remained unsuspected.

So far had matters proceeded, that nothing remained now but to name the time and means of carrying the great design into execution; and with this view, Arnold required a personal interview with a properly accredited agent of General Clinton. Perilous though the mission was, the

brave but reckless André volunteered for it; and, accordingly, on the 20th September, 1788, His Majesty's sloop *Vulture*, of 14 guns, Captain J. Featus (of Viscount Howe's squadron), sailed up the Hudson, nearly to the American lines, having on board André and a royalist officer, named Colonel Beverly Robinson, whose family residence was then in possession of the Americans, and formed the headquarters of General Arnold.

It was intended that the interview should be effected under the pretence of a flag of truce, the avowed object being some arrangement as to the forfeited property of Robinson, and for this purpose a letter was sent by him to the general, soliciting a meeting. Unfortunately it was placed in the hands of Arnold while he was in company with General Washington, the very man he meant to betray! Arnold, who anticipated its arrival, *after* his leader had gone to visit the French general, the Count de Rochambeau, was alarmed; but, to save his character, deemed it best to show the letter and ask the advice of Washington upon it, and he strongly recommended him "*not* to grant the request of Robinson, but to refer him to the civil authorities." This advice being given in the hearing of others, Arnold dared not act against it; but took means to achieve a more secret meeting; he persuaded a man, named Joshua Smith (who resided within the insurgent lines), to visit the *Vulture* at night, and deliver a packet to

Colonel Robinson, and to return with André, who passed under the name of Mr. John Anderson, but, with a temerity for which it is difficult to account, *still wore his staff uniform.*

On the shore of the Hudson, Arnold met him by night, and it was arranged that West Point should be attacked on the 24th or 25th of that month, September, 1780, about which time the return and consequent capture of Washington might be expected. Signals and countersigns were agreed upon. Arnold also gave to André, for the guidance of General Clinton, several documents relating to this great fortress, then the key of America, with maps and plans, indicating the cannon, the weakest points, and those to which he, Arnold, would order his troops, so as to insure the easiest conquest to the British in the attack. By the boat which brought him, André intended to return to the *Vulture;* but the sloop had been so galled by an American battery, and Captain Featus had dropped so far down the Hudson, that the boatmen flatly refused to row the required distance. Delay was fraught with danger, but Arnold suggested that André should pass the day, which was now breaking, at Mr. Smith's house (a measure which forced him to cross the American lines), and that he should return on the following day to New York, by land, with his perilous papers concealed in his military boots, while his regimentals —by another suggestion of Arnold's — were

covered by a plain overcoat of Smith's. To elude alike suspicion or detention, he was also furnished with the parole and countersign. Thus provided, he set out on his lonely and dangerous journey, but unhappily fell in with an American party during the night. Its officer urged the danger of travelling in the dark so strongly that, to lull suspicion, poor André deemed it wise to halt with him until morning.

Next day he proceeded to Pines Bridge, a village on the Croton River, near the British lines, and peril now seemed past. He had nearly reached Tarrytown, and was actually in sight of Clinton's camp, when three disguised American militiamen, who were lurking for any person worth robbing, or who might prove a Royalist, rushed from a wood and seized his horse by the bridle. At that desperate crisis, a little presence of mind might have saved him; but instead of assuming the character of a colonist, he demanded to "which party they belonged?"

"To below," they replied, pretending that they were loyalists. "Ah! so do I," replied André; "I am a British officer, travelling on urgent business, and do not wish to be detained."

On this they seized him; and he produced his passport from Arnold—alas! without avail. He then offered them money; but they pulled him from his horse, dragged him into the thicket; and while two held him, the third drew off his boots,

in which the papers were at once discovered. They took him to Colonel Jameson, who commanded their outposts, and that officer, surprised and bewildered by the whole discovery, would have remitted André to his superior officer—to General Arnold!

The sudden arrival of a Captain Talmadge, of the United States Army, alone prevented this, which might have saved André, who, by his suggestion, was made prisoner, while his papers were forwarded to General Washington, and Colonel Jameson wrote to Arnold, informing him that "John Anderson, the bearer of his passport, had been detained." This letter saved the life of the traitor, who on receiving it instantly fled on board the *Vulture* and, leaving the hapless André to his fate, joined Clinton at New York. André conducted himself with singular courage and dignity. "I have been taken prisoner," says the poor fellow, in one of his letters, "by the Americans, and stript of everything, *save my picture of Honoria*, which I concealed in my mouth. Preserving this, I yet think myself fortunate."

On his return from Rochambeau's, Washington was surprised to find West Point without a commander; but the papers remitted by Colonel Jameson cleared up the whole affair. At deadly peril to himself, André bravely and chivalrously retained his assumed name of John Anderson, until assured that Arnold was safe beyond the

reach of vengeance; and then only did he avow his real name and rank as "Major and Adjutant-General of His Majesty's Forces." Washington wisely referred his case to a Board of General Officers, who reported "that in consideration of his having been taken in disguise and under a false name, with information obtained under that disguise, within the American lines, he was a *spy*, and, in conformity with the law of nations, should suffer death."

General Clinton made every exertion to save him, and despatched General Robertson on a special mission to Washington, to urge "that Major André, having arrived within the American lines under a flag of truce, and having been directed in all his movements by a general of the American army, could not be considered a spy, according to the rules of war."

Two letters written by Arnold on the same subject did more evil than good to the victim. Though inflexible, Washington intimated that there remained one way of saving André's life —to exchange him for the worthless Arnold. It was declined; and the great American leader is said to have wept as he signed the death warrant. After vainly imploring that he might die a soldier's death, poor André was ignominiously hanged at Tappan, a village in the State of New York, on the 2nd of October, 1780, when only in his twenty-ninth year. On this day, he had the

miniature of Miss Sneyd tied round his neck by a ribbon. He displayed the utmost firmness till he saw the gallows, when powerful and rending emotions—a soldierly shame and horror of ignominy—convulsed his whole frame for some moments.

An American writer states that he was buried with the honours of war—a rapid ceremony.

"At the quick command of the officer, the coffin was lowered—the muskets were brought down—the steel rung—and in a moment it glittered again in the last sunbeam. At a word, the death volley was fired in the air—another followed, and then another—and the last was discharged into the grave. It was all over—the smoke curled slowly among the wet gravel, and settled down upon the coffin—it was the war smoke embalming the soldier! The drums beat merrily, and the files wheeled into the lines, just as the sun went down in his glory."

* * * * *

Arnold, the traitor, was viewed with the contempt he deserved. After this, an American officer, who had been taken prisoner, was one day brought into his presence, and Arnold asked him what would be his own fate if he had the evil fortune to be captured by the States Army. "Sir," replied the American, "your leg, which was wounded in battle for our country, would be cut off, and buried with the honours of war.

The rest of you, we would hang upon a gibbet, as high as Haman."

The whole British army went into mourning for André, to whose memory a monument was erected in Westminster Abbey. On the 10th August, 1821, his remains were exhumed at Tappan, and placed in a superb mahogany coffin for conveyance to England. After forty-one years' interment, the skeleton was quite entire; but no part of his uniform remained, save the belt which bound his hair. In the December of that year his remains were privately re-interred before the cenotaph in the west aisle of the Abbey.

In the *New York Royal Gazette* André published a poem, entitled the *Cowchase*, being a satire upon a General Wayne, who made a raid to drive off some cattle; and the last canto of it appeared in the same paper which announced his arrest.

A portrait of André was engraved by Sherwin; and in *Notes and Queries* for 1853 we are informed that another of him, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, exists at Tunbridge Wells. A third of him, drawn on the morning of his execution, is preserved at Yales College. His sisters survived him long, and lived, till a comparatively recent period, in the Circus, at Bath.

The tree under which André was taken prisoner, a gigantic tulip, one hundred and eleven feet in diameter, was long an object of interest, till it

was destroyed by lightning, on the 31st of July, 1801, on the very day that tidings came to Tarrytown of the death of the traitor, General Arnold.

Such is the story of the unfortunate Major André.*

* In the List of 26th Foot for 1782 we find a Captain Sir Lewis André (of Southampton, Hants), Baronet. "25th March, 1809, died, in the Episcopal Palace of Lichfield, Mrs. Anna Seward, in her 65th year, well known as the author of a monody on *her lover*, the gallant Major André" *Edin. Annual Register.*

STORY OF PRIVATE THOMAS KEITH,

Who became Aga of the Mamelukes, and Governor of Medina.

THE talented author of "The Scot Abroad" has shown us how his countrymen rose in numbers to rank and fame in every European court and army in the olden time, when the first article of a Scotsman's creed, and his favourite toast too, was "Peace at home and plenty of wars elsewhere;" but few, even among the most restless of our military spirits, have sought or won eminence under the banner of the Prophet, unless we except the subject of this paper and one or two others.

Most readers of history are familiar with the famous story of the Grand Vizier, in whom, during a truce between the Russians and Turks, the brave old Marshal Keith discovered—despite beard, turban, and scimitar—the son of the bellman of the Langtoun of Kirkaldy; and a few may have heard of another restless Scot, named Campbell, who became a general of Turkish artillery under the Sultan Selim, and who was

among the first to welcome the 92nd Highlanders, on their appearance in the Bay of Marmorice, in the Levant, in 1801, prior to their departure for Aboukir.

In a memoir of Colonel Cameron, of Fassifern, he is described as feeling no small surprise on finding himself accosted in his native language by one who seemed to be a Turkish dignitary, whose beard was long and venerable, and whose flowing robe was upheld by a trainbearer.

Early in life, about the year 1760, this man, having slain a companion at Fort William in Lochaber, had fled abroad. For forty years he had served under the standard of Islam, and had almost forgotten his native land; but when he saw the Gordon Highlanders in their plaids and plumes at Marmorice, and heard the sound of the pipes, old memories came thick and fast upon him. He burst into tears, says the narrator; "and the astonishment of our soldiers may be imagined, when they were addressed in their own language (the Gaelic, which he had *not* forgotten) by a Turk in his full national costume, with a beard flowing down to his middle." The Scoto-Turk dined with Cameron on board the troop-ship next day, and sent many boat-loads of fruit for the use of the Highlanders.

In later times we have had Brigadier-General Cannon (the son of a Scottish minister), styled Behram Pasha, commanding a Turkish division

at Silistria, and in battle at Giurgevo; while many sons of the Emerald Isle have found their way into the Turkish army, the chief of whom was, perhaps, the gallant Bim-Bashi O'Reilly, who, on being presented with three beautiful Circassian damsels for his services, duly informed his friends in Ireland that he had been created a Bashaw of *Three Tails*.

Thomas Keith, the singular subject of this little memoir, was born in Edinburgh, where he began life as an apprentice to a gunsmith; and there, when little more than a youth, he enlisted, on the 4th August,* in the 2nd battalion of the 78th Highlanders, or Ross-shire Buffs, when it was raised in 1804.† This battalion, consisting of 850 men—200 of whom were chiefly MacLeods from the Isle of Lewis—assembled under its colonel, Major-General Mackenzie Fraser, of Castle Fraser, at Fort William, and was reviewed by the Marquis of Huntly, after which it was sent by sea to Hythe, for discipline under the brave Sir John Moore. From thence, after a brief stay at Gibraltar, the battalion, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Peter MacLeod, of Geanies, proceeded to join the army in Sicily.

Thomas Keith having proved himself an active, steady, and smart soldier, and being educated

* War Office. Communicated.

† The first Battalion was raised in 1793.

and industrious withal, was appointed armourer, and as such served with the regiment during its sojourn in Sicily, and at the battle of Maida and the capture of Crotona, in 1806. At the first-named encounter, as Sir John Stuart's army was without cavalry, the task of pursuing the fugitive French devolved chiefly on his fleet and active Highlanders.

Keith served with his regiment in the armament which was fitted out in Sicily, in 1807, for the purpose of occupying Alexandria. The Turks at this time deeming the opportunity favourable for retaking from Russia all the lands they had lost in former strife, were ready to comply with all the desires of France against Great Britain, which was then Russia's ally. Thus, to favour Russia by compelling the Turks to defend their own territory, we fitted out the fatal expedition of Mackenzie Fraser.

The slender force so unwisely despatched on this most desperate enterprise consisted only of the 20th Light Dragoons, the 31st, 35th, and 78th Regiments, the battalions of De Rolle and Les Chasseurs Britanniques, with a few artillery. General Fraser commanded the whole force, which set sail on March 6. A storm separated the *Apollo* and no less than nineteen transports from the main body of the fleet, which in ten days after came to anchor off the Arab's Tower, to the westward of Alexandria.

General Fraser had naturally many doubts about landing with a force so reduced, but Major Misset, the British Resident, having represented that the people were favourably disposed to the British, most inimical to the French, and had not more than 500 Turks in garrison, he disembarked on the 18th, and in the evening marched forward for the double purpose of attacking the city and placing his forces in easy communication with the fleet.

In common with his comrades, young Keith shared in all the danger and suffering incident to this expedition, the second undertaken by Britain into Egypt, with the view of preventing that country from falling into the hands of Napoleon, whose Ambassador at Constantinople was supposed to direct all the councils of the Porte.

Fraser had barely 5,000 men, and was alike ignorant of the actual strength of the Turkish forces in and about Alexandria, and of the disposition of the warlike Mameluke Beys who, though in arms against the Viceroy Mohammed Ali (and were thus supposed to be in our favour), at once succumbed to the latter, and prepared to follow his banner against these new invaders. The city, however, was taken with trifling loss, and its garrison, consisting of 467 soldiers—*Assakiri Mansurei Mohamediyes* ("the victorious troops of Mohammed," as they boasted themselves)—with several sailors and gunners became

our capture, together with two Turkish frigates and a corvette which lay in the harbour.—(*Despatches.*)

Then followed our calamitous defeat at Rosetta, where Major-General Patrick Wauchope (of Edmonstone, in Lothian) with 185 officers and soldiers, chiefly of the 31st regiment, were killed and wounded by showers of musketry, which suddenly opened upon them from the roofs and windows of what appeared at first to be a silent and deserted town; and next day his head, with the heads of all the rest who fell, were placed on stakes by the side of the road that leads to Grand Cairo.

It was while serving in the second disastrous affair, at the village of El Hamet, that Thomas Keith fell into the hands of the Turks, and first became the captive or slave of an Albanian trooper—one of that wild race of robber warriors who have been unchanged and untamed since the days of Alexander.

Colonel MacLeod had been sent from the camp at Rosetta, with five companies of Highlanders and two of the 35th, to occupy an embankment which lies between the Nile and the lake of Etko. Here he posted his men in three divisions, with a few dragoons and artillery between each. On this position a great body of Albanian horse and foot, who were landed from seventy gherms, or large boats, that came slowly down the Nile amidst the morning mist, made a furious attack on April 21.

MacLeod resolved to concentrate his little force and fall back on the camp at Rosetta; but the Albanians were too quick for him, and with one company of the 35th, and one of the 78th, he was surrounded and cut off. He formed this slender band in square, and they were assailed on all sides by the long lances, the matchlocks, yataghans, and pistols of the Albanians, who came on in mobs, led by Turkish officers, with brandished weapons and shrill cries of "Lá ilá ha il lallah! vras! vras!" (There is no deity but God —kill! kill!)

An unequal contest was maintained with them until Colonel MacLeod and every officer and man of both companies were killed, except Captain Mackay, of the 78th, eleven privates of that Regiment, and about as many more of the 35th. In this engagement the assailants of the 78th were not unlike themselves in costume:—

> The wild Albanians *kirtled to the knee*,
> With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,
> And gold-embroidered garments fair to see,
> The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon.

Sergeant John Macrae, of the 78th, in this desperate conflict slew seven Turks with his claymore, before his head was cloven by a sabre from behind. Here also fell Lieutenant Macrae, with six more of his surname.

On the fall of Colonel MacLeod, the next

senior officer in command of the embankment, seeing that resistance was hopeless, waved a white handkerchief in token of surrender. "The firing accordingly ceased," writes General Stewart, "and a general scramble of the most extraordinary kind now ensued among the Turks for prisoners, who, according to their custom, became the private property of the captors. In this *mêlée* the British soldiers were pulled about with little ceremony till the more active of the Turks had secured their prey, after which they were marched a little distance up the river (Nile), where the captors were paid seven dollars for every prisoner they had taken. Some of the horsemen, less intent upon prize-money than their companions, amused themselves by galloping about, each with the head of a British soldier stuck upon the point of his lance."

Thomas Keith was among those taken here, and, with others, he was dragged or driven to Grand Cairo, in the market-place of which four hundred and fifty heads of the British were publicly exposed, while, for a time, the unfortunate captives were treated with every contumely and contempt, and more than once were marched between the mutilated remains of their comrades.*

In this sad affair the 78th had ninety-four, of

* *Despatches;* Russell's "Ancient and Modern Egypt," &c. "No. 286, Thomas Keith, 78th Foot, taken prisoner of war on 21st April, 1807."—*War-Office Records.*

all ranks, killed and wounded. The memory of Colonel MacLeod is yet revered by the officers of the regiment, who still keep his portrait hung in their mess-room, wherever they are quartered. He was an officer greatly beloved in the service; he was distinguished in the East as an Oriental scholar, and had served in the Low Countries, at the Cape, and at Maida, where he was wounded at the head of his regiment.

Wounded, disarmed, stripped of his knapsack and half his clothing, Keith, with many other prisoners, was kept by the Osmanlies at Grand Cairo, where he became the property of Ahmed Aga, who purchased him from the Albanian trooper. Ahmed was an officer of acknowledged bravery; but, being somewhat of a vaunter, and fond of making bombastic harangues to his soldiers, was named by the Turks Ahmed Bonaparte. Fortunately, he conceived a strong predilection for Keith, whose condition was thereby ameliorated, and who found little difficulty in pleasing his master; but the state of the other prisoners was miserable in the extreme, while the few surviving officers were thrust into the old citadel of Cairo, which is situated upon a rock, and said to have been built by Saladin.

"I had the misfortune," writes an officer, whose letter is before me, "to be taken prisoner in the disastrous affair at El Hamet. You may easily conceive what a narrow escape I had, when I tell

you that the party I remained with, commanded by Colonel MacLeod in person, consisting of 275 men, were all killed to *thirty*, of which *fifteen* only escaped without being wounded. I hope it will be the last time I shall ever be led in triumph through a Turkish town! We were marched along amid the acclamations of the people, and were received before the Pasha's palace with music playing and guns firing."

In the suite of Ahmed Bonaparte, Keith was removed from Grand Cairo with another Scottish prisoner, a drummer of the 78th Foot, and finding all chance of escape or release hopeless, while difference of race and of religion formed almost insuperable barriers to preferment, place, or trust in the East, after a time, to gain the favour of those by whom they were surrounded, they affected a change of creed and also of name. Both assumed the turban. Thomas Keith took the name of Ibraham Aga, probably as a compliment to the eldest son of the Pasha, who was named so after his grandfather, who had been head of the police at Cavalla, in Macedonia. Keith's comrade adopted that of Osman, under which name, as a venerable Turk, he was discovered many years after, living in ease and affluence, by a recent traveller, who was surprised to find in the house of an Osmanli the entire series of the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*, and other English works.

On September 14, 1807, General Fraser, de-

spairing of succour either from Britain or the discontented Beys, evacuated Alexandria, and, after exchanging all the prisoners he had for those whom the Turks would give up, he sailed back to Sicily.

From the service of Ahmed Aga, Keith was speedily driven by his wayward fate. A favourite Mameluke of Ahmed, a renegade Sicilian, having offered the young Scotsman an insult, he drew his sword, blows ensued, and the Sicilian fell. To escape the consequences, which might have been serious, as Ahmed had a great regard for this Mameluke, Keith fled to the favourite wife of the Pasha Mohammed Ali and implored her protection, which she immediately granted. She further concealed him, gave him money, and sent him in disguise to her second son, Toussoun Bey, who had been born at Cavalla, and who, on her recommendation, took him into his service. There, by his skill as a gunsmith and armourer, he soon made himself useful and popular among the Turks; all the more so, perhaps, that he had acquired the mastery of their very difficult language.

Toussoun, a mere lad of fourteen, possessed a dreadful temper, and, though brave as a lion, "he was," says Mr. Madden, "of a cruel, crafty, and sanguinary character, and detested by every one about him."* Of this dark disposition Keith

* *Egypt and Mohammed Ali.*

had soon a terrible proof. Having incurred Toussoun's displeasure by some trifling neglect, orders were given to put him to death in his bed-chamber. The house in which he resided was beset with armed slaves, whose instructions were to cut him to pieces and bring his head to the young prince, in token that they had done so; but they did not find our Scotsman unprepared.

On their attempting to penetrate into his room, he defended the doorway (which he had securely barricaded) single-handed, with his sword and pistols, for more than half-an-hour, shooting or cutting down all who ventured to force an entrance. Then, seizing a fortunate moment when they recoiled before him, he leaped from a window into the street below, passed through the rest with his reeking sword brandished, and, once more escaping, sought, as before, his kind protectress, the lady of Mohammed Ali.

Through her mediation and good offices, Toussoun became reconciled to Keith, and inspired by admiration of his courage and daring, and feeling, perhaps, as far as his crafty nature permitted, some compunction for his own injustice and cruelty, by one of those flights of fancy peculiar to Orientals, he appointed him at once Aga, or chief of his Mamelukes, a situation of high trust and importance, in which he performed many brilliant actions.

In the bearded Aga of the Mamelukes, who

shaved his head in conformity to the rules of the Prophet—at least such rules as the court and camp of Mohammed Ali observed—it might have been difficult to recognise the kilted Ross-shire Buff of a year or so before; but now his former military experiences made him of vast service in infusing a species of discipline among the Mamelukes and other wild and barbarous horsemen of the Pasha's army, while his knowledge of all kinds of weapons, his bodily strength, bravery, and hardihood, made him almost their idol. Thus he stood high among the Agas of Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, who had now received from the Porte the pashalic of Alexandria, for the services he had rendered the Ottoman empire by the repulse of Mackenzie Fraser's little army, and the compulsory evacuation of that city by the British.

Until very recently the Mamelukes were a race of people apart from the other three races inhabiting Egypt. They generally consisted of Georgian or Circassian, and not unfrequently of Christian slaves, who were brought into the country by the Fatimite Caliphs. Being trained to arms alone, they became the chief portion of the military power of the state, and so great was their numerical strength, that they were frequently able to revolt against their masters, and to sasamcre or expel them. By a strange caprice, they transmitted their power, not to their children,

but to slaves whom they bought, even as they themselves had been. The plunderers rather than the protectors of Egypt, they filled it for ages with scenes of violence; but they excelled in the art of war in their own fashion, and formed the most daring and splendid cavalry in the Ottoman empire. Such were the strange troops among whom our Scottish private found himself an Aga, a rank which corresponds with that of general in Europe.

Mohammed Ali had been appointed to the government of Egypt by the Porte in 1804; but the turbulent state of the Mameluke Beys and the successive expeditions of the French and British, had prevented him from adopting any warlike measures against the Wahabees — a favourite project of his; as those people had come to hostilities with the Turkish Government, had interrupted the Hadji-caravans, and forbidden the people to pray in the mosques for their master the Sultan. To Mohammed it was evident that if ever Turkish influence was to be regained over the holy cities of Arabia and the Wahabees dispossessed of them, the attempt must come from Egypt alone. He knew, moreover, that the deliverance of the sepulchres would add to the lustre of his name, and exalt him above all the soldiers of the Ottoman empire. The promise of the pashalic of Damascus for one of his many sons, so soon as the banner of Selim should float above

the walls of Mecca and Medina, was a further incentive; and as it was necessary to have a sufficient flotilla for service in the Red Sea, to act against the Scherifs Ghaleb, Saoud, and other Wahabee leaders, he prepared one at Suez, where he built twenty-eight vessels, varying from 100 to 250 tons, in less than three years.

On March 1, 1811, just before Toussoun, who was to command, marched against Arabia, the terrible massacre of the Mameluke Beys and of their chief followers occurred at Cairo, and here a link in Keith's story is wanting. Whether he was present at this atrocious affair, or whether he, as a Mameluke, had been warned by Toussoun, or some other friend, to absent himself from the banquet, we have no means of knowing. Most probably the latter was the case, as he was then in the zenith of his favour with Toussoun, and had a command in the small force of cavalry in that army which he was to lead along the shores of the Red Sea.

In the army of Toussoun Pasha there served another proselyte who affected the turban, Giovanni Finati (surnamed the Hadji Mohammed), who, in 1805, had been a soldier under Marshal Marmont, in Dalmatia, where, with fifteen other soldiers, he deserted with arms and accoutrements, and eventually became a trooper in the body-guard of Mohammed. He assisted at the massacre of the Mamelukes; a slave-girl, a silver saddle, and

sundry trinkets being his share of plunder in that barbarous slaughter.

In August the expedition was ready for departure under Toussoun Bey, who was then only in his eighteenth year, but had shown great courage in the Mameluke war. Keith, known as Ibrahim Aga, led the cavalry which, with Turks and Bedouins, made only 800 sabres, while the infantry consisted of 2,000 kilted Arnaouts, led by Saleh Aga. In October their flotilla reached Yembo, a town of Arabia, situated on a wide inlet of the Red Sea. It was briskly attacked, though not garrisoned by the Wahabees, but by some troops of the Scherif, who capitulated after two days of resistance, declaring himself a mere proselyte of Saoud. Keith's horsemen plundered the town, which possessed about 2,000 inhabitants.

Several months were now consumed in crooked and subtle Oriental diplomacy, for the Scherif Ghaleb, on hearing of the armament that had come against him, was anxious to make some terms for himself, but Toussoun, on finding that all he could do, after taking Yembo, was to attach a few wild Bedouins to his cavalry, resolved at once to attack the city of Medina.

In January, 1812, accompanied by Keith, he set out on this expedition, which he deemed more prudent than a march towards Mecca, where the stratagems of the Wahabees might have proved

fatal to his slender force a portion of which remained in garrison at Yembo.

On their march by the long and dusty caravan route they captured the towns of Bedr-Honein and Safra, after a slight skirmish at each; but at the little village of Jedeida the expedition met with a terrible repulse. By a narrow defile between two steep and rugged mountains the road passes towards Medina. There the slender force of Toussoun was assailed in front, in rear, and on both flanks by more than 20,000 Wahabee infantry and 800 horse, led by Abdallah and Faisal, the sons of Saoud.

Instead of attempting to retire on Jedeida where they might have defended themselves, perhaps with success, the ill-disciplined Turkish infantry took to instant flight, and all abandoned their young prince save Keith and another horseman. Outrunning the fugitives along the slopes that overhung the pass, the victors poured down a continuous shower of musketry, by which 1,200 were killed, and the whole body must have been destroyed had not the Wahabees contented themselves by capturing the cannon and baggage.

At this terrible crisis the boy Toussoun did not forget his characteristic daring, but with tears of rage in his eyes he was heard incessantly crying to his fugitive soldiers, "In the name of Allah, will none of you stand by me?" "I will!" replied Keith; on which a second mounted man,

whose name is not recorded, aided them in a vain attempt to rally the Turks. After this, the three broke, sword in hand, through the enemy, and reached their camp at Bedr on the spur. Setting it on fire and abandoning the military chest, which they were without the means of removing, they rode at full speed to the shore of the Red Sea, and reaching one of their ships proceeded to Yembo, where, in a few days after, the survivors of the slaughter joined them. Disheartened by this affair, the Bedouins deserted, while Saleh Aga and Omar Aga declared they would no longer fight in the land of Hejaz, and were sent back to Cairo. Then, on being joined by the Scherif Ghaleb, the victorious Wahabees swept all the shore of the Red Sea unmolested; but for his bravery and fidelity in the pass of Jedeida, Thomas Keith was now promoted to the office of treasurer (*Khasnadar*), the second in rank at the court of a Pasha.

On Mohammed Ali hearing of his son's defeat, he lost no time in preparing a second expedition, and by a judicious distribution of gold through the hands of Keith, the treasurer, he succeeded in detaching many of the Bedouin Sheiks from the interest of Saoud. Thus, in October, 1812, Toussoun found himself at the head of a sufficient force to march against Medina, and bribery enabled this force to pass unmolested through the perilous gorge of Jedeida, and to display its

banners before the sacred city which holds the tomb of the Prophet.

It had a population of 16,000 souls, and the walls and castle were manned by a well-armed garrison of Wahabees. Ahmed Aga, surnamed Bonaparte, penetrated with his column through the suburbs and drove the enemy into the inner part of the town, where the solid old ramparts defied for fifteen days the light field-guns of the Turks. At length a breach was effected; a mine was sprung which blew the wall into the air (while the citizens were at midday prayers), and amid the dust and confusion Keith rushed forward at the head of the Arnaots, sword in hand.

"Among the soldiers of the Pasha's army who signalised their bravery at this siege was a young Scotsman, about twenty years of age, a native of Edinburgh, named Thomas Keith," says the "History of Arabia." "At Medina he fought with courage, *being the first man who mounted the breach*, and after distinguishing himself on several other occasions, he was ultimately made governor of the city in 1815."

In the streets 1,000 Wahabees were cut to pieces; 1,500 retired into the citadel, where on being menaced by starvation, after a three weeks' resistance, they capitulated and marched out with fifty laden camels, a safe conduct being granted them so far as Nejed by Ahmed Bonaparte; but most infamously was it violated! The moment

the last man had quitted Medina, the whole were slaughtered in cold blood by the Turks. Their skulls were then collected, and by Ahmed's order were built up in the form of a tower, the remains of which may still be seen on the highway that leads to Yembo, the port of Medina.

Keith distinguished himself among the leaders of Mohammed's army during all its operations against the Wahabees, including the recovery of Mecca and Hejaz, the arrest and death of Ghaleb, after the stern Pasha took command in person; but nowhere did this young soldier distinguish himself more than during the repulse of the Turks before Taraba. This was in the November of 1813, when he accompanied Toussoun from Taif with 2,000 men, and on reaching Taraba, a well-fortified town, an immediate assault was made upon its Arab garrison, at the head of which was a widow named Ghalia. Animated by this heroic woman, the Arabs repulsed the Turks, who were then assailed in rear by the Bedouins, and compelled to abandon their arms, tents, and cannon; 700 of them were cut down in their flight, 700 more died of wounds, hunger, and thirst; and Toussoun with the remainder must have perished but for the valour and presence of mind displayed by Thomas Keith, who, at the head of a few cavalry, made a furious charge upon the Bedouin horse and recaptured a field-piece. This gun he served with his own hands,

and discharged it repeatedly with such deadly effect, that he kept the foe in check until the fugitives crossed a defile and secured their retreat to Taif, where he and Toussoun arrived with the skeleton of their command; and for many months after this the Wahabees remained unmolested.

In the following year the Turkish army in Egypt was increased to 20,000 men, and a corps of 350 were for a time under Keith's command at Mecca. The defeat of the Wahabees at Bissel, the surrender of Taraba and Beishe rapidly followed, and the Wahabees were driven to despair; but the cruelty of the victorious Mohammed covered his laurels with blood and disgrace. In some instances the prisoners had their legs and arms hewn off, and were left thus to die. On one occasion 5,000 human heads were piled before his tent at Bissel; 300 prisoners to whom he had promised especial quarter received it from the sabre of the executioner; fifty more were impaled alive before the gates of Mecca, and others on the high road to Jiddah, where the corpses were devoured by hungry dogs and vultures. Amid the horrors of a warfare such as this, Keith continued to serve at the head of a body of cavalry, and after the Pasha returned to Egypt in June, 1815, leaving to Toussoun the task of utterly destroying the hapless Wahabees.

At the head of 2,500 men the prince marched to conquer the province of Nejed. A route of

eleven days brought them to El Rass, a town encompassed by a wall, which they were without the means of assailing, Toussoun, in true Turkish fashion, having alike miscalculated his means and his measures. The Wahabees were hovering in strength upon his skirts, and already the retreat to Medina was cut off by a vast body that occupied the way, flushed with the hope of vengeance. Toussoun was in great extremity, and now the gallant Keith hastened to his succour at the head of 250 chosen horsemen; but before he came in sight of El Rass, they were all surrounded and cut off by a great column of the foe. "In this encounter, the brave Scotsman killed four with his own hand," but fell covered with wounds at the head of his troops, who were all unhorsed, cut to pieces, and beheaded on the spot.

Such was the sudden fate of this singular adventurer, who began his military career as a private in the Ross-shire Buffs, and closed it as a Turkish Aga, the friend and comrade of an Eastern Prince.

Full of mortification for his supposed disgraces, Toussoun Pasha died soon after of the plague, in the camp at Damanhur, early in 1816.

Osman the drummer lived long after these events, and the strongest feature of his character, says a traveller, was his intense nationality. "In vain they brought him over the seas in early boy-

hood; in vain had he suffered captivity and conversion; in vain had he passed through the fire of their Arabian campaigns, they could not cut away or burn out poor Osman's inborn love of all that was Scotch. In vain men called him *Effendi;* in vain he swept along in eastern robes; in vain the rival wives adorned his harem! The joy of his heart still plainly lay in this: that he had three shelves of books, and *that the books were thorough-bred Scotch;* and, above all, I recollect that he prided himself upon the 'Edinburgh Cabinet Library.'"*

* "Traces of Travel."

A MEMOIR OF GENERAL WOLFE.

"MILITARY genius," says Sir Walter Scott, "is the highest order of genius;" of this talent the career of the brave soldier who by the capture of Quebec conquered the Canadas, affords a pregnant example, for the short span of his life is replete with the splendour of energy and valour, and his name will for ever be inseparably connected with the military glory of the British army.

He was the son of Lieutenant-General Edward Wolfe and his wife, Henrietta Thompson, sister of Edward Thompson, Esq., whose family belonged to Deptford, and who was M.P. for Plymouth. Edward Wolfe is said to have been an Irishman, and his family was certainly of Irish origin, as his grandfather a captain, and his grand-uncle a priest, both named *Woulfe,* were taken prisoners after the capture of Limerick, in 1651, by the Cromwellian General, Ireton, who sentenced them to be hanged. He was a veteran officer who had served in the wars of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and been present in many of their battles.

He was on military duty in Scotland during the insurrection of 1715.

In 1739 he was Colonel of the first battalion of Marines, with which he served in 1740 under General Wentworth, in that ill-fated expedition to the West-India Isles—an expedition of which we have a description so admirable in the "Roderick Random" of Smollet, who was present as a medical officer. There, after the capture of the Castillo Grande, the fruitless attack upon Fort St. Lazare, the delays consequent to the absurd disagreements of the general and admiral, together with the results of the rainy season, twenty thousand men perished; and then the fleet returned home, disheartened and all but defeated.

In 1742 he was appointed Inspector of the Marine Regiment, which then consisted of only two battalions. The sufferings endured by the corps at Cuba and elsewhere excited a dangerous mutiny in Wolfe's Battalion, and by sentence of a court-martial held at Jamaica, Lieutenants Frye, Davidson, and Colepepper were sentenced, the former to fifteen years, and the two latter to five years' imprisonment in the Marshalsea prison, an award afterwards cancelled. On the 25th of February, 1744, after serving in Flanders, Edward Wolfe was made a Brigadier; in May, 1745, he was appointed Major-General and Colonel of the 8th or King's Regiment, and on the 20th of

September a Lieutenant-General, the highest rank he ever attained. Such is a brief sketch of the military career of the father of our hero.

For some years the old general had fixed his residence at Westerham, a parish and market-town of Kent, twenty-two miles westward of Maidstone, and situated on a gentle declivity near the Durent. He rented the vicarage house, and therein his son and only child, the future conqueror of Montcalm, was born, on the 2nd January, 1726, and baptized on the 11th thereafter.* Soon after his birth his parents removed from the vicarage house to another mansion at Westerham, now known, in honour of after events, as Quebec House.

The boyhood of Wolfe is involved in considerable obscurity; thus, notwithstanding the social position of his parents, and the important part he played in the great theatre of life, no detailed account of his education has been preserved; we are thus unable to trace the future warrior in the studies, pastimes, or fancies of the boy. He is said to have passed some of his earlier years at Nantwich, in Cheshire, and the house he occu-

* "Wolfe, James, son of Colonel Edward Wolfe; baptized January 11th, 1726."

The above is a true copy of the register of baptism in the parish of Westerham, in the county of Kent, as witness my hand, this 19th day of April, 1859.

(Signed) Henry Charles Bartlett, Curate.

pied is still traditionally pointed out by the inhabitants.

The first developments of his character are alleged to have been a great aptness and quickness of comprehension, a retentive memory, a powerful imagination, a rapidity of decision, and a steadiness of purpose combined with promptitude in action. Early in life he was destined for the honourable profession of his father, and he strove with assiduity to gain a knowledge of the science of war; and that his father, the old veteran of Queen Anne's wars, had devoted him from childhood to the service of his country has never been disputed.

A writer in *Tait's Magazine* for 1849 asserts that he was a student in the College of Glasgow about the year 1739, and that he was taken from his studies there to join the army; but we know that after accompanying his father in 1740 to Flanders, where he studied the art of war, in the best school for such study, the camp, and under the same colours that had waved on the fields of Blenheim, Malplacquet, and Ramillies, on the 3rd November, 1741, in his *fifteenth year*, he was appointed, as the MSS. Records at the War Office bear witness, to a second-lieutenancy in the Marine Regiment, commanded by his father, Colonel Edward Wolfe, and then serving, as related, on the fatal West India expedition. He does not appear to have joined the Marines, but

to have been travelling on the Continent, as, four months afterwards, he was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 12th, or Colonel Scipio Duroure's Regiment of East Suffolk Foot. His second commission is dated 27th March, 1742 (*War Office Records*), and he was then at Rome.

By the scholastic attainments he was known to possess, there cannot be a doubt that Wolfe must have pursued his studies with great perseverance after his appointment to the army; and that he was master of at least two languages, his letters fully serve to prove. It is asserted in various statistical and topographical works in Scotland, that while a subaltern he commanded the little party known as the garrison of Inversnaid. If so, this must have been during the summer of 1742, though the records of his regiment do not bear any trace of its having been in Scotland in that year.

Inversnaid is a small hamlet near the base of Ben Lomond, and a fortlet was built there in the earlier part of the last century, and usually garrisoned by a detachment from the castle of Dumbarton, to repress the outrages of the Buchanans, the Mac Nabs, the Mac Gregors, the Stewarts of Ardvoirlich, and other armed tribes, who dwelt near the Lowland border. It has long been deserted, and nothing remains of it now, but its ruined wall and a little cemetery wherein the mossgrown headstones and weed-covered mounds,

mark where many of the once-abhorred Seider Dearg, or Red Saxon soldiers of King George, "sleep the sleep that knows no waking."

The Government having resolved to uphold the interests of the House of Austria, against the French and Bavarians, the 12th Regiment, which had been encamped on Lexden Heath, in Essex, was ordered to hold itself in readiness to embark for foreign service; and during the summer of 1745, when the army went to Flanders under the Marshal Earl of Stair, the 12th, under Colonel Duroure, formed a portion of it. On this service went young Wolfe, who was still a subaltern.

Scipio Duroure, his commanding officer, had entered the army in 1705; he was a good and brave soldier, who had served in three campaigns under the Duke of Marlborough, and been many years in the 12th, of which he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel in 1734, with the captaincy of the castle of St. Maws. He soon discovered the talents, energy, and enthusiasm of Wolfe, and immediately on that officer obtaining his lieutenancy on the 14th of July (O.S.), 1743, he appointed him adjutant on the 22nd of the same month.* Thus, in his seventeenth year, James Wolfe occupied the onerous, arduous, and important post of adjutant, having to superintend

* War Office Records.

the whole interior economy of a regiment in the field and before the enemy—a case, we believe, without parallel in the annals of the British army.

The 12th were several months in Flanders, and in February commenced the march for Germany. For a time, the corps was encamped with the forces under Marshal Stair, near the forest of Darmstadt in the Bergstrasse, and afterwards at Aschaffenburg, where the King and the Duke of Cumberland, the future "butcher" of Culloden, joined the army, then forty thousand strong, and eager for battle against the French, who were led by Adrien Maurice, the Duc de Noailles, a Marshal who united the talents of a general to those of a statesman and scholar.

Lord Stair led the operations of the field; but the King held the nominal command, and by his ignorance and folly nearly caused the loss of the battle which ensued on the 27th of June at Dettingen, where the 12th Regiment had a brilliant opportunity of distinguishing itself, by repulsing a charge of the French cavalry, the flower of which were the Household Troops, clad in helmets and corslets of proof; and afterwards of engaging the infantry with equal intrepidity, though the corps had just endured a fatiguing march, and been many hours under arms with knapsacks, belts, and blankets on. The charges of the British cavalry completed the overthrow of the French, who retired across the Maine with

the loss of five hundred men, among whom was the Count de Boufflers, a brave boy, who in his tenth year was cut in two by a cannon ball. On this day the 12th had Captain Phillips, Lieutenant Munro, and seventy-four rank and file killed; three officers, three sergeants, and sixty-two rank and file wounded.

The 12th passed the night on the corpse-strewn plain of Dettingen, after which it marched to Hanau, in Hesse Cassel, and for some weeks was encamped on the bank of the Kinzig, and subsequently, in August, it began a march towards the Rhine. Crossing the river above Mentz, it was employed in various services until the end of October, when the whole army fell back to winter quarters in Flanders. The 12th formed part of the fifth division of Infantry, under Major-General John Earl of Rothes, K.T., Governor of the Castle of Stirling; and after marching through Brusssels on the 22nd of a stormy November, it proceeded to cantonments at Ostend.*

With the 12th, Wolfe served in the campaign of 1744, under Marshal Wade, and on the 23rd of June in that year was gazetted to a company in Lieutenant-General William Barrell's regiment, the 4th, or King's Own.—(*War Office Record.*)

The tone and character of the officers and men of the British army in those days were in many

* Records, 12th Foot.

respects essentially different and inferior to what we find them in the present time; for gaol-deliveries were eminently calculated to debase the *morale* of the rank and file of the English and Irish regiments, whose strength was often recruited from such desperate sources. Drinking, gambling, and duelling were a portion of an officer's daily routine of life; while swearing and blasphemy formed half the conversation of a "fine fellow" in the fashionable circles. Even the chaplains fought openly with sword and pistol about cards and women, and in every regiment was a club of young officers, who styled themselves the triers and provers of all who joined; and every newly-commissioned subaltern who failed to fight or out-bully those regimental bravoes, all of whom were dead shots, was hunted out of the service. "From such scandalous proceedings these gentlemen obtained their title," writes an old Scottish officer in 1756; "but few or any of them died in their beds, for they sometimes met with their match. Thank God, I do not believe there is any of this pestilent set in the army now!"*

In barrack-room parlance, the grenadiers were in those days styled the *Tow Rows;* the battalion companies, the *Flat Feet;* the light company, the *Light Bobs.* The company of the Lieutenant-

* Advice to Officers, Perth, 1795.

Colonel was commanded by a captain-lieutenant, a rank long since abolished. The battalion companies wore the triple-cocked hat, bound by broad white tape; the grenadiers had a high conical cap of red cloth, having a front or flap of the colour of the regimental facings, with the King's cypher and crown, the inevitable White Horse of Hanover, and *Nec aspera terrent* embroidered thereon. The pay of the privates was eightpence per diem; from this twopence was deducted for clothing, leaving the poor fellows but sixpence for food, black ball, pipe-clay, and hair powder. They received, as at present, a suit of coarse uniform yearly, and the old red coats were carefully turned into long-flapped regimental vests in the fashion of the day. Every regiment contributed yearly one day's pay to Chelsea Hospital.

The prices of commissions varied; an ensigncy in an old regiment cost from three to four hundred pounds, and in a new regiment might be had for two hundred and fifty,* and the purchase was negotiated by attorneys in England, and clerks to the Signet in Scotland, like the sale of a house or a horse; and as for the *morale* of the service, if we are to judge of it by the fiendish barbarities of the officers and soldiers after the battle of Culloden, it would almost seem to

* Life of the Duke of Cumberland.

justify the caustic remarks of the brave Chevalier Wogan, who in his remarkable letter to Swift, characterized the British army as a body "where the least pretensions to learning, to piety, or to common morals, would endanger the owner of being cashiered." But the whole tone of morality in civil and fashionable life was then extremely debased, and of this, the novels of Smollett and Fielding, with the plays of Wycherly, Centlivre, and others, afford us ample proof; and yet it was not long before this period that Laurence Sterne, he who penned the beautiful and touching story of "poor Lieutenant Lefevre," was born, bred, and reared in the tents and barracks of the 22nd Regiment.

In 1746 Wolfe served under General Sir John Ligonier at Liers, and on the 5th of February, 1746-7, was appointed Major in the 33rd, or Major-General John Johnstone's Regiment of Foot, and with this rank would seem to have accompanied the army of Cumberland into Scotland as a staff officer, and to have been present at the sanguinary battle of Culloden.*

That Wolfe served the campaign in Scotland has frequently been disputed; but several of his letters, which were in possession of the late Mr. Southey, twelve of which were published in 1849, and five MS. documents now before us, with

* War Office Records, &c.

the records of the 20th Regiment of Foot, all prove beyond a doubt that he did.

To the latter corps he would appear to have been attached previously to his being appointed thereto; and must have been in the second line of infantry, under the ruffianly Major-General Huske, between the 36th, or Fleming's Regiment, which was on the extreme right; and the 25th, or old Edinburgh Regiment, which formed his centre.

It is related by Mr. Robert Chambers, in his stirring history of the Civil War, that soon after the battle, the merciless Cumberland, whose savage inhumanity covered his victory with disgrace, accompanied by Wolfe, rode over the field during the massacre of the wounded. At a place where the dead were lying thick, he observed a wounded Highlander raise himself feebly on his arm, and give a proud smile of scorn and defiance.

"Wolfe," cried the Duke, "shoot me that Highland scoundrel who dares to stare at us so insolently." But Wolfe replied,

"My commission is at the disposal of your Royal Highness; but I cannot consent to become an executioner."

This Highlander, who is avowed by another authority to have been the Colonel of Lord Lovat's Clan-regiment, was despatched by some less scrupulous hand; "and it was remarked

that the recusant officer declined visibly in the favour and confidence of his commander" (Rebellions, vol. ii.); but for Wolfe to lose the favour of this corpulent and blood-thirsty leader, who drove to London with a human head in his coach—a head which he believed to be the unfortunate Chevalier's—was assuredly no dishonour.

The 20th Regiment had only four men killed; Lieutenant Trapuad (a special friend of Wolfe, familiarly styled Trap in his letters), and seventeen soldiers wounded. Its effective strength on the morning of the battle was as follows:—

2 Field officers (including Wolfe).	22 Sergeants.
5 Captains.	13 Drummers and Fifers.
13 Subalterns.	412 Rank and File.

After Culloden it was stationed for some time at Perth, and was employed in searching for arms, and harassing all who were suspected of loyalty to the House of Stuart, or of being concerned in the late rising for King James.

About this time Wolfe was appointed aide-de-camp to the worthless Major-General Henry Hawley, the same officer who lost the battle of Falkirk, and in a paltry spirit of national spite and revenge, permitted his fugitive army to burn the magnificent Palace of Linlithgow, the birth-place of Mary Queen of Scots. A troop of Marshal Viscount Cobham's Light Dragoons (now the 10th Royal Hussars) being ordered

into Forfarshire to harass the discontented in that country; the following MS. order, which illustrates the severities to which the Jacobites were subjected, was delivered by Major Wolfe to Captain Hamilton, the officer in command, who thus became involved with the aide-de-camp in a correspondence, and in a threatened legal prosecution before the Lords of Council and Session, in consequence of his alleged outrages on the Braes of Angus.

"His Royal Highness's Orders.

"You are to seize the persons, arms, ammunitions, &c., of all those who have been actors or abettors in the present rebellion, and to cause regular depositions to be made against them when secured.

"If you should have intelligence of any parties in arms, you are to draw together such a force as you shall judge sufficient, and should you meet with resistance, you are to put them to y^e^ sword. You will receive with this a list of the places within your cantonment, where fishing-boats are allowed to be, and taking proper measures to prevent any one from going aboard them, but such as are actually employed in the fishery, you are to allow them to fish for the use of the troops and of the country; if you should hear of any fishing-boats in any other harbour or creeks, but what are included in the 'bove-mentioned list, you are to send proper parties to burn them. (A measure to prevent Charles Edward's escape).

"You are to cause all the ships that are already unrigged to remain so, and whatever vessels are not in y^t^ condition, you will oblige immediately to unrig; and you will have no regard to any passes permitting ships to sail out of any port, but what bear date since the battle of Culloden.

"All ships bringing provisions to y^e army that may be obliged to touch at any of the Ports, where detachments of the troops may be posted, may be allowed to proceed on the voyage, provided proper care be taken that no persons go off in them, of which the officers commanding the different detachments will be answerable.

"Given at the head-quarters of Inverness, the 29th April, 1746. By his Royal Highness's command,

"(Signed) WILLIAM P. CHABAN.

"EDWARD FAWKONER. (A true copy.)

"List of places where fishing-boats are allowed to be in your cantonment:—

"From Lunan Bay, including John's Haven, to rendezvous at Montrose 1

From John's Haven to Todd's Head to rendezvous at Barry 1

From Todd's Head to Port Letham to rendezvous at Stonehive 1

From Port Letham to Newburg to rendezvous at Aberdeen 1

Along the coast from Fisherton to Lunan Bay.

Lunan Bay included to rendezvous at Arbrothe.

"You are to be punctual in executing every article of the above order.

"To Captain Hamilton." "P. CHABAN.

This document is indorsed on back "Order of March for Captain Hamilton," and in Wolfe's neat small hand, follows the date, 29th April, 1746. Complaints of Hamilton's proceedings being made to the civil authorities, he was compelled to refer on the subject to General Hawley, whose aide-de-camp, Wolfe, wrote him as follows:—

"Inverness, May 19, 1746.

"Sir,—I am ordered by General Hawley to acquaint you, y^t^ he has shown your letter to H.R.H., who approves of everything you have done, and desires you will continue your assiduity in apprehending such as have been in open rebellion, or are known abettors, and that you will be careful to collect all proofs and accusations against them, and deliver them to Major Chaban, and let the Major know from General Hawley, that he is to receive and keep together all such accusations as shall be sent him, from you or any other officer under his command, that they may be more conveniently had, when called for. You know the manner of treating the houses and possessions of rebels in this part of the country; the same freedom is to be used where you are, as has been hitherto practised, that is, in searching for them and their arms, cattle and other things are usually found. Those y^t^ have conformed to his R.H.'s proclamation are to be registered as you have mentioned, the list is to be kept and their arms are to be taken from them. You will be so good as inform Major Chaban what concerns him in this letter, as also what relates to the possessions of the rebels, y^t^ he and the officers under his command may make a proper use of it.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"James Wolfe, Aide-de-Camp to Gen. Hawley."

The last sentence of this letter is written on the margin; Major Peter Chaban was then an officer of Cobham's Dragoons, the Lieutenant-Colonel of which was John Jordan. The letter is addressed "To Captain Hamilton, of Cobham's Dragoons at Forfar, on His Majesty's Service," and franked in a large bold hand "H. Hawley." Fresh complaints being made, Cumberland was at last referred to, and he, of course, highly approved

of Hamilton's proceedings, as the two following letters serve to show:—

"Sir,—The General has shown your letters to his R.H., and both approve of your conduct. You are permitted to graze your troops in your neighbourhood for the reasons you assign, as the most effectual means of doing your duty; Major Chaban must be acquainted with the General's intentions in that respect, and you are likewise to let him know that he and the rest of the regiment have no right to claim any share of seizures made by your troops, when in separate quarters. The General is satisfied with what you have done in regard to the meeting-house, and the money may be applied as you think proper. Young Fletcher's effects are to be secured, but not disposed off till further orders. If you think the attestation of Mr. Watson's tenants be sufficient proof of his having acted in a treasonable manner, you are to make yourself master of his person, and confine him at Montrose with the rest.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"James Wolfe, Aide-de-Camp.

"Fort Augustus, 11th of June, 1746."

This letter powerfully illustrates how the people were at the mercy of the caprice and arbitrary power of every officer commanding a troop or petty detachment at this time. The letter next is indorsed "To Captain Hamilton, of Cobham's Dragoons at Forfar."

"Sir,—General Hawley acquainted the Duke with the purport of your letter, who is very well satisfied with your conduct, and you have to dispose of the effects of Brown and Watson; but nothing farther is to be done in Fletcher's affairs. The General bid me tell you that when any seizures

are made of cattle or otherwise, *in this part of the world*, the commanding officer and every person concerned, *have shares* in proportion to their pay. You mention Mr. Douay to me as a person to be recommended, but at the same time say you have very little knowledge of him; as I have much less and no more interest here than you have, I think if you have found him serviceable, you will not neglect an occasion of rewarding him; as it is not known when the troops will move from hence or what road General Hawley will go, I'm sorry to let you know 'tis impossible for me to appoint any place for you seeing him.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"J. Wolfe, Aide-de-Camp to General Hawley."

Then follows in Hamilton's hand: "This letter was brought to me from Fort Augustus by Bailie Douay upon Tuesday, the 22nd of July, 1746." It bears Wolfe's seal in red wax, the impression, apparently of a ring, being a helmeted head. The following letter, which was found with the foregoing, rehearses some of Captain Hamilton's proceedings in Angus:—

"Bonnytown, 8th December, 1746.

"Sir,—You very well know, that in the month of June last, when Captain Hamilton of Cobham's Dragoons dispossessed Alexander Guthrie in Balfour, the conjunct Tacksman with me of the Parks of Coull and turned out all our bestial, we caused intimate the same to you under form of instrument, and protested against you for cost, skaith and damage we might sustain, by the loss of grass, having then purchased a considerable number of cattle to eat the same, and were obliged to dispose of them under the value, having no other grass to maintain them. This was such a loss to us that I

hope you are not to think we will suffer it, and therefore expect you'll redress us, otherwise we must be excused to try how far we may have remead at law. We understand you have an action presently depending before the Court of Session against Captain Hamilton for violently dispossessing us of the said parks and for reparation of damages. We heartily concur with you in that complaint and wish you success; but by this we are not to be constructed liably for any part of the expense of that plea. In the meantime, we observe by the Captain's answer, that he pretends he was ignorant of our being the Tacksmen of the said parks, and that he understood the Rebel David Ogilvy to have been the Tacksman, and the cattle in the park his property. This is a most unaccountable assertion, and not one word of it fact, for he had several meetings with Alexander Guthrie, Robert Adamson and oyrs concerned, before he rouped the grass, and was told by them that we were the Tacksmen and not David Ogilvie, of which there can be a very sufficient proof. I might here condescend on witnesses, but I think it needless at present, as a list of them can be sent you when it is needful, &c.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"JOHN KER.

"P. S. I have sent you enclosed a note of the damages sustained.

Indorsed, "To Mr. Thomas Ogilvy of the Coull, merchant in Dundee, at Edinburgh."

In the papers preserved by the late Robert Forbes, D.D., Bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and which relate the frightful atrocities of the King's troops in the northern parts of Scotland, we have the statement of a lady in Aberdeen, concerning the treatment she suffered at the hands of Hawley; and the zeal shown in

the interest of that singularly brutal officer by his aide-de-camp, was, to say the least of it, a little out of place, and not quite what we might have expected from the hero of Quebec; but, as the proverb has it, "when drums beat, the laws are dumb." The statement of her heartless spoliation is thus given in the poor woman's narrative; and it forcibly illustrates the cruelty, rapine, and open villany of the troops of George II., after a chance victory over a few Highland shepherds (worn by the toil of a retreat from Derby, after seven days of famine, and being betrayed by their Whig countrymen), had given them for a time the mastery of the Eastern Highlands.

It was on an evening in the month of February, 1745-6, she states, "that one Major Wolfe came to me, and after asking me if I was Mrs. Gordon, and desiring a gentleman who was with me to go out of the room, said he was come to tell me that, by the Duke of Cumberland and General Hawley's orders, I was to be deprived of everything I had, except the clothes upon my back. After delivering this message, he said that General Hawley having inquired into my character of several persons, who had all spoken very well of me, and told him I had no hand in the rebellion, and that I was a stranger without relations in that country; he (the General), therefore, would make interest with the Duke of Cumberland that

I might have any particular thing I had a mind to, and could say was my own. I then desired to have my tea.*

"But the Major told me it was very good, and that tea was scarce in the army, so he did not believe I could have it. The same answer was made me when I asked for my chocolate. I mentioned several other things, particularly my china. He told me there was a great deal of it, that it was very pretty, and that they were fond of china themselves; but, as they had no ladies travelling with them, I might, perhaps, have some of it. I then desired to have my pictures. He (Wolfe) said he supposed I would not wish to have them all. I replied, I did not pretend to name any, except my sons. He asked me, if I had a son, where he was? I said I had sent him into the country to make room for them.

"'To what place?' said he. I answered, to Sir Arthur Forbes's. He asked how old my son was? I said about fourteen. Said he, 'then he is not a child, and you will be made to produce him,' and thus we parted. This Major Wolfe was aide-de-camp to General Hawley."

At this time, when children were butchered in the glens for simply wearing tartan, the emotions of the poor mother when Wolfe left her may be imagined.

* A scarce and valuable commodity in Scotland at that time.

"The next day," she adds, "a petition was drawn up and read to the Duke of Cumberland at his levée, by Captain Forbes, who was also aide-de-camp to General Hawley, and the Duke said he would take care I should not be robbed. That day Major Wolfe came again, and told me that the Duke of Cumberland had sent him to let me know that my petition had been read to him, and that he would take care that everything should be restored to me. Notwithstanding this, when I sent to my house (she had been expelled) as, in particular I did, for a pair of breeches for my son, a little tea for myself, a bottle of ale, for some flour to make bread, all was refused me."

The inventory of her losses is astonishing, and recites all her bed and table linen, her wearing apparel, dinner and breakfast sets of china, bowls, chocolate, butter, cheese and ale, her candlesticks, books, pictures, and musical instruments, the clothes of her husband and son—in short, the poor lady was robbed, as she states, of everything but the clothes upon her back. After being carefully packed in bales by the soldiers, these effects were sent by sea to London, with the plunder of other mansions, and many of her valuables found their way into the residence of a woman of the town, who was a special friend of the illustrious Henry Hawley.

In the summer of 1747 we find our hero otherwise employed, as the Records of the 20th Foot

bear, that it was then encamped near Fort Augustus, under the orders of Major James Wolfe. In this camp were eleven battalions of the Line and Kingston's Horse. With these forces, Cumberland left no means untried to exterminate the people and render the country a wilderness; it was in this camp that his Royal Highness and the equally chivalric officers of his staff regaled themselves by stripping Highland women nude, and forcing them to run races on barebacked ponies, for the amusement of the soldiers, and it was from thence that he sent his detachments to hunt down the peasantry who were shot on the mountains like wild beasts, or stripped naked and then butchered, indecently mutilated and left unburied; women, often on the verge of childbed, after seeing their brave husbands and sons murdered in cold blood, were openly violated in the light of day and almost under the regimental colours, while their children were bayonetted or driven away to starve on barren heaths. In one place a whole family were enclosed in a barn and consumed by fire,—"so alert were these ministers of vengeance in the execution of their office," says Smollett in his History of England, "that in a few days there was neither house, cottage, man, nor beast to be seen; in the compass of fifty miles all was ruin, silence, and desolation!"

Save in the studied atrocities and mad abomina-

tions of the Sepoy mutineers, the conduct of Cumberland and his troops is without a parallel in modern times. The vocabulary of every human language would lack power to describe all that passed after the battle of Culloden in the Highlands, where the memory of those days of darkness may never be forgotten. Yet Scotland has not been without Whig writers and Presbyterian preachers, who have defended these atrocities; and in his own time Cumberland was extolled as a conqueror, second only to Hannibal, to Cæsar, or Alexander, and a medal was struck in his honour. On the obverse was his head, with the inscription, "Gul: Dux: Cumb: Delicæ Militum Natus 14th April, 1721;" and on the reverse, Hercules slaying the Lernean Hydra, with the motto "Pro Patre et Patria," and the date of Culloden.

The officer selected to succeed Wolfe as aide-de-camp to General Hawley was Captain John Davis, of the 1st Royal Scots (a cousin of the Duke of Norfolk), who took degrees at Cambridge in 1734, and had served in all the great battles of the German war. This veteran left the service in 1775, and died at Twickenham on the 23rd of August, 1812, in his ninety-fourth year.

Wolfe was one of the officers composing the general court-martial held for the trial of Colonel Durand, commander of the town and castle of Carlisle, for surrendering that place to the High-

landers. In a work entitled "Carlisle in 1745," by Mr. G. G. Mounsey, we have the proceedings at length. They terminated by the unanimous acquittal of Durand, who died a lieutenant-general, a rank which he obtained sixteen years after the troubles of the Highlanders were over.

Carlisle had surrendered on 15th November, 1745, contrary to the opinion and protestation of the Deputy-Governor, Colonel Durand, of the 1st Foot Guards, who was shut up with a few men in the castle, which he was compelled to abandon. (*London Gazette.*)

He was tried by court-martial, when it was proved that the mayor and corporation had made the best terms they could for themselves, without any reference to him; he was therefore honourably acquitted. (*Hist. Coldstream Guards.*)

Hostilities had still continued on the continent, and Wolfe embarked with the 20th Regiment for the Netherlands, and was present with it at the unfortunate battle of Laffelt, which was fought near Maestricht on the 21st of June, 1747, when, by the incapacity, if not by the cowardice, of Cumberland, the army became disorganized, the Dutch and Austrians became clubbed and disordered, and the British arms were covered, as at Fontenoy, with disgrace, and had not the gallant Sir John Ligonier sacrificed himself in a desperate charge at the head of three regiments of Dragoons, the fugitive Duke, with all his staff,

had been taken prisoner by the Hussars of Count Saxe. The 20th was one of the battalions which manned the village of Laffelt and formed the British left wing. This point, after a whole day's cannonade, was attacked by a powerful column of the French army. It came on in successive brigades, composed of the Irish, and the regiments of Navarre, La Marque, Monaco, the Royale de Vaisseaux and others, and fought with desperate perseverance. To this post the action was chiefly confined, and the carnage was horrible, for ere long, 10,000 Frenchmen and 5,000 of the allies fell.

During the battle, Wolfe distinguished himself so much, that he received the special thanks of the Duke of Cumberland; who after his precipitate flight to Maestricht, by his timidity and incapacity permitted the French to invest Bergen-op-Zoom, the strongest fortress in Duch Brabant. They won it by storm, and thus became masters of the whole navigation of the Scheldt. Thus we see what could be achieved by the "hero" of Culloden, when opposed to a soldier like the Count de Saxe.

Wolfe continued to serve with the 20th in all the operations of the discomfited army, until the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, on the 7th October, 1748, closed the wicked and wanton strife between France and Britain. He was appointed to the regimental majority of the 20th, on the 5th June,

1748-9, and it is remarkable that in this commission his name is spelt Wolf.* The corps was then commanded by Lord George Sackville, who had received a shot in the breast at Fontenoy, but fell in disgrace after the battle of Minden.

In 1749, the regiment was ordered home, and stationed in Glasgow, when Lord Sackville was removed to the 12th Light Dragoons, and the command bestowed on George Viscount Bury, afterwards Earl of Albemarle. This officer had been the Duke of Cumberland's aide-de-camp at Culloden, and was the bearer of the despatch which first announced the Prince's defeat to the citizens of Edinburgh.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1791, we have an anecdote connected with Wolfe's residence in Glasgow. It would appear that when quartered there, he obtained a letter of introduction to one of the professors of the university, and this gentleman brought the young officer to one of their social evening meetings. The conversation happened to turn on some deep subject with which Wolfe was unacquainted, and he was so mortified

* I find his father's name once spelled so.

"His R.H. the Duke of Cumberland has been pleased to appoint Thomas D'Avenant, Ensign in General Wolf's regiment; and nephew to Thomas Boothby Skrymaker, Esq., to be Ensign in the Coldstream regiment of Guards. This young gentleman had the good fortune to take one of the standards belonging to the Irish Brigade in the late battle of Val, 2nd July, 1747."—*Dublin Journal.*

on finding himself unable to bear a part in the general conversation or discussion which ensued, that next morning he entreated his new friend the professor to put him in the way of attaining the knowledge of which he felt himself so deficient. The professor most willingly gratified this creditable request, and the young major became one of the most diligent students at the university while his regiment remained in Glasgow. As there were no infantry barracks in that city prior to 1795, Wolfe must have been billetted on the citizens. The population was then not more than twenty-two thousand or so, and the editor of twelve letters of his, which were published in 1849, states that he lodged at Camlachie. This was then a quiet old village in the Barony Parish, a mile and a quarter eastward of the Cross of Glasgow, of which it is now a populous suburb. The house in which he resided was long an object of interest, by its association with the name of Wolfe, and there he is averred to have pursued his studies in Latin and mathematics, and that he attained some proficiency in classical literature and foreign languages, the following letter, which was published in 1791, will fully attest. It was addressed to a friend concerning what was requisite for the military education of a young officer, named Townsend.

"Dear Sir,—You cannot find me a more agreeable employment than to serve or oblige you, and I wish with all my

heart that my inclination and abilities were of equal force. I do not recollect what I recommended to Mr. Cornwallis's nephew; it might be the Count de Turpin's book, which is certainly worth looking into, as it contains a good deal of plain practice.

"Your brother, no doubt, is master of the Latin and French languages, and has some knowledge of mathematics; without this last he can never become acquainted with the attack and defence of places, and I would advise him by all means to give up a year or two of his time, now while he is young (if he has not already done it), to the study of mathematics, because it will greatly facilitate his progress in military matters. As to the books that are fittest for his purpose, he may begin with the King of Prussia's 'Regulations for his Horse and Foot,' where the economy and good order of an army in the lower branches are extremely well defined. Then there are the Memoirs of the Marquis de Santa Cruz, Feuquiere and Montecuculi, Folard's 'Commentaries upon Polybius,' the 'Projet de Tactique, ou la Chalange coupée et doublée.' 'L'Attaque et la Défense des Places,' par le Maréchal de Vauban, 'Les Mémoires de Goulon,' 'L'Ingénieur de Campagne,' Le Sieur Renie for all that concerns artillery.

"Of the Ancients—Vigetius, Cæsar, Thucydides, Xenophen's 'Life of Cyrus,' and the 'Retreat of the 10,000 Greeks.' I do not mention Polybius, because the commentaries and the history naturally go together. Of later days, Davila, Guicciardini, Strada, and the 'Memoirs of the Duc de Sully.' There is abundance of military knowledge to be picked out of the lives of Gustavus Adolphus, and Charles XII., King of Sweden, and of Zisca the Bohemian; and if a tolerable account could be got of the exploits of Scanderbeg it would be inestimable, for he exceeds all the officers, ancient and modern, in the conduct of a small defensive army; I meet with him in Turkish history, but no where else. The Life of Suetonius, too, contains many fine things in this way. There is a book lately published that I have heard commended, 'Art de la

Guerre Pratique;' I suppose it is collected from all the best authors that treat of war; and there is a little volume entitled 'Traité de la petit Guerre,' that your brother should take in his pocket when he goes upon out-duties and detachments; the Maréchal de Puységur's book is in esteem. I believe Mr. Townsend will think this catalogue long enough, and if he has patience to read, and desire to apply (as I am persuaded he has) the knowledge contained in them, there is wherewithal to make him a considerable person in his profession, and of course very useful and serviceable to the country.

"In general, the lives of all great commanders, and all good histories of warlike nations, will be very instructive and lead him to imitate what he must naturally approve of. What a strange manner we have conducted our affairs in the Mediterranean? *quelle belle occasion manquée!*

"I am, with perfect esteem,

"My dear Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"JAMES WOLFE."

This letter was dated from Devizes, on Sunday, 18th July, 1755.

The Reverend Mr. Gleig, in "Lardner's Cyclopædia," quotes a letter of Wolfe written to his mother from Glasgow, on the 13th August, 1749, in reply to one advising him to respect, outwardly at the least, the forms of religion in Scotland. He answers thus:—

"I have observed your instructions so religiously, that, rather than want the word, I get the reputation of a very good Presbyterian, by frequenting the Kirk of Scotland till our chaplain appeared.* To-morrow Lord George Sackville

* The first Episcopal Church in Glasgow was not built till the following year.

goes away, and I take upon me the difficult and troublesome office of a commander. You cannot conceive how hard a thing it is to keep the passions within bounds, when *authority* and *immaturity* go together, and to endeavour at a character which has every opposition from within, and that the very condition of the blood is a sufficient obstacle to. Fancy you see me, that must do justice to both good and bad, reward and punish with unbiassed hand; one that is to reconcile the severity of discipline to the dictates of humanity; one that must study the tempers and dispositions of many men, in order to make their situation easy and agreeable to them, and should endeavour to oblige all without partiality; a man set up for everybody to observe and judge of, and last of all suppose me employed in discouraging vice and recommending the reverse, at the turbulent age of twenty-three, when it is possible I may have as great a propensity that way as any of the men I converse with."

We may easily suppose that a letter so charming in its sense and morality, reflection and diffidence, must have freed the old lady from all fear of the failure at which the young commander hints.

While in Glasgow, he was employed with a party of the 20th, in the suppression of a mob, which was about to execute summary vengeance on certain resurrectionists, who had abstracted a body from the cathedral burying-ground. He would seem to have been quartered in Glasgow until 1750.

By the friendship of Lord Cornwallis, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel;* "but after the

* War Office Records.

peace," to quote the Records of his regiment, "he cultivated the art of war, and introduced such exactness of discipline into his corps, that as long as the six British battalions (the 12th, 20th, 23rd, 25th, 37th, and 51st) on the Plains of Minden are recorded in the annals of Europe, so long will Kingsley's, the Twentieth, stand foremost of that day!" (Page 73.)

In this year the facings of the regiment were ordered to be pale yellow; the uniform to be three-cornered cocked hats, bound with white lace; scarlet coats square skirted, faced and turned up with yellow, and laced with white; scarlet waistcoats and breeches, with white gaiters above the knee; black leather cockades, the officers to wear their sashes over the right shoulder, a fashion revived a few years ago. The first, or king's colour, to be the great union; the second colour to be of pale yellow silk, with the union in the upper canton, and the number in gold Roman letters, within a wreath of roses and thistles surmounted by a crown.

Reference has already been made to twelve of his letters which were published in 1849. These were addressed to his chief friend, Lieutenant-Colonel Rickson, then of General Peregrine Lascelles' Regiment (the 47th), who died Quartermaster-General in Scotland, and is buried at Restalrig, near Edinburgh, and they afford a pleasing insight into Wolfe's character, studies,

ideas, and literary tastes. In one dated from Glasgow, 2nd April, 1749, he says:—

"You know I am but an indifferent scholar. When a man leaves his studies at fifteen, he will never be justly called a man of letters. I am endeavouring to repair the damages of my education, and have a person to teach me Latin and mathematics; two hours in a day for four or five months may help me a little. If I were to judge of a country by those who come out of it, Ireland will never be agreeable to me."

This probably referred to a rumour of the 20th going to Ireland, where Rickson's regiment was then doing duty in Dublin. In another letter, dated 1750, he writes:—

"I intend to ramble in the summer along the Rhine into Switzerland, and back through France and the Netherlands, and perhaps more. I hope you have a good provision of books; Rutherford has published his, and there is a Frenchman (Montesquieu) has told me many excellent truths in two volumes, entitled 'L'Esprit des Lois.' It is a piece of writing that would be of great use where you are. Will you have him? Tell Cornwallis I thank him for making me a Lieutenant-Colonel; if I was to rise by his merit, as upon this occasion, I should soon be at the top of the list." *

* The decease of his friend is thus recorded in the *Scots Magazine* for July, 1770: "At his house in Broughton, near Edinburgh, Lieutenant-Colonel William Rickson, of the 19th Regiment of Foot, quartermaster-general and superintendent of the highways for North Britain." Broughton, then a secluded burgh of Barony, has long since been absorbed into the new city of Edinburgh. His widow died so lately, 1811, as her tomb at Restalrig bears, "in the fortieth year of her widowhood."

In March, 1751, he was in London, and resided in Old Burlington Street; but in June, he was again in Scotland, at Banff, which he characterises as "a remote and solitary part of the globe; in the midst of Popery and Jacobitism, surrounded as I am by this itchy race (the Scots), I don't understand what is meant by the wooden forts at Halifax; when in Scotland, I look upon myself as an exile, with respect to the inhabitants I am so, for I dislike 'em much." After the recent events of Culloden, it will not excite surprise that in Banffshire the red coat should be an unpopular garment.

In November, he was again quartered at Inverness, where he resided with a family named Grant, and where he enjoyed the friendship of the President, Duncan Forbes, of Culloden. In a letter to his mother, "Lord Bury (Colonel of the regiment)," says he, "professes fairly and means nothing; in this he resembles his father. He desires never to see the regiment, and wishes that no officer should ever leave it. This is selfish and unjust."

In February, 1755, he was at Exeter, and writes thus to his father:—

"By my mother's letter I find that your bounty and liberality keep pace, as they usually do, with my necessities. I shall not abuse your kindness, nor receive it unthankfully, and what use I make of it, shall be for your honour and the King's service, an employment worthy the hand that gives it!"

Ever the same thought, his King and the service!

In July he was at Lymington, but his regiment was quartered at Winchester and Southampton. By this time, the colonelcy had been bestowed upon William Kingsley (an ancestor of the author of "Alton Locke"), an officer of the Scots Foot Guards, who died in 1815, Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Wight.

In November, he was in quarters at Canterbury, from whence he wrote a letter concerning the son and widow of an officer who had been killed at Fontenoy. In the latter end of this year (1755), when quartered at Canterbury, and a descent from France was threatened, he issued a code of "*Instructions to the 20th Foot, in case the French land,*" which is remarkable for the skill, clearness, and brevity it exhibited. This code contained thirty-one clauses.

"A soldier who quits his rank," says the 8th, "or offers to fly, shall instantly be put to death by the officer who commands the platoon, or by the officer or sergeant in rear of that platoon. A soldier does not deserve to live who won't fight for his King and country!"

And this stern spirit pervades the whole document, but Wolfe was now approaching his destiny. On the 21st October, 1757, he was gazetted Colonel in the army, by Brevet;* thus he still

* War Office Records.

remained at the head of the 20th Foot, to which a second battalion, the organization of which required all his energies, was added in summer, as the encroachments of the French on the banks of the Ohio, and in Nova Scotia, together with the non-evacuation of certain West India islands (a violation of the late treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle), recommenced the war with France. He had both battalions under his command in the camp formed on Bradford Heath, in Dorsetshire, in 1757, with the 3rd Buffs, and General Humphry Bland's Horse, now the 1st Dragoon Guards.

Amid all his classic and military studies, our young field officer would appear not to have forgotten a natural love of pleasure and gaiety, as we may learn by the following quotation from a volume little known, entitled "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse," by Mrs. Deverell, of Gloucestershire:—

"I remember the great General Wolfe to have been much admired for his talent in dancing; but he was generally ambitious to gain a tall and graceful woman for his partner, as well as a good dancer, and when he was honoured with the hand of such a lady, the fierceness of the soldier became absorbed in the politeness of the gentleman. When thus innocently animated, the General seemed emulous to display every kind of virtue or gallantry that would render him amiable in a private character. Such a serene joy was diffused over his whole manners, mien, and deportment, that it gave the most agreeable turn to the features of the hero who died for his country."

Such was this venerable lady's recollection of him in social life. According to other writers Wolfe was endeared to his soldiers, no less by his affectionate concern for their welfare than by his splendid courage and lofty honour, which were without stain; hence all ranks obeyed him with cheerfulness, even with enthusiasm, being animated by a higher principle than mere obedience to discipline, for he knew well, that though men may be ruled by force, the mind can alone be swayed by respect and love. Thus he always addressed his men as "brother soldiers" or "comrades," and the good old custom of prefacing all harangues on parade by the term, "Gentlemen of the Twentieth," or as the case might be, was only at this time dying out. He was particularly attached to the Grenadiers, whom he seemed to consider the beau-ideal of British soldiers, and the flower of the service. His officers esteemed his approbation and dreaded his censure. His manner was frank, open, and candid, his conversation gay and winning, and this with his large stock of information on general subjects, rendered him an acceptable guest wherever his regiment was quartered.

Such was Wolfe in his thirty-first year!

Though his hair was red he persisted in wearing it unpowdered, in defiance of the absurd fashion of the time; the general expression of his countenance was pleasing, his eyes were blue, and

he possessed a singularly attractive smile. From his cradle his constitution had been delicate, and ere he even approached manhood he was tormented by the stone and other diseases, consequent to change of climate and hard service in the field. Already he was beginning to tire of the service, having entered it so early; even success and promotion failed to inspire his ardour when it did begin to flag; but, as he remarks in one of his letters quoted by Mr. Gleig, "such has been the marked and unmerited notice taken of me by the leading military characters of the day, that I feel myself called upon to justify such notice, which, when occasion occurs, will probably be by such exertions and exposures of myself as will lead to my fall."

Successes abroad kindled a spirit of ambition in the people at home, and a hostile landing on the French coast was most absurdly projected in the summer of 1757. Brest and Rochefort, two well-fortified places, which had many natural advantages, and from whence the French fleets were usually poured into the British Channel, were the points at once selected for destruction. Captain Clerk and a French traitor, a pilot named Thierri, had visited Rochefort, and gave all information necessary to further the attack. The former had declared the fortifications to be weak; the latter afforded a mass of intelligence regarding rocks and soundings, which could not fail to prove

of the greatest service to the naval force—thus immediate preparations were made to assault Rochefort by sea and land.

One of the officers selected for this service was Colonel Wolfe, whose regiment was formed in Brigade with the 3rd Buffs, the 8th or King's (his father's corps), the 25th or Edinburgh Regiment, and the 50th or West Kent. The 20th were led by William Kingsley, their Colonel in chief, while Wolfe acted as Quartermaster-General.

"At that period, a long pike or lance, called a spontoon, was carried by officers in the army," says Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglas, in his scarce and curious Memoirs. "In the course of the action (at Minden) I found this instrument so burdensome that I could not continue to carry it, but having been taught the correct idea, that a soldier should never, of his own motive, part with his arms, I asked leave of one of our field officers, Major Oakes, to fling it away, which, seeing me a good deal exhausted, he readily authorized me to do."

The troops for the French expedition were commanded by Lieutenant-General Sir John Mordaunt, Knight of the Bath; and the fleet, which consisted of sixteen sail of the line and several smaller vessels, was led by Admiral Sir Edmond Hawke.

After innumerable delays, consequent to the incapacity of those at the head of affairs—the

same identical *red tapeism* which was the curse of our Crimean army—ten thousand men, who had long been encamped in the Isle of Wight, were at last embarked. The expedition sailed early in September, and on the 23rd of that month the little Isle of Aix, on the coast of Aunis, near the mouth of the Charente, and equidistant from Rochefort and Rochelle, was attacked, and its forts battered and taken by the shipping of Admiral Sir Charles Knowles, Bart. It was during the assault on this place that Wolfe first came prominently forward in his capacity of Quartermaster-General, when, by the permission of Sir John Mordaunt, he proceeded to examine the neighbouring coast. On his return, to further the purposes of the expedition, he submitted to the staff a plan which, it is said by competent judges, would have been eminently successful had it been adopted; and it so far gained the approbation of his seniors, that at his suggestion some ships of war were sent to cannonade Fort Fouras, while the troops prepared to disembark.

Sir John Mordaunt now summoned a council of war, at which a number of new apprehensions were urged, for doubtless the absurdity of 10,000 British troops invading France, the first military power in Europe, became apparent to all. The escalade of Rochefort was declared to be impracticable; the ditch was averred by some to be wet,

by others to be dry, while a third party openly expressed doubts whether the expedition had been intended for a regular attack upon Rochefort at all! Then the General discovered that in case of failure or repulse, he would have a difficulty in retreating and re-embarking his men. In short, nothing bold or dashing was attempted, and after hovering off the coast between Oleron and the continent for some time, the troops and fleet returned to Britain, where the vain-glorious spirit which their departure had kindled in the minds of the English was suddenly changed into indignation at the puerile results of the boasted expedition. Inquiries were loudly demanded, and Sir John Mordaunt was subjected to a military court, at which Wolfe was examined as a witness, and which decided that the General *had not disobeyed his instructions*, but that the failure had been caused by the non-capture of Fort Fouras (which commanded the landing place) before the troops disembarked. As this decision entirely accorded with the plan proposed by Colonel Wolfe, he now obtained all the praise; while on poor Sir John Mordaunt fell a corresponding degree of censure.

So ended a bubble expedition which cost the nation exactly one million sterling.

After this, in November of the same year, Wolfe was residing with his father's family at Blackheath; and then it was that his name began

to be first associated with that of a lady. In these intervals of peace and war, which enabled him to visit "the old General," as he always names his father in his letters, he conceived a passion for a Miss Lowther, the wealthy and accomplished daughter of Sir James Lowther. This young lady was the especial favourite of his parents, and nothing now delayed their marriage but the call of his country in America and after his *return* from thence they had resolved that it should take place.

To divert the nation from the discontent excited by the failure of the expedition to Rochefort, the reduction of Cape Breton became an object of interest; and it was resolved this should be undertaken without delay.

On the 29th of December, 1757, from Bath he addressed a letter to Mr. Pitt, and it is almost prophetical. He states that he has been "constantly ruminating" on the mode of putting an end to the North American War, and for that purpose suggests the capture of Quebec. We do not know (adds a writer in *Tait's Magazine* for 1847) if any hero ever left a more touching memorial behind than this, which proves Wolfe to have died a martyr to his own military project, and to have originally devised the scheme from which he reaped such fatal renown.

On the 23rd of January, 1758, Wolfe obtained the rank of Brigadier-General, but only with

local rank in North America.* In the British service this rank is next to a major-general, being superior to all colonels, and having frequently a separate command: brigadiers are not entitled to aides-de-camp, yet Wolfe had several.

On the 21st of April in the same year, the second battalion of his regiment, the 20th, was formed into a distinct corps, and numbered as the 67th Regiment of the Line, to be styled the South Hampshire, and to retain the pale yellow facings of the 20th (*Records, 20th Foot*).

Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglas, who soon after obtained the command of this corps, bears ample testimony in his personal memoirs to the precision and rapidity with which it performed all manœuvres and evolutions. "The regiment," he states, "was undoubtedly in a high state of discipline; but the only merit which on that account was due to me was the attention and strictness with which I *followed the system* which had been introduced into the regiment by its former colonel, the hero of Quebec."

While Wolfe's old regiment proceeded to Germany, where it shared in the glories of Minden and Wilhelmsthal, he joined the troops which sailed from Portsmouth in February for Halifax, in Nova Scotia, where they arrived on the 9th of May.

* War Office Records.

Previous to sailing, "write me now and then a letter with all the Scotch news," he wrote to his old friend Rickson, "and give me your sentiments on things as they fall out. Barré and I have the great apartment of a three-decked ship to revel in; but with all this space and fresh air, I am sick to death." The state of his health has already been referred to. His friend Barré was that officer who bears a prominent place in Walpole's Memoirs of the Reign of George III.

He was long intimately connected with Wolfe, both as a correspondent and brother officer; but thought himself so ill-used by Mr. Pitt, whom he attacked with great vigour in Parliament as a "profligate minister who had thrust himself into power on the shoulders of a mob," that he thought of leaving the service; and having in his younger years acted plays with much applause, Garrick offered him a thousand per annum to appear upon the stage. He was of French extraction, born in Dublin; and was, says Walpole, "a black, robust man of military figure, rather hard favoured than not; young, with a peculiar distortion on one side of his face, which, it seems, was owing to a bullet lodged loosely in his cheek, which gave a savage glare to one eye."

Like Wolfe, he had served many years with reputation during the war in America; and, like him, was an assiduous student in the intervals of

duty. Such was his friend who shared with him, so he relates, the cabin of the three-decker.

On the day previous to his embarkation for America, Pitt invited Wolfe to dinner, Lord Temple being the only other guest. As the evening advanced, and the wine circulated freely, fired by conversation, which turned upon the coming struggle and the task undertaken by Wolfe, he became so excited that he drew his sword, and in his energy struck the table with it. Lord Temple related that Pitt was so surprised by this outburst that, after Wolfe had gone in his carriage, he threw up his hands and exclaimed:—

"Good God! have I intrusted the fate of the country and of the administration to such hands!"

The army of Lieutenant-General, afterwards Lord Amherst, consisting of 13,000 soldiers, under Wolfe and three other brigadiers, with a fleet of 157 sail under the gallant Admiral Boscawen, arrived off Louisbourg on the 2nd of June.

The capital of Cape Breton is situated on a point of land on the south side of the island. On the northern side of the town in 1758 stood the governor's house and principal church; on the other sides were barracks with ample bomb-proof vaults. In these, on the approach of Amherst's forces, the women and children were secured, while the French garrison, consisting of 2,500 Regulars and 650 Militia, with 2,500 seamen and 60 Indian warriors, under the brave Chevalier de

Drucourt, prepared for a vigorous resistance, though the fortifications were so old that, when the bombarding began, the bastions crumbled like chalk under the British cannon, and left all exposed to shot and shell by sea and land. He secured the harbour by five ships of the line, one fifty-gun ship, and five frigates, three of which he sunk across the mouth; thus it became necessary for Amherst to disembark his troops elsewhere.

The place proposed for this was Gabarrous Bay, seven leagues westward of the city; but, after being reconnoitred by Brigadier Wolfe, it was found to be already overlooked by the enemy, for De Drucourt, an excellent officer, had established a chain of outposts at nearly all the accessible parts of the beach; but, with his slender force, he found the impossibility of securing *every place;* hence available coves were ultimately discovered, and the British proceeded to disembark in the secluded creek of Cormoran, where the artillery and stores, the infantry and horses, were brought ashore; but not without some loss.

The landing was commenced by the British, in three divisions, at daybreak on the 8th of June.

The 1st, led by General Lawrence, was destined to attempt a landing at a place named Kennington Cove.

The 2nd, under General Whitmore, was ordered to divert the enemy's attention by a feigned attack on the right.

The 3rd, under Wolfe, was to effect a *real* landing on the left. Under his orders were the Frazer Highlanders, a battalion raised by Simon, Master of Lovat, son of the attainted Lord of that title, on the estates which his family had forfeited in 1745 (and it is to the disgrace of the Government that, after all his bravery and service, the peerage was not restored to him), a corps of Grenadiers, and the American Light Infantry, a corps of Riflemen, dressed in jackets and pantaloons of green cloth, with bearskin collars—all bold, hardy, and reckless fellows, accustomed to warfare in the woods of the Indians. Covered by a cannonade from the shipping, the boats, filled with soldiers, were put off from the fleet at four o'clock, a.m., and pulled straight for the beach; and now Wolfe displayed alike his energy and bravery.

Two thousand muskets, with a battery of eight guns and ten swivels, poured a fire of round shot, grape, and cannister upon them; but, by orders of Wolfe, not a ball was returned until the boats of his division were close upon the beach. Then, sword in hand, the young Brigadier leaped into the dangerous surf; and, with a wild hurrah, the Frazer Highlanders, led by the Master of Lovat, and John Campbell of Dunoon, all burning to avenge the recent slaughter of their countrymen, the Black Watch at Ticonderoga, followed him, with muskets slung and broad-swords drawn.

Then came the Grenadiers and Light Infantry with fixed bayonets, and, though many boats were upset amidst the surf, and many men were shot or drowned, nothing could cool the ardour of such troops when led by such a general. Captain Baillie and Lieutenant Cuthbert, of Frazer's Regiment, with Lieutenant Nicholson, of Amherst's, and thirty-eight men, were killed. The former regiment was the first ashore, and soon drove all before them, following up the retiring French until the guns of Louisbourg opened from the ramparts. Meanwhile the other two divisions had landed; and, while one guarded the sea coast, the other, under Lawrence, accompanied Wolfe, and swept the country, driving the French out of the forests and fastnesses, until ten o'clock next morning, when they found themselves within range of the guns of Louisbourg.

In a work published by Colonel James, of the Artillery Drivers, it is related that Wolfe, having shown the other leaders of the expedition how expert the soldiers were in a new mode he had taught them of attacking and retreating among the hills and wild places, stepped up to one of them and asked what he thought of it.

"I think," said he, "I see here something of the history of the Carduchi, a warlike nation of Media, who dwelt on the banks of the Tigris, and who harassed Xenophon by hanging on his rear when retreating over the mountains."

"You are right, sir," replied Wolfe, charmed with the other's memory; "I had it thence; but our friends here are surprised at what I have shown them, *because they have read nothing.*"

So true it is in the words of Folard, that war in the hands of the ignorant is a trade, but among the able and the educated it becomes a high branch of science.

Amherst now proceeded with great caution, and after securing his camp with redoubts and epaulments, prepared to invest Louisbourg in a regular manner, while to Wolfe and his brigade was assigned the task of storming a fort named the Light House Battery. The Chevalier de Drucourt having demolished a grand bastion which was detached from the body of the place, concentrated all his forces and resolved on a desperate resistance. Thus he opened a murderous fire on the besiegers and their trenches from the town, the island-battery, and the ships in the harbour.

Here it was that Wolfe now began to exhibit alike the *natural* and *acquired* qualities of a general and brave leader, with that intrepidity which, according to Rochefoucault, combines firmness of character with confidence of mind and strength of soul; and which the Chevalier Folard defined as a settled contempt of death. Henry IV. of France, Charles of Sweden, the great Marquis of Montrose, and Lord Nelson

seem to have possessed this spirit in no ordinary degree.

On the 12th, at the head of the Highlanders and flankers, Wolfe won the Light House Battery sword in hand, and with such rapidity that his loss was trifling; and immediately on gaining possession, from its captured guns he opened such a fire upon the harbour, the shipping, and the island-battery, that their united strength was soon humbled. The enemy now made a desperate sortie on the Brigade of Lawrence; and in repulsing it, William Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald, a brave Scottish peer, fell in the front of Forbes's Regiment.

On the 16th, Wolfe sent forward some Highlanders, who took possession of certain hills in front of the island-battery; there those daring men lodged themselves, and proceeded to intrench under a dreadful cannonade from the town and shipping; two of the latter were fortunately burnt to the water edge by the explosion of a line-of-battle ship. The destruction of the rest by six hundred seamen under Captains Laforey and Balfour, completed the discomfiture of the Chevalier de Drucourt; but prior to this, Wolfe had come within six hundred and fifty yards of the glacis, and erected four batteries for breaching, and one with mortar beds. The fire from thence soon made many practicable breaches in the old and crumbling walls of Louisbourg; the

casernes were ruined in the two principal bastions, and fifty-two pieces of cannon were dismounted or otherwise rendered unfit for service.

Under these circumstances the Chevalier de Drucourt, feeling that he had done his duty to King Louis, and that further resistance would prove but a wicked waste of human life, proposed to march out with the usual honours of war.

This was roughly opposed by Admiral Boscawen, and finding delay hopeless and useless, the Chevalier was compelled to capitulate and yield himself a prisoner of war, with 5,637 officers, soldiers, seamen, and marines; 221 pieces of connon, 18 mortars, 11 stand of colours; and on the 27th of July, Major Farquhar, at the head of 300 Grenadiers, took possession of the western gate, and hoisted the British flag on the battered walls of Louisbourg, which, with the whole of Cape Breton and the Isle of St. John, became thenceforward a portion of our empire.

For a time Wolfe was styled "the hero of Louisbourg," and engraved portraits of him are extant with this inscription. His energy, courage, and activity were the theme of all; and though to Admiral Boscawen the general vote of thanks was accorded by the House of Commons, to Wolfe was assigned the perilous, and as it proved, fatal honour of leading the next great movement in America. Mr. Pitt's desire to have him back in England to consult about our future conquests

in the Western world, was publicly made known, and he returned accordingly to London, to have laid before him the proposal for capturing Quebec, the key of the French dominions in America, a task which he undertook with ardour, though he privately told his friend Rickson that he would have preferred service with the cavalry in Germany.

His marriage with Miss Lowther was again delayed, though, as one of his letters states, "he had a mind that favoured matrimony prodigiously, loved children, and thought them necessary to people in their latter days." Moreover, he now came to the resolution of retiring from active employment after concluding the new campaign in America.

On the 1st December, 1758, he was at Salisbury, suffering under attacks of gravel and rheumatism, even at his early years; but he declared that he would rather die than decline any kind of service that was offered him, and on the 12th January, 1759, he was appointed Major-General and Commander-in-Chief of the forces, to be employed in the expedition against Quebec (*War Office Records*). On this service, he sailed from England on the 17th February, 1759, accompanied by three young brigadiers, and by his aide-de-camp, Captain Bell, afterwards of the 5th or Northumberland Foot, on board the "William and Anne," a vessel, according to a writer in *Notes and Queries*, extant so lately as 1855.

He had with him a fleet consisting of twenty-one sail of the line, having on board seven thousand men, to reinforce the troops already in America, where Lord Loudon had been foiled by Montcalm, General Abercrombie had failed in his attack on Ticonderoga, and Major Grant, of Ballindalloch, with a body of Highlanders, had been defeated with terrible loss near Fort Du Quesne.

It was concerted, that while Wolfe with his 7,000 men assailed Quebec, Sir Jeffery Amherst, now commander of all the forces in British America, with 12,000 men, should reduce the hitherto fatal fortress of Ticonderoga, cross Lake Champlain, and from thence march to the river St. Lawrence and co-operate with Wolfe, in his attempt upon the Canadian capital; that Brigadier Prideaux should invest the stronghold of Niagara, after which, he should embark on Lake Ontario, descend the river St. Lawrence, besiege Montreal, capture it, and then join Wolfe and Amherst. By this bold scheme of operations, the complete conquest of Canada was to be essayed, a scheme, in preparing which, the Home Government had to the utmost availed themselves of the advice and skill of Wolfe.

His troops embarked at Louisbourg, under the convoy of Admirals Saunders and Holmes, with ten 74-gun ships, eleven frigates, fire-ships, and bombketches, and one-and-twenty transports, with

artillery, provisions, and horses. Captain Cooke, the celebrated navigator, then in his thirty-first year, as Master of the *Mercury*, sounded ahead of the fleet. Wolfe was on board the ship of Admiral Charles Saunders, a brave seaman, who, in the preceding year, had forced the French and Austrians to abandon the city of Embden. He died at his command in Jamaica, in 1761. The troops on this expedition were as follows:—

Sir Jeffery Amherst's Regiment, 15th Foot, or Yorkshire East Riding.

Philip Bragg's Regiment, 28th Foot, or North Gloucestershire.

Charles Otway's Regiment, 35th Foot, or Dorsetshire.

James Kennedy's Regiment, 43rd Foot, or Monmouthshire.

Peregrine Lascelles' Regiment, 47th Foot, or Lancashire.

Daniel Webb's Regiment, 48th Foot, or Northamptonshire.

Robert Anstruther's Regiment, 58th Foot, or Rutlandshire.

Brigadier the Honourable Robert Monckton's Regiment, 60th Royal American (now Rifles).

Master of Lovat's Frazer Highlanders, or old 78th, disbanded in 1763.

These forces, with a fine artillery brigade, were safely landed towards the end of June, on the Isle of Orleans, which is formed by two branches

of the river St. Laurence, a few leagues below the city of Quebec, and here Wolfe, with Brigadiers Murray, Monckton, and Townshend, three officers much about his own age, published a romantic manifesto, vindicating the war undertaken against the Colonies of France. It runs thus:—

"The King justly exasperated against France, has set on foot a considerable armament by sea and land, to bring down the haughtiness of that crown. His aim is to destroy the most important settlements of the French in North America; yet it is not against the industrious peasants, their wives and children, nor against the ministers of religion, that he designs making war. He laments the misfortunes to which this quarrel exposes them, and promises them his protection, offers to maintain them in their possessions, and permits them to follow the worship of their religion, provided they do not take any part in the difference between the two crowns, directly or indirectly.

"The Canadians cannot be ignorant of their situation; the English are masters of the river, and block up the passage of all succours from Europe. They have, besides, a powerful army on the continent, under the command of General Amherst.

"The resolution the Canadians ought to take is by no means doubtful; the utmost exertion of their valour will be entirely useless, and will only serve to deprive them of the advantage they might enjoy by their neutrality. The cruelties of the French, against the subjects of Great Britain in America, would excuse the most severe reprisals, but Englishmen are too generous to follow examples so barbarous.

"They offer to the Canadians the sweets of peace amidst the horrors of war!

"It is left to themselves to determine their fate by their conduct. If their presumption, and a wrong-placed as well as fruitless courage, should make them take the most danger-

ous part, they will only have themselves to blame, when they shall groan under the weight of that misery to which they will expose themselves.

"General Wolfe flatters himself that the whole world will do him justice, if the inhabitants of Canada force him by their refusal to have recourse to violent methods."

He concluded by laying before them the strength and power of the British Empire by sea and shore —an Empire which now generously stretched out a hand to the Canadians.

"A hand," he states, "ever ready to assist them on all occasions, and even at a time when France, by its weakness, is incapable of assisting them, and abandons them in the most critical moment."

This peculiar document, in which the subjects of His Most Christian Majesty were so quietly invited to remain neutral, or transfer their allegiance to George II., produced no effect, and on finding himself with only 7,000 men in a country eminently hostile, the sanguine hopes of Wolfe began to fade, and even before operations commenced he began to despair of success. "I could not flatter myself that I should be able to reduce the place," he wrote in a letter to Mr. Pitt.

Quebec was strong by nature, being built upon a steep rock on the northern bank of the St. Lawrence, and almost insulated by the river St. Charles. On the north rises Cape Diamond to

the height of three hundred and forty-five feet. In rear of the city, facing inward near to the mighty lakes, rise a chain of hills, rugged in outline, though not unpleasing in scenery. These are the famous heights of Abraham, the scene of Wolfe's last glory and exploit. The fortifications extended across the peninsula between the rivers, and Montcalm, the French General, was in position, in the immediate vicinity, with the regiments of La Sarre, Languedoc, Bearn, La Guienne, the flower of the French line, and other troops, making 10,000 bayonets in all, while a garrison occupied the city, under De Ramsay, the Governor, a gentleman, as his name imports, of Scottish descent. The French Commander-in-Chief was a noble of high birth and spirit, and having the mind of an accomplished scholar with the heart of a hero, was worthy of being opposed to Wolfe. Louis Joseph, Marquis de Montcalm de St. Veran, was a Lieutenant-General. He had been born at the Château de Candiac, near Nîmes, in 1712. His family, originally of Rouergue, added to their name that of Gozon in the 14th century, and under this title, as Dieudonné de Gozon, one of them became Grand-master of St. John of Jerusalem; and for having, as we may find in the amusing pages of the Abbé Vertot, delivered the Isle of Rhodes from a dragon which ravaged it, had inscribed upon his tomb,

HERE LIES THE VANQUISHER OF THE DRAGON,

The education of the Marquis of St. Veran, together with that of his brother, was confided to the care of M. Dumas, who was at the head of the Bureau Typographique. At the age of fourteen, when he left the care of this able instructor to enter on his military career, he had profited so well by his teachings that he preserved a taste for study and literature amid the tumult of the camp, and the extent of his knowledge justified alike the hope and ambition of his riper years, to be admitted into the Académie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres at Paris, but the fortune of war prevented him from enjoying this honour. In the first steps of his career he distinguished himself at the battle of Plaisance, where he received three wounds when Colonel of Infantry; he received two more at the fatal combat of Exilles, where the noble Chevalier de Belleisle, brother of the famous Marshal Duke of that name, fell when vainly and bravely attempting to place the French standard on the glacis, where 5,000 Frenchmen lay dead. He became Brigadier and Camp-master of a corps of cavalry named after himself. He was made Maréchal-de-Camp in 1758, and then Commander-in-Chief of all the troops sent to defend the French Colonies in America. Despite the weakness of his army, the rigour of the climate, and the superiority of the British force on the continent, and more especially by the sea, he gained many advantages

over the Earl of Loudon during his first campaign, and in the second baffled another Scottish officer, General James Abercrombie. Such was the antagonist of Wolfe.

But to resume:—

Wolfe ordered Brigadier Monckton, with four regiments, to take possession of Point Levée, which rose precipitously within cannon shot of the city. In obedience to this the Brigadier passed the river in the night, marched next morning at the head of his troops, and captured the post, his advanced guard driving back the French as it proceeded. He then erected a battery of artillery and mortars, which opened at once on Quebec.

Wolfe, in the meantime, had dispatched Colonel Carleton to possess the western point of Orleans, and now the chief difficulties of the whole campaign were ascertained by him, together with the unpleasant conviction tha he could obtain no assistance from Amherst's army, that he must cope with the forces of Montcalm in a position rendered all but impregnable by nature and art; for Quebec was deemed the Gibraltar of the Western world. But however arduous the undertaking, as the young hero says in his despatch to Mr. Pitt, he resolved to persevere, for "a brave and victorious army finds no difficulties."

He therefore determined to pass the river Montmorency, after having vainly sought to lure

the wary and older soldier Montcalm to a general engagement; for every day made time more precious, as a Canadian winter with all its snowy terrors would soon be at hand. With six companies of Grenadiers and a part of the 2nd Battalion of the 60th Royal Americans he proposed to attack a redoubt near the water edge, while Generals Murray and Monckton crossed higher up.

Although strictly enjoined not to advance until the first brigade was ready to support them, the Grenadiers rushed with a tumultuous charge and cheer upon the enemy, whose steady fire hurled them back in confusion, and compelled Wolfe, during a dreadful thunder-storm, to *repass* the river and retreat into the Isle of Orleans, with the loss of 543 killed and wounded; and but for the bravery of the Frazer Highlanders his whole force had been cut to pieces. His wounded soon perished under the scalping parties of the Indians, who hung like wolves upon the skirts of his army. He felt this repulse keenly, and next morning issued the following General Order:—

"The check which the Grenadiers met with yesterday will, it is hoped, be a lesson for them in time to come! Such impetuous, irregular, and unsoldierlike proceedings *destroy all order*, and render it impossible for the commanders to form any disposition for attack. The Grenadiers must not suppose that they alone could beat the whole French Army, and therefore it was necessary that the corps under Brigadiers Monckton and Townshend should have time

to join, that the attack might be general. The first fire of the enemy was sufficient to repulse men who had lost all sense of order and military discipline. *Amherst's* (15th) *and the Highlanders alone*, by the cool and soldierlike manner they were formed in, would undoubtedly have beaten back the whole Canadian army, if they had ventured to attack them."

This disaster, and its consequent loss, made a deep and bitter impression upon the mind of Wolfe, who could not forget the obloquy cast on Mordaunt for the failure before Rochefort; and his high spirit could ill brook even the most remote chance of censure or disgrace. He knew the character of the English people, says a writer of the period, impatient, capricious, and vain-glorious; elevated to exultation by the faintest gleam of success, or dejected by adversity, sanguine to childish hyperbole in the applause of a public servant who prospered, and clamorous to persecution against the unfortunate who failed. A keen sense of all this conspired, with the humiliation of defeat, to make him thirst for some achievement to wipe out his repulse at the Falls of Montmorency, and the hopelessness of obtaining this with a force so small, while Montcalm remained in position beyond Quebec, visibly affected his mind and his constitution which was delicate. To Mr. Pitt he wrote, preparing him for the worst, saying:—

"The affairs of Great Britain I know require the most vigorous measures; but then the *courage*

of a *handful of brave men* should be exerted *only* when *there is some probability of success.*"

To those officers who shared his confidence, he often complained bitterly that he was without hope of success; he was frequently heard to sigh, and declare that he "would *never return* home, to be exposed, as other unfortunate commanders had been, to the censure and reproach of an ignorant and ungrateful populace!"

The tumult of his mind, added to the fatigues of body he had undergone, produced a fever and dysentery, by which he was for some time totally disabled.*

Finding that the savages frequently carried off his men and inflicted death on them by the most horrid barbarities, while the French Canadians vied with them in the use of the *scalping knife,* he inflicted summary justice on them both, by laying several of their villages in ashes.

In one of these conflicts the conduct of Captain Ouchterlony and Ensign Peyton, during a fearful struggle with the Indians, excited the admiration of the whole army, and occupied the attention of all the journals and magazines of the time. Covered with wounds, of which he afterwards expired, the captain was borne into Quebec, whither Wolfe sent more than one flag of truce to inquire for him, and to entreat the Marquis of

* Smollett's England, Vol. VII.

Montcalm to take especial care of him, as being one of his favourite officers.

He was David Ouchterlony of Tillyfroskie in Aberdeenshire, who, after long service in the Scots Brigade of the States-General, had entered the British service as a Captain of the Royal Americans.

Wolfe knew that the eyes of his country were upon him; he knew the great deeds which were expected of him, and the lofty ideas his soldiers had formed of his character, their confidence in his skill and bravery, and he resolved to prove himself worthy of the standard by which they judged him, to conquer Montcalm and his difficulties, or to perish in the attempt!

It was now that he conceived the daring and brilliant idea of attempting that which the French believed to be impracticable, to scale the heights of Abraham and gain the lofty ground which overlooked the city, where the defences were *weakest*.

This plan is said to have first been suggested to him by a Scottish subaltern officer, a Lieutenant Macculloch, who had personally examined the mountains. The boldness of the idea inspired Wolfe with new life and health, and raised him from a bed of sickness to lead the way to victory.

At midnight on the 11th September the great attempt was to be made.

Wolfe's spirit, which had been so long depressed by illness and mortification, now rose anew, and

his military ardour increased with the hope of success. With his aides-de-camp and several other officers, he had a farewell carouse in his tent to while away the time between sunset and the hour of standing to arms, the hour before they parted, perhaps to meet no more; and it was on this occasion that he sang the plaintive but noble military song, which was long so well known by his name, but which was a composition of the year 1710, when it first appeared on an old broad sheet, and is so stirring that we may be pardoned inserting a verse of it here.

How stands the glass around?
For shame, ye take no care, my boys!
How stands the glass around?
Let mirth and wine abound!
The trumpets sound,
And the colours flying are, my boys;
To fight, kill, or wound,
May we still be found,
Content with our hard fare, my boys,
On the cold ground!

So sang Wolfe, and with this song in their ears, his comrades separated for the conflict; then his final instructions were promulgated.

"General Orders. (The last issued by Wolfe.)

"The enemy's forces are now divided, there is great scarcity of provisions in their camp and universal discontent among the Canadians.

"The second officer in command has gone to Montreal or

St. John's, which afford reasons for thinking that General Amherst is advancing into the colony.

"A vigorous blow struck by the army may determine the fate of Canada. Our troops below at Point Levée and Orleans are in readiness to join us; all the light artillery and tools are embarked at Point Levée, and the troops will land when the French seem the least to expect it.

"The first body that gets on shore are to march directly on the enemy, and drive them from any little post they may occupy. The officers must take care that the succeeding bodies do not, by mistake, fire on those that go before them.

"The battalions must form upon the upper ground with expedition, and be ready to charge whatever presents itself.

"When the artillery and troops are landed, a corps will be left to secure the landing-place, whilst the rest march on and endeavour to bring the French and Canadians to battle.

"The officers and men will *remember* what their country expects from them, and what a determined body of soldiers are capable of doing against five weak French battalions, mingled with disorderly peasantry.

"The soldiers must be attentive and obedient to their officers, and resolute in the execution of their duty."

This document concluded by some regulations for the boats in crossing the stream; thus the intentions of the General, and their own position and duties, were fully explained to the soldiers of the army.

At one o'clock in the morning, Frazer's Highlanders, the Louisbourg Grenadiers, and four regiments of the line, under Murray and Monckton, began to cross the river, in flat-bottomed boats with silence and secrecy. The boats dropped down with the tide and river flow; but such was the rapidity of the current, that most of them landed

a little below the point of debarkation intended by Wolfe, and now the daring stratagem of the latter was nearly baffled by two circumstances beyond his control or anticipation.

In the twilight two French deserters had been brought on board one of our ships of war, commanded by a Captain Smith, who lay at anchor near the northern shore. They told him that the Marquis of Montcalm was, on *that night*, to receive a convoy of provisions in boats from M. de Bougainville, whose command was at a distance; and these two deserters, in the dusk of the early morning, on perceiving the British boats full of soldiers crossing the river, raised a clamour and asserted they were the convoy. On this, Captain Smith who was ignorant of Wolfe's design, triced up his gun-ports and had just given orders to fire, when the young General, ever watchful and anxious, on perceiving an unusual commotion on board, came alongside in person, and arrested the discharge of a broadside which must have aroused all Quebec to arms.

The other episode is still more remarkable.

Along the shore, Montcalm had posted a chain of sentinels to challenge all boats and vessels, and to give an occasional alarm. The first boat, full of men belonging to Frazer's Highlanders, had just approached the shore, when from amid the obscurity that veiled it, the challenge of the French sentinel was heard.

"*Qui vive!*"

"*La France!*" answered a Captain of the Highlanders, with admirable presence of mind; he had served in Holland, and being master alike of the language and military customs of the French, knew in a moment the necessary reply.

"*A quel régiment?*" challenged the sentinel again.

"*De la Reine,*" replied the captain, who, by accident, knew that the battalion so designated was under Bougainville's command, and might form part of the convoy.

"*Passe!*" cried the soldier, shouldering his musket and believing that the boats were no other than the expected convoy, he permitted them to proceed; but a little lower down, another sentinel more wary than the first, hastened to the brink of the river, and after challenging, added:—

"*Pourquoi est-ce que vous ne parlez pas plus haut?*" (Why don't you reply with an audible voice?)

"*Tais toi,*" responded the Highland officer, "*nous serons entendus!*" (Hush, we shall be overheard!)

On being cautioned thus, the sentinel retired, and the boat, with its freight of kilted soldiers, passed on.*

Wolfe accompanied them, and was the first who landed. The morning was intensely dark,

* Smollett, &c., &c.

and the stream dangerously rapid. When the young Brigadier saw the lofty precipice towering away into the obscurity of the sky, he said to the Highland captain:—

"I don't believe, sir, there is any possibility of getting up, but you must now do your best." The place where the Highlanders landed is still named *Wolfe's* Cove.

Professor Robison, of Edinburgh, who, in his youth, had been a midshipman, and who had been in the boat which conveyed Wolfe, was wont to relate, that as they drew nearer the hostile heights, which overshadowed the mighty river, no sound was heard but its murmur as it chafed upon the shore. Then Wolfe, inspired by the beauty, the silence of the scene, and the events that were to come, repeated to the officers in the boat those charming verses, with which the calm quiet of a country churchyard inspired the muse of Gray, "*The paths of glory lead but to the grave!*" Wolfe repeated that beautiful line with mournful emphasis, and added:—

"Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of *that* poem, than the captor of Quebec!" (*Lord Mahon*, vol. iv.)

One of the most active in scaling the heights, and in the battle which ensued, was an old Highland gentleman between seventy and eighty years of age, who accompanied Frazer's Regiment as a volunteer, and who particularly attracted the

attention of General Townshend by his venerable aspect, and the dexterous fury with which he handled his broad-sword. This person was Malcolm MacPherson, Esq., of Phoiness, in the county of Inverness.

"A long and ruinous lawsuit," he told the Brigadier, "and a desire of being revenged on the French for their treacherous promises to his countrymen in 1745, had driven him to the field in his old age as a soldier of fortune."*

The steep and wooded precipice was soon scaled by the Highlanders, who slung their muskets and scrambled up sword in hand, grasping the tufts of the grass, the rocks, and roots of trees, in their ascent; they then dislodged a captain's guard, which manned a battery near the summit and possessed a narrow path that enabled their comrades of Louisbourg and the Line sooner to reach the plateau, which is 250 feet above the beach.

Wolfe was soon on the brow of the precipice, and, with ardour unabated by toil or sickness, he formed the soldiers in columns of regiments as they came up, and ere daybreak began to brighten the spires of Quebec and the broad waters of the St. Lawrence, he had his whole force in order of

* General Townshend "was so struck with the old man's magnanimity that he took him home to England, and introduced him to Mr. Pitt. The minister presented him to the King, who was graciously pleased to give him a commission with leave to return home on full pay."—*General Stewart of Garth*, vol. i.

battle on the far-famed heights of Abraham, with colours flying and bayonets glittering in the rising sun. Leaving two companies as a rear-guard to keep the redoubt and cover the landing place, he began at once to descend from the table-land towards Quebec.

Montcalm now saw that a battle could no longer be avoided; and that the issue of the contest would decide the possession of Quebec, and the future fate of Canada. Marching from his camp at Montmorency, he came boldly forward to attack the British, who halted within three quarters of a mile from the ramparts, with their right flank resting on the verge of an abrupt precipice.

The centre of the Marquis consisted of the regiments of Bearn and Guienne, his right wing of the regiments of La Colonie and the Royal Roussillon; of another battalion de La Colonie, the regiments de La Sarre and Languedoc, a twelve-pound field-piece was planted on each flank; he had 1,500 Militia and Indians scattered among the bushes which grew in front of his line, while under M. Bougainville were five companies of Grenadiers, 150 Canadians, 230 horsemen, and 870 militiamen; Brigadier Senzenerques was second in command; M. Beauchatel, major of the regiment de La Sarre, was his third; but so weak were the French battalions, that their strength on this eventful day was only as follows:—

The Regiment	de la Colonie . .	650	rank and file.
„	la Sarre. . .	340	„
„	Languedoc. .	320	„
„	Bearn . . .	200	„
„	R. Roussillon.	230	„
„	Guienne . .	200	„

Wolfe's line was composed of the Louisbourg Grenadiers, the Frazer Highlanders, the 15th, 28th, 38th, and 58th Regiments. The Light Infantry protected the left wing. A precipice rendered the right unassailable. Lascelles' Regiment, the 47th, formed in grand divisions, was the reserve. All our troops entered the action with their bayonets fixed. Including Wolfe and his staff, there were only ten mounted British officers in the field, and only one piece of cannon.

The firing began at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when the Indian and Canadian sharpshooters, emerging from the woody banks that overhang the river St. Charles, filled all the valley with wreaths of white smoke. As the adverse lines drew near, these skirmishers slew many of Wolfe's officers, whose brighter uniforms and whose exertions rendered them fatally conspicuous. The French commanders were frequently, in the lulls of the firing, heard exclaiming to their men:

"Marquez bien les officiers!"

Retaining their fire by Wolfe's express command until within forty yards of the enemy's muzzles, the British suddenly poured a terrible

running volley upon the French, whose movements to the front were thus checked and paralyzed, while gaps appeared where the fallen and the fugitive had been a moment before. Montcalm now menaced the British left, and on being warmly repulsed, his soldiers began to waver.

It was at this moment that Wolfe was mortally wounded.

He was standing on the right flank, at the head of the 28th Regiment, when the conflict was most desperate, and where he was dangerously conspicuous in front of the line, when a shot from a rifleman struck him in the wrist, inflicting a severe wound. Wrapping his handkerchief round the shattered limb, he hastened to head a charge of the Louisbourg Grenadiers with fixed bayonets, when a second shot pierced his abdomen, and a third his breast. Then, finding himself unable to stand, with his blood pouring from three wounds, he leaned faintly on the shoulder of Captain Currie, of Bragg's Regiment (the 28th); but, even while his eyes were glazing, and amid the agonies of approaching dissolution, he never forgot his anxiety for the fortune of the field.

"My eyesight and strength are failing me!" said he to Captain Currie.

Now it was that, filled with fury by his fall, the whole line advanced to the charge, and, flinging aside their muskets in the old Highland fashion,

the Frazers rushed on with dirk and claymore, making a dreadful slaughter among the French, whom Montcalm vainly strove to rally nine ranks deep. Wolfe was meanwhile borne to the rear, where all the medical assistance that could be rendered at such a place and time was afforded him, and there he lay upon the grass just as we may see him depicted in West's celebrated picture, with his life and his blood ebbing together, his comrades sorrowing around him, and the roar of the distant battle coming by fits to his dying ear.

"They run, see how they run!" exclaimed Captain Currie, who still supported him.

"Who run?" asked Wolfe, attempting to raise himself upon his elbow, while his eyes grew more and more dim.

"The French—they give way in all directions!"

"What, do they run already?" exclaimed Wolfe, as life seemed for a moment to return; "go one of you to Colonel Burton, and tell him to march Webb's regiment to the river St. Charles, to secure the bridge and cut off the retreat of the fugitives. Now, praised be God, I die happy!"

With these words he turned convulsively on his left side, and expired, with the arms of Frazer, his favourite Highland orderly, around him.

He was in his *thirty-third* year.

Already General Monckton on one side, and Brigadier Senzenerques on the other, had been

borne wounded from the field, and about the same time when Wolfe fell, the gallant Marquis de Montcalm, when in the centre of his line, was stretched on the earth by a mortal wound. His thigh was also broken, but he was borne by his fugitive soldiers into Quebec, whither they were followed by the nimble Highlanders, who, outstripping all in the pursuit, made a terrible slaughter among them with their claymores; though, in the fury of their advance, Ross, of Culrossie, Roderick MacNeil, of Barra, Macdonald, of Boisdale, Keppoch, Lochgarry, and many of their most distinguished officers, were killed or wounded before the gates of the city were reached.

"Our regiments that sustained the brunt of the action were Bragg's (the old Slashers), Lascelles', and the Highlanders; the two former had not a bayonet, or the latter a broad sword, untinged with blood." (Letter of an officer.)

"When these Highlanders took to their broad swords," says another, "my God, what a havoc they made! They drove everything before them, and stone walls alone could resist their fury." *

With his last breath Montcalm dictated a letter to General Townshend, the officer commanding the British, bequeathing the wounded and the prisoners to his care, and then being assured that his wounds were mortal,

* Chronicle, 1759.

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed with stern joy, "for I shall not live to see the capitulation of Quebec." After a pause, he added, "I have got my death fighting against the bravest troops in the world, but at the head of the greatest poltroons that ever carried muskets!"

This splendid soldier expired on the 14th September, and his remains were deposited in a hole which had been made by the explosion of a shell—a characteristic tomb, says a French writer, for a brave soldier who died on the bed of honour! His memory has been honoured by the letter which M. de Bougainville published on his death, and by the inscription which was engraved upon his tomb—the composition of a member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres.

On the 18th September Quebec was formally surrendered by M. de Ramsay, the Governor, on the promise being given that the inhabitants were to be protected, and the rights of property and religion respected, until a general peace decided on their future condition. That all prisoners taken were to be sent to old France. Among the latter were three Chevaliers of St. Louis, five Captains of the Regiment de Bearn, one of the Roussillon, five officers of marines, two officers de Languedoc, one of La Sarre, and 189 soldiers.

The loss of the British was 57 officers and 591 soldiers killed, wounded, and missing.

The loss of the French was about 200 officers and 1,200 men of all ranks.

There were taken in Quebec and its vicinity 278 brass and iron guns, 20 brass and iron howitzers and mortar beds, with 2 petards and 1,100 bombs.

Preserved in spirits, the body of Wolfe was conveyed to England in the *Royal William* man-of-war.* Mr. Pitt wept amid the eulogy which he pronounced upon the slain hero in the House of Commons, when the monument in Westminster was agreed to, and afterwards he wrote a special letter of condolence to the mother of Wolfe. The old general, his father, had lived but to see the zenith of his son's fame, and surviving him by two months, died and was buried at Greenwich, but the grave of the veteran had scarcely been closed, when the remains of his gallant son arrived at Portsmouth, on the 12th of November.

At this time his mother was in very feeble health, and the double loss of a husband and only son affected her so deeply that we are told by the public prints of the day, "the inhabitants of her neighbourhood sympathized with her so much that they did not make any public rejoicings for the conquest of Quebec, lest by doing so they might add to her grief." We are also told

* The *Conference* brig, which brought home the body of Wolfe, after being a collier, has been destroyed by the Riff pirates.—See *Times*, June 1, 1855.

that "Miss Lowther, a young lady whose immense fortune is her least recommendation, had shown so much uneasiness at the prospect of his making the American Campaign, that nothing but the call of honour could prevail upon him to accept that command in which he fell so gloriously."

Minute guns boomed from the ships at Spithead and the bells tolled solemnly, while all standards were half hoisted, as the body of Wolfe, covered by the Union Jack, was slowly conveyed by the oarsmen, pulling minute strokes, from the side of the *Royal William* to the landing place of the Point. The garrison lined the streets resting on their arms reversed, with drums and standards craped. Between ranks faced inward the body was borne in a hearse, while the solemn music of a funeral march, and the dull roll of the muffled drums, stirred the hearts of all that were present. The silence of the multitude was impressive and profound.

After this the remains were privately interred in the family vault in the parish church at Greenwich, beside those of his father, by torchlight, on the night of the 20th of November. His mother attended as chief mourner.

A cenotaph in his native village of Westerham, another on the heights of Abraham,* and a noble monument in Westminster have all been dedi-

* Erected in 1834, and inscribed, HERE DIED WOLFE, VICTORIOUS!

cated to perpetuate the memory of the hero of Quebec, he who, when just emerging from boyhood, had won that celebrity which few attain by the services and toils of a long lifetime. Various reliques of Wolfe are preserved in private hands; his spurs were lately possessed by a gentleman in Glasgow, his gloves remain in the family of General Price, then one of his aides-de-camp, to whom he handed them after his fall, and his sword is in the United Service Museum at London. His portrait, by Highmore, was placed in the National Gallery, in 1859.

Lord Frederick Cavendish succeeded him as Colonel of the 67th Regiment. An artilleryman, one of the soldiers who supported him from the field of Quebec, died in 1812, a bombardier at Carlisle, in the ninety-second year of his age; and Lieutenant Macculloch, the officer according to whose suggestion he first conceived the idea of turning the French flank by scaling the heights of Abraham, died a pauper in Marylebone Work-house in 1793. *Credat Judæus.*

Such is the story of Wolfe! That brave soldier who had the peculiar good fortune to die on the field of battle in the moment of victory, with the universal love of all who knew him, and who, without exciting any of that envy or malice which so often fall to the lot of the great and successful in the game of life and glory, passed away in the midst of his fame.

The 33rd regiment is now styled the "Duke of Wellington's." Why do the 67th or the old 20th forget to assume the name of *Wolfe?* In the *Military Magazine* for 1811 we find recorded the death, at Elmswell, of Sir Hervey Smith, Bart., aged seventy-seven, who was the last surviving officer present at the death of General Wolfe, and one of his aides-de-camp. Sir Hervey must have been then only in his twenty-fifth year. Wolfe's friend, General Yorke, who commanded the artillery at the battle of Quebec, died at Lisbon in 1767.

SIR ANDREW WOOD OF LARGO,

Captain of the Yellow Frigate and Admiral to James III.

Sir Andrew Wood, our brave captain,
Was thanked graciouslie,
Reward and honour, too, he got
From his king and countrie.
The battle fiercelie it was fought
Beside the Craig o' Bass,
And when the Southrons next we fight,
May worse ne'er come to pass.

Old Ballad.

THOUGH distinguished as the Scots have been for their skill and bravery in the field, it is a curious fact that they are almost unknown in the annals of naval warfare.

By a people so strictly pastoral and military shipping was too long neglected and commerce despised. In ancient times the monks were generally the chief ship owners, and under a banner of peace their little barques ploughed the waves, bringing the luxuries of life from the more favoured shores of France or Lusitania, and its

necessaries from the opulent cities of the fertile and industrious Netherlands.

The formation of a Scottish navy was among the last thoughts of King Robert Bruce, when dying in the castle of Cardross; but it was not, however, until the beginning of the fifteenth century that Scotland possessed regular shipping for exclusively warlike purposes. Thus we can glean but little concerning her marine, until the era of James III., when commerce began to flourish, notwithstanding the restraint laid upon maritime enterprise by the restriction from sailing between St. Jude's Day and Candlemas, under a penalty from "ilk person fraughting ony schip in the contrair herof."* In 1476 we read of the *great ship* of James Kennedy, which Buchanan states "to have been the largest that ever sailed the ocean;" unfortunately, it was wrecked on the English coast and destroyed by the peasantry.

James IV. and his successor, princes equally great in soul and gallant in heart, and fond of splendour and warlike enterprise, were both earnestly bent upon the formation of a navy; and the remnants of their fleets were destroyed by the Earl of Hertford during the savage and wanton invasion of 1544, when he captured or burnt (among several merchantmen) two vessels of war lying in the harbour of Leith, the *Salamander*

* Acta Parl. Jacobi III.

and the *Unicorn*. The former (probably named from the heraldic cognizance of Francis I.) had been presented to James V. with another "fair ship," the *Morischer*, on his marriage with the beautiful Magdalene of Valois. Two other royal vessels, the *Great Lion* and the *Marvelibe* (*Mary Willoughbie*, an English prize), escaped the ferocious Hertford by being at sea; but we hear of them no more.

In the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer there are various curious entries respecting the Scottish ships of war in those days. In 1539 we have "ane siluer quhissel with ane lang chenze, quhilk wes given be the kingis command to the Patroune of the schippis." It weighed eleven ounces and three quarters. A whistle was then the badge of the captain and admiral, from whom it has descended to the boatswain in modern times. In 1540, payments were made for wood taken from Hawthornden, for building the king's ships; and also for sixteen ells of red and yellow taffeta for naval standards, six of which were delivered to Captain John Barton, and a sum was paid to Murdoch Stirling for making ovens for the royal vessels.

In the following year, Florence Carntoune was keeper of the king's vessels "and yair gear;" and we read of the *Salamander*, *Unicorne*, and *Little Bark*. John Keir, master of the former, had yearly "xv li."

"Item; to John Broune, master of the *Great Lyonne*, while at Bordeaux on the kingis service, lxxx li." The *fee* of Archibald Penicuke, master of the *Unicorne*, was "xl li."

In the naval affairs of the sixteenth century, no man occupied a more prominent place than Sir Andrew Wood, Knight of Largo, an eminent and distinguished commander under James III., who bore the terror of his name through the English, Dutch, and Flemish seas, and twice in pitched battles laid the pride and boasted prowess of the former in the deep.

He was the first of his race who became eminent, consequently nothing is known of his family; and much of his personal history is buried in obscurity. By Abercrombie he is supposed to have been a cadet of the ancient family of Bonnington in Angus,* and is generally stated to have been born about the middle of the fifteenth century, at the old kirktoun of Largo, a pretty little village of Fifeshire, situated upon the margin of the beautiful bay of the same name, so famed in Scottish song. Andrew Wood was originally a merchant-trader; but his genius for naval warfare and his longings for gallant enterprise had been fostered and strengthened by his encounters with French, English, and Portuguese pirates in defence of his property; and his proving

* Mart. Achiev.

signally victorious in many of these engagements first brought his talents and courage under the notice of the king, who gave him employment in several warlike and diplomatic missions, which he executed with fidelity and honour. In short, he soon became distinguished above all the mariners of his time for his skill in seamanship, his knightly bravery and mercantile ability. The Scottish Nelson of the age, he was at once the guardian of the northern seas, the scourge of pirates, the terror of the English merchants and warlike skippers, and no man better deserves an honourable place in the annals of his country.

Though dangerous at all times, in his days a seafaring life was fraught with innumerable terrors, of which the modern mariner, though deeply imbued with superstition, knows nothing. Lack of proper charts and soundings, of log-lines, telescopes, and chronometers, made all navigation dangerous, and reckoning equally doubtful and obscure; while the storms raised by sorceries and mermaids, magic islands and burning shores, dangerous shoals, spirits, and wondrous monsters of the "vasty deep," with *downhill currents* that ran to awful regions from whence there was no return, rendered a life on the great ocean one of unusual excitement, mystery, and horror.

During the early part of the reign of James III., Wood appears to have been a wealthy merchant in Leith, a town then almost in its

infancy; but no doubt, as the most opulent speculator of his time, he would be as well known on the quays of Sluys as on the Timber Holfe, and as welcome a guest in the houses of Hamburg and Lübeck as in those of the Burgess-close and Broadwynd at home. He possessed and commanded two armed vessels, of about three hundred tons burden each, the *Flower* and *Yellow Caravel*, both good and strong ships, superior to any that had ever been seen in Scotland, and admirably equipped with experienced mariners, cannon, armour, and other warlike munition of the age. With these he made voyages to the Dutch and Hanse towns, whither in those days the Scots sent wool and hides, bringing "therefrom small mercery and haberdashery-ware in great quantities; moreover half the Scottish ships come generally laden from Flanders with cart-wheels and wheelbarrows."*

From the circumstance of the English vessels encountered by Sir Andrew Wood being termed *pirates* in his Crown charter, Tytler conjectures that the famous Stephen Bull, and all those English commanders whom this ancient Nelson vanquished, were also ocean-robbers, whose flags were unrecognized by the English king; but *pirate* was a common term in those days for enemies and strangers, when the worthy skippers

* Process of Eng. Policie. 1430. Hackluyt.

who then traversed the seas in their high-pooped and top-hampered caravels were not over scrupulous in distinguishing friends from foes.

Wood, as we have stated, appears early to have distinguished himself, and obtained the favourable notice of James III., who granted to him, as master of the *Yellow Kerval* (Alexander Duke of Albany being then Lord High Admiral), *a tack* of the lands of Largo to keep his ship in repair; and, "being skilful in pyloting, that he should be ready upon the king's call to pylot and convey him and the queen, in visits to St. Adrian's chappell" on the Isle of May, where there was a holy shrine and well of wondrous efficacy, especially to ladies in want of heirs, kept by certain stout Augustines of Pittenween.

James III. afterwards granted to him and his heirs, hereditarily and in fee, the lands and fishing-town of Largo in Fifeshire, the place of his birth, the donor considering "Gratuita et fidelia servicia sibi per familiarem servitorem suum ANDREAM WOD, commorante in Leith, tam per terram quam per mare, in pace et guerra, gratuiter impensa, in Regno Scotiæ et extra idem, et signanter contra inimicos suos Anglia, et dampnum per ipsum ANDREAM inde sustenta, suum personam gravibus vitæ exponendo periculus. 18 die Martii, 1482.*" This document, which

* Cart. Mag. Sigilli.

recites his good service by sea and land, but chiefly in the English war, was confirmed in 1497, with the addition that the most eminent deed of arms had been his defence of the royal castle of Dumbarton, when besieged by the English navy. The whole particulars of this exploit are buried in obscurity. Pinkerton conjectures the siege to have taken place in 1481, but adds that it is "unknown in history;" and there is one authority which states that the Admiral's eldest *son* was the defender of Dumbarton.*

Prior to 1487 the captain of the *Yellow Caravel* appears to have obtained the dignity of knighthood, to have entirely relinquished trading as a merchant for the service of the king, and to have married a lady named Elizabeth Lundie (probably one of the Lundies of Strathairlie or Balgonie, an ancient Fifeshire name), by whom he had several sons.† Two of them became men of eminence in after years. Thus, from being an opulent and enterprising trader, by his own talents and the force of circumstances, the humble skipper of Leith became the founder of a baronial family, "a brave warrior and skilful naval commander, an able financialist, intimately acquainted with the management of commercial transactions, and a stalwart feudal baron, who, without abating anything of his pride and his prerogative, refused not

* Beatson's Index. † MSS. in Mag. Sigilli.

to adopt in the management of his estates some of those improvements whose good effects he had observed in his travels over various parts of the Continent." (Tytler.) These qualities, though somewhat inconsistent, when combined, made him an able, affectionate, and confidential subject to the good king, his master, who loved and admired his bold and manly bearing, his openness of heart, and blunt honesty of purpose.

Wood is said to have been of a stately presence, of noble features and commanding figure; so much so that, on one occasion, the young Prince of Scotland mistook him for the king, his father, whom the admiral strongly resembled.

In those intestine broils, which had so melancholy a close on the field of Sauchie-burn, Sir Andrew Wood remained staunch to his royal patron, who, by a long series of futile and impolitic attempts to humble a proud and fierce nobility, brought his unhappy reign to an end so tragical and disastrous. Viewing them as persons only to be hated and feared, he kept his nobles at an unusual distance, conferring honours and favours on several men of mean or inferior professions, which, in that age of iron hearts and sharp lances, were despised by the noble and scorned by the warlike. Secret intrigues were soon the result; armed confederation followed; and it was decreed, by the sword or the gibbet, to free the Court of those obnoxious minions who, in

the splendour of their attire and equipage, affected to vie with a long-descended *noblesse,* whose pride of birth was equalled only by their determination and ferocity.

Aware of the hostile spirit of his Lowland peers, the king resolved to look for succour in the country of the clans. Providing the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling with all things necessary for enduring a siege, he embarked in one of Sir Andrew Wood's ships, then anchored in the Roads of Leith, and, crossing the Forth, landed on a part of the Fifeshire coast. The ships of the admiral had been lying there for some time, previous to sailing for Flanders; and, on their weighing anchor, a report was spread by the disaffected that James had fled to the low countries. Upon this the vassals of the malcontents "seized on his luggage and furniture in their passage to the Forth, surprised his castle of Dunbar, furnished themselves with arms and ammunitions out of the royal stores, and overran the three Lothians and the Merse, rifling and plundering all honest men."*

Recrossing the Forth in Sir Andrew Wood's ship, in April, 1488, the king marched past Stirling, and pitched his standard (which was borne by Sir Thomas Turnbull, of Greenwood) near the ancient castle of Blackness. David,

* Martial Achievements.

third Lord Lindesay of the Byres, led 1,000 horse, says Pitscottie; and Lord Ruthven 1,000 lances on horseback, sheathed in complete armour, 1,000 bowmen, and 1,000 armed with swords and coats of mail. Some authorities reckon this army at forty, and others at thirty thousand;* but, after an indecisive skirmish at Blackness, it was disbanded; and the Earl of Crawford was created Duke of Montrose, and Lord Kilmaurs Earl of Glencairn, for their valour, while Sir Andrew Wood and other loyalists were rewarded by grants of the Crown land.

Fresh intrigues soon ensued, and the hapless James, who, in his castle of Edinburgh, had resigned himself to the study of music, poetry, painting, architecture, and other gentle arts which the Stuarts loved so well, was again roused to arms; for another army of Scotland's rebel peers and servile vassalage was in the field against him. Led by George Earl of Angus, and carrying with them the young Prince of Scotland, the Lords of this new and daring confederation advanced to the famous plains of Bannockburn with the royal standard displayed. Beneath it were the flower of the border archers, the Lothian spearmen, and the vassals of Drummond, Errol, Marischal, Lysle, and Glammis. Fearful of the issue of battle, James wrote to several foreign princes for succour,

* See Pitscottie, &c, &c.

and to the Pope, Eugenius VII., praying that in his fatherly care of the Scottish people he would pour forth upon the insurgent lords the dreaded thunders of the Vatican. His prayer was not heard in vain by the representative of St. Peter, who desired his Nuncio, Adriano di Castello, to set out for Scotland; but the impatient nobles had resolved to decide the matter by the sword ere succour could arrive from the Continent. Denied entrance to Stirling by its traitor governor, James had now no alternative but to seek safety by flight in the fleet of Sir Andrew Wood, which cruized in the adjacent Forth, or by putting his crown and fate to the bolder issue of battle. By a Scottish king, the latter alternative was the only one for adoption; and both armies drew up in order of battle on the festival of St. Barnabas, the 11th June, 1488.

On the army of the unfortunate king taking up its position at Little Conglan, near the Burn of Sauchie, Sir Andrew Wood, attending to the fortune of the war, sailed up the silver windings of the beautiful river with the *Flower* and *Yellow Caravel;* and continued during the whole of that cloudless day to cruise between dusky Alloa and the rich carse of Stirling, then clothed in all the fertility, the greenness, and the glory of summer. On the right bank of the river he kept several of his boats close by the shore, to receive the king if the tide of battle turned against him; and he

often landed with his brothers, John and Robert, and "a competent number of men, hoping to share in the dangers of the day; but no such opportunity occurred."*

It matters not to describe here how that disastrous field was fought and lost by James, whose utter want of military skill was not supplied by any of the nobles of his host. Ere the conflict began, David Lord Lindesay—a brave warrior who had earned renown in France—presented the king with a magnificent charger of unmatched strength and speed, saying that, "Hap what might, if he kept his seat, it would bear him through everything to the boats of Andrew Wood." Fatal was the gift! for this spirited steed ultimately caused the destruction of him it was meant to preserve.

The king, oppressed by the weight of his rich armour and the heat of a broiling summer sun, confused by the cloud of arrows that darkened the air and whistled like hailstones about his helmet, and by the clangour and turmoil of the great battle that rang around him, lost all presence of mind; and on beholding his *own* royal banner displayed against him, he remembered some ancient and ominous prophecy that struck anguish into his soul. He saw the brave Glencairn, the loyal Ruthven, the gallant Erskine, and other distin-

* Abercrombie.

guished knights, unhorsed and slain; he saw his banner struck down, his lines borne back and all giving way, as the spearmen of Lothian and the Merse swept over the field like an angry sea. He then saw that the time was come to fly; and dashing spurs into his swift horse, fled alone and unattended from that fatal field he had never hoped to gain. On, on he spurred, though still encumbered by his heavy armour, and crossed at full speed the fertile carse of Stirling in hopes to reach the friendly ships of Wood, which then lay only five miles off; and their white sails, shining in the summer sun above the waving corn-fields, must have been visible to the anxious eyes of the fugitive king, as he rode on his lonely way. Unhappy James! though he knew it not, the pursuers were close behind; and, tracking him like blood-hounds, Patrick Lord Gray, Stirling of Keir, and Andrew Borthwick, a friar, were spurring in the distance, and striving in vain to come up with the noble charger which the loyal Lindesay had resigned to his sovereign.

At Beaton's Mill, a hamlet on the Bannock, a miller's wife was filling a pitcher with water as the king leaped his horse across the burn. Alarmed on beholding an armed man dashing past with such fury, the woman screamed and threw away her pitcher, the clatter of which so startled James's charger that it reared and threw him from the saddle. Stunned by his violent fall on the hard,

dusty road, and bruised by the weight of his armour, the king remained insensible until recovered by the efforts of the miller, who carried him into his dwelling, and inquired who he was. James replied to the terrified peasants, "*I was your king this morning,*" and required them to procure him a priest to hear his confession, as he feared he was dying. Wringing her hands in great anguish and alarm, the poor miller's wife rushed out upon the road in search of a confessor; and one of the pursuers, said (but without proof) to be Friar Borthwick, rode up at that moment, and declaring himself a priest, though arrayed in armour, requested to be led to the king.

On his knees he reverently approached the faint and exhausted James, who then lay on a miserable flock-bed in a corner of the humble cottage, and having heard his confession, asked him if he "expected to recover." The king faintly replied:—

"If I had the attendance of a physician; but, father, first administer unto me absolution and the sacrament."

"That will I readily!" exclaimed the ruffian, and thrice buried a dagger in the heart of his victim, who immediately expired. The horse of the murderer was at the door, he mounted, fled, and was never discovered.

For many days the body lay in this obscure place; none knew where the king had gone. The

army thought he was with the admiral; the latter thought he was with the army. His fate was enveloped in mystery. Meanwhile his forces retreated to Stirling and the Torwood, while those of the victor nobles advanced to Linlithgow, where rumours of the regicide began to be murmured abroad—rumours which the young and gallant prince is said to have heard with the deepest anguish, and "the brave Sir Andrew Wood," says Abercrombie, "was the first who resented the death of his generous and beloved master." The rumours still gained credence, though many asserted that the king was still alive and in safety; and a person came to the insurgent camp at Linlithgow with tidings that "as Sir Andrew Wood was still cruizing in the Forth, and that, as his boats had been rowing to and fro all day with wounded men, there was good reason to believe that James had reached the *Yellow Caravel*."

"Upon this a suspicion arose among them that the king was gone on shipboard, which occasioned them to remove their camp to Leith."* From thence a cartel was dispatched to Sir Andrew in the name of James, Duke of Rothesay, Prince of Scotland, and desiring immediate information as to whether or not the king was on board his vessels. The admiral solemnly declared that he was *not*, and gave the messengers leave to search

* Buchanan's Hist.

his ships. A second message was sent requesting an interview; but the author above quoted says that "Sir Andrew was a knight, and being mindful of the king's kindness, remained constant in his affection to him even after death, and refused to come without hostages for his safe return."

Accordingly, John Lord Fleming, of Cumbernauld, and George Lord Seaton, of Seaton, were sent to the fleet as hostages, and committed to the care of his brothers by the admiral, who landed at Leith, probably at the ancient wooden pier, which was then overlooked by the ancient tower that terminates those picturesque houses on the quay. The site of the latter was then occupied by gardens and kailyards extending to the muddy banks of the river. A gothic chapel dedicated to St. Nicholas crowned the eminence of the citadel, another to St. Ninian terminated the ancient bridge.

The young Prince was then in his sixteenth year, and when Sir Andrew Wood was introduced he was surrounded by a circle of the rebel peers. So dignified and noble was the aspect of the admiral, who was arrayed in magnificent armour, and so striking was his resemblance to James III., that the Prince, who had not seen much of his unhappy sire, wept as he approached, and said timidly:—

"Sir, are *you* my father?"

Touched to the heart by the tone and the

question, the veteran mariner burst into tears, and replied:—

"I am not your father, but his faithful servant; and the enemy of those who have occasioned his downfall!"

"Know you where the king is?" asked several of the lords, "or who those were you took on board after the battle?"

"As for the king," replied Wood, "I know nothing of him. My brothers and I, who were ready to have risked our lives in his defence, landed in our boats opposite Alloa; but, finding our efforts to fight or to save him vain, we returned to the fleet." He added, says Buchanan, "that if the king were alive, he was resolved to obey none but him; and if he were slain, he was ready to *revenge him!*"

Again he was asked by the doubtful, "If the king was not really on board either of his ships?"

"He is not!" replied the admiral, sternly. "Oh, I would to God he was, for then he would be in safety! *Then* I could defend him from those vile traitors who, I fear, have slain him, and whom I hope to see, one day, rewarded as they deserve."

Upon this he withdrew, and returned on board, just in time to save the two noble hostages, whom his brothers, impatient of his protracted absence, and fearful of his safety, were deliberately preparing to hang up at the yard-arm.

Ashamed of themselves, from the very contrast the loyalty and high spirit of this blunt sailor formed to their own misconduct, the insurgent nobles, on the return of Seaton and Fleming, resolved to leave no scheme untried to have him punished for the insults and inuendos he had so boldly hurled against them. Summoning all the skippers of Leith before them in council, they commanded them "to rig and man their ships to subdue Andrew Wood," offering them artillery and munition at the young king's expense, and holding forth noble rewards in the event of success; but they all declined, and replied by the mouth of one—afterwards the famous Sir Andrew Barton, who fought the English fleet in the Downs—that the *Flower* and *Yellow Caravel* "were so well equipped with all things for fighting, so well furnished with able and valiant seamen, and withal that Captain Wood was so skilful in naval affairs, so practised in war, and had such notable artillery, that ten of the best ships in Scotland would not be able to cope with his *two*." This plain statement compelled the angry nobles to relinquish their hopes of seizing this stubborn mariner, who, in defiance of them, continued for months to cruize in the Forth, with his knight's pennon and the old king's standard displayed.

James III. was interred by the side of his queen, Margaret, Princess of Denmark, Sweden,

and Norway, in the splendid abbey of Cambus-Kenneth; and after the destruction of that edifice at the Reformation, the site of their graves was forgotten until 1865, when the marble slab, bearing the marks of iron bands and sockets, was discovered by an exploring party. Some of the royal remains were found beneath, and were again interred on the same spot, over which her present Majesty has erected a handsome memorial with the following inscription:—

"In this place, near to the High Altar of the Abbey of Cambus-Kenneth, were deposited the remains of James III. King of Scots, who died 11th June, 1488, and of his Queen the Princess Margaret of Denmark. This restoration of the tomb of her ancestors was executed by command of her Majesty Queen Victoria, A.D. 1865."

The new tomb bears the royal arms of Scotland and of Denmark, with the national motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit," the thistle and other carvings.

But to resume the story of King James's sturdy admiral:—

Towards the close of this year (1488) he became involved in a serious quarrel with the citizens of Aberdeen. Stating that he had received from James III. a grant of the forest of Sockett and the castle-hill of Aberdeen, he attempted to take possession of them. But the council of the city and the stout burgesses thereof resisted the claim, declaring that the hill and forest were their patri-

monial and inalienable possessions, and that they were resolved, under harness, to oppose force to force. Exasperated by this, the testy admiral threatened to proceed to extremities, and perhaps might have treated the Aberdonians to a bombardment, had not the King and Privy Council interfered by setting his claim aside, and sustaining the right of the citizens, as defined by a charter of Robert Bruce.

In the beginning of the following year Henry, the English king, resolving to profit by the still distracted state of Scotland, sent "five tall ships," the largest of his navy, to the Firths of Forth and Clyde, ostensibly (say some authorities) to aid James IV. against Lord Forbes and the old loyalists. These ships, which Tytler avers were pirates, as they came in time of truce, plundered, sank, or burned the Scots and Flemish traders in all the harbours of these estuaries, chased a king's ship under the ramparts of Dumbarton, totally obstructed all commerce, and made many destructive descents upon the little villages and fishing-towns of Fife and Lothian. Enraged at this wanton aggression, the young king, who had now been crowned as James IV., hoping to find Sir Andrew Wood more tractable, pledged his royal word and the public faith for his safety, and requested him to appear before the Lords of the Privy Council to consider means for curbing the outrages of the English; but this cartel was not sent him until

every effort, threat, and bribe had failed to induce the boldest skippers of Leith to undertake the enterprise. On their meeting, James represented to Sir Andrew "what a shame, dishonour, and loss it was, that a few English ships should ride under their eyes with impunity, committing every outrage and excess," and by inflaming the patriotism of Wood, "who had a true Scottish heart," soon succeeded in bending him to his purpose. He undertook to attack the enemy, but the King, remembering that they outnumbered him by three vessels, advised him to equip a stronger fleet.

"No," he replied, "I will have only my own two, the *Flower* and *Yellow Caravel*;"* and with the first fair wind, one day in February, 1489, he dropped down the river to attack the English, who were then cruizing off the Duke of Albany's castle and village of Dunbar, near the mouth of the Firth.

He immediately engaged them, and an obstinate and sanguinary battle ensued, of which, unfortunately, no particulars are preserved. He succeeded, however, in making the whole fleet prizes to the Scottish flag, and bringing them triumphantly into the roads of Leith, presented their commanders to the young king and his council, by whom he was nobly rewarded. His skill and

* Buchanan.

valour, and the courage of his seamen and soldiers, were extolled and magnified until his name became a byword and a terror to all the skippers and mariners of England. He received from James charters confirming all former grants, and bestowing upon him the lands of Balbegnoth, the cotelands of Largo, 11th March, 1490, all of which were ratified by Parliament in the following year.

He obtained the lands of Northerfawfields, "terris dominicalibus de Rossy et Pettarni," Frostylies, and other possessions. He acquired the superiority of Inch Keith, the lands of "easter Dron cum Molendino de le Cottoun," and was infeft in the Lordship of Newbyrne.* And by a charter under the Great Seal, 18th May, 1491, the king "grants to Sir Andrew Wood licence to build a castle at Largo with gates of iron, as a reward for the great services done and losses sustained by the said Andrew, and for those services which there was no doubt he would yet render."

This house or castle he appears to have built by the hands of English pirates whom he retained in durance as bondsmen; and he erected various houses by the same unwilling workmen whom he had captured on the high seas. His new mansion was engrafted on an ancient edifice which had formerly been a jointure-house of the Scottish

* MSS. in Great Seal.

queens. A fragment of it is yet remaining.* His coat armorial was augmented in heraldic honours. In "Lindesaye's Blasons," Wood of Largo bears *argent* an oak-tree growing out of a mount in base, *or;* but two ships under sail were added in memory of his defeating the English fleet.†

The Scottish Admiral was now in the zenith of his fame, and in the highest favour with his sovereign; but Henry of England, who had not forgotten the naval battle of Dunbar, was resolved on vengeance for the prostration of his flag by a nation almost unknown in the annals of the sea; for Scottish history is peculiarly barren of naval transactions, and therefore the brilliant achievements of this ancient mariner acquire additional value and interest.

About this time Sir Andrew, with the *Flower* and *Yellow Caravel,* sailed on a voyage to Holland, to the shores of which he convoyed a fleet of Scottish merchantmen.

Concerned at the humiliation of his defeat, Henry is said (though it was in time of truce) to have summoned the most able naval men of England, "and after exhorting them to purge away this stain cast on the English name," in the usual style assumed by the despotic Tudors, offered the then splendid pension of £1,000 yearly, and other noble rewards, to any man who would undertake

* Statist. Account. † Nisbet.

to capture Sir Andrew Wood, "dead or alive;" but his skill and valour were now so celebrated, that dread repressed the avarice or ambition of those who might have been disposed to make the attempt.

At length Sir Stephen Bull, an English naval commander of great skill and well-tried courage, originally a merchant of London, offered, if properly equipped, to capture or destroy the Scottish Admiral on his return from Holland. Three vessels, the greatest and the strongest of those built by Henry for warlike purposes, were placed at his disposal, and manned by picked crews, well furnished with cannon, armour, and warlike munition of every kind. He had a strong company of crossbowmen, and another of pikemen, on board, led by several knights of high valour and noble birth, who volunteered their services on this auspicious occasion. His armament sailed from the Thames in the month of July, 1490, and running along the Scottish coast, entered the Firth of Forth, and came to anchor on the leeward side of the Isle of May. There, sheltered by cliffs of stately basaltic columns, where the scart and the gull build their nests undisturbed, Sir Stephen lay secure, for the double purpose of being screened from the cold bleak wind and rough waves of the German Ocean. On this beautiful island, which is about a mile in length, they obtained a constant

supply of fresh water. It contained a lake, and in those days a small village, which had sprung up near the Augustinian Priory founded in honour of St. Adrian, who was slain in his hermitage there by the Danes in 870. To prevent the Scottish fishermen from giving Wood any intimation of his vicinity, the English Admiral seized all the boats belonging to Crail, Pittenweem, Largo, Elie, and other fishing villages, and kept certain fishermen prisoners on board his ship, that they, being well acquainted with the appearance and rig of Sir Andrew's vessels, might inform him when they came in sight. In addition to these precautions, he kept several of his own sailors cruizing in large boats out in the German sea to give him early notice of every sail that appeared on the far horizon.

Meanwhile, supposing that a firm peace had succeeded the truce with England, and not in the least anticipating the preparations made by the Londoners for his reception at the mouth of the Scottish sea, honest Sir Andrew set sail from the port of Sluice for that of Leith.

After-circumstances will show that the ships of Sir Stephen were much larger than those of his antagonist.

In aspect the vessels of those days were very different from those of the present. They were low in the waist, with gigantic poops and forecastles towering up from the water, and through

the gaudy portholes of which the brass-mounted culverins, sakers, and falconets, grinned forth, tier above tier.* The balls of these were usually stone; and there is extant an order of Henry the Fifth to the clerk of his ordnance for making 7,000 stone shot for cannon from the quarries of Maidstone, in Kent.† The hulls were covered with elaborate carving and gilding, the poops had turrets and enormous lanterns, and aloft there flaunted innumerable streamers and banneroles. Their masts were composed of two spars, fidded at the top-castles, which were large round castellated enclosures, reached by the *foothook* (*i.e.*, futtock) shrouds, where the cross-bowmen and pages of the officers sat during an engagement, and galled the foe in security. On a very upright bowsprit they carried a great square spritsail; below it was an iron beak. The yard-*arms* were iron hooks for grappling the enemy's rigging, and from them often hung blocks of stone, which descended with a crash on their decks below. The buckler-ports were those places where hung the shields and blazons of gentlemen serving on board. The compass was in common use, but quadrants and sextants were unknown. In lieu of these, observations were made by means of the balestræ of the Venetians, the astrolabe of the Portu-

* Churchill's Collect. Voy.

† Rymer's Fœdera.

guese, and the cross-staff,* an astronomical instrument by which a close observer might discover the latitude within eight or *ten* miles. Telescopes they had none; the *fahr keeker* being the useful invention of a Dutch optician in 1609.

On the morning of the 10th August the return of the English scouts caused an alarm to be given on board their fleet that two sails were visible at the horizon. Their appearance was communicated by one of the captains to Sir Stephen Bull, who immediately ordered his Scottish prisoners into the tops, requiring their opinion as to whether or not these were the vessels of Sir Andrew Wood. They were then standing south towards the black rocky bluff of St. Abb, and the sun of the summer morning shone full on their snow-white canvass. Cunning and reluctant, the Fife fishermen pretended that they were unable to say if the approaching vessels (now nearing them on the other tack) were those of their boasted Admiral; but being offered freedom on one hand, and threatened with death on the other, they acknowledged that these were the *Yellow Caravel* and *Flower*, with Sir Andrew's pennon displayed, an announcement which was received by the gallant Bull and his crew with an exulting shout. He ordered several runlets of claret to be set abroach, and after every man had partaken freely, gave the word to unmoor and clear away for battle.

* Voyage to San Thome, A.D. 1520, in Ramusio.

Unconscious of all these dire preparations, Sir Andrew Wood now lay up the Forth, and first perceived the English on their rounding from the leeward of the isle and standing towards him with all their sails set. He immediately gave the order to prepare for battle, and buckled on his armour. Quaint old Lindesay of Pitscottie gives us a graphic account of this battle, and the Scottish Admiral's address to his men. Distributing wine to the crews, he harangued them in the boisterous but brief manner of a true mariner.

"My lads," he exclaimed, "these are the foes who would convey us in bonds to the foot of an English king; but, by your courage and the help of God, they shall fail! Set yourselves in order—repair every man to his station—charge home, gunners—crossbowmen to the tops—two-handed swords to the fore-rooms! Be stout men and true for the honour of Scotland and your own sakes. Hurrah!" A shout followed, and wine was served round on all sides.*

The yeomen of the sheets and powder-room, the pikemen, crossbowmen, cannoneers, and fire-caster, repaired to their stations; and all in order of battle, with their canvass bellying in the northern breeze, the Scottish ships bore on.

Sir Andrew's second in command was Sir David Falconer, a native of Borrowstouness, a brave cavalier and skilful mariner.

* Scot. Chron., Pink. Hist., Dalzel, Pitcairn, &c.

The sun was now high in the summer sky, and its morning glory shone full on the great English war-ships, displaying their white canvass and waving streamers, their crowded decks bristling with arms, and their brass cannon that peered through the portholes over the seething ocean, "displaying their magnitude and force to the eyes of the Scots with a dazzling and enlarged appearance."

"The sailors spy
From every mast the purple streamers fly;
Rich figured tapestry supplies the sail,
The gold and scarlet tremble in the gale;
The standard broad its brilliant hue bewrays,
And, floating on the wind, wide billowing plays;
Shrill through the air the quivering trumpet sounds,
And the rough drum the rousing march rebounds."*

On their nearing each other, the broadsides of the English burst like an iron storm from their towering castles, but luckily swept *over* the Scottish decks, from the too great elevation at which Bull's cannon were discharged. The superior skill of Andrew Wood soon enabled him to get the weather-gauge of the enemy's fleet, on which the carthouns, culverins, and "pestilent serpentines" of the *Flower* and *Yellow Caravel* poured their successive broadsides of iron and stone bullets, and immediately shortening sail, fearless of the tre-

* The Lusiad.

mendous odds, the superior size, men and cannon, of the English, the brave old Laird of Largo engaged them in a close and deadly conflict, which for *twelve* hours was maintained with culverin, bow, and arblast, without a moment's intermission, and without one party gaining the least advantage over the other. The gear and care of the ships were abandoned; and, as they drifted shoreward, the smoke and report of the cannon caused the people of Easter Anstruther, the old burgh of Crail, and the Castle of Randerstoun, to assemble in crowds on the neighbouring hills and rocky headlands, where they expressed by shouts and gestures their hopes and fears while the battle raged. But the sun verged westward and sank behind Largo Law. The day went past, and still St. Andrew's silver saltire and St. George's red cross waved over the battle-smoke and corpse-strewn decks of the adverse ships; and still the victory was undecided. The starry August night came on; the din of the cannon died over the waters of St. Andrew's Bay, and the hostile ships, parted by the darkness, lay off a little to refit and clear their wrecked rigging, torn hamper, and shattered hulls.

By dawn next morning, the "blair" of the trumpet and the admiral's "silver quhissel" sounded the call to arms. Refitted and ready for battle, the indomitable Wood stood once more before the English, and running right on board of them,

threw out his grapnels from the decks, the hooks from the yard-arms, and locked the ships together "by lashing them with cables to his own," that all might sink together, but none might flee; and "again did these two valiant commanders engage, as if they had the courage of two mighty armies." The decks became another scene of hand-to-hand strife, blood, and carnage, as if it had been a land-battle. Everything was forgotten but honour and glory. Inspired by these and the bitterest national animosity, neglecting the ships and the course of the wind, waves, and ebb-tide, the conflict continued till evening, when the currents drifted the grappled fleets into the beautiful estuary of the Tay, where the English ships, being of great burden, grounded on the sand-banks. Then Sir Stephen Bull, finding all over, crest-fallen and conquered, surrendered to the victorious Wood, who carried the English prizes into the harbour of Dundee. There the dead were buried, and the wounded committed to the care of surgeons; and so ended the sanguinary battle of the 11th of August, which spread still more Sir Andrew's fame through all the maritime towns of Northern Europe. The old minstrel, who sings of it in his ballad, says exultingly—

"The Scotsmen fought like lyons bold,
And mony English slew;
The slaughter that they made that day
The English folk sall rue.

This battle fiercely it was fought,
Near to the craig of Basse;
When *next* we fight the English loons
May ne'er worse come to pass."

A few days afterwards, Sir Andrew Wood introduced Sir Stephen Bull to King James IV., presenting to him particularly "the commanders of the ships and most distinguished soldiers." With that true regal spirit which ever distinguished the Stuarts, the courtly James, after complimenting equally the victor and the vanquished, dismissed the latter unransomed; and, because they had fought for *glory* and not for *gain*, sent them and their ships as presents to Henry their king, with a message that "Scotland could boast of warlike sons by sea as well as land, and that he trusted England's piratical shipmen would trouble the Scottish seas no more, otherwise a different fate would await them." Henry dissembled his rage and mortification by returning James thanks, and saying, "he gratefully accepted his kindness, and could not but applaud the greatness of his mind." *

The fruits of this naval victory were of great and immediate consequence to the young monarch. The northern clans, who had still remained turbulent, and in arms to avenge the fall of the late king, dispersed to their native glens, while the

* Buch., Pink., &c.

English, mortified and dispirited, displayed their banners on the Scottish coasts no more; and measures were instituted which ended in a solid peace, and that marriage ultimately so important in its effects to Britain. Fresh honours and possessions were heaped upon the fortunate Admiral, who obtained the sea-town and nethertoun of Largo, a fishing village one mile distant from his new castle.* In the list of "Lordis ordained to bring in the kingis propertie and caswelte," we have "the Lord Gray for the reste of fethircarne t Andro Wod in tyme tecum."

This able officer appears at an early period to have seen the capabilities of the now well-known Bay of Gourock, which lies on the left bank of the Clyde, and possesses every advantage for shipping, being totally unobstructed by bank or shoal. In the year 1494, when Greenock was a small fishing village, and Port Glasgow had not even a name, we find among the "Acts of the Lords of Council in Civil Causes, 1478-1495," the record of a remarkable indenture entered into between Admiral Wood and two other persons, on behalf of James IV., on one part, and "Nicholas of Bour, maister, under God, of the schip called the *Verdour*," on the other part, whereby it is stipulated that "the said Nicholas shall, God willing, bring the said *Verdour*, with mariners and stuff for her,

* MS. Mag. Sig.

as effeirs to THE GORAIK, on the west bordour and sey (sea) aucht mylls fra Dunbertoun or tharby be the 1st day of the moneth of May nixt to cum; and there the said Nicholas sall, with the grace of God, ressave within the said schip three hundreth men boden for weir (war), furnist with their vitales, harnes, and artilzery, effeirand to sa mony men, to pass with the kingis heines at his pleasure, and his lieutennentes and deputis for the space of two months nixt, and immediat followand the said first day of May, and put them on land and ressave them again." For which Nicholas of Bour was to receive £300 Scots, or £1 Scots for each soldier. From the terms of this indenture, which is dated at Edinburgh, 27th December, 1494, and from the place of rendezvous being THE GORAIK, it is evident that the *Verdour* was fitted out for the use of our gallant James IV. in one of those hostile voyages which he so frequently undertook against the turbulent tribes of the Western Isles.

In 1503 Wood was employed with a fleet against the insurgent chieftains in the isles. By this time the Scottish shipping had been greatly increased, and various passages in the treasurer's books prove that the King probably acted by the advice and instructions of Wood, when he increased the naval strength of the kingdom, "and studied the principles of navigation and gunnery."* A large

* Tytler.

dockyard had been established to the northward of Newhaven, then named Our-Lady's-Port-of-Grace, from a solitary chapel of the Virgin and St. James, which, with the ancient fortalice on the desolate muir of Wardie, were the principal objects in its vicinity. The *vestigia* of the royal ropery at the east end of the village were visible so late as 1750; but the sites of the docks and the links have long since been covered by the encroaching sea.

In the accounts of the High Treasurer we have several entries concerning Wood's expedition to the Isles.

"1503, May 18. *Item:* in Dunbartone to Sr. Andro Wod that he laid down for vj twne of wyne mair to ye vittales of ye shippis in ye Islis, xlij li.

"May 19th. To ye maister Cuke for brede, checkinis, caponis, &c., quhilk were sent to the Erl of Aranis schip, iij li, xj s, j d.

"June 22nd. *Item:* in Hammiltoune to Sir Andro Wod to the marinieris yat wes in the Islis, yair xv dayis wage yat yai wantit, xxxviij£., xiij s."

In this expedition he was, as usual, eminently successful, and defeated the insurgents by firth and islet wherever his flotilla steered. He laid siege to the strong insular fortress of Kernburg, and assisted by his lieutenant, Robert Barton, after an obstinate defence by the Macians of Glencoe and the warriors of Torquil Macleod, succeeded in reducing it and making prisoner Sir Donald Dhu, who claimed as his independent and

hereditary right the principality of the Isles as heir of Rosse and Innisgail. Sailing up the sound of Jura, the Admiral sent Sir Donald to the ancient castle of Innis-connel, in Lochawe, long a residence of the Argyle family, from which, however, he escaped three years afterwards.

In 1505 John Spens of Lathallan obtained a *remission* for ravaging and harrying the estate of Baward, belonging to Sir Andrew Wood—an outrage probably committed during his absence in the Isles of Holland; and in 1507 the worthy Admiral himself obtained a remission under the Great Seal for "ye *rief* of an anker and cabyell taken frae vmq^le^ John of Bonkle, on ye sea—*apud* Edinburghe;" from which it would appear that he scrupled not to help himself to the goods and gear of others when required for the king's service.

Meanwhile the Scottish navy still continued to flourish, and James was soon able to send a noble squadron to the Baltic, to the assistance of his ally, John of Denmark. Louis XII. sent ship-builders from France, and two large vessels as models. In 1511 Jacques Tarette built the *Great Michael* in the royal docks of Newhaven. It was the desire of James to possess the greatest and most magnificent ship in the world. He had already built three of great size and many of middle rate, but, like the mighty bark of Hiero, the *Michael* was the greatest that ever traversed

the ocean. Charnock, quoting Pitscottie, says this enormous vessel "was of so great a stature and took so much timber that (except Falkland) she wasted all the oak-woods in Fife, with *all* the timber that came out of Norway; for she was so strong and of such great length and breadth, all the wrights of Scotland, yea and many other strangers, were at her device by the king's command." She was 240 feet long by 36 feet inside, and 10 feet thick in the walls. Sir Andrew Wood was appointed captain, and Robert Barton lieutenant of "this great ship, which cumbered all Scotland to get her to sea. From the time that she was afloat, her masts and sails complete, with anchors effeiring thereto, she was counted to be to the king £30,000 expense. She bore many great cannon, sixteen on every side, with three great bassils, two behind in her dock (stern), and one before; 300 shot of small artillery, that is to say, myand and battered falcon and quarter falcon, slings, pestilent serpentins, and double dags with hactor, culverins, crossbows, and handbows."* She had 300 mariners, 120 cannoneers, and 1,000 soldiers, with their captains, skippers, and quartermasters. Thus, with all her guns on the main deck, she had 500 more men than a first-rate of the present day. At Tullybardine her dimensions were long to be seen, planted in

Charnock.

"hawthorn by (Jacques Tarette), the wright that helped to mak her."* The fame of this great ship spread over Europe, and, emulous of the Scottish king, Francis I. and Henry VIII. endeavoured to outvie each other in building two enormous arks, which were so unwieldy that they floated in the water like islands, useless and immoveable.†

Though in command of this great galleon, and having under him the gallant Robert Barton, of Leith, and a chosen crew, the peace with England unluckily prevented Sir Andrew Wood from trying his prowess with her splendid equipment; but he was now becoming old in years, and was succeeded as captain of the *Michael* in 1512 by Henry Lord Sinclair of Ravenscraig, who fell at Flodden in the following year. Henry VIII., with his usual modesty, is said to have asked James for the *Michael;* and the latter replied, he might freely command every ship on the Scottish seas, provided he made peace with France.

On the 26th July, 1513, the *Michael*, the *James*, the *Margaret*, the ship of Lynne (an English prize), a thirty-oared galley, and fourteen other ships of war, commanded by Gordon, of Letterfourie, and having on board the Earl of Arran and 3,000 soldiers, sailed from Leith as a present to Anne of Bretagne, consort of France; a piece

* Annals of Comm., Pitscot., &c.

† Buch.

of ill-timed chivalry and useless generosity on the part of James, who accompanied this splendid armament to the Isle of May. Finding themselves at the head of these forces, Arran and Gordon could not resist the temptation of annoying the English; and, landing in their province of Ireland, sacked Carrickfergus, after which they returned to Scotland and anchored off the coast of Kyle. "Why James should not have appointed Wood, Barton, or Falconer to conduct a navy of which he was so proud," says Mr. Tytler, "is not easily discoverable, but probably it arose out of some hereditary feudal right, which entailed upon rank the command due only to skill." Exasperated on hearing of this wanton aggression, James summoned Gordon and Arran, under pain of treason, to appear before him, and sent Archibald, Earl of Angus, to assume the leading of the soldiers, and Sir Andrew Wood, with a herald-at-arms, to become admiral of the fleet. They arrived at Ayr, but found it had sailed; the leaders preferring to commit their fate to the wide sea rather than the king's wrath. This little armada, the most complete that Scotland ever sent forth, was scattered by tempests to various seas and shores, and, wrecked and dismantled, the magnificent *Michael* was suffered to rot in the harbour of Brest.

This was the year of Flodden, a name to Scotsmen, even after the lapse of three centuries,

associated with sadness and regret; for there fell the flower of the land and the bravest king that ever drew a sword. After this event, on the succession of James V., then an infant of two years, Sir Andrew Wood was sent ambassador to France, for the purpose of inviting John, Duke of Albany (nephew of James III.) to assume the regency; and he probably returned with him in that squadron, which consisted of eight of Arran's and Gordon's Scottish fleet, and which came to anchor at Dumbarton on the 18th of May, 1515.* In 1526 Sir Andrew was present at the battle of Linlithgow Bridge, where he had been sent specially by James V. to protect the Earl of Lennox from his feudal enemies; but he failed, and arrived only in time to behold the unhappy Earl expiring under the sword of Hamilton, and when life was extinct he wrapped the body in his scarlet mantle to protect it. In 1538 there was a remission granted to Andrew Wod, of Largo; John and Robert, his brothers; Andrew and Thomas, sons of Andrew Wod, in Pittenweem; Andrew Wod, his servant; Andro Spens, of Lathallan; John Lundy, of Strathairlie; James, his brother; and twelve others, for all crimes excepting treason, in the usual formula, *dat apud Striulen*, 23rd July.

From this time we hear no more of Sir Andrew Wood, who, finding age and infirmity increasing

* Lesly.

upon him, retired to his barony of Largo, where, like old Hawser Trunnion, he indulged on the shore his early predilection for the ocean. There is still pointed out the track of a canal formed by him from his castle to the venerable kirk of Upper Largo, on which he was sailed or rowed in a barge to mass every Sunday by his old crew, who were all located around him. Of his lieutenants, Robert Barton and Sir David Falconer, we can say little more. The former served under James IV. with distinction, once capturing thirteen English ships, and is believed to have been knighted and become Comptroller of the Household. The latter became Captain of the Royal Guard, and was slain at their head in 1532, when fighting for King James V. against the Douglasses at Tantallan Castle.

From the destruction of the Chancery records in the English war of 1547, it is impossible to say when the Admiral died, but it was probably about the year 1540, when he must have been in extreme old age.

He was buried in the family aisle of Largo Kirk, an ancient Gothic edifice, where the tomb of his race is yet to be seen.

He left several children. Andrew, his heir, the second Laird of Largo, was high in favour with James V., and stood by his bedside when he expired at Falkland in 1542.*

* Pitscottie.

He was much trusted by James, who employed him on several occasions to purchase lands for him. He married a lady named Alison Hume. John Wood, of Tillydavie (second son of the Admiral), was educated for the Church, but became a senator of the College of Justice, 9th December, 1562. Alexander (a third son) became progenitor of the Woods of Grange, in Fifeshire; and a son of his obtained a charter of legitimation in 1575.

Sir Andrew, third of the house of Largo (grandson of the Admiral), married Egidia Gourlay, and was one of the Barons in the Parliament of 1560, and seven years afterwards signed the famous bond of adherence to James VI. His daughter Jean was married to James Drummond, first Lord Maddertie, who, according to Douglas, died A.D. 1623.

Sir Andrew was Comptroller of Scotland in 1585, and four years after was succeeded by the Laird of Parbroath. Various MS. papers of his exist in the Great Seal. He died about 1592, and was succeeded by his son Andrew, fourth Laird of Largo, who married Janet Balfour. Their son, James, received a charter of the lands of Lamblethame and Cairngour, in Fifeshire. The last notice we have of the family is a charter under the Great Seal, "Confirmatione Joanni Wod, filio et filiabus filiæ, Isabellæ et Cristinæ, filio et filiabus, Andræ Wod de Largo, de annuis

reddetibus de Baroniæ de Largo. Julii, 1611." John Wood in 1659 founded an hospital in his native town for thirteen old men of the surname of Wood, each of whom has two apartments and £17 per annum. His bequest was £68,418 Scots. The edifice cost 9,000 merks. "He also built the schole house of Remeldrie."* But notwithstanding these legacies he died under great pecuniary embarrassments at London in 1661. His body was brought by sea to Elie, and was interred on the 22nd of July in the aisle of Largo Kirk, where yet a mural monument remains to his memory; and with him ceased the direct line of the old race of Largo. The estate passed into other hands, and was purchased by Sir Alexander Durham, Lord Lyon King-at-Arms.

There is still remaining a circular tower of the castellated dwelling erected by the brave old admiral. A tablet, bearing an inscription to his memory, and an extract from his charter, was inserted in the mouldering wall by the late General Durham; and on the summit of the ruin stood one of the iron twenty-four pounders recovered from the wreck of the *Royal George*, which pointed towards the sandy shore and

* Authorities:—Treasurer's Accounts; MS. Charters in Great Seal Office; Officers of State; Statistical Accounts; and the Chronicles of Fife, &c., &c.

beautiful bay of Largo, forming a characteristic monument to the stout old captain of the *Yellow Caravel.*

Of this monument a full description will be found in the notes appended to the novel entitled "The Yellow Frigate."

THE MARQUIS OF LAURISTON,

Governor of Venice, Marshal and Grand Veneur of France.

ABOUT three miles north-west from the cross of Edinburgh stands the little turreted castle from which this celebrated Scoto-French soldier of fortune and peer of the first empire took that title which is still borne with honour by his descendants, the Laws of Lauriston in France.

It was originally the property and the birth-place of the great Mississippi schemer and financial projector, John Law, only son of an Edinburgh goldsmith, whose father, descended from the Laws of Lithrie, in Fife, purchased the lands and tower of Lauriston, which had been erected in the sixteenth century by Sir Archibald Napier, of Merchiston, father of the celebrated inventor of logarithms. It is three-storied, with corner turrets, and was greatly embellished by the late Lord Rutherford, who resided long there.*

* Agnes Law, sister of the Great Financier, was married there in 1685, to John Hamilton, Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, where she died in 1750.—*Wood's Douglas, &c.*

John, commonly called Beau Law, from his handsome person, rich dresses, and extravagant habits, soon dissipated the most of his fortune (though the old tower was in possession of his brother's descendants at the beginning of this century), and, having the misfortune to slay, in a duel at London, a companion named Beau Wilson, his rival in the English world of fashion, he was sentenced to death at the Old Bailey on the 20th April, 1694; but effected his escape to France, where, under favour of the Regent Duke of Orleans, to whom he had letters of introduction, he commenced that stupendous bubble, the Mississippi Scheme, and by the year 1720 found himself Comptroller-General of Finance, and almost Premier of the kingdom.

How the desperate game was played, and how the Prince of Conti, the Dukes of Bourbon, de la Force, and d'Antin led the van of his illustrious stock-brokers; how Law's bank issued notes to the amount of more than one thousand millions of livres, "being more paper than all the banks in Europe were able to circulate;" and how the bubble burst, belong to the province of history rather than to a brief sketch like this. But, after ruin came upon all concerned in it, and while France tottered to the verge of bankruptcy, John Law retired to Venice, where, in 1729, he died almost in indigence, but still occupied to the last in vast schemes of finance, leaving by his

wife, Lady Catharine Knollys, daughter of the Earl of Banbury (whose title is now dormant) a son and daughter. The latter was espoused by her cousin, Viscount Wallingford, who was afterwards created Lord Althorp.

Protected by the Duchess of Bourbon, William, the eldest brother of the luckless Comptroller (a Maréchal de Camp, born at Edinburgh in 1675) remained in France, where his descendants have acquitted themselves with honour in many departments of the State.

James Francis Law, of Lauriston, the nephew of the Comptroller, was created Comte de Tancarville for his many brilliant services in India. At the head of 200 fugitive Frenchmen (says Charles Grant, Vicomte de Vaux), he persuaded the Sha Zaddah, with 80,000 men, to march against the English in Bengal. "They were met by 20,000 native troops and 500 English, who entirely defeated them, and made the young Mogul and M. Law both prisoners on the same day that Pondicherry surrendered."

At the peace of 1763, it was restored to the French, and the Comte de Tancarville (Sieur Law de Lauriston) was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the French settlements in the East. Not far from the mouth of the Seine, on the rocky shore of a bay covered with the richest vegetation, and terminating in a delicious plateau, stand the two Chateaux of Tancarville, from which

this title is taken. The ancient one dates from the feudal ages; but the new one was built, as a local historian relates, or engrafted on it "Par l'Ecossais Law, dont le système financier fut si fatal à la France." Part of it is the venerable Tour de l'Aigle, famous as the scene of the romantic loves and sorrows of Loise and Arthur, a French crusader. Raoul de Tancarville was Governor of it for William the Conqueror.

As Governor of Pondicherry, the Count realized vast riches, most of which he afterwards lost amid the troubles that befel the French East India Company. By the robbery of one caravan he lost the bulk of his fortune.

He married Jane Carvalhao, a lady of the Mauritius, by whom he had six sons and four daughters.

Two of his sons were educated for the army of the old monarchy: of these the subject of this memoir was one; two others he destined for the navy, and one of them perished in the expedition of the gallant mariner, D'Entrecasteaux, round the world, in search of the lost voyager, La Perouse; the other, relinquishing the sea for the land, became an officer in the regiment of Hector, in the pay of Britain; and, being sent on the Quiberon expedition in 1795, was, unhappily, taken prisoner and shot, with many other ill-fated emigrants, by order either of Hoche or Tallien.

The fourth entered the British service at St. Domingo, and afterwards settled in Jamaica; the fifth was living in Liverpool at the beginning of the present century; and the sixth became a partner in the house of Johnstone, Law, & Co., merchants in the city of London.*

Such were the varied fates of those six brothers, to the eldest of whom we now return.

James Alexander Bernard Law was born at Pondicherry, in the East Indies, on the 1st February, 1768, during the government of his father, the Comte de Tancarville. He studied at the college of Grassins, and in 1784 passed to the Royal Military School of Paris, where he had—as it ultimately proved—the good fortune to become the fellow student and the particular friend of Napoleon Bonaparte. Being nearly of the same age, they were constant companions until they both quitted the seminary with the rank of second Lieutenants of Artillery.

Law, or, as he is always named, Lauriston, married early, as his eldest son was born at La Fère (in the department of the Aisne), where there has always been a school of artillery. His wife was Mademoiselle Le Duc.†

In the following year Lauriston was gazetted *capitaine en-second*, a French term for an officer

* Edinburgh Chronicle, 1801.

† Daughter of Le Duc, Maréchal de Camp and Inspector-General of Artillery.

whose company has been reduced, and who does duty with another till a vacancy occurs. The troubles of the Revolution soon came on, and in 1792, with his family and two of his brothers, Lauriston fled from Paris and emigrated to Austria, where, like many other loyalists of Scottish and Irish descent, he took service, and accepted a commission under the emperor, Francis II.

As aide-de-camp to General Beauvoir, he fought against the Republican armies in the useless and bloody campaigns that ensued upon the banks of the Moselle, the Meuse, and the Sambre. He was in Holland in 1794, and served at the siege of the important fortress of Maestricht, which ultimately fell into the hands of the French; and he greatly distinguished himself on the occasion of Valenciennes being invested.

His old friend, Bonaparte, as yet but little known to France, now marched into Italy, and, after a rapid series of successes against the Austrians and Piedmontese, won the brilliant victory at Lodi, which established his character as one of the greatest generals of the day. Shortly before this, among a defeated and disarmed party of Austrians and emigrants, who were brought before him as prisoners, he discovered his former companion and fellow student of the École Militaire, "James

Law, of Lauriston, whom in a moment he recollected with emotions of affection and alarm."

Afraid of being put to death as a traitor by the Republicans, whose enactments against emigrants were alike severe and savage, Lauriston at once claimed his protection, and Bonaparte advised him, for the sake of his family, to enter the French ranks *as a private*, assuring him that there was no other way of saving his life.

However bitter and repugnant to the mind of a young royalist officer this step may have been, there was no other resource than to yield. Lauriston relinquished his epaulettes, and shouldered a musket in the service of the Republic; but Bonaparte, who made him his bosom friend, took the earliest opportunities of promoting him, and in that army of brave adventurers and wild spirits it excited no surprise when, on the 5th of April, 1796, he was appointed a Chef de Brigade of Horse Artillery: in that capacity he fought at Castiglione and Arcola.

On the 4th of June, 1800, he served at the great battle of Marengo—a field most obstinately contested, and where the losses of the French were great. After the victory, Lauriston, by order of the First Consul, reorganized the 1st Regiment of Artillery on the model of the old artillery of La Fère.* He also named him his

* The regiment of this name (Napoleon's) was the 35th of the line, raised in 1651.

premier aide-de-camp, in which position he accompanied Napoleon to Egypt, to share in those laurels which were to be won under the shadows of the Pyramids.

Old gossiping Bourrienne, in his Memoirs, always speaks highly of Lauriston. He states that his character was gentle and conciliatory; that he "was the best-informed of all Napoleon's aides-de-camp; and that with him the latter generally conversed on literary subjects." Elsewhere he says, "I loved Lauriston very much, and we naturally held many conversations on the manner in which the Emperor passed his time." (*Memoirs*, vol. ii.)

It was from Lauriston and Rapp that Bourrienne received the well-known and popular anecdote of the intrepidity of those two British seamen who attempted to escape from Boulogne in a "kind of cock-boat, made with bits of wood, joined together not so badly, considering that they had no other instruments than their knives." Their hardihood so impressed Napoleon that he generously gave them their liberty with a few pieces of gold, and sent them home to England.

It was while accompanying the First Consul as one of his personal staff that Lauriston had one of his narrowest escapes, when the "infernal machine," constructed for assassinating the former, exploded near his carriage one night in

December, 1800, while proceeding to the opera to hear Haydn's oratorio of the "Creation."

The machine consisted of a kind of barrel filled with balls and *maroons*, or pasteboard petards made of a cubical form, and a heavy charge of gunpowder. To this barrel was fixed a large tube furnished with a lock, but having the butt-end cut down. The machine was to have been placed on a small carriage which was to have issued from a gateway unexpectedly, at an appointed time, to obstruct the passage of the street; and then the trigger was to be pulled by means of a cord, when, it was supposed, death would ensue to all who were within the circle of its explosion.

Some confusion took place, for the machine blew up *after* the intended victim passed; but the result of the concussion and discharge was the fall of a wall twenty-five feet high. All the windows of the Tuileries were shattered; the houses in the Rue St. Nicaise—a narrow lane that led from the Palace to the Rue St. Honoré—were shaken to their foundations, and a vast number of persons were injured; but the carriage in which Napoleon was seated with Generals Lannes, Berthier, and his aide-de-camp, Lauriston, escaped untouched. The first-named, says Bourienne, "on entering his box, as usual, took the front seat, and he affected the greatest calm. Lauriston, on seeing me, came in all haste to my

box, and informed me what had happened. 'The First Consul *escaped*,' added Lauriston, '*by not more than ten seconds!*'"—(*Memoirs.*)

In the beginning of the next year, we find the aide-de-camp on diplomatic service at the Court of Denmark, urging the citizens of Copenhagen to resist Britain. He dined with the French and Swedish ambassadors on board the *Denmark*, of 74 guns, commanded by the Chamberlain de Bille, who conducted him to the great battery overlooking the sea, and called the *Drey Crone*, on which eighty-nine pieces of cannon were mounted,—with little avail, as the event proved.

Already weary of war and sated with victory, the people of Britain hailed with sincere joy the famous treaty of Amiens, which was to ensure peace between them, on one hand, and the Republics of France and Batavia, and the King of Spain, on the other. Britain was to restore all her conquests, save Trinidad and Ceylon; Turkey and Portugal were to be maintained in their integrity; Malta was to be restored to the Knights of St. John; and France and Britain were mutually to evacuate all the ports they held in the Adriatic and along the shores of the Mediterranean. Twenty-four thousand French prisoners of war were to be released from bondage in England and Scotland.

This great treaty, which was to give peace to Europe, was not concluded until the 27th March,

1802; and to obtain the pen used on that auspicious occasion, Sir Francis Burdett is said, in his enthusiasm, to have paid the sum of £500. On the 1st October, 1801, the preliminary articles of the treaty were signed, and on the 10th, Colonel Lauriston landed in England with the ratification thereof, and on his arrival in London so great was the joy of the people, that they took the horses from his carriage, and dragged it with loud cheers through the city to Reddish's Hotel, in St. James's Street, while shouts of "Peace for ever!" were heard on every side.

Bonaparte's aide-de-camp, says a paper of the following day, "is a handsome young man, of a florid complexion. He seemed much pleased at the manner of his reception, and came to the window in St. James's Street to make his acknowledgments. He was dressed in a blue jacket trimmed with gold, a white waistcoat, and black stock. After he entered the hotel he sent ten guineas to the mob to drink."

At the Admiralty, when Lauriston visited it, the enthusiasm of the populace was so great, that the stout old admiral Earl St. Vincent had to address them, begging them to moderate their transports, "and not to overturn the carriage."

This great duty performed, Lauriston left London, embarked at Dover for Calais on the 15th, on board the British cutter *Nancy* (which sailed under a flag of truce), and returned to Paris.

An officer whose memoirs are now almost out of print* says,—"Lauriston was well known to be an excellent officer; but he was also a good and kind-hearted man, at all times anxious to serve the English, *and still more the Scotch.* When a prisoner of war in France I applied, through him, for leave to be exchanged." Elsewhere he says, "I met in society the Count de Lauriston, whom I had known before as a countryman, and who claimed kindred with me, as being mutually related to the family of Argyle."

Lauriston always bore a part in the private theatricals performed for the amusement of Napoleon, in the pretty little theatre of Malmaison. "Our ordinary troop," says Bourrienne, "consisted of Eugène Beauharnois, his sister Hortense, Madame Murat, Lauriston, Didelot, prefect of the Palace, and myself. Hortense played exceedingly well; the young and beautiful Caroline Murat tolerably; Eugène very well; Lauriston was a little heavy; Didelot so-so; and, be it said without vanity, I was *not* the worst of the company."

Clouds now began to gather over Europe again, and in September, 1802, Lauriston, then a brigadier-general, was at Ratisbon, when he declared to the Diet that unless the disputed matter of the war indemnities was settled within two months, the Republic of France would send 100,000 men

* Sir James Campbell, Colonel of the 67th Foot.

into Germany, where they would feed themselves at the expense of the Empire.

The short-lived peace soon passed away, and in consequence of two French merchant vessels having been taken by the British, Bonaparte, in June, 1803, made all Englishmen in France, between the ages of eighteen and sixty years, prisoners of war. So once more the sword was unsheathed on both sides of the Channel, and to Lauriston was assigned the command of those troops which were destined for an expedition against Batavia, under the orders of the Admiral Villeneuve; but the attempt was relinquished.

Soon after the coronation of Bonaparte as Emperor, the favourite aide-de-camp assumed his hereditary title of Count, and was appointed General of Division;* and on the 30th March he and the ill-fated Admiral Villeneuve left Toulon with a squadron consisting of eleven sail of the line and seven frigates, having 9,000 troops on board, destined to recapture the West India Islands. Escaping alike the fleets of Lord Nelson and Sir Robert Calder, Vice-Admiral of the White, after being joined by a Spanish squadron under Admiral Gravina, they put to sea, and added greatly to the alarm and anxiety then existing in Britain, where an invasion was daily expected, and where it was believed that Lauriston's force,

* Commission dated Feb., 1805.

the strength of which was greatly exaggerated, was destined for Ireland; but our brave Nelson was not long in discovering whither they had gone, and sailed in pursuit.

On the 13th May, Lauriston and Villeneuve were off Martinique, and bombarded Fort Diamond, which was bravely defended by Captain Morris, R.N., with only ninety men. Lauriston, however, carried the rock by assault with the loss of *eight hundred* soldiers, and he might have recaptured the island, but news arrived that Nelson was close at hand, upon which the French, according to the newspapers of the time, "instead of proceeding to any of our other colonies, thought only of their own safety," and on the 19th sailed for Europe. Off the coast of Spain they were severely mauled by the squadron of Sir Robert Calder, who, with less than half the force of Lauriston and Villeneuve, attacked them, and took the *Rafael*, 84, and the *Firme*, of 74 guns, driving the rest into Cadiz. There, after being long blockaded, Villeneuve only came forth to meet a more complete and final defeat at Trafalgar. Prior to that event the troops had been disembarked, and Lauriston had joined the Imperial staff at Paris.

At the head of a division he served in the Austrian campaign of 1805; he shared in the glory of Austerlitz, the capture of Vienna, and for his services was rewarded with the temporary

office of Governor of Brannau. After the conclusion of that short but eventful campaign, which forced the Austrians to sue for peace on any terms, Lauriston was sent to Presburg, where he presided at the execution of the great Treaty of Peace, and superintended the removal of the magazines and munition of war from the arsenals to Venice.

France, by this treaty, acquired a considerable increase of territory; among others, the small Austrian seaport of Cattaro, which lies under the gloomy chain of the Montenegro, had been ceded to her. Nevertheless, the Russians had seized upon the mouth of the gulf, whence Lauriston was ordered to drive them; and also to take possession of the ancient Republic of Ragusa, in Dalmatia, which lies thirty-seven miles distant, and which, until then, had preserved its perfect independence. From the rugged nature of the roads he found the impossibility of transporting cannon, and was compelled to relinquish that necessary arm of the service.

In the town—which is surrounded by a wall of enormous thickness, flanked by old towers and situated on a peninsula—he was soon shut up by 15,000 Russians and Montenegrins, against whom he made a noble resistance with his small force, which consisted of only 1,500 Frenchmen.

There was also engaged in this affair a naval squadron, consisting of six ships of the line, ten

frigates, and thirty gunboats, under the Russian admiral Senavian.

A body of Turks, who were then in alliance with France, having surprised a detachment of Russians, proceeded with great barbarity to cut off the heads of the prisoners. On hearing of this, Lauriston at once sent his aide-de-camp with all speed from Ragusa to arrest further butchery. He mercifully paid to the utmost penny the ransom demanded from the survivors, who were thus released and sent home upon parole.

For this defence of Ragusa—the ducal title of which was conferred on Marshal Marmont—Lauriston, on the 19th December, 1807, was appointed Governor of Venice; and one of his first public acts, after entering the city, was to erect a splendid tomb above the hitherto obscure resting-place of his grand-uncle, John Law, the great financier.

In the September of the following year he accompanied the Emperor to the memorable conference of Erfurt, in Saxony, where Napoleon met Alexander of Russia. Each was attended by a brilliant military suite. From Saxony Lauriston was despatched to Madrid, of which the French army had now possession, and ere the winter closed he distinguished himself greatly in the disastrous and bloody encounters which ensued in the suburbs between the justly exasperated Spaniards and their invaders.

War was declared again between France and

Austria in April, 1809, and the indefatigable Lauriston, who was then serving on the staff of Prince Eugène Beauharnois, who was Viceroy of Italy, hastened with him from that country to share in the triumphs that were being won on the banks of the Danube. Marching through Hungary with Beauharnois, he was present at the great battle before Raab, in the land of the Magyars. There, on the 14th of June, the Archduke, John of Austria, who had retreated from Italy, was met by Beauharnois at the head of 50,000 men.

Both sides were pretty equal, and for two days a bloody strife was maintained upon the plain beside the Danube, till Davoust's division came suddenly up, when the raw Hungarian levies fled with a loss of 3,500 killed and wounded. Raab was immediately invested, and Lauriston was among the first who entered, when it surrendered, ten days after the action.

At the ensuing battle of Wagram he commanded the artillery of the Imperial Guard. There on the second day of carnage, when the left bank of the Rusbach was strewed with a multitude of killed and wounded, whose number seems almost incredible, the left wing of Napoleon fell into disorder. On perceiving this, Lauriston crossed the field with *one hundred pieces* of horse artillery, drawn at full gallop, and, wheeling them into position, opened a dreadful fire of grape and

canister on the right and centre of the Austrians, who immediately wavered and fell back in full retreat.

This was at two o'clock on the 6th of July, and thus with Lauriston remained the glory of deciding Wagram—"a battle," to quote the bulletin, "decisive and memorable, in which from three to four hundred thousand men and from twelve to fifteen hundred pieces of cannon contended for great interests upon a field studied, planned, and fortified by the enemy for several months."

For this great service the Emperor with his own hands decorated Lauriston with the Grand Cordon of the Iron Crown, and on the 15th of October peace between the two empires was signed at the Imperial Camp, near the palace of Schönbrunn; but Austria was deprived of Trieste, Fiume, and other ports in the Mediterranean.

After this came the darkest blot on the honour of Napoleon, the repudiation of the poor Empress Josephine: a cruel step which he had long meditated, as they had no hopes of having children. Like the childless Scottish usurper, he felt—

"To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus, my fears in *Banquo*
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd.
They put a *barren* sceptre in my grasp,
Thence to be wrench'd by an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I 'filed my blood;
For them the gracious *Duncan* have I murder'd,
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man."

Without an heir he felt himself insecure, and he knew that the unhappy Duc d'Enghien had been murdered in vain. In those days how little could have been foreseen the future, when the son of Queen Hortense would wield the destinies of France, resuscitate the Imperial Guard, and carry her eagles to Sebastopol, Solferino, and Magenta!

After the conclusion of the treaty of Schönbrunn, Lauriston left Vienna on a diplomatic mission to Holland, but returned in time to bear a part in the heartless pageantry amid which the Archduchess Maria Louisa was sacrificed to the ambition of Napoleon. He joined Marshal Berthier, who, from being a land-surveyor, had risen to be Prince of Wagram and Duke of Neufchâtel, and who arrived at Vienna on the 4th March, accompanied by the Count de Laborde and several ladies of the new French household, all duly accredited to conduct the Princess to Paris, after she had been espoused by Berthier in Napoleon's name.

In her suite Lauriston occupied the position of Colonel-General of the Imperial Guard, and as

such accompanied her to France; but being one of the most loved and trusted of the staff, he was almost immediately afterwards despatched to Haarlem with orders to discover and bring to Paris the children of Louis Napoleon, who was preparing to abdicate the throne of Holland, in a fit of irritation on finding himself merely a puppet in the hands of his brother. Louis placed himself under British protection, upon which the Emperor by a decree, in July, 1810, united the whole of Holland to France.

On the 5th of February in the following year Count Lauriston was sent by his master on a more important mission, as ambassador to Russia, when he demanded from the Emperor Alexander (who had already been complaining of the oppressive imposts of the treaty of Tilsit) the occupation of Revel and Riga by French garrisons, and the total exclusion of British shipping from the Baltic. In this mission, however, Lauriston completely failed, and after many months' residence in St. Petersburg he left it to join Napoleon, who was now marching against the Russian empire, at the head of a vast army of united French, Italians, Bavarians, Austrians, Prussians, Saxons, and all the troops of the German princes.

In that campaign of unexampled devastation and horror, and on that terrible and ever memorable retreat from Moscow, the services performed by Lauriston were of the most brilliant descrip-

tion. He it was whom Napoleon charged with the attempted arrangement of an armistice with Prince Kutusof Smolensk after the capture of Moscow. The last directions of the Emperor to him, as given by Count Segur, were :—

"I want peace—I must have peace—I shall have peace at the expense of everything, except honour!"

Already he foresaw with terror the Russian winter!

At the conference to which he had been sent, and which took place at the Russian position, twenty miles from Moscow, Lauriston certainly found himself in an awkward position. He was received by Prince Kutusof in the midst of all his generals, about thirty in number, and opened the conference by saying that he had been sent to demand an armistice, and to beg the Prince to transmit to his Majesty Alexander I. a letter from Bonaparte, containing proposals for peace, and the cessation of those horrors which marked the French invasion of Russia.

Kutusof, a venerable officer of great bravery, replied :—

"I am unauthorised to receive any proposal either for peace or armistice, and consequently I cannot receive any letter addressed to his Majesty; moreover, it is my duty to declare that the Russian army is in possession of *too many advantages* to throw them away by an armistice of which it has no need!"

"The war must one day terminate," replied Lauriston, "as it cannot last for ever, especially in the barbarous manner in which it is conducted."

"That barbarity," replied Kutusof, "has been introduced by the French revolutionists, and has been followed up by Napoleon himself. It is true that the war cannot be eternal, but till your troops are driven beyond the Vistula we cannot talk of peace! Russia did not provoke the war. Bonaparte has entered it without even a declaration of hostilities; and now he has nothing to do but get out of Moscow *how he best may*, since he came there without being invited. He proclaims that the campaign terminates there, but we Russians," added the Prince with a fierce smile, "view it as only *commencing!*"

"Then since there is no hope of peace, it will be necessary for us to march, but in retreating we shall be compelled to shed the blood of many brave men, as your armies will march on all sides of us."

"I again repeat to you, Count, that you may adopt such measures as you can to get off, and we shall adopt others to *prevent you.* For the rest, the time will come when *we* may arrange matters for your departure, should that be the only subject for discussion."

Lauriston complained of the bitterness and fury of the Russian people, and referred to the

conflagration of Moscow; but the Prince retorted by saying that this was the first occasion on which he had heard a complaint made against a people for devotion to their native land, and, aware that he had the French invading army completely at his mercy, he concluded by saying, sternly and haughtily, "undoubtedly we shall endeavour to revenge ourselves. OUR CONFERENCE IS CLOSED."

Lauriston had little reason to be satisfied with it, and returned crestfallen to the now baffled Napoleon.

The retreat followed, and in that luckless movement, to Lauriston was committed the task of commanding the rear guard and covering the flight of the French army, amid the snows of a Russian winter, through cities and villages of wood, which they found in flames and ashes, followed by flying artillery and clouds of ferocious Cossacks, and amid suffering so terrible as to be alike beyond description and conception. Cold, hunger, and disease, dissipated the noblest army that ever existed. Horse and foot, artillery and all the munitions of war, with courage and discipline, seemed to pass away together.

On reaching Magdeburg, Lauriston reorganised out of the fugitive mobs the 5th Corps of the Grand Army, and at its head fought bravely and desperately at Lutzen,* where on the 2nd May,

* Biographie Universelle.

1813, the Russians and Prussians were repulsed with the loss of 20,000 men; at Bautzen, in Upper Lusatia, where on the 20th and 21st of the same disastrous month ensued a second bloody encounter, and where, on a plain lighted by the flames of thirty burning villages, Napoleon left six-and-twenty thousand of his soldiers killed and wounded; again at Wurtchen and many other places.

In capturing the village of Wessig the Count destroyed the Prussian corps of General d'Yorck, and scattered it along the opposite bank of the Sprée. After this, having put himself at the head of the remains of the 11th Corps, he vanquished the Prussians in many minor encounters.

At Leipzig—where, after the dreadful engagements of the 18th October, 160,000 Frenchmen, harassed and nearly naked, footsore and many of them covered with wounds, the relics of the once Grand Army, strove desperately, but strove in vain against 240,000 allied Prussians, Austrians, and Swedes, flushed with triumph and vengeance—when the bridge of the Elster was blown up precipitately, by a mistake, say some—by a treacherous order of Napoleon, to secure his own personal safety, say others—Lauriston found himself with Marshal Macdonald and Prince Joseph Poniatowski, and the ruins of the 4th Corps, abandoned to the enclosing enemy!

Macdonald spurred his horse into the river and

escaped; the gallant Polish prince, in attemptiug to follow his example, was swept away and drowned with thousands of others; but Lauriston, after a long, desperate, and fruitless resistance in the suburbs, was taken prisoner, and sent to Berlin. The *Moniteur* recorded his *death*, and few names were more mourned for in France than his, though 40,000 Frenchmen fell on that disastrous day.

Returning to Paris after the peace of 1814, when his former leader was in exile in Elba, Lauriston, under the pressure of reverses, and animated, perhaps, by the old monarchical spirit which made him emigrate in 1792, accepted the captaincy of the Mousquetaires Gris under Louis XVIII., and, true to his new oath of fidelity, he accompanied that monarch to Bethune on Napoleon's return from Elba, and advance to Paris. He then retired to his château of Richemont, near La Fère, to wait the tide of events.

The Hundred Days passed rapidly—Waterloo was won—Paris fell; and on the second restoration being achieved, he repaired to the Court of King Louis at Cambrai. Thence, in consequence of his high attainments, he was sent to the town of Laon, to preside over the Electoral College of Aisne, and on the 17th August ensuing Louis created him a peer of France, under the new régime, with the command of the Infantry of the Royal Guard.

All that follows is of recent date, and may be briefly stated.

In 1816 he was president of the famous Council of War, which met for the trial of Admiral Linois, the Baron Boyer de Peyreleau, and General de Laborde, who were accused of treason. Linois was acquitted; the Baron received a sentence of death, which, however, was commuted; and the charges against the general were withdrawn.

In 1817 he was created Marquis of Lauriston, and three years afterwards was appointed to command the 12th and 13th military divisions of the kingdom, with the presidency of the Electoral College of the Lower Loire. In November, 1821, he joined the cabinet presided over by the Duc de Richelieu, as minister of the King's household; and in June, 1823, he received his bâton as Marshal of France (*vice* his old comrade Davoust, the Prince of Eckmühl, deceased), with the command of the 2nd corps of the army of the Pyrenees. At this time Ferdinand of Spain was embroiled with his people concerning the new constitution, the abolition of the Inquisition, and expulsion of the Jesuits. The whole peninsula was again convulsed, and Lauriston's command formed a portion of the *Cordon Sanitaire*, posted along the mountain frontier "under pretence of guarding against the introduction of yellow fever from Spain."

After a time this flimsy excuse was cast aside,

and, in the invasion which followed, the free spirit of Spain was crushed for a time, Riego perished, the French occupied Madrid, and Lauriston laid siege to Pampeluna. He made two furious attacks upon the suburbs in September; but so vigorously did the Spaniards defend themselves, that his soldiers had to cut down the doors with hatchets before they could enter the houses, each of which became, from story to story, a contested garrison.

Its surrender soon after, by Brigadier Don Raimond Sanchez de Salvador, left him at liberty to march from Navarre with 12,000 men into Lower Catalonia, to co-operate with Marshal Moncey against Francisco, Espoz y Mina, and other Spanish chiefs; and in October, while at Zarogazza, he was named Knight Commander of the Order of the King.

Ere long, absolute power was restored to Ferdinand of Spain; but for a time only.

The five years subsequent to these events were spent by Lauriston in peace at Paris or Richemont. In 1824 the Duc de Doudeauville replaced him in the ministry; but he took little share in public matters, as his health, under the influences of many climates, his campaigns in Russia and elsewhere, had become broken, and he died suddenly of apoplexy at Paris, on the 10th of June, 1828, in his sixtieth year.

Among other old friends who stood around the

deathbed, were his comrades, the Marshal Dukes of Reggio and Ragusa.

Such was the brilliant, eventful, and stirring career of this scion of an old Scottish family, whose name is still remembered historically and traditionally in the city of Edinburgh; and, perhaps, the last representative of which, in the United Kingdom, is General Robert Law, K.H., a distinguished old Peninsular and Waterloo veteran of the 71st Highlanders.

Augustus John Alexander Law, born at La Fère in 1790, eldest son of the Marquis, Gentleman of the Chambre du Roi to Charles X., succeeded to the titles of his father in 1828. His brother, Count Napoleon Law de Lauriston, is author of "Observations sur les Mémoires du Duc de Raguse," and other works.*

For a time he bore the quaint title of Baron de Clapperknowes, the name of certain little sandy hillocks which lie, or lay, between the old castle of Lauriston and the Firth of Forth.

The great financier's grand old Château de Tancarville now belongs to the Hospital of Havre, to whom it was given by the First Consul, and in 1829 the forest around it was the property of Marshal Suchet.†

The names of Major-General Gustavus H. Law de Lauriston, commanding a cavalry brigade at

* See "Biographie Universelle."

† Voyage sur la Seine, 1829.

Lyons; George Charles Law de Lauriston, Sous-Lieutenant of the 20th Chasseurs-à-pied; and of Arthur Louis, his brother, Lieutenant *en second* of the 6th Light Cavalry (detached in Cochin China), appear in the French annual "Army List" for the present year.

THE SCOTS FUSILIER GUARDS.

CHAPTER I.

THEIR ORIGIN AND EARLY SERVICES.

BEFORE proceeding to give an account of this distinguished corps, of which no history has yet appeared, it may not be uninteresting to trace the gradual rise of such a force in Scotland in early times.

Long prior to the kings of England having any body guards, the kings of Scotland had such forces, either of horse or foot. Henry VII. established the Yeomen of the Guard in 1485; the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms was established in 1509, and to these in 1550 Edward VI. added a small corps of Horse Guards; but we find that James II. of Scotland, when taking the government of the realm from his Chancellor, Sir William Crichton, of that Ilk, about the year 1444, established a guard, of which Sir Patrick Gray, of the family of Broxmouth, was captain. It was the dexterous escape of this

knight from the Douglases' castle of Threive which suggested to Sir Walter Scott the flight of Marmion from Tantallan. Sir Patrick Gray, as Captain of the Guard, was in the Castle of Stirling with James II., when, to avenge the treason and perfidy of the Earl of Douglas, the incensed monarch struck him to the heart with his dagger. On this, Gray, to avenge the murder of his kinsman, Macclellan, in the Castle of Threive, dealt the expiring noble a finishing stroke with a bill—the weapon with which, perhaps, his guardsmen were armed. The kings of England had their guards chiefly for purposes of state and show; but those of Scotland were necessary to protect the sovereign from the raids, outrages, and rebellions of a nobility the most corrupt, disloyal, and venal the world ever saw.

James III. had a guard commanded by John Ramsay of Balmain, whom, in 1486, he created Earl of Bothwell, and Cochrane, Earl of Mar, was General of the Artillery (*Hawthornden*). James IV. had also a guard, as among the killed at Flodden there is mentioned Alexander Maccullo, "one of the King's guard,"—probably one of the many devoted knights whose armour and ensigns were similar to those worn by the King. At that time Robert Borthwick, master-gunner of Edinburgh Castle, was Captain of the Artillery.

James V., the idol of his people, "the Commons' King," had a guard composed of 300 men

of Edinburgh, who were clad in blue bonnets and *scarlet* doublets, faced with *blue*, and who were armed with partizans and long daggers—the same equipment in which a few shabby old pensioners figure yearly at Edinburgh, in the scanty train of the Lord High Commissioner. Those guards were furnished by the city to defend the King "on all occasions, *but especially* against his auld and auncient enemies of England." They were commanded by Sir David Falconer of Borrowstoness, who was killed by the Douglases, when covering the retreat of the King's troops from the castle of Tantallan, and while endeavouring to bring off the artillery. It is a tradition among soldiers, says Captain Grose, that the *Scotch March* was composed for the troops going to this unsuccessful siege.

The *garde-du-corps* of the hapless Queen Mary seem to have numbered only seventy-five on their muster-roll, in the books of the Comptroller, on the 1st April, 1562. Sir Arthur Erskine was captain; "Robert Stewart, ensign; Corporal Jenat, Captain Bello, Captain Hew Lauder," were the officers, and six Frenchmen and one trumpeter appear on the list. This guard continued under pay from the 1st April, 1562, until 1567, when they were disbanded on Mary's imprisonment in Lochleven (*Maitland Club Miscellany*). In her reign John Chisholme was Comptroller of the Artillery.

The guards of her son, James VI., were more of a regular force, and were established in 1584. They consisted at first of forty gentlemen, "able, honest, and well horsed," of independent means, sworn into the King's service, "and irremoveable theirfra during their lifetime," and who received their pay at the terms of Martinmas and Whitsunday (Skene's "Lawes," &c.). Colonel William Stewart, of Houston (save Mary of Guise's French colonels, the *first* who bore that rank in Scotland), was their commander, and each trooper's salary was equal to £300 yearly of modern money.

By a "supplication gevin (to Parliament in the same year) by Colonell William Stewart, Commendator of Pittenweem, Captain of his Heinesses guard, in the name of himself, the captains, other officers and soldiers serving in ye Regiment," we learn that they had all served the Prince of Orange and the States of the Netherlands for twelve years, to "the tynsell of yair awin bluidis and slauchter of thair freindis;" but had received no pay "to relief their necessitie, ffor quhilk yei ar daylie molestit and cravit," and so forth, begging his Majesty to see into their grievances, and those of "ye wedowis, bairnis, and kinsmen" of their comrades—the old, old story of *neglect* of the soldier—all of which the King promised to see righted, but with what success we know not ("*Acta Parliamentorum Jacobi VI.*," 1584).

In 1592 John Chisholme was still Comptroller of the Ordnance.

In 1594 the guard was increased in strength, and on the 1st April "the drumme was beaten and the trumpet blowne," in the streets of Edinburgh, to recruit for four troops of horse and 400 foot guards "to keep the courtiers' heads unbroken." On the 3rd May the King in person mustered them on the Links of Leith, where they all took an oath to serve God and him faithfully; but at the Riding of the Parliament soon after, a brawl ensued between these guards and the stout burghers of Edinburgh, who were jealous of them, and considered it to be their own peculiar privilege to protect the royal person (Calderwood's "Historie").

Sir James Melville mentions, in his "Memoirs," that when the Abbot of Dunfermline attempted to corrupt these soldiers by gold, Colonel Stewart distributed the pieces "to so many of the guard, who bore them and set them like targets on their *knapsacks*, and the purse was borne upon a spear-point like an ensign" as they marched through Fife. In 1588, the year of the Armada, we learn from Moyse's "Memoirs," that the Earl of Huntly was chief commander of these guards.

In 1603, when James VI. succeeded to the English throne, Sir David Murray, Lord Scone, was captain; and in the following year, with the Horse Guard, he conveyed Alaster Macgregor, of

Glenstrae (who had been taken after the battle of Glenfruin), to Berwick, as he had surrendered on the pledge that he was to be set on English ground —a pledge which the Government faithfully kept, but carefully guarded him *back* to Edinburgh, where he was hanged with many of his clansmen.

On the 12th April, 1606, the two crosses were *first* interlaced to form the ensign of Great Britain, when James ordained "the ships of both nations to carry on their maintops the flags of St. Andrew and St. George interlaced—those of North Britain, in the stern, that of St. Andrew, and those of South Britain that of St. George" (Balfour's "Annales"); hence our Union Jack, which is simply the old Scottish *blue* flag, with the English *red* cross thereon.

Lord Scone was succeeded in his command by Sir William Cranstoun in 1609; and Sir Andrew Ker of Fernyherst was captain in 1618.

Amid the confusion and contention of subsequent years, these guards were suppressed, or disappeared, like the English guards during the Great Civil War, for we find that at the coronation of Charles I., at Edinburgh, in 1633, he was attended by the Gentlemen Pensioners under the Earl of Suffolk, and the Yeomen of the Guard under the Earl of Holland. And now we come to the Royal Scots Guards of Horse and Foot, formed for King Charles II., but will confine our details to the last-named force.

On the 18th March, 1641, Archibald, eighth Earl of Argyll, by a warrant dated from Westminster, was empowered by Charles I. to raise a regiment "to be composed of fifteen hundred of our Scottish subjects," as a portion of the 10,000 men destined by Scotland to protect her Ulster colonists. A large yellow seal is attached to this document which has once been bordered with ribbon. Under Lieutenant-Colonel James Wallace (of Auchans, in Ayrshire), one of the bravest soldiers of the age, and who distinguished himself in all the future wars of Montrose, of Cromwell, and the Covenanters, this regiment embarked for Ireland with the first column of the Scottish army under Major-General Munro, who captured Carrickfergus. The second column followed on the 27th of July, under Major-General Sir David Leslie, when 1,800 English foot, with seven troops of cavalry, joined him. At this time each regiment had a sergeant-major, who was a commissoned officer,* but no adjutant. Argyle's regiment served during the rebellion in Ireland, and was at the battle of Benburb, where Munro was defeated with the loss of 3,423 men, twenty stand of

* *Vide* "Commission by Alexander, Earl of Leven, Generall of the Scottish armies in England and Ireland," to Captain Robert Montgomery, to be sergeant-major in the regiment of his father, the Earl of Eglinton, for service in Ireland, dated 26th Feb., 1644. The captain's predecessor was his elder brother, *a colonel.—Eglinton Papers*, vol. ii.

colours, and all his artillery, which fell into the hands of the Irish. Recalled to Scotland under Wallace, in 1645, the regiment served against Montrose in many actions and affairs till 1650, when it was ordered to assume the rank and title of *the King's Foot Guards* for Charles II. The Earl of Argyll was succeeded as colonel by his son, Lord Lorn (who was afterwards executed at Edinburgh for treason in 1685). Severe service had now reduced it to four companies, with only fifteen officers.

On the 22nd of July, the Lyon king-at-arms designed, at Falkland Palace, the new colours, which the regiment received from the King, and he describes them thus:—

"For the Colonell in the middle of a blue field his majesties coate of arms, viz., Scotland, England, France, and Ireland quartered, without any crown over them; on the other side, in greate gold letters these wordes,

"COVENANT; FOR RELIGIONE, KING AND KINGDOMES:

"L. Colonell, azure, a unicorn arg; the other side the same as the first. Major; in the middle, a lyone rampant, or; the other syde the same as the first.

"First Capitaine; 3 fleurs de lys in an azure field.

"Second Capitaine; or, a lyone rampant, gules, in the middle of an azure ensign.

"Third Capitaine; azure, 3 lioncells, gradient, or.

"Fourte Capitaine; azure a harpe, or fringed, argent."

All the four standards to have on the other side, "in greate gold letters," the motto above given.

The Life Guards were commanded by the Earl of Eglinton, with Viscount Newburgh as lieutenant-colonel.

Two months subsequent to this, these guards, horse and foot, served at the unfortunate battle of Dunbar, and afterwards accompanied the King into England, when they were almost cut to pieces at the battle of Worcester—a field equally disastrous to the Scots, who lost all their cannon, and had 640 officers taken, with the royal standard and 158 other colours (Whitelock). Wallace had been taken prisoner at Dunbar.

Now followed the interregnum of ten years.

At the Restoration, among the forces embodied by the Scottish Government for service at home and abroad, was the Regiment of Foot Guards still in existence, long known as the 3rd, and, since 1831, as the Scots Fusilier Guards.

The command of this regiment was bestowed on George Livingstone, third Earl of Linlithgow, on the 23rd November, 1660; though Kirkton says spitefully, that "in this place he feathered his nest well, and no man could give the reason of his promotion unless the descent of a Popish family." He was a cavalier of high spirit, and had suffered greatly during the usurpation of Cromwell.

In the ranks of this regiment, as well as those of the Scottish Horse Guards re-embodied under

Viscount Newburgh at the same time, were many gentlemen of good family; and many who had been officers were serving as privates. In June, 1661, adjutants were first appointed to the Guards, with 4s. daily. Prior to this, as before mentioned, their duty was done by a commissioned sergeant-major.

George Lord Livingstone (afterwards fourth Earl of Linlithgow and one of the commissioners for the Treasury) was the first lieutenant-colonel. Many of the muster-rolls of the original companies, as well as the Royal Warrant of 1641 for raising the original regiment, are in my own possession; and a few of the names of the first officers gleaned from these may prove interesting to the present Brigade of Guards.

In the "muster-roll of the Earle of Linlithgow's company, 4th Sept., 1672," appear the names of John Hay, captain-lieutenant; Alexander Livingston, ensign; 2 sergeants; 2 corporals; 2 drums; 1 scrivener; and 102 privates. In two other lists of this company, of earlier date apparently, *Lieutenant-Colonel* James Mercer appears as lieutenant, and *Captain* William Dundas as ensign.

In my Lord Livingstone's company (roll undated), Captain Patrick Wishart, lieutenant; Captain Patrick Middletoune, ensign; 2 sergeants; 3 corporals; 1 clerk; 2 drums; 117 privates; 1 *pyper*.

In Colonel William Borthwick's* company (dated 18th March, 1675), we find James Maitland, lieutenant;† Archibald Stewart, ensign; William Borthwick, scrivener; 2 sergeants; 2 corporals; 2 drums; 1 *pyper;* 100 privates.

"Roll of Captain Carnegie's companie, of his Majestie's Redgment of Guards as they mustered at Larbour Bridge, 22nd day of November, 1677. James Carnegie, captaine; Robert Dobie, livtenant; John English, ensigne; 2 sergeants; 1 scrivener; 2 drums; 1 *pyper;* 104 privates."

To enumerate all the names might prove tedious, but the other captains whose rolls we possess are those of Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Rosse, Captains the Earl of Kellie, William Innes, James Maitland, and James Murray, dated 1680. These show that the corps had several "pypers," whose names were all Lowland, such as Miller, Pagan, Morton, &c., and give details of how the men were occupied or where stationed—at Blackness, the Isle of Mull, Haddington, and elsewhere; and we may mention that to the Foot Guards was apportioned the particular duty of keeping, by a detachment formed of two or three men from each company, the Castle of the Bass—a damp and unwholesome prison—the grave of many a poor covenanting preacher. The

* Major of the regiment in 1675.

† Major of the regiment after the Revolution of 1688.

"basse partie" appears frequently in these lists, nearly all the names contained in which are Lowland.

In the list of Captain Murray's company, the thirty-eighth man on the roll is recorded as "Sir David Livingstone, corporall." John Gally, Chirurgeon, is borne on the strength of "my Lord Linlithgow's company," in 1680, and the officers' servants are all noted as "the Captain's *man*," and so forth; while some are stated to be "sik" and others on "forlof," evincing the peculiar ideas the company scriveners had of spelling.

On the 27th July, 1683, the staff of the regiment is given in one roll as follows:—

"The Earle of Linlithgow, Colonell: John Winram, Major;* James Murray, Major; Lieutenant James Maitland, Quarter-master; John Baillie, Chirurgeon; John Stevenson, Marshall."

When a few of the unhappy Covenanters, after being driven to despair by the military persecutions to which they were subjected, advanced in arms upon Edinburgh in the autumn of 1666, Lieutenant-General Dalyell, Commander-in-Chief of the Scottish army, concentrated all his available troops, and marched westward by the Glasgow

* Winram, of Liberton, Colonel and Deputy-Governor of Edinburgh Castle in 1689; Sir Robert Innes, Bart., of Orton, served as a *private* under Winram, and married his daughter at a period long subsequent to this date.

road to intercept them, leaving, as a protection to the city, a party of the Foot Guards in the old, and then deep, quarries of Bruntsfield, under Alexander Viscount Kingston, whose military rank is not stated.

These Covenanters were led by Dalyell's old comrades, Colonel James Wallace, formerly of the old Foot Guards, and Captain John Paton, of Meadowhead. On the evening of the 28th November a battle ensued on the eastern slope of the Pentland Hills, when the Scottish regular troops routed and dispersed with great severity their unfortunate fellow-countrymen; and Colonel Wallace, escaping in the darkness by the speed of his horse, reached the coast, and fled by sea to Rotterdam.

In the following year, 1667, the Lords of the Scottish Privy Council, in their orders to the troops, ordained that the field officers of the Foot Guards should "command in chief and give orders in camp or garrison, both to horse and foot, at home and abroad, wherever they are."

In the tyrannical and oppressive duties of suppressing conventicles or meetings of the people for prayer, and in hunting down the Hill-men or Covenanters, conveying them to prison, furnishing guards for them in Blackness, the Bass, and elsewhere, the regiment bore its full share with the rest of the Scottish troops, and was equally obnoxious to the people, as they lived at free

quarters on all who were suspected of being non-conformists to prelacy.

In 1672 a detachment would seem to have been in the Isle of Mull, as ten men of the Colonel's company, in the roll for 4th September in that year, are marked as being with the "Mull ptie;" and Lord Fountainhall records, that on the 10th October, 1678, the Earl of Argyle obtained from the Secret Council two companies of Highlanders, to be commanded by Lawers and Colonel Menzies, "and for a commanded (*i. e.*, detached) company out of the Earl of Linlithgow's regiment, that they may put him in peaceful possession of the Isle of Mull," with power of fire and sword against the clan Maclean, if they offered resistance.

On the 12th March, 1679, from the same record, we learn that the regiment was brought within the gates of Edinburgh, while a strict search was made for certain offenders, "which was judged to be a great infringement of the town's liberties,"—the capital being then walled and fortified.

On the 1st June, the regiment was engaged in the defence of Glasgow against a body of Covenanters, who, flushed by their victory over the Scottish Life Guards at Drumclog, attempted to capture the city; but though these insurgents fought with determined bravery in the streets, they were repulsed by the Scottish regulars, and

their dead bodies were left for many days to be devoured by the butchers' dogs.

Prior to the arrival of the Duke of Monmouth and the rising at Bothwell, on the 6th of June, 1679, the Earl of Linlithgow, being appointed Major-General of the Scottish army, in lieu of Sir George Munro, ordered a rendezvous of certain forces at Falkirk. Here he was joined by George Lord Ross, Lieutenant-Colonel in the Guards; by Graham of Claverhouse, with the Life Guards; and on marching to Larbert Muir, the Earl was further joined by his own regiment, under Lord Livingstone. The forces present were:

Life Guards, one troop;
Independent Horse, three troops;
One regiment of Foot Guards;
One regiment of Infantry (Lord Mar's Fusiliers).

Each of the latter consisted of two battalions, and the whole commenced their march for Bothwell Bridge, to which place, however, they proceeded without the Earl, who, when at Inchbelly Bridge, *en route* for Glasgow, received a summons from the Council to repair to Edinburgh; and notwithstanding the taunts and entreaties of Claverhouse, he felt himself compelled to obey.

On the 22nd June, a number of the Covenanters resolved to make a trial of strength with the Government, and the famous battle of Bothwell was fought. The royal troops, 5,000 strong, were commanded by James, Duke of Monmouth and

Buccleugh, who brought with him four troops of English dragoons, commanded by a Major Main, and their appearance in the camp increased the Duke's unpopularity and highly piqued the Scottish regulars, as it was unconstitutional to employ English troops in Scotland. Encouraged by the recent defeat of the Life Guards at Drumclog, the Covenanters mustered in considerable force at Bothwell, and prepared to dispute the passage of the bridge, which was a long and narrow edifice that spanned the Clyde by four arches. In the centre rose a fortified gateway, which they had strongly barricaded; and the task of forcing this, under a heavy fire of musketry from the followers of Hackston of Rathillett, and Hall of Haughead (300 chosen marksmen), devolved on the Foot Guards. Led by Lord Livingstone and covered by a cannonade from the artillery, the regiment, together with Mar's Fusiliers (now the 21st Foot), formed in close column, rushed double-quick to the edge of the Clyde, and deployed into line along its right bank.

Heavy firing ensued here, from each end of the bridge, which was about 120 feet in length; but on the ammunition of the Covenanters falling short, the Foot Guards made a furious rush at the portal, which they ultimately burst open, throwing into the river the trunks of trees and stones with which it was barricaded. Mounted on a white charger, the Duke of Monmouth now

put himself at the head of the whole force—horse, foot, and artillery—together with a body of Lennox Highlanders. While the infantry were forming into column as they crossed the river, the cavalry, chiefly the Life Guards, who were burning to avenge their recent defeat at Drumclog, fell, sword in hand, upon the wavering Covenanters and cut them down in vast numbers; 1,200 surrendered as prisoners, though in many instances they had better have died on the field, for the gallows, torture, captivity, banishment, and shipwreck were all before them.

In the "Memoirs" of the Rev. John Blackadder we are told that "the gentlemen of the Life Guard and Linlithgow's regiment behaved more humanely to the flyers than the bloody English and the more barbarous country militia, . . . yet, though the retreat was sounded, Claverhouse and the English dragoons were so cruelly set for blood and murther that some of them, as I heard, were knocked down by gentlemen of the Life Guard, who were grieved to see the Englishmen delighting so much to shed their countrymen's blood."

The barbarity of the Scottish administration attracted at last the attention of the English House of Commons, but as the states were still federal, any interference might have caused a national war, so the disastrous game of bloodshed and folly went on.

In the winter subsequent to the battle, the Foot Guards were stationed at Kilmarnock, with one troop of Lord Airlie's Horse, and one of dragoons under Captain Francis Stuart, of Bothwell, the whole being under General Sir Thomas Dalyell. The cavalry had soon after some sharp work at Airs Moss, where sixty of the Covenanters were killed—among them was the unfortunate field-preacher, Richard Cameron, who died bravely, sword and Bible in hand, bequeathing his name alike to a sect and to our 26th Regiment of the Line.

In the following year, 1680, the regiment was stationed in Edinburgh, and became involved in a scuffle with the students of the University, who, on the night of the 25th December, as an insult to the Duke of York, burned the Pope's effigy at the head of the Blackfriars Wynd, though the streets were in possession of Dalyell and his Grey Dragoons, Mar's Fusiliers, the Foot Guards, and City Militia. "Lord Linlithgow was the first that came up, and he, according to some accounts, was able to disperse the cavalcade, while others assert that in making a pass at an *unarmed* culprit, he fell off his horse prostrate before the image, the mob calling out to him that he was mistaken, for it had no *toes*."*

* "Late Proceedings of the Students at Edenborough." London, 1681.

In this year we find Captain Maitland's company frequently in attendance on the Duke of Albany and York and the Lords of the Privy Council, and it furnished an escort to convey the Rev. Mr. Blackadder to the Castle of the Bass, wherein he died four years after.

On the 23rd August, 1681, the regiment with arms reversed preceded the great funeral procession of John, Duke of Rothes, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, who died in the Palace of Holyrood.

At some period prior to the regiment marching into England, it furnished 200 men under Captain Straiton, who, with a troop of the Greys, marched north to keep the Macdonalds of Keppoch in order.

In 1684 we find the pay of "His Majesty's Regiment of Foot Guards, commanded by the Earl of Linlithgow," stated thus:—Colonel, 12*s.* per diem; lieut.-colonel, 7*s.* do.; major, 5*s.* do.; aid-major, 4*s.* do.; quarter-master, 2*s.* do. Ten companies, having each—captain, 8*s.* per diem; lieutenant, 4*s.* do.; ensign, 3*s.*; two sergeants, each 1*s.* 6*d.*; three corporals, each 1*s.* do.; two drums, 1*s.* do.; seventy soldiers, each 6*d.* do. The pay of the Grenadier company was the same as the preceding, but it had two lieutenants. The daily pay of the Scottish linesman was 5*d.* at this time.*

* "Papers of the Scottish Establishment, Maitland Club."

The Grenadiers carried fussils, bayonets, hatchets, and swords, and each man had a large pouch for his hand grenades. From "Evelyn's Diary," we find such troops were first formed in 1678, when they wore "furred caps with coped crowns like Janizzaries, which made them look very fierce, and some had long hoods, as we picture fools, the clothing being likewise pyebald, yellow, and red."

On the 10th July, 1684, the Earl of Linlithgow succeeded the Earl of Perth as Lord Justice General, on which he resigned his commission in the Guards, and was succeeded by Colonel James Douglas, a cousin of the Duke of Queensberry, and formerly an advocate in Edinburgh. The Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Livingstone was one of the judges who sat in the circuit court at Ayr in this year, for the trial of rebels and the punishment of all who declined the *test* oath. From Major Buntin, who declined, the judges took his sword and carbine. "My Lord Livingstone's page," says Wodrow, "had this sword given him, and wore it publicly in the streets." On being appointed Provost of Linlithgow, his lordship compelled certain persons there to swear the required oath on their knees.

Fountainhall mentions that, in this year, Colonel Douglas was training the regiment with extreme diligence; all the men were of one height, and none were allowed to have their

beards long or have bad cravats or cravat strings; and, being anxious that all should look young and brisk, their hair was tied back with a ribbon, "so that it could not blow in their eyes when they visy (*Sic*) at their firing."

In December certain Foot Guardsmen complained to the Privy Council that Colonel Douglas had turned them out of the regiment, and clothed other men with their pay. Claverhouse supported their claim, and said, "It would discourage any to enter His Majesty's service if they were used thus."

On the 2nd March, 1685, Colonel Douglas was sent into the western shires with thirty men of the regiment to punish the "fanatics," and he selected three men from each company for this unpleasant service. On the accession of James VII. as King of Scotland, he made the Earl of Dumbarton, who was Colonel of the Scots Royals, commander-in-chief; and in this capacity he defeated Argyle's western inroad, made in conjunction with Monmouth's ill-omened rising in the South. On the 1st February in the following year, a riot having ensued concerning the celebration of mass in Edinburgh, the regiment was turned out against the citizens, in conjunction with Graham's company of the City Guard and Major White's company from the Castle. The troops fired; a man and a woman were killed, and several wounded.

On the 17th March, 1687, the King wrote to the Privy Council, requesting permission for the English troops in Berwick, under Fitzjames, his son, to cross the Scottish borders for the suppression of conventicles. "But," says Fountainhall, "lest this should be repute an *inlet to foreigners*, the Scots forces are allowed to go to the English borders for the same purpose." So apart were still the countries, that when the English fleet of seventeen sail, under Admiral Jeremiah Smythe, anchored in Leith Roads, it saluted the Scottish flag, and the cannon of Edinburgh, Leith, and Burntisland responded.

At this time the standing forces of England separately were under 20,000 men;* and now came the great crisis in the reign of James—the Revolution.

With the whole Scottish forces, the Foot Guards prepared to march against William of Orange. Their Lieutenant-Colonel, Lord Livingstone, had been transferred to the Scottish Life Guards, with which he marched into England as second in command to Graham of Claverhouse.

One battalion, 500 strong, had been previously in England at the reviews held on Hounslow Heath in the June and July of 1686; but the whole regiment mustered 1,251 effectives, when it marched into England under Douglas, then a

* On the 1st January, 1685, the English establishment numbered 19,978 men.—*War Office Accounts.*

lieutenant-general. Every reader of history knows how James's forces—English, Scots, and Irish—melted away or crowded to the standard of the invader. Douglas joined him at the head of a dragoon corps, with the Scots flag flying and kettle-drums beating. A battalion of the Foot Guards next revolted *en masse*, under a corporal named Kemp,* and then the entire Scottish army followed—every regiment went over in succession, save a troop of Claverhouse's Life Guards, a few of the Greys, and the 1st Royal Scots, who were overtaken and surrendered near Ipswich. Ere he fled, the unhappy King gave the Scottish generals orders to disband their forces. On hearing this, Dundee, Dunmore, and Linlithgow, three glorious cavalier officers, wept with disappointment.—(*Swift's Works*, vol. xii.)

The Scots Guards marched to quarters in Holborn, and were subsequently billeted in Reading. The Earl of Balcarris, in his "account of the affairs of Scotland relating to the Revolution," states that, when Lieutenant-General Douglas, commanding the Guards, marched to England, he was perfectly loyal; but that he had not conversed long with Lord Churchill and some others, until, under their influence, he became an enthusiastic Williamite, so that "none in all the Revolution acted a blacker part; for he not only

* "Edward Kempe, corporall," appears in the "Rolls of Captain Innes, his companie, 1680."

sent in the battalions of the Scots Guards, but was on all the designs of betraying, and, above all, was engaged to the Prince of Orange to let him know what passed and was designed by his enemies."

In March, 1689, the Scottish Parliament exacted from the officers of their guards, and of the whole army, an oath of fealty, *not* to the king, but that each would "faithfully demean himself to the estates of Scotland"—an oath rendered necessary for the security of the local government, by the factions which then rent both countries. The regiment was at the battle of the Boyne, 1st of July, 1690, when its colonel, Lieutenant-General Douglas, distinguished himself by a brilliant movement, at the head of 8,000 men. In the following year he died at Namur, and was succeeded as colonel by George Ramsay, a second son of the Earl of Dalhousie. His brother John was killed at the siege of Treves in 1673, and his brother Robert fell at the siege of Maestricht in 1676, in valour all worthy of the old stock of Douglas from whence they sprung. James Douglas is still remembered with execration in Scotland, as the "bloody Douglas," who, in concert with Lag, Dalyell, and Claverhouse, dragooned the Covenanters in Dumfries and elsewhere. The lands of Mackrimore were bestowed upon him by the King in 1681, and those of Camlodden in 1685, for his military services. A

tombstone in the churchyard of Kirkcudbright records that, in that year, he sentenced a wounded Covenanter to be hanged "for his adherence to Scotland's Reformation Covenants National and Solemn League." His name also appears, in conjunction with that of Claverhouse, on other stones in the same sequestered burying-ground, as a persecutor of the poor Hill-men.

CHAPTER II.

FROM THE BATTLE OF WALCOURT, TILL THEIR ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

WHILE Douglas's battalion of the Scots Foot Guards continued to serve under King William, and afterwards under Goderat de Ginkell, the Dutch Earl of Athlone, until the final overthrow of the Irish Loyalists, the other, under Ramsay, was despatched, in the year of the Boyne, to the Netherlands, with the army commanded by the Earl—afterwards the great Duke—of Marlborough, and in August was present in the first battle of the new campaign, Walcourt, in the province of Namur.

Under the Maréchal de Duras, the French troops had spread devastation over the three ecclesiastical electorates, while the Confederate army, led by the Duke of Lorraine and the Elector of Brandenburg, offered but an ineffectual resistance, until joined by Marlborough and his British troops, by whose bravery at Walcourt the foe received a first and solid check, for there the Maréchal d'Humières was defeated with the loss of 2,000 killed and wounded.

The British forces consisted of one troop of Horse Guards (the Blues), one battalion of Coldstream, one of Scots Foot Guards, and nine other battalions of infantry.

The brunt of the battle fell on the Foot Guards, and Colonel Richard Hodges' regiment (16th), with the old or 1st Royal Scots. After the action Colonel Ramsay was made a brigadier-general, and as such led the regiment at the battle of Fleurus, in Hainault, when 40,000 French engaged the Confederate army, which did not exceed half that number of combatants.

Severe was the conflict which ensued at ten o'clock a.m., on the 1st of July, 1690. Our infantry fought (as the *London Gazette* records) "for six hours together with the greatest bravery imaginable, several battalions firing three ranks deep on *three* sides, for the French took them in flank and in rear;" yet the allies were compelled to retire with the loss of 4,500 dead, 4,000 prisoners, and half their artillery. The foe had been too severely handled, however, to improve his success.

On the 31st March, 1691, the other battalion of the regiment under Douglas arrived from Scotland, and William III., who had come to lead in person, reviewed his allied Dutch and British forces, which numbered 45,540 men of all ranks. The siege of Mons followed, and there Douglas was seized by fever and carried to Namur, where

he died; on which his battalion was given to Brigadier Ramsay.

It was after the siege of Mons that the rank of lieutenant-colonel was first bestowed, by William III., upon the captains of the Scots and other foot guards, then encamped on the plain of Gerpynes. The lieutenants were ordered to rank as captains in the army, and had their pay increased accordingly.

In June, 1692, the king reviewed on the plains of Gemappe, first the English contingent, consisting of 15 battalions; then the Danish, and afterwards the Scottish contingent, consisting of 10 battalions of infantry, two of which were of foot guards.

The latter were engaged in the unfortunate battles of Steenkirke and Landen, both of which were defeats, brought upon the allied armies by the incapacity (or something worse) of William III.: thus adding doubly to the disgrace which he cast upon our arms, by totally failing to raise the siege of Mons, which some time before had fallen into the hands of the victorious French.

At Steenkirke some of our regiments fought with incredible bravery. There Sir Robert Douglas, of Glenbervie, with the first battalion of the Royal Scots, drove *four* battalions of the enemy from their cannon, before he fell (*London Gazette*); and on that fatal field fell also the Earl of Angus, at the head of the Cameronians;

General Mackay, and Sir John Ligonier, with 3,000 of our soldiers.

At Landen, the Guards, line, and cavalry, all fought for seven hours with equal but with unavailing bravery, being compelled to retire with the loss of a vast number of men, 60 standards, and 69 guns and mortars, despite the efforts of "the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England," as Macaulay oddly says of his idol, the Prince of Orange. As the result of his encounters with the latter, the Duke of Luxembourg sent such a number of standards to Paris, that the Prince of Conti called him "the upholsterer of Notre Dame," the church where they were hung as trophies.

After the last defeat, Brigadier Ramsay was appointed major-general, and in October, 1693, the regiment went to winter quarters in Bruges.

In March, 1695, one battalion was sent to England, and did duty at Windsor, while the other served at the great siege of Namur, which took place in the summer of that year. At this time the privates of the entire regiment received only the pay of the line.

Namur was then deemed impregnable, a reputation enjoyed by many other fortresses in those days of light battering-trains; the garrison consisted of 20 battalions and 24 squadrons under Maréchal Boufflers. In this siege, which was conducted by William in person, he states in his

letter to the Duke of Shrewsbury, "that all the troops displayed considerable courage, particularly the five battalions of the Guards, the English, the Scots, and one Dutch, who attacked the right," under Major-General Ramsay and Lord Cutts.

The assault was bloody and desperate; for two hours the enemy maintained their ground with a courage undaunted; but at last they gave way, and were pursued to the gates of the town, but not until 1,200 of the allies had fallen.

"During the first attack, the Royals supported the Dutch Foot Guards; but when the first palisades were broken down, the Scots rushed furiously forward with the Foot Guards, the second covered way was carried, the French were overpowered, driven from their works, and chased amongst the batteries on the brow of the hill, while many of them sought refuge from the fury of their assailants in the stone pits."—(*Records of the First Foot*, p. 88.)

The siege was vigorously pressed by the allies, and the 26th August was fixed for its surrender, and "an exhibition such as the oldest soldier in Europe had never seen"—a marshal of France delivering up a fortress to a victorious enemy!

This capture, with the death of the Duc de Luxembourg on one hand, and the incapacity of Maréchal Villeroy, his successor, on the other, enabled William to shed a little ray of glory over his hitherto inauspicious campaign.

On the 1st of January, 1697, the home battalion of the Scots Guards was shipped in small

boats at Brentford for transports in the river, and sailed again for Flanders to join their comrades, who were then with the army of Brabant; but now the peace of Ryswick put an end to the waste of British blood and treasure in defence of foreign provinces, and the winter of the same year saw the two battalions of Scots Guards (with all the other Scottish troops), after landing at Hull in November, marching home by Berwick and the Lammermoors. Once again the embattled arch of the Netherbow-porte, and the echoes of the ancient city, heard their drums beating the *Scottish March* as they entered Edinburgh, where for the next twelve years they remained in quiet quarters, or engaged in the simple duties of guarding old Holyrood, and garrisoning the solitary Bass Rock.

In 1701, John Earl of Stair (A. D. C. to the Duke of Marlborough), the distinguished commander and statesman, was appointed by the Scottish commander-in-chief to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy, and on the 5th May of the next year the strength of the regiment consisted of one Colonel, two Lieutenant-Colonels, sixteen Captains, eighteen Lieutenants, sixteen Ensigns, two Adjutants, one Drum-Major, fourteen battalion companies, and two of Grenadiers. Each Scottish fortress had then its own company or garrison, apart from the regulars.—(*Papers of the Scots Establishment.*)

In "War between the British Kingdoms Considered," a curious book dedicated to Queen Anne (London, 1705), the Scottish militia is stated to be "22,000 Foot and 2,000 Horse. The Highlanders, all ready and trained to war from their childhood, are esteemed to be above 40,000 (fighting men), and a bolder or more obstinate people in a national quarrel are not in the world. Their standing forces in regular pay are above 4,000, and they never want 100,000 men who will fight out of principle in a Presbyterian cause."*

In 1704 the Duke of Marlborough warmly recommended Captain Ruthven, of the regiment, to Lieutenant-General Ramsay, the Commander-in-Chief of Scotland, "as a good officer, for whom he wished some permanent preferment" there. From the Records of the Scottish Privy Council, it would appear that, about this period, they employed their Guards and other Infantry in parties of forty men, each under an officer, to act as *Marines* on board their war vessels, such as *The Stirling Castle*, *Dumbarton Castle*, the *Royal Mary*, and *Anne*, and other "ffrigots" and galleys, afterwards incorporated with the British navy.

On the 23rd October, 1706, when the mobs of

* In 1701, the forces *in England* consisted of three troops of Horse Guards; one troop of Horse Grenadiers; thirty-six troops of Horse; three regiments of Dragoons; and seven regiments of Infantry—about eighty-two companies in all.

Edinburgh, justly incensed by the corruption of the Union Parliament, rose in tumult, and would have dispersed its members or torn to pieces the Queen's Commissioner (who pocketed £12,325 by that lucrative transaction), one wing of the regiment, with the Scots Horse Guards, escorted him during the night, while the remainder held the Parliament Square and the Netherbow-porte (*Lockhart's Memoirs*); but the following year saw the great measure quietly concluded, and the union of England with Scotland having taken place, the cross of St. George was placed upon the blue colours of the Scottish troops, in addition to the white saltire of St. Andrew; and hence our UNION JACK, of so many glorious memories by sea and land.

Prior to this, the standard of England was white.

The Guards had remained quietly in Scotland while the great game of war was being played at Blenheim, Ramillies, and Oudenarde; but, on the rout of the allies at Almanza by the Duke of Berwick, the Duke of Marlborough urged the now consolidated British Government to prosecute with greater vigour the war in Spain, as a diversion to the operations in Germany. Two armies were accordingly sent to the Peninsula, one to act in Portugal under Lord Galway, and the other to Spain under General Stanhope. With the latter was a battalion of the Scots Guards,

which marched from Edinburgh under the command of William, Earl of Dalhousie, and embarked at Berwick for Spain in 1709, to engage in the war of the Spanish succession.

All went well for a time during this campaign in a land then so new to the British troops, and during the rapid advance upon Madrid, when the downfall of the Bourbon dynasty and the establishment of the House of Austria on the throne, seemed all but accomplished.

Dalhousie's battalion was present at the great encounter near Almenara, where, on the 27th July, 1710, the army of King Philip, which had entered Catalonia and been repulsed by the Allies, was attacked by General Stanhope, most signally defeated, and compelled to retire under the cannon of Lerida. From thence Philip fell back on Saragossa, where, on the 19th August (N.S.), at six o'clock in the evening, he took up a position against the allies under Marshal Starembergh and General Stanhope. The latter led the left wing, where Dalhousie's Guards were posted.

Next day a bloody contest ensued on the bank of the Ebro in front of the city, and after two hours' fighting, "we gained," wrote Colonel Harrison, the Adjutant-General, "a compleat and glorious victory. We have taken all their cannon and most of their colours, so that out of forty battalions not above 4,000 escaped, and of sixty

squadrons about the like number, all the rest being killed or taken prisoners."

The Allies lost 2,000 men, but captured seventy-two standards and twenty-two pieces of cannon. —(*Life of Queen Anne*, 1721.)

Four days after this, King Charles III. made a triumphant entry into Madrid; but the Maréchal de Bezons, the French leader, having recruited his forces, soon forced Starembergh and Stanhope to make a precipitate retreat out of Castile, while Charles retired into Catalonia. As usual in Spain, the troops suffered greatly by the want of supplies, by assassinations, and the severity of the wet season. To procure subsistence, Count Starembergh marched his army in several small divisions by different routes. On this retreat, William, Earl of Dalhousie, died, and the next officer in seniority led the regiment, until the whole of Stanhope's jaded troops, 6,000 strong, were shut up in the old castle and walled town of Brihuega, on the right bank of the Tajuna, in New Castile, where they were speedily attacked by the Duc de Vendôme, who, at the command of Philip V., had assumed the leadership of the Bourbon forces in Spain.

Though hemmed in on all sides, for two days the starving British defended themselves bravely. The force consisted of the battalion of the Scots Guards, six of the line, one of Portuguese, and eight squadrons; and, on the 9th December, 1710,

Stanhope had to surrender *the whole,* prisoners of war, with Major-Generals Carpenter, Wills, and two brigadiers.

In the February of the following year, the other battalion was ordered to march from Edinburgh and Berwick to London. On reaching St. Alban's in May, it recieved the route for Dunkirk, and embarked at Sandwich; but returned in September.

In January, 1713, it was marched to London, and, in that month, *first* mingled in the duties with the English Guards,* who were numbered as the 1st and 2nd so far back as 1701. The unfortunate battalion which had been taken at Brihuega landed at Deal, and about the same time joined the other in London.

Though always recruited from Scotland, *the corps has never been in its native country since;* but the sweet low Scottish reveillé, like the old Scottish march, was long remembered in its ranks after the union of the kingdoms, and the former is still used by some regiments. "The Grenadiers of the three regiments of Guards during their stay at Greenwich, pursuant to an order of His Majesty, are to beat the English and Scots reveillez *alternately.*"—(Letter from the Secretary for War, 16th September, 1714.)

Ensign Arthur, *late* of the Scots Guards, was

* Mackinnon's "Coldstream Guards," 2 vols.

one of the Jacobites who attempted to surprise the castle of Edinburgh in 1715. During that eventful year the corps garrisoned Portsmouth and Plymouth.

In those days the members of the regiment, as Scotsmen, were long liable to insult in the streets of London. "Scots, Irish, and vagabonds" were always classed together in the recruiting orders of the 1st and 2nd Guards, and even in Smollett's time we find him narrating how Roderick Random and Strap with his knapsack were abused by a carman as "lousy Scots Guards;" but the corps has ever been most popular in Scotland, and singularly enough, when encamped at Chobham in 1853, at the Scottish games there, its ranks could produce more genuine Highlanders "than the kilted 79th, encamped in the next lines."—(*Orderly Room; Scots Fusilier Guards. Communicated.*)

CHAPTER III.

FROM 1715 TO THE TREATY OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

IN 1715, the 28th of May, being the King's birthday, and the 29th the anniversary of the Restoration, riots broke out in London. "High Church and Ormond for ever!" was the popular cry, and every window that was not illuminated was broken. It was on this occasion that the soldiers of the Guards, particularly the 1st or English, threw the coarse linen served out to them, over the walls of the king's and the duke's gardens in the park, while others displayed them on the points of their bayonets, shouting, "These are Hanover shirts!"—(*Salmon's Chron. Historian.*)

Four years after, the price of the commission of Lieutenant-colonel and Captain in the Scots Guards was regulated at £6,000, this being the first formal order issued on the subject, though the sale and purchase of military rank can be traced back to 1679.*

* In 1713, when the Duke of Argyle fell into disgrace, he was ordered to sell the command of the Scots Horse Guards to the Earl of Dundonald for £7,000, but the Earl of Mar prevailed with the Queen to give him £3,000 *more*.—(*Letters of Lord Grange: Spalding Club.*)

In 1719 a soldier of the regiment was tied to a tree in the park and publicly flogged by sentence of a court-martial, for the fourth time, "for words spoken in derogation of King George's title to the throne."

John, Lord Carmichael of that Ilk, was appointed Captain-lieutenant of the corps in April, 1733. He was afterwards Earl of Hyndford, the son-in-law of Sir Cloudsley Shovel, and was long ambassador in Russia.

In July, 1736, John, eighteenth Earl of Crawford, was a Captain-lieutenant and was promoted to the command of the King's own Regiment, late General Tatton's. He was afterwards Colonel of the Scots Greys, and died in 1749 of a wound which he had received ten years before, when serving against the Turks at the battle of Krotzka.

Save on such occasions as the alarm in 1723 of "a conspiracy for placing the Pretender on the throne and seizing the Tower," which caused the three Regiments of Guards to be encamped during autumn in Hyde Park, until the days of Dettingen, the Scots Foot Guards remained quartered in and about London, furnishing guards for Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the theatres, and occasionally for executions on Tower Hill or at Tyburn-tree. Their total number of effectives in 1736 was 1,288 of all ranks. In the following year they consisted of eighteen companies of 70 men each, under Lieutenant-Colonel Scott and Major Legge

and Toby Cremer,* and singularly enough, a detachment of them under an ensign were *still* lingering in the now ruined castle on the lonely Bass Rock, for which duty each private received two-pence additional per diem, "which makes their pay 9*d.*"—(*State of Britain.*)

In November, 1739, when six battalions of Marines were raised, the lieutenant-colonelcies of two were bestowed on Captains Edward Wolfe and Lewis Ducie Moreton, of the Scots Guards. This is worth recording, as the former, who died a general, was the father of Brigadier James Wolfe, the hero of Quebec. In 1743, the captain-lieutenant was William Earl of Home (afterwards Lieutenant-General and Governor of Gibraltar), and his successor in the same rank was William Kingsley (afterwards a lieutenant-general and leader of the famous brigade at Minden), an ancestor of the talented author of "Alton Locke."

In this year, the French having taken part with the Bavarian Elector against the Archduchess Maria Theresa, a British army was ordered to co-operate with the Austrians in Flanders, and on the 31st March, 1744, war was declared against France.

Prior to this, under Lieutenant-General the Earl of Dunmore, the 1st battalion of the Scots

* Died in 1739.

Guards, together with the 1st or English, and the 2nd or Coldstream, after being reviewed by George II., embarked on the Thames for Flanders, so early as April, 1742. The forces which accompanied them were four troops of Horse Guards, English and Scots; one regiment of Horse; six regiments of Dragoons, and twelve of Infantry; the 3rd, or Buffs; 11th, or Cornwallis's; 12th, Duroure's; 13th, Pulteney's; 20th, Bligh's; 21st, or Scots Fusiliers; 23rd, or Welsh; 28th, or Bragg's; 31st, or Handasyde's; 32nd, or Huske's; 33rd, or Johnston's; 37th, or Ponsonby's.*

The Brigade of Guards mustered 2,242 of all ranks.

General Honeywood had the command until the arrival of Marshal Stair, and after the dispositions of the latter had been fairly made, the king came to act as general, and thus gained the glory of winning the battle of Dettingen.

He had resolved to effect at all hazards a junction with 12,000 Hanoverians who had come within two days' march of Hanau. The army under Maréchal Noailles commanded the lower part of the Maine, and thus might intercept any advance; yet the king was determined to join his beloved countrymen, though the British troops were in such a state of privation and want that,

* Memoirs of the Duke of Cumberland, 1767.

as Voltaire states, it was proposed to ham-string our cavalry horses, if not to eat them.

On the night of the 13th June, to anticipate the king's purpose, Maréchal Noailles moved further into the woods that bordered the river, leaving great fires of timber and straw burning; and these at first led the allies to suppose that he was *retreating*, when, in reality, his troops were hard at work intrenching themselves. As the king felt certain that any attempt made by the foe would be upon his rear, while the army moved to the right in two great columns, the three corps of British Guards, four of Lunenberg, and 26 squadrons of Hanoverian cavalry, were ordered to cover the proposed operations.

William, Earl of Dumfries, K.T., Captain-lieutenant* of the Scots Guards, acted as A. D. C. to the Earl of Stair.

Day dawned; the battle of Dettingen ensued; the British won the field, and at the point of the bayonet drove back the French, who lost 3,000 men.

The loss of the British was only 826 killed and wounded; but the object was achieved by the king, who after quietly dining amidst the carnage of the field, instead of pursuing the retreating

* Every regiment had one officer of this rank till the beginning of the present century. He commanded the colonel's troop or company, and ranked as full captain after 1777.

enemy, a measure by which the whole French army would have been destroyed or taken—a movement most vehemently urged by Marshal Stair—pursued his march to Hanau to meet his Hanoverians. It was after this that Stair—disgusted alike by the king's interference and the usual insolence of the Hanoverian generals—resigned in conjunction with the Duke of Marlborough, and returned home, leaving to George II., and his son, the Duke of Cumberland, the task of playing out the game of war.

How they could do so was ere long seen in subsequent affairs, and in the battle which ensued at Fontenoy, when the duke commanded in person.

In that field the Guards were brigaded with the 42nd or Black Watch (then recently numbered as the 43rd). Colonel Carpenter led the Scots Foot Guards. It was in the spring of the memorable year 1745; the French were besieging Tournay, and the allies, under Cumberland, advanced to relieve the town. The enemy took up a position in front of it, and on the 10th May the Duke attacked them. The British behaved with great heroism; but the slow Dutch failed to support them.

Led by Sir John Ligonier, with seven guns, the Guards advanced with great intrepidity and silenced the French field artillery. In this advance Colonels Carpenter and Douglas, of

the Scots Foot Guards, were killed by cannon-shot.

Ere long the brigade found themselves opposed to the French household troops, when, according to Voltaire, a remarkable episode ensued. The officers of the British Guards saluted those of the enemy by taking off their hats. The Duc de Biron, the Count de Chambanne, and other French officers, who were in advance of their line, responded to this by politely uncovering. Then Lord Hay (the son of a Scottish marquis), captain in our Guards, cried:—

"Gentlemen of the French Guards—*fire!*"

"Messieurs," replied the Comte d'Anterroche; "fire yourselves—we never fire first."

Whereupon our Guards poured in a volley, by which 19 officers of the enemy were killed, with 95 of their soldiers; of the Swiss there fell 296, of whom 64 died on the spot. The first rank was entirely swept away. The household troops then fell into disorder, and, finding themselves unsupported, dispersed; though Lieutenant-General the Duc de Grammont, made many an attempt to rally them, until he was killed by a musket-ball.

The battle was long and bloody; whole ranks fell; but the advance of the Irish regiments, with Fitzjames' Horse, in the French service, all flushed by the memory of real and of fancied wrongs—the surrender at Limerick, the defeats at Aughrims, and the Boyne—led to the total rout

of the British, in whose ranks *the yell* with which they came on was long a tradition.

"When the Irish brigade advanced to meet the British line, dreadful was the fire, and the slaughter great: the combat was close, sharp, and bloody—they fought fire to fire, and bayonet pushed against bayonet."*

After the British gave way, the heroic veteran, John, Earl of Crawford, colonel of the Scots Horse Guards, covered the retreat with the Black Watch, the soldiers of which, he says, in his account of the battle, "fought like heroes, and acted, each man, with the skill and conduct of a general."

With the loss of 3,199 officers and men killed and wounded, Cumberland fell back, and was *never again* able to face the enemy. He was compelled to intrench himself in a safe place between Antwerp and Brussels, while Maréchal Saxe and Count Lowendhal swept the whole

* *Memoirs of the Duke of Cumberland.* In 1758, the Irish regiments still in the old French line were as follow:—The 92nd, or Bulkely's, embodied in 1694; the 93rd, Lord Clare's, 1690; the 94th, Marshal Dillon's, 1690; the 98th, Ruth's, Gardes de Jacques II., 1689; the 99th, Duc de Berwick's, 1698; the 109th, Count Lally's, 1744. The Scottish Regiments were the 107th, Royal Ecossais, Duc de Perth, 1743; the 113th, Lord Ogilvie's Ecossais, 1747.—(*Liste Historique des Troupes de France.*) The remains of these Irish corps were taken into our service in 1794, and disbanded four years afterwards.

country unmolested, and reduced by force or stratagem every fortified place in Austrian Flanders!

In this unlucky battle the Scots Foot Guards had Colonel Carpenter, Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas, Captain Ross, Ensign Murray, 3 sergeants, and 102 privates killed. Lieutenant-Colonels Waldegrave and Frazer; Captains Laurie, Knevis, and Maitland; Ensigns Haldane and Nell; 5 sergeants and 120 privates wounded. Total casualties, 241.

The landing of Prince Charles Edward, and the rising of a few of the clans in his cause, led to the withdrawal from Flanders of the entire brigade of Guards, and seven corps of the line. The battalion of the 3rd or Scots Guards, which had been encamped at Vilvorde, in South Brabant, and had embarked at Williamstadt, landed at the Tower on the 23rd Sept., and marched into St. James's Park.

The advance of the Highlanders caused an absurd panic in London. The king resolved to take the field in person; and while the grenadiers of the brigade remained in town, the three regiments were ordered northward, and a camp was formed at Finchley; the grotesque absurdities of the march to which, the pencil of Hogarth has immortalized. The retreat of the clans from Derby changed all these measures. Culloden soon followed, and with it peace at home. So

once more the Guards were despatched to the Continent with the Duke of Cumberland, who tried his strength again with the French at the battle of Val, but was defeated with great loss, outflanked at Kloster Severn, compelled to retreat on Maestricht, and then to evacuate Flanders, leaving our allies, the Prussians, to the mercy of the enemy, and covering our arms with a disgrace which hurried on the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. So the December of 1748 saw the Household Brigade once more quartered in London.*

* In the lists for January, 1747, appear: "Third or Scots Guards; John Earl of Dunmore, Col. 1713. Rowland Reynolds, Lieut.-col., 1743; James Stuart, 1st Major; William Earl of Panmure, 2nd Major."

CHAPTER IV.

FROM 1748 TO THE END OF THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

IN those puerile and latterly disastrous, and now almost forgotten expeditions to the coast of France, which disgraced the military annals of the latter years of George II., the regiment had the misfortune to bear a part in common with the rest of the brigade.

In the summer of 1758, while Lord Anson, with a squadron, threatened Brest, another—having on board three battalions of the three Guard corps, with 16 of the line, and 9 troops of Light Horse, under Lieutenant-General the Duke of Marlborough—entered Cancalle Bay, on the coast of Brittany, and landed the troops in flat-bottomed boats, each of which carried seventy men. A battery on the beach was soon silenced, and the Duke marched for the petty towns of St. Servan and St. Solidore, where he destroyed shipping and stores to the value of £800,000. The principal object of this expedition was to capture St. Malo; but as the citadel proved too strong, the troops were re-embarked, and the squadron put in-

gloriously to sea. After threatening Havre, and actually having all the Guards in the flat-bottomed boats to land in *a tempest,* the baffled expedition returned to St. Helens on the 30th June, and so ended what was deemed, at the time, a brilliant invasion of France.

Four years before this, the 3rd Guards had been supplied with steel, in lieu of *wooden* ramrods.

In the second attempted invasion under Lieutenant-General Bligh, the brigade of Guards was led by Major-General Alexander Dury; the expedition departed again in August, and on the 7th anchored in Cherbourg Roads. The landing was sucesssful, being quite unopposed; but the troops committed great outrages on the peaceful inhabitants. The fine basin of Cherbourg was blown up and completely destroyed, with all the shipping; but on hearing that the enemy's troops, under a Marshal of France, were advancing in strength, Bligh re-embarked his division in all haste, and, by the 19th of August, was safely at anchor off Weymouth.

On the 29th of August it was resolved to pay St. Malo *another* filibustering visit, for in fact such petty affairs were little better; but, as the citadel proved too strong still for assault, the troops landed in the bay of St. Cas, and compelling a poor shepherd, under terror of the gallows, to act as their guide, marched towards Guildo.

Ere long they were attacked by the Duc d'Aiguillon, with 12 battalions of the French line, 2 of militia, 6 squadrons of horse, and 18 cannon and mortars, and had a dear penalty to pay for their temerity. There was an immediate retreat towards the bay of St. Cas. On board the squadron there, the main body of the troops embarked in tolerable safety; but on the 1st Guards and the Grenadiers of the brigade (1,500 men in all), under General Dury, fell the terrible task of keeping the enraged foe in check. Already the French artillery were pouring shot and shell from an eminence, sinking the ships' boats on one hand, and decimating the helpless rear-guard on the other. Already the soldiers of the latter had fired away all their ammunition, and there was nothing left for them but to form grand-division squares, and meet the overwhelming masses of the enemy ere they all perished together.

Under a dreadful fire of cannon and musketry, they stood for two hours and a half, according to the French account (for only *five minutes*, according to Smollett), unaided by sea or land.

"At length the Guards gave way," says an officer who was present; "the Grenadiers soon followed, and, as there was no place of retreat in an enemy's country, most of them plunged into the sea and endeavoured to swim to the ships; several were killed in the water, and all who could not swim were drowned. At one o'clock

the firing ceased, and the French sang *Te Deum.*"

One little band stood shoulder to shoulder on an insulated rock and surrendered at discretion. Here fell Sir John Armytage, Baronet of Kirklees, a volunteer; General Dury, a brave Scottish officer, after being severely wounded, was drowned in attempting to swim off; and there perished in the bay and on the beach more than 1,000 chosen officers and men. In his "Naval Chronology," Captain Schomberg reduces this number to 822; but among the slain were many officers belonging to other corps of the expedition. Of the Guards there were killed Captains Walker and Rolt, and Ensign Cox; wounded, Captains Mathews and Caswell; and there were taken Lord Frederick Cavendish, Lieutenant-Colonels Pearson and Lambert, Captains Dickens, Hyde, Pownal, and Ensign Sir Alexander Gilmour, of Craigmillar, with 600 men and 39 other officers, who, however, were treated with great humanity by the Bretons. Sir William Boothby, of the Grenadiers, swam two miles before he was picked up.* —(*Despatches, &c. &c.*)

So ended the battle of St. Cas, almost the last of those injudicious and ill-planned descents on the French coast.

During those harassing months, the second battalion of the corps remained in London at the

* Died a Major-general in 1797.

Horse Guards, and in December was quartered in the borough of Southwark.

To follow the regiment in all the tedious operations and devious marches of the Seven Years' War, would serve but to weary the reader; so a brief notice may suffice.

The second battalion served with the brigade of Guards, which, under Major-General Julius Cæsar, joined the allies at the village of Buhne, in Germany, during the summer of 1760, and after being present at the capture of Zerenberg and several minor affairs, the army went into winter quarters, when the Guards were stationed in the cathedral city of Paderborn, while the rest of our forces were quartered along the Dymel and the Weser.

When they advanced against the enemy in the spring of the following year, the Guards were led by the famous Marquis of Granby, then one of our most popular officers, and on the 15th July were at the battle of Kirchdenkern, where the French under Soubise were repulsed with the loss of 6,000 men, nine guns, and six colours; and in June, 1762, they were at the battle of Gravenstein, where the foe was again repulsed with the loss of 5,000 men, chiefly of the Grenadiers du Roi and the Regiment of Aquitaine, who were assailed by Granby's division in the woods, where most of the French were slain by the bayonet. The loss of the 3rd Guards was eleven rank and

file killed, seventeen wounded, and seventeen missing.

In August a detachment of the regiment, and another of the 2nd, or Coldstream, attacked Melsungen, a town in Hesse-Cassel; they broke down the chevaux-de-frise; but failing to force the gates, fell back before the heavy fire of the enemy.

At the bloody battle of Brucken-Muhl, the brigade of Guards had to endure a terrible cannonade and suffered severely, particularly the two English regiments. On this occasion the guardsmen piled up the dead bodies of their slain comrades, and fired over them, as from behind a rampart. At this exciting time, Thomas, Viscount Saye and Sele, in the height of the confusion and slaughter, reprimanded a sergeant of the Coldstreams for uttering an exclamation of horror, and was answered,—

"Oh, Sir; you are now supporting yourself on the body of *your own brother!*"

This was his elder brother, Captain John Twisleton, who had just been slain, and added to the ghastly rampart; and the sergeant who spoke was an old and attached servant of the family. Lord Saye died Colonel of the 9th Foot in 1788.

The loss of the Scots Guards at Brucken-Muhl consisted of two sergeants and eight rank and file killed; Lieutenant-Colonel Hale, Ensigns

Gwynne, Byron, and Girardot; three sergeants and forty-three rank and file wounded.

Soon after, the treaty of Fontainebleau gave calm to Europe, and on the 26th of January, 1763, the British troops began their homeward march through the province of Gueldres, to reach their transports at Williamstadt.

The campaign had reduced the 2nd battalion of the regiment to eleven officers and 745 men. Quick promotion must have followed, as we find that Ensign Roderick Gwynne, who was wounded at Brucken-Muhl, was full captain in 1764, when he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Fort William at Inverlochy.

In that year Highland music was *first* played by the bands of the Guards; and, according to the *London Chronicle*, "it was no uncommon thing to see a file of English redcoats beating time to the loyal tune of—

"Over the water to Charlie."

CHAPTER V.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

WHEN the American colonists rose in revolt, though the idea of sending any of the Household troops to oppose them was reprobated by some persons in authority, as paying too great a compliment to the insurrection, a battalion, 1,062 strong, including officers, was detailed for foreign service from the three regiments of the brigade. After being cantoned on Wimbledon Common, and reviewed there by the King and General Carpenter, son of Colonel Carpenter, who was killed at Fontenoy, it sailed from Portsmouth on the 8th May, 1776, with the Hessians, Artillery, and the fleet, under the convoy of Commodore Hotham, in the *Preston*, a fifty-gun ship. All the officers wore the uniform of privates to save them from the American riflemen.

The men of the Guards were chosen *by lot* from the sixty-four companies of the brigade.

In this year John Maclellan, Lord Kirkcudbright (whose long-dormant title had been admitted by the House of Lords in 1773), was

appointed a Captain in the 3rd Guards, and died a Colonel in 1801. His title is now dormant.

The mixed battalion (which was commanded by Colonel Edward Mathew, of the 2nd Guards) landed at Utrecht, on Long Island, where 30,000 troops were now assembled. "It cannot but be a matter of regret," says Colonel Mackinnon, "that the reinforcement sent from England this year was delayed for so considerable a time. General Washington's army had never mustered 9,000 men, of whom 2,000 were unarmed; consequently, had the English army taken the field a few weeks sooner, *the Americans must have been crushed* by superiority in numbers alone, putting discipline and the well-known valour of British soldiers out of the question."

The campaign commenced under General Clinton. At the battle of Long Island the Guards evinced their usual gallantry. An American force of great strength detailed from the rebel lines was driven back with great loss, the advance of our troops being covered by a brisk cannonade from the ships of war, and as the insurgents retired, vast numbers of them were drowned in a swamp. Of the troops, 361 of all ranks fell, but no separate detail of the Guards' loss is given.

The bloodless capture of New York on the 15th September followed, and while Earl Piercy with three brigades remained to cover that city, on the 12th October the Guards, Light Infantry and

Reserve, marched out, and, embarking in flat-bottomed boats at Turtle Bay, passed up the East River through Hell Gate, a celebrated strait near the west end of Long Island, remarkable for its whirlpools, which roar and boil in a narrow, crooked, and rocky channel. Landing near the town of East Chester, they crossed Frog's Neck, though the bridge had been broken down by the Americans led by Washington in person, and he, apprehensive that his communication to the eastward might be cut off, extended his left to the White Plains, where his troops resolved to make a stand. However, they abandoned this position on the 1st November in the night, after setting fire to their huts and barracks. General Howe advanced and found that they had left about 70 pieces of cannon behind.

There is no exact account of our loss in these movements, but it is supposed to have been between 190 and 200 killed and wounded. In the Guards battalion only one man was killed.

Soon after this, General Washington retreated towards the Delaware. After serving under Colonel Mathews at the capture of Fort Washington, a strong place garrisoned by 3,000 colonists (under the insurgent Colonel McGaw), all of whom were made prisoners, the battalion went into winter quarters at Brunswick.

At the severe battle of Brandywine Creek, on

the 11th September, 1777, the Guards corps (now formed into two battalions, one led by Colonel Trelawny of the 1st, and the other by Colonel Ogilvie of the 3rd Guards, both under Brigadier Mathews), by a rapid march and a circuit of some miles, got into the enemy's rear, opened a deadly fire, and greatly conduced to their defeat; and, outmanœuvred by the dispositions of Lord Cornwallis, Washington now retired precipitately towards Chester.

In forcing his position there, the Guards and Grenadiers advanced together under a heavy fire of artillery and musketry; but the former had only one man killed and five wounded, so unlike were the fire-arms of that time to those now in use. The *Gazette* computes the loss of the colonists at 1,300 killed, wounded, and taken prisoners, with ten field-pieces and one howitzer. The loss of the King's troops is estimated at 500, of whom the slain make one-third.

The Americans had bestowed great labour and expense on rendering the Delaware unnavigable, and had formed numerous works to render the passage to Philadelphia impracticable. Among these were batteries of considerable strength cast up on a low marshy bank of sand, known as Mud Island. Opposite New Jersey, at a place called the Red Bank, they had constructed a strong redoubt, mounted with several heavy guns; but, despite all their precautions, the King's

troops crossed the broad waters of the Schuykill without opposition on the 26th October; and though Colonel Donnop with his Hessians was foiled by the Red Bank battery, Mud Island was quietly abandoned by its garrison, who burned their barracks and retired before the Grenadiers of the Guards a fortnight afterwards.

At the obstinate battle of Freehold, fought between Washington and Sir Henry Clinton in New Jersey in June, 1778, the Guards were onthe right of the Grenadiers, and commenced the attack with such spirit that the first line of the Americans was put to flight, their second broken by a bayonet charge, and the prompt arrival of Washington with fresh troops alone saved his army from destruction, as our 17th Light Dragoons about the same time routed the American cavalry which were led by the Marquis la Lafayette.

"The British Grenadiers," says Clinton's despatch, "with their left to the village of Freehold and the Guards on their right, began the attack with such spirit that the enemy gave way immediately. The *second line* of the enemy stood the attack and with greater obstinacy, but were completely routed. It would be sufficient honour to the troops barely to say that they forced a corps of near 12,000 men from two strong positions, but it will, I doubt not, be considered doubly creditable when I mention that they did

it under such disadvantages of heat and fatigue that a great part of those we lost *fell dead as they advanced without a wound.*"

On this day 59 soldiers perished of sheer exhaustion, and many Americans died from the same cause.*

The Light and Grenadier companies of the Guards served on the expedition to the Capes of Virginia, where they took possession of Suffolk and assisted in the destruction of 137 vessels, with other property (belonging to the insurgents) equal in value to £500,000. In capturing Suffolk, a gentleman volunteer of the Guards was wounded. The same flank companies served at the capture of Newhaven, where they destroyed all the publicstores and artillery, but not without experiencing resistance on the part of the people, who shot Adjutant W. Campbell (formerly a sergeant of the 3rd Guards), and wounded Captain Parker and others.†

At the attack on Springfield in June, 1780, the Guards were led by the Hon. Cosmo Gordon, a Lieutenant-Colonel of the 3rd, and by Colonel Shutz of the Coldstreams, but, owing to some misunderstanding the assault was unsuccessful.

* Murray's "History of the American War," &c.

† Casualties at Newhaven, 5th July, 1779. Guards, one officer and one private killed; one officer, one sergeant, and nine rank and file wounded; fourteen ditto missing.—*Despatches.*

Gordon was wounded, and was tried by a general court-martial for omission of duty. He was honourably acquitted; but the affair did not end there, for bitter feelings having arisen between him and Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas, of the 1st Guards, concerning the attack on Springfield, three years afterwards they had a hostile meeting at the Ring in Hyde Park.

On this occasion it was agreed by their seconds that they should advance and fire when they pleased. When eight yards apart they presented and drew their triggers at the same moment, when only Gordon's pistol exploded. Colonel Thomas having adjusted his flint, fired, and wounded his adversary in the thigh. After firing their second pistols without effect, they reloaded, and advanced as before, when, at the third fire, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas received a mortal wound, of which he died next day. Gordon, who was second son of the Earl of Aberdeen, was afterwards tried, but acquitted, as the duel was in every feature fair and honourable.

By the time our troops had been repulsed at Springfield the war in America was drawing to a close.

Washington moved from the White Plains and invested York Town at the head of 19,000 Continentals, French, and Militia. The works were dilapidated and scarcely defensible. The British, numbering less than 7,000 men, had to

capitulate after a siege, in which the loss of the Guards was only twenty-six killed and wounded. Among the former was the Honourable Charles Cochrane, Major and A.D.C. to Lord Cornwallis, the second son of the Earl of Dundonald. The remainder were taken prisoners, and sent with the rest of our troops to Lancaster, in Pennsylvania; but, happily for all concerned in that disastrous strife, preliminary articles of peace were ratified on the 30th November, when the United States of America were declared to be free and independent.

Of the 3rd Guards contingent the survivors of the war, consisting of *three* privates, came home on board H.M.S. *Jason*, 32 guns.*

* In the *Scots Magazine* for 1791 occurs the following obituary—"26th February: At his apartments in Westminster, aged 64, Charles Stuart, Esq., *Drum-major-general* of His Majesty's Forces, (and Drum-major in the 3rd Foot Guards)"—a singular rank now abolished.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEFENCE OF HOLLAND.

ERE long the great Revolution in France broke out. King Louis perished on the scaffold; anarchy, confusion, and bloodshed ensued, and war on every hand was the result, as the Republicans commenced a crusade against all monarchies or forms of government that differed from their own. A sanguinary rabble filled the ranks of their armies. Hostilities soon ensued with the Stadtholder, and January, 1795, Pichegrereu had conquered Holland and dissolved his government.

Prior to this catastrophe, a small British force under the Duke of York had landed in Holland, and vainly striven to stem the current of the Republican armies. With this force served the 1st battalions of the three regiments of Guards, the Grenadiers of the brigade being formed into a fourth battalion under Colonel Leigh, of the 3rd Guards, the whole mustering only 1,800 rank and file.

Their embarkation on the Thames was witnessed by the royal family and a vast multitude of Londoners; many a farewell cheer was ex-

changed as their transports dropped down the river, and the foggy evening of the 3rd of March saw them landing at Helvoetsluys, from whence they proceeded to Dordrecht, in South Holland.

After weeks of sharp skirmishing, the 8th of May saw them bearing a glorious share in that battle near St. Amand which ended in the death of General Dampierre (whose legs were smashed by a cannon-shot), and in the total defeat of the *Sans Culottes* by the combined army under the Duke of York.

The four battalions of the Guards had marched from Tournay at one o'clock in the morning, together with the Hanoverian Guards and Austrian cavalry, led by the Duke of York, who, although deficient in many of the qualities requisite to form a great general, for his many amiable characteristics will ever be revered and remembered in the British army as "The Soldier's Friend."

By nine o'clock the battle had begun. The Guards attacked the enemy with their usual spirit and ardour, and drove them back. They "were vigorously pursuing their success," to quote the dispatches, "but found themselves opposed to the fire of a French masked battery. They coolly received the fire of the French, both grape-shot and musketry; but, finding it impossible to carry the guns, retired in perfect order."

Young Ensign Howard, who carried the regi-

mental colours of the Coldstreams, was killed. The other casualties were 76 killed, wounded, and missing. The British remained on the field till darkness covered the woods of St. Amand, which were full of dead and dying men.

"In the course of two campaigns," says Grose in his 'Military Antiquities,' "the Guards distinguished themselves in Flanders on various occasions, but particularly at Lincelles, where all the three battalions behaved to admiration."

At these two villages of Lincelles (whose names are now borne on the colours of the brigade), the Dutch had been repulsed by the French, and routed in great disorder. To recapture the post, on the 18th, General Lake advanced with the Guards under a steady shower of grape, round shot, and musketry. Pausing for a moment or so, the three regiments (*vide Dispatch*) poured in three or four withering volleys of musketry; then with a loud hurrah, their whole line advanced with bayonets at the charge and colours flying. Storming the works in glorious style, they dispersed the enemy, took a tricolour and eleven pieces of cannon, and shot or bayoneted 300 French in the engagement. Lieutenant-Colonel Bosville, of the Coldstream, an officer six feet four inches in height, was slain by a ball through his *forehead*.

On the 28th October, to the 3rd Guards, aided only by a small party of the 15th Light Dragoons,

was entrusted the task of driving the enemy out of the village of Lannoy; and this they achieved after a conflict of two hours, hurling them back in rout and confusion at the point of the bayonet. After this they wintered in Tournay.

The summer of 1794 saw the hopeless struggle renewed—hopeless because the Allies were ultimately compelled to give way, and then began their disastrous retreat through Holland, followed up by an enemy whose orders from Paris were to give no quarter. The sufferings of the troops, particularly of the sick and wounded, as they retired towards Deventer, were terrible!

Over sandy wastes covered by ice and drifting snow, exposed to keen and stormy blasts, they toiled on in heavy marching order, laden with all their camp equipage, kettles, and tents; the water that oozed from the eyes of the men, froze as it oozed; their breath hung in icicles about their lips and nostrils, and stiffened the collars of their great coats, and the edges of the tattered blankets in which they muffled themselves. Vast numbers of sick and wounded, the starving and the weary, fell by the wayside, especially in the night, and perished miserably in the dark. Among these unfortunates were many women and children.

In pursuit were 50,000 French, with light horse and flying artillery. Every movement was made over the flat and unsheltered plains and frozen swamps of Holland, covered with ice and

snow; and long, long did the British army remember the horrors of that retreat before they crossed the Vecht and the Ems.

Along the banks of the latter several engagements ensued. Our outposts on the Leck and Waal were attacked with great fury on a dark night in January, 1795; but "the conduct of the Guards and other corps whose piquets were engaged, was as steady as it was spirited, and their loss was trifling; Colonel Leslie and Captain Wheatly were wounded; about twenty rank and file were killed, wounded, and missing."—(*Dispatches.*)

On the 16th the whole line was attacked, and Field-Marshal Count Walmoden Gimborn,* who had succeeded the Duke of York in command, bore high testimony in his dispatch to "the brave and spirited conduct of the British Guards and Salms Infantry"—of the former especially.

In 1798 the Light Company of the 3rd, with those of the 1st and 2nd Guards, served on what was termed the Ostend Expedition, under General Coote. On landing they succeeded in destroying the works of the Bruges Canal, and blowing up the sluice-gates; but, as the wind shifted before they could re-embark, their retreat was cut off, and, with a portion of the troops, they had to surrender as prisoners of war. On this occasion two captains, five lieutenants, two staff officers, sixteen

* Son of George II., by the Countess of Yarmouth.

sergeants, nine drummers and fifers, and 260 rank and file of the 2nd and 3rd Guards, fell into the hands of the enemy, exclusive of Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell of the regiment, who died of his wounds in their hands. They were nine months in captivity.

"This expedition," says the historian of the Coldstream Guards, "may be added to the list of injudicious attempts made at various times by England on the Continent, without any object of importance or national advantage to be obtained. This petty, vexatious, and buccaneering system of warfare has been much practised by the English, though it could only tend to keep up the flame of discord between hostile countries, by adding the irritation of private injury to national conflict."

The summer of the next year saw the Guards serving with brave old Sir Ralph Abercrombie in North Holland, at the capture of the Helder, a fortress which remained for a time in our possession. Much fighting ensued after this. In September, General Burrard with the Guards was attacked by the French, but he repulsed them on every hand, driving them towards the strong old town of Alkmaar, and in his dispatch of the 7th October, dated from that place, the Duke of York praises the conduct of Colonel William Douglas Clephane,* of the 3rd Guards, who with four

* Adjutant 3rd Guards in 1790.

companies of that regiment and one of the Coldstream, "by a spirited charge drove *two battalions* of the enemy from the post of Archer-sloot, making 200 prisoners."

And so, amid those scenes of strife and bloodshed, the closing year of the eighteenth century drew nigh; but the hopelessness of the contest in Holland being now apparent, by the arrangements of a convention the British troops returned home, 8,000 French and Dutch prisoners in Britain were released, and the New Year's Day of 1800 saw the war-worn brigade of Guards again in their old quarters in London.

CHAPTER VII.

EGYPT AND COPENHAGEN.

ON their colours the Scots Fusilier Guards bear the Sphinx with the motto "EGYPT," as a lasting memorial of the glory acquired by the 1st Battalion, which, under Colonel Hilgrove Turner, formed a part of the great expedition led there in 1801 by Sir Ralph Abercrombie, to wrest the land of the Ptolemies from the French army of Italy—an army whose rapid career of conquest and success had filled all Europe with wonder.

At Aboukir the battalion landed without knapsacks; but each officer and soldier carried a blanket, with three days' cooked provisions.

A skyrocket from the admiral's ship was the signal for the troops to leave the fleet, as an officer relates, and "all were put in flat-bottomed boats by two o'clock on the morning of the 8th. They were favoured by a very bright moon and moderate weather, but, owing to the distance they had to row, it was nearly daylight before the whole of the boats could reach the *Mondovi* brig, which was their point of rendezvous. Three boats, each containing sixty men, were sunk within a hundred yards of the land (by the enemy's guns); many

of them were saved, but all the wounded inevitably perished."

Under a shower of shot and shell, which cut the water into high spouts and deep furrows, the troops leaped into the surf, rapidly forming line as they advanced to the shore. While the 23rd and the various flank companies rushed up the heights to turn the enemy's flank, the Foot Guards and 58th, the 28th and Black Watch, advanced with the bayonet. The battle of Aboukir was short, but decisive. The French fell back, and while retreating maintained a scattered fire from the sandhills until they completely gave way, with the loss of eight guns, many men and horses.

Of the 3rd Guards 3 sergeants and 45 rank and file were killed, wounded, and missing.

The old castle of Aboukir still held out, but was blockaded by the Queen's Own and the 26th Dragoons (dismounted), while the army advanced on Alexandria by a movement from the right, preceded by the brigade of Guards. On the 12th they encamped near the Tower of Mandora, and on the following day marched through a wood of date-trees to attack the French under Menou, then occupying some ridges in front. Beyond these ridges could be seen the city of Alexandria, with Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle, and the Pharos, with the round dome of many a mosque. Some sharp fighting ensued along the ridges, but the French, who had been reinforced from

Rosetta and elsewhere, were ultimately driven back upon their lines in front of the city. On this day the 3rd Guards had eighteen soldiers killed and wounded.

The battle of Alexandria ensued on the 21st March. The Scots Royals were on the immediate left of the Foot Guards, whose line of skirmishers were driven in by the fury of the French advance. An attempt to turn their left flank was successfully repulsed by the Guards; then under cover of a heavy fire of artillery, clouds of French sharpshooters advanced against our line, but the whole were driven back, and by ten o'clock A.M. the British were victorious on the plains of Alexandria, though the splendour of the achievement was clouded by the fall of the heroic Sir Ralph Abercrombie, who was mortally wounded, and died a few days after on board of the admiral's ship.

The casualties of the 1st battalion of the 3rd Guards were Ensign Campbell, 3 sergeants, and 38 rank and file killed; Captains Rooke, Ashley, and Deare, with 3 sergeants and 145 rank and file wounded.

A division, including the Guards under General Coote, embarked in boats on the extensive salt-lake of Maræotis, which lies southward of Alexandria. This body approached the place from the westward, defeating the French out-piquets,*

* Loss of 3rd Guards, 22nd and 25th August, 1801; one soldier killed; six wounded.

while several ships of war entered the harbour to cover the left of the British line, then in full advance upon the city, which capitulated, General Menou making the best terms he could with Brigadier Hope, whom he politely invited to share his dinner, which consisted entirely of the flesh of an old troop-horse.

In the city about 12,000 men capitulated. Another division having surrendered at Grand Cairo, the power of France in Egypt was at an end, together with all her hope of extending her conquests into Asia; so our expedition embarked to return home.

Then came the short peace that followed the delusive treaty of Amiens. On the 11th December the regiment arrived at Spithead,—three companies, with the colours, under Colonel Dalrymple, being on board the *Dictator*, 64 guns, armed *en flute*; five others under the Major, Colonel Johnstone, were on board the *Inflexible*, 64 guns. The whole landed and were marched to Gosport barracks.

One of the first acts of the non-commissioned officers and privates of the brigade, on their return, was to subscribe "one full day's pay each, amounting to £111. 5s. 7d., towards the Patriotic Fund," for the relief of the widows and orphans of those who had fallen by land or sea in the late war, and this was done "in the name of the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Egyptian

Brigade of Foot Guards, (signed) HENRY SELWYN, *Serjeant-Major, 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards.* ALEXANDER ADAMS, *Serjeant-Major, 1st Battalion 3rd Guards.*"*

After war again broke out, information having been secretly obtained by Government, that Napoleon proposed to employ the Danish navy against us, an armament to obtain possession of it, by treaty or by force, was prepared, and an assurance was to be given that the fleet would be restored, at the conclusion of this protracted strife, if quietly surrendered up.

The land forces, under the Earl of Cathcart, and a fleet, under Admiral Gambier, departed for this purpose to the North Sea. Among the troops, which—after being joined by Lord Rosslyn, with 6,000 men, from the Isle of Rugen—consisted of 27,000 bayonets and sabres, was a brigade formed by the 1st battalions of the Coldstream and of the 3rd Guards.

On the 16th, the troops landed without opposition on the coast of Zealand, halfway between Elsineur and Copenhagen, and towards the latter place they marched in three great columns. Dislodging a piquet of Danes as they approached the capital, the Guards occupied the suburbs between Frederickburg (the summer palace) and the city, which was fully invested

* "History of the Coldstream Guards."

on the 18th of August. For three days it was severely bombarded, and laid in flame and ruin. Articles of surrender were proffered, but nothing would be received save the total and unconditional surrender of the entire Danish navy. This humiliation was agreed to, and, by the 13th of October, the troops, among whom were 10,000 of the king's German Legion, began to re-embark. So rapid and decisive was this brief campaign—the memory of which no Briton now recalls with pride or exultation—the seizure of the Danish fleet being deemed contrary alike to the principles of public justice and the law of nations.

A body of fishermen, from the Scottish firths, was sent to assist in navigating the captured ships to British waters, and the whole armament returned. The last to embark were the 3rd Guards, and the 4th or King's Own regiment. The passage home was stormy and boisterous, and not without accidents. The *Neptunis*, of 98 guns (one of the prizes), with 600 of the Gordon Highlanders on board, was cast away on the Danish coast and totally wrecked. Fortunately all the Highlanders got safely ashore, and were fourteen days on the Isle of Hewan before vessels arrived to convey them home.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM CORUNNA TO FUENTES DE ONORO.

TO trace the 3rd or old Scots Foot Guards, in *all* their marches, perils, and sufferings, during the long and glorious strife in the Peninsula, is beyond the scope of the present work; yet it is impossible to omit *some* detail of how they shared in the triumphs that our armies won before the old Moorish walls of Talavera de la Reyna; by the green slopes of the Sierra de Busaco; under the old watch-tower of Barossa; by the mountains of Fuentes de Onoro; on the heights of Salamanca; in the deadly breaches of Ciudad Rodrigo, and the trenches of Burgos; even to the crowning victory on the plains of Vittoria, and the carnage of the furious sortie on that dark night from Bayonne: all old names that still stir the heart like a trumpet-sound.

The *first* brigade of the Household Infantry were with the gallant Moore at Corunna, where, as his successor, Sir John Hope records in his dispatch, "the brunt of the action fell on the 4th, 42nd, 50th, and 81st regiments, with a part of the brigade of Guards and the 26th Regiment."

In 1809 the 1st Battalion of the 3rd Guards, mustering 40 officers and 1,361 rank and file, formed a portion of the *second* brigade, which, on the 15th January, sailed with the expedition sent under Major-General Sherbrooke to secure the seaport of Cadiz.

The recent retreat to Corunna, and the return of Moore's shattered army, had so far cooled the ardour of the Spanish patriots, that the supreme Junta refused to admit our troops, alleging that "the confidence of Spain in her allies was now at an end." Upon this, Sherbrooke carried the armament to the Tagus, and the troops landed at Lisbon, the defence of Portugal having become the chief object of our ministry.

In April, Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.B., assumed the command of the British and Portuguese troops. Soult took Oporto, amid a scene of carnage seldom witnessed in civilized times; but his communication with Spain was soon after interrupted, and the brigade of Guards began their march for Coimbra, where the new commander reviewed the army, after which he proceeded towards Oporto. Of the advance on that city an interesting little narrative was written by Captain Robert Dalrymple, of the 3rd Guards, who was afterwards killed at Talavera.

"From Braga to Oporto," he wrote, "the country consisted of piles of mountains, the scenery of which was as grand and wild as any-

thing I saw among the Apennines. The villages were burned, the people had fled; oxen, for slaughter, we drove before us, but neither bread nor wine were to be procured. The road, as we went along, was strewed with the wreck of our army; dead horses, muskets, ammunition, knapsacks, bodies of French soldiers murdered and stript by the peasants, and now and then a solitary British soldier lying on the roadside dying of fever, want, and fatigue. The scene at the bridge over the Cabado was most striking and affecting. It is very narrow, and the confusion had been so great that the cavalry in passing had trampled down the infantry. Vast numbers of men and horses had been precipitated over the battlements, and the banks were strewn with baggage of every description, arms, knapsacks, and bodies, &c. &c."

The attack on Oporto, and the passage of the Douro followed. The latter was one of the most brilliant feats of our troops, yet the Guards had no casualties of consequence, and, after much intricate manœuvring and hard marching, the 27th of July beheld the regiment again on Spanish ground—after an interval of exactly one hundred years since the battle of Almenara—and arrayed with the allied army before the town of Talavera for a trial of strength with the French, 34,000 strong, under Marshals Victor, Jourdan, and the usurper King Joseph, who, after making several desperate attacks on the British position,

were defeated with the loss of 10,000 men, 17 guns and mortars, and 4 standards.

On that memorable day the brigade of Guards, after breaking the column of Lapisse, pursued it so far as to become exposed to the fire of the French reserve, together with a flank discharge of artillery. In a few minutes no less than 600 Guardsmen fell, killed or wounded, and the entire brigade would have been decimated but for the timely arrival of the 48th Regiment and Cotton's Cavalry. Closing up their wavering ranks, the Guards then advanced with a cheer that rang along the whole line, and at that moment the entire French army gave way.

The loss of the 3rd Guards in this action, and the skirmishing which preceded it, was 54 killed and 267 wounded. Among the former were Captains Walker, Buchanan, and Robert Dalrymple (son of Sir John Dalrymple of Cousland, Bart.), Ensign Ram, and Adjutant Irby. Among the latter were Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, Major F. Fothringham, Captain Thomas Geils, Ensigns Acheson, Towers, and Scott.

On the evening after the battle, the grass, which was long and dry, became ignited by burnt cartridge paper. The fire spread over the plain, and many of the helpless wounded were miserably scorched, while some were burned to death.

Towards the close of the following year the superior force of the French had compelled the

great British leader to retire from Almeida and to contemplate a further retreat towards Lisbon, availing himself of occasional positions for resistance.

Such an occasion presented itself on the Sierra de Busaco, a green mountain-ridge twenty-two miles north of Coimbra, and there on the 27th September, 1810, after being joined by the corps of Sir Rowland Hill and General Leith, Wellington's army was under arms by daybreak to receive the enemy, who made two furious attacks on the right and left flanks of the position, amid which rose a Carmelite convent on a wooded rock three hundred feet in height.

Near this, Sir Brent Spencer, with the first division, occupied the centre, on the right of which were the Guards. On the extreme left were the Portuguese, whose resistance was so gallant that Marshal Junot made a singular acknowledgment of their courage by asserting that "they were British soldiers clad in Portuguese uniforms."

The attacks were most signally repulsed, and the victory remained with the Allies, whose loss in killed and wounded was about 1,200 men. Of the enemy 2,000 were counted dead upon the field, and by the working parties who buried them their knapsacks were found to be filled with unground maize.

General Simon, 36 other officers, and 250 soldiers, were taken, and soon after the battle

Junot sent in a flag of truce, with the General's baggage, and, clad in male attire, a beautiful Spanish girl whom he had carrried off from Madrid.

The Guards' loss was trifling. Massena fell back on Santarem; and after following him up for some distance, the Allies went into winter quarters, those for the brigade of Guards being at Cartaxo, within forty miles of Lisbon, and near the river Tagus.

In 1811 a new set of colours for the regiment was approved of by George III. and issued, one to each company, fifteen in number, with distinctive badges, as follows:—

1st	Company.	Royal crest of Scotland—the lion in defence.
2nd	„	A grenade.
3rd	„	Lion Rampant of Scotland, *gules*.
4th	„	Badge of St. Andrew—the thistle.
5th	„	Escocheon and Red Lion *passant*.
6th	„	Escocheon and Blue Griffin *segreant*.
7th	„	A Phœnix.
8th	„	A thunderbolt.
9th	„	A cannon mounted.
10th	„	A Salamander.
11th	„	Escocheon with the Scottish cross of St. Andrew.
12th	„	Military Trophies.
13th	„	Escocheon and Talbot.
14th	„	Lion Rampant of Scotland, *gules*.
15th	„	A bomb fired, in bend sinister.*

* Communicated by Albert W. Woods, Esq., *Lancaster Herald*, and Inspector of Regimental Colours.

The spring of the same year saw some of those new colours unfurled on the field of Barrosa, where, on the 5th of March, the French under Marshal Victor were defeated by Sir Thomas Graham, who had landed at Tarifa with a force consisting of 11,200 Spaniards and 4,300 British and Portuguese. Unfortunately he ceded the honour of commanding to La Pena, the Spanish general, who literally skulked from the field with the whole of his infantry, leaving the "handful" of British, already exhausted by a long march, and heavily accoutred, to encounter the shock of Victor's fresh troops, who far outnumbered them. The battle took place on an extensive plain covered with dark pines and overlooked by the hill of Barrosa, which is surrounded by an ancient vigia or watch-tower.

The attack on the position lasted about two hours, and ended by Sir Thomas Graham, single-handed, sweeping the French from the field literally at the point of the bayonet.

Incidentally in his dispatch to Wellington he mentions that "General Leval's division, notwithstanding the havoc made by Major Duncan's battery, continued to advance in very imposing masses, opening his fire of musketry, and was only checked by that of the left wing. A most determined charge made by three companies of the Guards and the 87th Regiment, supported by all the remainder of the wing, decided the defeat

of General Leval's division. The eagle of the 8th Light Infantry, which suffered immensely, and a howitzer, rewarded this charge, and remained in possession of Major Gough, of the 87th Regiment."

With Graham and his slender force lay all the glory, though the Spanish writers impudently accord it to La Pena, and the French, of course, to Marshal Victor! But Graham remained *in possession of the field,* together with one eagle, 6 guns, 1 howitzer, and 2,511 Frenchmen, killed, wounded, or prisoners—the best proofs of conquest.

On this day the 3rd Guards, a detachment of whom only served at Barrosa, had Captain W. H. Swann and 14 rank and file killed; Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Hepburn, Adjutant Watson, 3 sergeants, and 82 rank and file wounded. Hepburn (of whom hereafter) was wounded severely.

The gallantly sustained conflict among the mountains of Fuentes de Onoro, on the bank of the Rio-das-Casas, closed the strife of the year 1811. There the main body of the British troops, under Wellington, were concentrated about the village, which is situated at the bottom of a deep and romantic ravine, with an old chapel and some ruins on a craggy eminence which overhangs it. After a long march of several days, the 92nd Highlanders arrived at the position in a state bordering on starvation.*

* "Which circumstance being made known to the Brigade

On the 3rd May, Massena attacked it with great spirit; but was repulsed by the cavalry and light troops. The piquets of the 1st Division, under Lieutenant-Colonel George Hill, of the 3rd Guards, repelled a charge of the enemy's cavalry in square. When retreating, they were charged again, broken and overpowered *sabre à la main*, and Hill was taken prisoner.

Every attack on the village ultimately failed, and towards evening, with the loss of 300 men, the enemy fell back; and the morning of the 8th saw them in full retreat, amid clouds of dust, on the road that leads to Ciudad Rodrigo.

of Guards," says Colonel Mackinnon, "they volunteered giving up a ration of biscuit (then in their havresacks), which was received by the gallant Highlanders with three hearty cheers."

CHAPTER IX.

FROM THE FALL OF CIUDAD RODRIGO TO THE FAILURE BEFORE BERGEN-OP-ZOOM.

THE January of 1812 found the Regiment with other troops in the trenches before the famous citadel of Ciudad Rodrigo. It furnished a portion of the working parties on the 9th; and on the 17th it was again in the parallels, working hard at the gabions and breastworks, and next morning had one soldier killed and seven wounded.

On the 19th, the place was carried by storm. Picton led his division in by the great breach, and General Crawford was mortally wounded when leading his corps up the glacis to the smaller breach; but though more than 1,300 men perished in the siege and assault, in less than an hour after the forlorn hope advanced, the union jack was waving on the citadel.

In July, when the allied army, after the fall of Badajoz (at which the corps was not present), took up a position on the rocky heights near Salamanca, to await the advance of Marshal Marmont, the right wing extended close to some steep ridges, named the Sister Arapiles; the left rested on the

bank of the river Tormes. A thick wood covered all the front.

The bravery of Lieutenant-Colonel (now General Sir Alexander) Woodford, who commanded the light troops of the Guards, supported by two companies of Fusiliers, under Captain Crowder, was especially mentioned in the dispatches of Salamanca (or of Arapiles, as the French name the battle), as they maintained their post in the village in spite of all the efforts of the enemy to dislodge them. The British gained a great victory; but, as the conflict began in the afternoon, it afforded few prisoners, though a vast number were taken by our pursuing cavalry next day. Thus, there fell into our hands, on the field and in the pursuit, two eagles and six colours, eleven guns, one general, 130 officers, and 7,000 other prisoners.

Though the British loss was severe, that of the 3rd Guards consisted of only one man killed; Captain White, two sergeants, and eighteen rank and file wounded, and two missing.

At the siege of the great castle of Burgos, which was gallantly defended by Colonel Le Breton, during the close of 1812, the regiment underwent all the severe duty of the trenches. On the 17th October it furnished a covering party, and by the springing of a mine had severely wounded Lieutenants John Knox and Francis Holbourne (son of Sir Francis Holbourne, of

Menstrie, Bart.), with eight men killed and fifteen wounded.

By this time the troops were so close to the outer wall of the castle, that the defenders could drop cold shot, heavy stones, and live shells, directly upon them.

On other occasions the corps had eight men killed and fifty-four wounded (among the latter, Ensign Charles Hall) during the five perilous weeks of this fruitless siege, which was abandoned by Wellington when he found himself, by many adverse circumstances, compelled to retire; and, after leaving 2,000 of his troops dead in the trenches, to begin that unfortunate and calamitous retreat towards the wasted frontiers of Portugal, where the army, without pay, without food, and almost without clothing or shoes, in a cold and rainy season, plodded wearily in famine, disorder, and desperation, by deep and muddy roads, where hundreds perished of hunger and exhaustion by the way, falling out from the ranks never to be heard of again.

The summer of the following year saw the bloody game renewed with greater vigour, and the French armies, disconcerted by the superior tactics of the British leader, retreating through all Spain, till they took up a position to make a last stand in front of Vittoria.

In full career had Wellington followed them up, traversing rocky sierras and arid plains,

fording rivers where the bridges had been blown up or otherwise destroyed, till on the 21st of June —on nearly the same ground where, some four hundred years before, Edward the Black Prince, with his English knights and archers, defeated Henry the Bastard—once more a great trial of strength was to be made by the French and the Allied armies.

The former were totally defeated, and never was there a victory more complete, more glorious to the victors, or more disastrous to the vanquished!

The investment of San Sebastian rapidly followed under the orders on Sir Thomas Graham. Of the storming party on the night of the 31st August, 200 were volunteers from the brigade of Guards. The forlorn-hope, consisting in all of 750 chosen men, advanced with loud cheers up the wide and terrible breach, under a fire so close, so concentrated, and so dreadful, that, as General Graham has recorded, "*no man outlived the attempt to gain the ridge*"! All were swept into eternity; but again the attack was renewed by others, and by the 31st the garrison surrendered, but not until 2,300 of our soldiers had perished before the walls.

All hope of the French being successful in Spain had now died away, and ere long they found themselves unable to keep the victors from the hitherto boasted soil of France.

In October, Wellington forced their lines on

the Bidassoa, a river long the subject of hostile contest between the kings of France and Spain; in the fighting on the 7th and 9th, eleven men of the 3rd Guards were killed and wounded, with the same number of the Coldstream; but on the 14th of April in the ensuing year, the Brigade was engaged in repelling that terrible, sanguinary, and wicked sortie, made by the infuriated garrison of Bayonne (*after* the treaty of Paris had been ratified), and in that affair the 3rd Guards suffered severely, and had Lieutenant Francis Holbourne (before mentioned) mortally wounded.

General Hay was killed; General Stopford wounded; Sir John Hope (afterwards Earl of Hopetoun) was also wounded, unhorsed, and taken prisoner; while more than 800 of our men were killed, wounded, or taken with him; but by bayonet and sabre the French were driven in, after a useless waste of human life—a waste that was all the more to be regretted as Napoleon had already abdicated, and adopted, as the scene of his exile, the little island of Elba.

So closed the war of more than twenty years, and the summer of 1814 found the Peninsular Brigade of Guards again in quarters at Windsor and Portman Street barracks.

Prior to the closing events of the Spanish war, the second battalion of the 3rd Guards had embarked for the Netherlands, on the 24th November, 1813, with other troops, under Sir Thomas

Graham, to aid the Dutch, who were making an energetic attempt to free themselves from the power of Napoleon, and had declared in favour of the Prince of Orange.

In marching through Holland during the winter of the year, the sufferings of the troops were great; no less than 120 men of the 4th battalion of the 1st Royal Scots perished in a snowstorm, while traversing the forest of Shrieverdinghen. Amid ice, and snow, and fierce blasts of biting wind, that swept over Beveland and the Drowned-land, at ten o'clock on the night of the 8th March, the strong fortress of Bergen-op-Zoom was assailed by Graham at the head of 4,000 British bayonets.

The half-frozen ditches and muddy sluices were crossed; the Scots Royals marching over the Zoom under a fire of grape, canister, and musketry, rushed to storm the Water-port, but became exposed to the guns of the arsenal, and were hemmed in on all sides; thus the whole of the 4th battalion was taken after a furious resistance, during which, to save the colours from the disgrace of becoming trophies, they were sunk in the Zoom by Lieutenant Galbraith.

The attempt to take the fortress by a *coup-de-main* completely failed, and after the British had lost 300 killed, and 1,800 taken prisoners, a suspension of hostilities was agreed to between Generals Graham and Bizanet, and the second battalion of the 3rd Guards marched successively to quarters in Antwerp, Mechlin, and Brussels.

CHAPTER X.

THE DEFENCE OF HOUGOMONT.

THE second battalion was not destined to remain long quiet in the Netherlands. The landing of Napoleon from Elba soon convulsed all Europe; preparations for war were resumed, and the great Duke again took the field, for the last time, at the head of a British and Hanoverian army.

In that army the first division of Infantry, led by Major-General Cook, consisted of 2nd and 3rd battalions of the 1st Guards, forming the 1st brigade, under Major-General Maitland; and of the 2nd battalions of the Coldstream and 3rd Guards from the Netherlands, forming the 2nd brigade, under Major-General Byng, an old Peninsular officer of the regiment. The battalion was led by Colonel Francis Hepburn.

In the advance from Brussels, the defence of Quatre Bras, and during the retreat on the 17th, the losses of the 3rd Guards were trivial when contrasted with what they were to suffer on the great and terrible 18th of June, 1815.

In the Waterloo dispatches of the Duke of Wellington, and in many other accounts of his

"King-making victory," the name of the gallant Lord Saltoun, with the 1st or Grenadier Guards, is generally mentioned in connection with the defence of the orchard of Hougomont, and more especially by the guides who now conduct visitors over the field; but from the document embodied in these pages it would appear that his lordship was, in reality, there but a small portion of that eventful day, being relieved about one o'clock by Colonel (afterwards Major-General) Francis Hepburn, on whom the memorable defence of the orchard afterwards mainly devolved.

"The enemy collected his army, with the exception of the 3rd Corps, which had been sent to observe Marshal Blucher, on a range of heights in our front, in the course of the night of the 17th and yesterday morning," says the great Duke in his dispatch to Earl Bathurst; "and, at about ten o'clock, he commenced a furious attack upon our post of Hougomont. I had occupied that post with a detachment of General Byng's brigade of Guards, which was in position in its rear; and it was for some time under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonell, and afterwards of Colonel Home, and I am happy to add that it was maintained *throughout the day* with the utmost gallantry by these brave troops, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of large bodies of the enemy to obtain possession of it. It gives me the greatest satisfaction," continues the dispatch, "to assure

your lordship that the army never, upon any occasion, conducted itself better. The division of Guards under Lieutenant-General Cooke, who is severely wounded, Major-General Maitland, and Major-General Byng, set an example which was followed by all, and there is no officer or division of troops that did not behave well."

In all this there is no mention made of the brave Colonel Hepburn, who was serving in Hougomont, with an open wound in his leg, received at Barossa four years before—a wound for which amputation was frequently recommended, as it occasioned him constant suffering; but he never would submit to the operation, as it would have forced him to quit a profession to which his soul was devoted.*

Hougomont, says Sergeant-Major Cotton, of the 7th Hussars, in his "Voice from Waterloo" (a book out of print in this country), was first occupied on the afternoon of the 17th June by the light companies of the 1st division of British Guards; the light companies of the Grenadier Guards, under Colonel Lord Saltoun, held the orchard and wood; those of the Coldstreams and 3rd Foot Guards, under Colonel Macdonell, held the buildings and garden. In the outer grounds and wood were a battalion of Nassau, a company of Hanoverian rifles, and 100 men from

* "Severely wounded—3rd Guards, Lieutenant-Colonel Hepburn."—*Gazette* of Barossa, 5th March, 1811.

the battalion of Luneberg. The supernumerary light companies of the Guards were thrown into a valley on our side of the enclosures as a support, and to keep up a communication with the main line.

The quaint old mansion, now so famed in history, the *Château de Goumond*, with its high-pitched roof, steep-pointed gables, and antique chimneys, was anciently the property of Arrazola Deonate, a viceroy of Naples; but in 1815, when it was suddenly made a garrison, when its hedge-rows were banked up with earth to form breast-works, its gates barricaded, its walls loopholed for musketry, its garden, orchard, and little chapel filled with troops, bloodshed, and slaughter, the dead and the dying, when it was to be "immortalized by the lion-hearted Glengarry, Hepburn, Saltoun, and their indomitable brother Guardsmen," it was simply the quiet country residence of M. de Luneville.

Previous to the advance of Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, attended by his staff, visited the château, where, on seeing Colonel Macdonell, he told him that the post would soon be attacked, and that he must "defend it to the last extremity."

How furiously it was attacked, how the Nassau and Hanoverian troops were driven to the rear of the position; how the gate was suddenly forced and reclosed by the powerful Macdonell, sword in hand; how Lord Saltoun, with the light com-

panies, recovered the orchard and also part of the thick wood beyond it; and how gallantly, at the head of the Grenadiers of the Scots Guards, and fifty Hanoverian riflemen, he charged a howitzer, but in vain, are all related in the various accounts of the battle, and need not be detailed here.

At *two* o'clock (to quote Colonel Mackinnon's elaborate "History of the Coldstreamers"), Lord Saltoun was relieved by Colonel Mercer of the 3rd Guards, who arrived with reinforcements. The 3rd Guards had been moved forward for the purpose of supports, by detachments of two companies at a time, and after Colonel Woodford entered Hougomont with the Coldstream they occupied the orchard under Colonel Hepburn, on whom the defence then devolved.

Colonel Hepburn, a brave and enthusiastic officer, had been trained to service in the Peninsula; he was of a quiet and retiring disposition, and seldom cared to speak much of himself or of his own actions; but he has left, however, a little narrative, in his own handwriting, of the part taken by the Scots or 3rd Foot Guards in Hougomont, on that memorable 18th of June, and it runs as follows:*—

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* For this paper I am indebted to his nephew, Charles E. Dalrymple, Esq., whose brother, Colonel J. Horne Elphinstone Dalrymple, commanded the Scots Fusilier Guards in 1864.

"Account of the part taken by the 3rd Foot Guards at the battle of Waterloo, by Colonel Hepburn, *C.B.*, who commanded them throughout that ever-memorable day.

"Hougomont was occupied by Colonel Macdonell with the light infantry of the Guards, on the evening of the 17th June. He was furiously attacked at the commencement of the action on the 18th, and driven into the house, where he made a gallant defence till joined by (Colonel) Woodford * with his battalion (Coldstream), who assumed the command. Lord Saltoun, who was posted in the orchard with the light infantry of the 1st battalion of Guards (Grenadiers), was early reinforced by two companies from my battalion; he thus had five companies, and behaved most gallantly; he maintained himself near an hour, when I was sent down with the rest of the battalion, and found him driven back to the *last hedge.*

"We, however, recovered the orchard and part of the wood, and were warmly engaged for the rest of the day. Saltoun joined his brigade soon after I assumed the command, *which was about an hour after the action began.* After a little pause, we advanced upon the enemy, crossed the orchard, and occupied the front hedge, which I considered my post. This was done under a heavy fire, but we drove them into a wood, and through a gate at the corner of the garden wall. Soon after this the enemy's cavalry advanced close to our left and ascended the position; at the same time we were warmly attacked by infantry which had followed the cavalry; we had our left turned, and were driven back to the hollow way, where we again rallied; but when the attacking troops attempted to cross the orchard, they received so destructive a fire from the Coldstreams, posted inside the garden wall, that they were completely staggered; and we, having meanwhile re-formed, advanced and regained our post.

* Afterwards General Sir Alexander Woodford, G.C.B. and G.C.M.G.; Colonel of the 40th Regiment, an Ensign of 1794, and now Colonel of the Scots Fusilier Guards.

"After some time, the cavalry having been driven back, columns of infantry passed over the same ground close to our left; we were again outflanked and driven back to our friendly hollow way, and again the fire of the Coldstream did us good service; in fact, it was this fire that constituted the strength of the post. At this time our ammunition failed us, but by the exertions of the adjutant (Captain Berkley Drummond),* and an officer of the general staff (Colonel, afterwards Sir Horace Seymour), a tumbril reached us, and we again advanced and occupied our original position, from which there was no further effort made to dislodge us. Sir John Byng had by this time taken command of the division,† General Cook having been wounded, and Sir Harry Clinton had advanced with the second line. He sent me repeated orders to hold the orchard *to the last*. He reinforced me with two battalions of Hanoverians (whom I sent, with two of my own companies, into the wood, where they kept up a heavy fire), and the 11th Regiment was in reserve, to call forward, should I want it.

"A battalion of Brunswickers had joined me in the wood, having passed by the right of the house. *Of all these troops I had the command*, and was not idle. After the first attack, the brunt certainly fell on the troops in the orchard and wood, for the house and garden could not be attacked but on one side till we were driven back, and besides, they were well covered by brick walls, &c.

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* Afterwards Major-General and Equerry to the Queen. He served in the 3rd Guards, in the campaign of 1814, and was at the storming of Bergen-op-Zoom.

† The command of the Brigade of Guards thus devolved on Colonel Hepburn, *he being the senior officer in the field*. Sir John Byng died Field-Marshal, Earl of Strafford, Colonel of the 29th Foot, Governor of Londonderry, and Knight of many illustrious orders. He twice received the thanks of Parliament for his Peninsular and Waterloo services.

"In about an hour after the last resumption of our post, during which time the enemy merely kept up a straggling fire upon us (excepting in the wood, where the firing was still heavy), an officer came from the left, at full gallop, with orders for an immediate advance, stating that 'the whole army was moving to the charge!'

"We passed the hedge and advanced upon the troops in the corn-field, who retired in no order, and without firing a shot. The battalion under my command joined in the general pursuit, till, perceiving that the men were exhausted, after their hard day's work, I halted and took them back to a field in rear of the House of Hougomont, where we bivouacked for the night."

So ends the Colonel's simple narrative, which Sergeant-Major Cotton corroborates by stating, that, at the east wall of Hougomont, an embankment and the scaffolds erected by farming apparatus enabled the Coldstream to fire upon the enemy's left flank when in the large orchard, and that "Colonel Hepburn, who commanded there from about two o'clock, considered it—the east wall—as the strength of his position." The stables adjoining the south gate were all loopholed, and the flooring over the gate itself had been torn up to enable our men to fire down on any party attempting to storm it. The orchard was a very exposed post, being perfectly open, with trees at wide intervals, and surrounded only by a thin hedge, so shaped that the enemy, who came on in vast masses, could lap round it on two sides; but, though the gallant defenders were often driven back, they always rallied in the hollow

way, out of which the most furious efforts of the French failed to thrust them. In this defence the 3rd Guards were greatly assisted by their English comrades of the Coldstream, who were securely posted behind a strong garden wall, which still survives (to show its scars and loop-holes), and to whose flanking fire Colonel Hepburn alludes.

As shown in the Duke's dispatch to Earl Bathurst, the names of Colonels Hepburn and Woodford, although the two senior officers of the Guards then in Hougomont, were omitted. No doubt this occurred from the circumstance of the Duke being ignorant of the rapid and successive change of commanders amid the carnage of that terrible day; but he inserts the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Home (then a captain in the 3rd Guards) through the mistake, probably, of an aide-de-camp, who delivered to him an order which was intended *for the officer commanding in Hougomont*. Home was posted with his company in a small enclosure in rear of the château.

To Sir John Byng, an old officer of the 3rd Guards, and who commanded them during the campaign, the Duke is said to have expressed regret for the mistake, but added that he "never altered a dispatch."

The numerical strength of the Scots or 3rd Foot Guards on the morning of Waterloo was 1,056 of all ranks. The loss was 7 men on the

17th, and 239 on the 18th, including Lieutenant-Colonels Sir Alexander Gordon and C. F. Canning; Captains S. W. Stothert, T. Crawford, J. Ashton, C. Simpson, and the Hon. Hastings Forbes, third son of Earl Granard. The officers wounded were Lieutenant-Colonels Dashwood, Bowater,* and West; Captains Hesketh, Evelyn, Montgomery; Lieutenants Lake and Baird.†

Many of the wounded officers and men of the Guards perished miserably amid the flames when General Haxo's howitzer battery fired the château and outer buildings. Those who were in the chapel escaped, says Sergeant-Major Cotton, as the flames did not extend far beyond the entrance; and it is a remarkable fact that they ceased at the feet of a wooden image of our Saviour.

* Sir Edward Bowater, K.C.H., General and Colonel of the 40th Foot, 24th April, 1846.

† Afterwards Sir David Baird, Bart., died of a fall when hunting in 1852.

CONCLUSION.

DURING the advance after Waterloo, the Duke, on the 26th of June, attacked and took Peronne, at the head of Maitland's brigade of the Guards, while the 2nd continued to push on towards Paris, where the regiment continued to serve with the army of occupation until January, 1816, when it returned home.

Save when the 2nd battalion served in Portugal, from December, 1826, until March, 1828, with a body of British troops sent there during the quarrels about the royal succession, the regiment remained in quarters at home until the recent memorable war in the Crimea.

Prior to that event, on the 3rd May, 1831, the regiment was ordered, by William IV., to be styled the Scots Fusilier Guards, when, in addition to its old badges and other Scottish insignia, the pipers, which had long ceased to form a portion of its strength, were re-adopted. Sixteen years before this change, the 1st or old English corps, had been ordered to take the title of the 1st or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards, in commemoration of their having de-

feated the Grenadiers of the French Imperial Guard at Waterloo.

A recent statistical work states correctly, that "the Scots Fusilier Guards are now only known in Scotland through the medium of their recruiting parties, as they are never stationed there. In 1853 there were several adjutants of militia then serving, all promoted from the ranks of this regiment, all of whom were Scotsmen."

In H.M.S. *Simoon*, the 1st battalion embarked at Portsmouth on the 28th February, 1854, to serve in the Eastern Expedition, and to add *Alma*, *Inkermann*, and *Sebastopol* to the honours so gloriously won by their predecessors in the stormy times through which we have followed them, in the foregoing resumé of their services.

To relate the operations of the corps in that severe contest, so brilliant and yet so disastrous in its details, forms no part of the present plan. Suffice it to say, that the regiment—from the date of its first landing in the Crimea to the capture of Sebastopol on the 8th December, 1855—had Colonel Hunter Blair (M.P. for Ayrshire), 3 other officers, 2 sergeants, and 55 rank and file, killed; 24 officers, 21 sergeants, 3 drummers, and 316 rank and file, wounded; and that the battalion did its duty nobly and bravely, and sustained, to the fullest extent, the fame won by the old Scots Foot Guards in the wars of other years.

LIST OF COLONELS OF THE SCOTS FOOT GUARDS.

I. Archibald, eighth Earl of Argyle, appointed 18th March, 1641. Beheaded for treason in Edinburgh, in 1661.

II. Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyle, appointed July, 1650. Beheaded at Edinburgh for treason in 1685.

INTERREGNUM.

III. George, third Earl of Linlithgow, Lieutenant-General, 23rd November, 1660. Resigned on being appointed Lord Justice General in 1684. Died in 1690.

IV. James Douglas (son of James, second Earl of Queensberry), Lieutenant-General, appointed 10th July, 1684. Died of fever at Namur, 1691.

V. George Ramsay, Colonel (son of the Earl of Dalhousie), appointed 1st September, 1691; Major-General, 1st January, 1696; Lieutenant-General, 1st January, 1704. In 1702, Commander-in-Chief in Scotland. Died in 1705.

VI. William, Marquis of Lothian, K.T., 25th August, 1707; Brigadier-General, 1702; Major-General, 1704; Lieutenant-General 1st January, 1707. Died 1722.

VII. William, Earl of Dalhousie, Brigadier-General, appointed 1710. He led the regiment into Spain, to the assistance of the Archduke Charles, and died there, in October of the same year.

VIII. John, Earl of Dunmore, Governor of Plymouth; 10th October, 1710. General. Died in 1752.

IX. John, Earl of Rothes, 29th April, 1752, K.T., Commander-in-Chief in Ireland; Brigadier-General, 1739; Major-General, 1743; Lieutenant-General, 1747; General, 1765. In 1717 he was a Captain in the Guards, and bore the office of Chamberlain of Fife. Died 1767.

X. William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, K.G., 16th December, 1767; Major-General, 19th December, 1767; removed to the 1st Foot Guards in 1770.

XI. John, Earl of Loudon, 30th April, 1770; Major-General in 1755; Lieutenant-General, 1758; General, 1770. Died 1782.

XII. John, Duke of Argyle, 9th May, 1782; Major-General, 1759; Lieutenant-General, 1778. Previously Colonel 1st Royal Scots.

XIII. H.R.H. William Frederick, Duke of Gloucester, 26th May, 1806; K.G., G.C.B., Major-General, 1795; Lieutenant-General, 1799; General in 1808; Field-Marshal, 1816. Died in November, 1834.

XIV. George, Duke of Gordon, 12th December, 1834, G.C.B., General and Governor of Edinburgh Castle. Died 28th May, 1836.

XV. George, Earl Ludlow, G.C.B., Lieutenant-Governor of Berwick, appointed 30th May, 1836 (lost an arm on service).

XVI. H.R.H. the Prince Consort, Field-Marshal, K.G., K.T., G.C.B,, 25th April, 1842.

XVII. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., K.P., &c., 23rd September, 1852.

XVIII. W. Sir Alexander Woodford, General, 15th December, 1861.*

While on this subject we may mention that the "4th or Scots Troop of Life Guards, commanded by the Earl of Newburgh, formed in 1660, was incorporated in the 1st and 2nd Troops of Life Guards in 1746. The 2nd or Scots Troop of Horse Grenadier Guards, raised in 1702, was incorporated in the present 2nd Life Guards in 1788."—(*War Office, communicated.*)

* In the War Office List the name of Lord Dalhousie is omitted; and in a list which came to me from the regiment, Colonels Douglas and Ramsay are styled "Earl of Douglas" and "Earl of Ramsay."

Many of the Horse Grenadiers declined to enlist in the new corps, which they deemed inferior, and received, with their discharge, the money they gave on enlisting, viz., one hundred guineas, with certain small deductions.

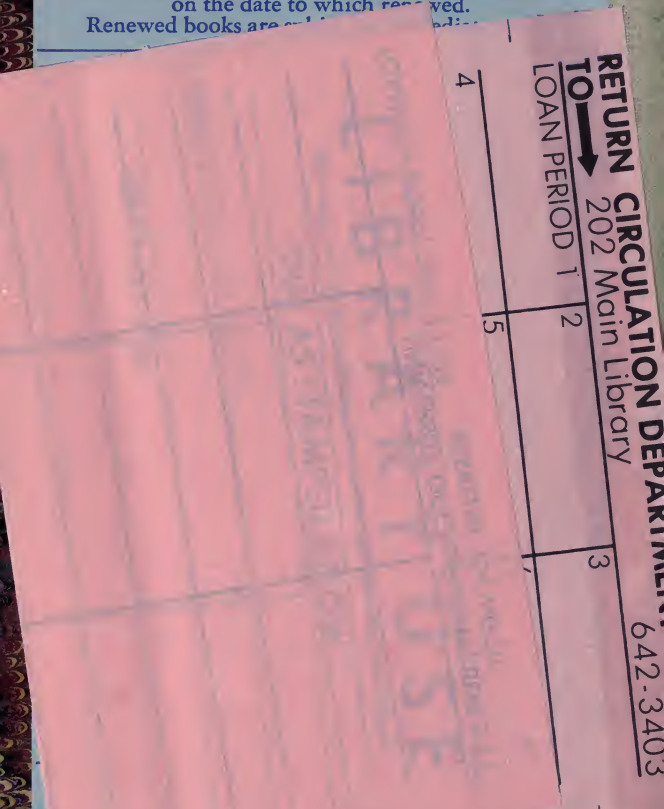
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