

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE SCOTS IN PRUSSIA.

Douglas, Prince of Danesvick—Scots regiments about 1640—  
Colonel Bruce—H. P. Bruce of Lord Leven's Scots Regiment—  
Marshal Keith—His death—Funeral—Monuments.

So far back as the year 1389 we find a train of Scottish knights and men-at-arms fighting under Waldenrodt, Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, in defence of Dantzic, or *Danesvick*, as it was then named, when besieged by the Pagans of Prussia under Udislaus Jagello during that fifty years' war which ended in nearly extirpating the ancient inhabitants, who seemed incapable of receiving the Christian faith.

The Scots were led by William Douglas, Lord of Nithsdale, known as the "Black Douglas" from his swarthy complexion, who made such havoc on the English borders—where his name became so terrible that nurses, as Godscroft tells us, scared their children "when they would not be quiet, by saying, 'The Black Douglas comes! The Black Douglas will get thee!'" (fol. ed., 1643). He married a daughter of Robert II before setting out for Dantzic, in making a furious sally from which he and his Scottish knights cut the besiegers to pieces and cleared the district. For this he was created Prince of Danesvick, Duke of Spruce, and Admiral of the Fleet, while all Scots were for

ever made free men of the town ; and in token thereof the Royal arms of Scotland, with those of Douglas, were placed over the great gate, where they remained “until it was lately rebuilt,” says the *Atlas Geographicus* for 1711. A part of the suburbs is still called *Little Scotland*, and near it was the ancient bridge on which Douglas was foully murdered by a band of English assassins employed by Lord Clifford, who had insulted him, and yet dreaded to meet him in mortal combat. By his wife he left a daughter, known in the encomiastic language of the age as “The Fair Maid of Nithsdale.”

In 1639-40 “Colonels William Cunninghame, Drummond, and Mill, who had commanded Scottish regiments in Prussia, Lusatia, and Silesia, introduced great improvements into the army of the Covenant.” (*Memoirs of Montrose*, London, 1858.)

We have elsewhere referred to John Bruce, of the Airth family, who about 1650 landed by mistake at Königsberg in Prussia, and entered the service of the Elector of Brandenburg, as that province comprising the ancestral domains of the reigning family is still named, and was very soon appointed to the command of a regiment, which was the highest rank he ever obtained, though he stood well in the regards of the Elector, as the following anecdote, related in the same memoir of his grandson, proves :—

“My grandfather one day was hunting with the Elector, when his Highness, in eager pursuit of the chase, entered a large wood, and was separated from all his attendants except my grandfather (Colonel Bruce), who kept up with him. Night overtaking them in the wood, they were

obliged to dismount and lead their horses, when, after groping their way for a considerable time in the dark, they perceived a light in the distance, and found themselves at the miserable hut of a poor tar-burner (*sic*), who lived a great way into the forest. Being informed that they were a long way from any village or habitation, the prince, being tired and hungry, asked what they could get to eat, upon which the poor man produced a loaf of coarse black bread, of which the Elector ate heartily, with a draught of pure water, declaring that he had never eaten with so good an appetite before. On asking how large the forest was, he was told that it was of vast extent, and bordered on Mecklenburg-Strelitz. My grandfather observed that it was a pity such a tract should lie useless, and asked a grant of it, offering to build a village on the spot where they then stood. To this the Elector agreed, confirmed the gift by charter, with a great privilege annexed; so my grandfather built the village in the middle of the forest, which he called *Brucewald*, or 'Bruce Wood,' and another at the peasant's hut, which he called *Jetzkendorf*, its ancient name from some ruins there visible. The Elector slept upon some straw till daybreak, when he was awakened by his attendants, who had been searching for him all night, and with whom he returned to Berlin." (*Memoirs of P. II. Bruce, Esq.*)

Colonel John Bruce married then a lady of the Arensdorf family, with whom he got several estates, and by whom he had two sons and three daughters. One of the latter was married to the governor of Pomerania; the second became Abbess of a Protestant convent, but afterwards married

Colonel Rebeur, who got Bruce Wood with her. Colonel Bruce's eldest son Charles was killed, a lie tenant of infantry, at the siege of Namur; his youngest son James married Catherina Detring, of a noble family in Westphalia, when lieutenant of a Scottish regiment, commanded by David Earl of Leven, who, according to Douglas, brought that regiment over with him to Britain in 1688, and was made governor of Edinburgh Castle after the great siege in 1689. H. P. Bruce was born in the castle of Detring in 1692. Bruce says: "This regiment was ordered to Flanders, and my father carried my mother with him, where he remained till 1698, when the regiment returned to Scotland, whither we accompanied him. The regiment was then put in garrison at Fort William."

After being educated at Cupar-Fife, young Henry P. Bruce joined his uncle, Colonel Rebeur's Prussian regiment, as a volunteer, carrying a firelock, and served four campaigns under the Duke of Marlborough, the first being in 1707. In the winter of 1710 he was quartered at Tournay, and while there received an invitation—as elsewhere recorded—to join his cousin, the master of the ordnance in Russia, with the rank of captain, which he accepted.

After serving in various parts of the Russian empire, in 1716 he was ordered to discipline thirty grenadiers, men of enormous stature, for the King of Prussia, who had a craze for tall soldiers. Some of these men, one of whom was an Indian, one a Turk, two Persians, and two Tartars, the rest being Muscovites, were six feet nine inches in height, without shoes; and to the king they were sent as a present from the Czar. By marching and sledging he

conveyed these to Prussia, halting at Riga on the 12th April, and there they were "regaled" by seeing twelve men broken alive on the wheel for a robbery and murder, which he details at great length. He arrived at Berlin and received a purse of 200 ducats for "his giants, who were all in good health and spirits," and whom the king declared to be "the handsomest men he had ever seen."

In 1721 he received intelligence that by the death of his grandfather certain Scotch estates had devolved on him; but he failed to get leave from the Czar, with whom he went on the Persian expedition in 1723, and, after making a survey of the Caspian coasts and performing other services, he ultimately returned to Scotland, was employed in the fortification of Berwick in 1745, and died in his ancestral house in the year 1757.

In 1724 (according to the *Evening Courant* of 9th April) the people of Edinburgh had the spectacle of "a band of drums beating through the city, by permission of King George," for recruits for the King of Prussia's tall Grenadier Regiment; and again a levy in Edinburgh was made for the same corps in 1728—each recruit getting two guineas as *arles*.

In 1747, General James Keith, leaving the Russian service, entered that of Frederick the Great, who, aware of his high attainments in war and diplomacy, at once made him a field-marshal of the Prussian armies, and so far distinguished him by his confidence as to travel in disguise with him over a great part of Poland, Hungary, and Germany. In public business Frederick made him his chief counsellor, and in diversions his chief companion.

He was greatly delighted with a war game which Keith invented—something suggested by chess. The latter ordered some thousand tiny statuettes of men in armour to be cast by a founder, and these were massed opposite each other in battle array; then parties would be ordered from the wings or centre to show the advantages of such movements; and in this way the king and the marshal would amuse themselves for hours together, to the improvement of their military knowledge.

It is recorded of Keith that when he went to Paris to be treated for the terrible wound he received at Ochachof, Folard was writing his *Polybius*. As a military author was rare then, the marshal's chief desire was to make his acquaintance, and Folard readily showed him some of his writings—among others, his remarks on the battle of Telemone, where the Gauls, when attacked by two double Roman armies, had to present a double front. Keith told him there was a similar case in the Bible: when David in the same order fought the Amorites and Syrians. Folard, on making good the discovery, embraced Keith, and said: "My dear sir, could you not procure that book for me? it is not to be found in Paris!"

When Keith expressed his astonishment at this remark, the chevalier excused himself by saying "he knew the book only by the name of the Holy Writings, and not by that of the Bible; and that, as he never believed it contained such excellent things, he had never taken the trouble to read it."

In 1750, we find (*Scots Mag.*, 1750) that there was married, at Berlin, the chevalier Keith, eldest son of Sir

William Keith of Ludquharne, Aberdeenshire, deceased, and nephew of Marshal Keith, to the only daughter of M. de Suhm, one of the King of Prussia's privy councillors. He was previously a captain in the Russian service, but left it with his kinsman, and was made lieutenant-colonel and A.D.C. to the King of Prussia.

In 1751 the King of Prussia sent the marshal's brother, George, the attainted earl marshal, as his ambassador to the court of France, and three years after he was appointed governor of Neufchatel.

Fredrick, in his history of the Seven Years' War, refers to a famous political *intriguante*, "Madame Ogilvie," who in 1756-7 was first lady-in-waiting to the queen, and had extensive estates near Leutzneritz, and to whom letters of great importance were sent from Balumia containing secret intelligence, concealed in boxes supposed to contain puddings—a discovery "which rendered the court more circumspect in its correspondence."

Other Scotch names crop up about the same time in Prussia.

The *London Gazette* of 31st January, 1758, records that Major John Grant, of the Prussian Regiment of Guards, and A.D.C. to the King Frederick, returned to Berlin from London, and passed on to Silesia "to give his Majesty an account of the commission he has executed at the Court of England. This officer has received several handsome presents from the King of Great Britain."

The *Caledonian Mercury* of the following year mentions the death of Patrick Grant of Dunlugus, in Banffshire; adding that he died a bachelor. He is succeeded in his

estate by his brother, Major John Grant, A.D.C. to the King of Prussia, and that he had been twice on missions "to the court of Britain since the present war." He was major-general in 1759. He had formerly been in the Russian service, and, like Ludquharne, accompanied Marshal Keith to Prussia, where he died in 1764, Baron Le Grant and governor of Neisse, in Prussian Siberia. (*Edinburgh Advert.*, vol. iii.)

In 1758, when Frederick the Great inaugurated a new campaign by entering Moravia, he invested Olmutz, and after the siege was raised the Prussian army, led by Marshal Keith, then governor of Berlin, had several skirmishes with the Austrians, whom he either defeated or foiled by the skill of his movements, till at length he found means to effect a junction with the column of the king, who was impatient to engage the Austrians under Count Daun.

With coolness and ability the latter affected to decline an engagement, and seemed even to retire before the king; but he never halted two days in the same place till the 10th of October, when he took post in a strongly entrenched camp in front of the well-trained Prussian army, which was full of ardour to engage. A courier was then despatched to Marshal Keith, who was scouring the country with a body of cavalry, which encountered a column of the enemy on the 12th and dispersed it, taking the leader prisoner.

At five in the afternoon of the 13th the marshal marched into camp, when he found the whole army in order of battle opposite to the Austrians. With his friend the

king he concerted a plan of operations, and had assigned to him the command of the right wing.

“But take a little rest,” said Frederick; “you will need all your vigour for the morrow.”

This was at Hochkirchen, a village of Saxony, in the Lusatian circle, and situated, as the name implies, on a height.

Count Daun, however, precluded the execution of this purpose by surprising the Prussian trenches at four A.M. on the 14th October. In order to draw the king, he sent a detachment into an adjacent wood, with orders to fell the timber as noisily as possible, and meanwhile got his main body in motion, leaving all their tents standing. The Saxons in his army were clothed in the Prussian uniform, and some of these he sent forward to reconnoitre the outposts of Frederick. Unluckily for this artful scheme, two sentinels who were advanced at the extremity of the Prussian lines had gone beyond the limits of their post, and were made prisoners, thereby causing some alarm at the very time when the Austrians were extending their front.

The Prussian uniform, the darkness of the morning, and the prevalence of a thick fog, deceived the army of Frederick; thus, when the other sentinels, who were next the two who had been seized, said, “Is all well?” the answer came, “All’s well.”

This was exactly at 4 A.M., when the Austrian grenadiers, after pouring in a volley, slung their muskets and assailed the trenches sword in hand. In the camp of Frederick the most dreadful confusion now ensued; the

officers rushed to their posts. Marshal Keith sprang up in his tent, and was in the act of stooping to draw on a boot when a ball passed through his heart and he fell dead without uttering a word.

The right wing, deprived thus of a leader, was nearly cut to pieces by the Austrians, though the king, when informed that Keith had fallen, assumed the command in that quarter, and got as many regiments as possible to close up and present a front to the enemy, while he began to retire with the rest, unfollowed by Count Daun, who was too wary to pursue.

One account has it that Marshal Keith's body was disgracefully stripped by the retreating Prussians. Another (in the *Gentleman's Magazine*) states that the king sent to Count Daun, earnestly recommending the wounded to his care, and the interment of the dead in accordance with their rank. The count went immediately to the tent of Marshal Keith, "when he found the corpse not yet stripped, and lying on the spot where he fell. Orders were immediately given for carrying him to a church within two miles of Hochkirken, where his lordship surveyed the body, but, unable to stand unmoved in view of such a spectacle, he embraced him and kissed him amid a flood of tears. Everyone in the army pressed forward to gaze on him; all the general officers lamented his misfortune and joined in high encomiums on his valour and virtues."

And of the many who stood by few were more deeply moved than the gallant Irish exile, Count Joseph Lacy, under whose father, the conqueror of the Crimea, Keith had served, and who burst into tears when he saw the old wound

won at the storming of Okzokof. On the day of his temporary funeral at Hochkirken, the general officers of the Austrian army offered to carry the coffin on their shoulders, and, as it was lowered down, three rounds were fired from twelve field-pieces, with three rounds of musketry.

“Such was the end of the great Scottish field-marshal, James Keith,” wrote one at the time, “in whose person were united the virtues of a man, a hero, and a Christian. He was a friend to merit, a benefactor to the indigent, and a well-wisher to mankind in general. He was so amiable in his temper and agreeable in his conversation that he won the love and admiration of all who knew him with any degree of intimacy. . . . Such uncommon desert could not fail to procure him the esteem and confidence of the Prussian monarch, who is so sagacious in discovering and so generous in rewarding merit.”

By order of Frederick, the body was removed to Berlin, and interred with great pomp in a vault of the garrison church. All the bells in the city tolled while the vast funeral *cortège*, the Hussars, the battalions of Leuderitz and Langen, with arms reversed and craped colours, the marshal's helmet, sword, gloves, and bâton, and a mourning coach containing his nephew, Mr. Keith, and Marshal Kulstein, passed through Ross Street, King Street, and over the great bridge to the grand-parade.

In this year a pardon was most grudgingly granted by George II to his brother, the Earl Marshal, and he was permitted to succeed to the estates of Kintore, and to return home. It was then the King of Prussia wrote that letter

which we find in Cordiner's *Antiquities, etc., of the North of Scotland* :—

“I cannot allow the Scots the happiness of possessing you altogether. Had I a fleet I would make a descent on their coast and carry you off. I must therefore have recourse to your friendship to bring you to him who esteems and loves you. I loved your brother (James Keith) with all my heart and soul; I was indebted to him for great obligations! This is my right to you—this is my title! I spend my time as formerly, only at night I read Virgil's *Georgics*, and go to my garden in the morning to make my gardener reduce them to practice. He laughs at Virgil and me, and thinks us both fools.

“Come to ease, to friendship, and philosophy; these are what, after the bustle of life, we must all have recourse to.

“FREDERICK.”

Thus urged, the Earl Marshal again returned to his government of Neufchatel, after which he entered the Spanish service.

To the memory of Marshal Keith a monument was erected in the Wilhelm Platz, near the Potsdam gate of Berlin, and, on the recommendation of Prince Bismarck, a copy thereof was sent to Peterhead, and erected in front of the town-house there, as the Emperor of Germany in 1868. With it he sent a Cabinet order, of which the following is a translation :—

“I have received with particular satisfaction the representation of the provost, magistrates, and town-council of the worthy town of Peterhead, that the memory of Field-

Marshal J. F. E. Keith and his heroic career in Prussia still live in his native place. I therefore willingly grant the town of Peterhead the wished-for statue of the Field-Marshal, after the model of the monument which my great ancestor ordered to be placed to his deserving general in Berlin, and hope that this statue may contribute to maintain a lasting connection between the birthland of the Field-Marshal and his adopted home, Prussia.

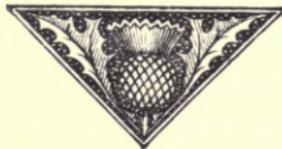
“With the execution of this present order I commission you, the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

“Coblenz, 23rd August, 1868.

(Signed)

“WILHELM.

“For the Minister of Foreign Affairs,  
Gr. Eulenburg.”



## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE SCOTS IN PRUSSIA—(*Concluded*).

Siege of Dantzic, 1807—Scoto-Prussian Officers in 1869—Admiral Maclean—Baron von Craignish—Count Douglas—The Halketts in Hanover—Gordons in Poland—Lord Cranstoun's Scottish Regiment.

DURING the siege of Dantzic by the French in 1807, Alexander Gibson, a Scottish merchant there, distinguished himself on the walls and batteries so greatly as to obtain personal letters of thanks from the King of Prussia and the officer commanding, General Kalkrenth. This gentleman was a fourth son of William Gibson, a merchant of Edinburgh, and a brother of the well-known Sir James Gibson-Craig of Riccarton; but during the Franco-Prussian war of 1869-70 many Scottish names came prominently forward in the service of the King of Prussia.

A Major Douglas, commanding a regiment in garrison at Pillau, asserted his claim to the dukedom of Douglas, in right of a seventh son of that house (whose name is not to be found in the *Douglas Peerage*), born to William, ninth Earl of Angus, who died in 1591, but the claim was not pressed; and concerning the Scotsmen "who have served with distinction in the Prussian army," the *North German Correspondent* of October, 1869, stated that the families of most of these had left Scotland "in 1657 to escape

from the power of General Monk. Many noblemen then thought it advisable to seek a refuge on the Continent, or at least to send their children to a place of safety. Among the names of the refugees we find many who occupy a high place in Scottish history, as, for example, Douglas, Bothwell (of the Holyrood House family ?), Gordon, Hamilton, Keith, Morton, Crichton, and Abernethy. Prussia was then rising into importance under the rule of the Great Elector, 'and,' as one of them wrote, 'this country being fertile and well situated for trade, made us stay here.' They long continued to maintain friendly and intimate relations with the country of their birth and the branches of their families who had remained at home; but the losses which the Scottish nobility suffered by the Civil War prevented their return. Thus, even before the Huguenot emigration, Prussia formed an asylum for the exiled Scots, who, as we have lately showed, have nobly repaid her hospitality. Among those who are still serving in her army we may specially mention Lieutenant-General Hellmuth von Gordon, who fought at the head of the Magdeburg brigade with great bravery at Königgratz."

In 1870, Lord Charles Hamilton, son of the eleventh Duke of Hamilton, served in the German army, particularly at the siege of Strasbourg; he underwent such hardship from exposure, and his constitution suffered so severely, that he died of it in after years; and in the summer of 1880 the German navy in the Baltic was commanded by Rear-Admiral MacLean, "the descendant of a noble Scottish emigrant, who accompanied Keith to Berlin in the time of Frederick the Great," according to the *Globe*, "and was

the first Prussian naval cadet. He early distinguished himself, took an active part in the improvement of the German navy, and commanded the *Prinz Aldabert* on her late voyage round the world. His resignation is generally deplored, as it will deprive the Imperial service of one of its most experienced and valuable officers."

In 1871, when the Campbell clan presented a magnificent necklace to the Princess Louise on the occasion of her marriage with the Marquis of Lorne, among the subscribers appeared the name of Lieutenant Ronald Campbell, of the 7th or Magdeburg Cuirassiers, who had won the Iron Cross for saving his colonel's life at Vionville; and further attention was drawn to him when, as Captain, as Baron Craignish and A.D.C. to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, he was in London in 1884 in charge of the band of that regiment, clad in white tunics and bright steel helmets.

The 7th, or, as it is more often called, Bismarck's Cuirassiers, played a very important part in the desperate battle of Mars-la-Tour, on 14th August, 1870, when Prince Frederick Charles sacrificed his cavalry to save his infantry. On that memorable day the Brandenburg division was thrown forward to overlap the advance quad of Marshal Bazaine's army on the Verdun road. For a long time it was as much as the division could do to hold its own. Suddenly on its right flank a French battery galloped into position, and began to decimate its ranks. Then, from under cover of the little hamlet called La Ferme, the Bismarck Cuirassiers, in column of squadrons, and led by Count Schmetto, charged up the slope and rushed on the battery sword in hand.



“In the *mêlée* that ensued a French infantry officer seized the staff.”—p. 73

“Beside the count,” says the *Army and Navy Gazette*, “rode a young Scotch lieutenant named Campbell, who had entered the German army and won his commission on the field of Sadowa. The squadrons reached the guns and captured them, cutting down the gunners and striking the horses as the guns were being limbered up. At that moment the cuirassiers received a most galling fire from the regiments of French infantry, until then invisible, but formed in square on the Verdun Road, and without a moment’s hesitation Count Schmetto led his squadrons at these squares.”

The French cast away their arms and flung themselves prone on the earth crying for mercy! Then appeared on either flanks of the cuirassiers bodies of French cavalry, but, wheeling to the right and left in splendid style, the Germans drove both the 7th French Cuirassiers and 4th Chasseurs d’Afrique into some woods, after which they reformed at leisure, though volleys were poured on them. “At the infantry went Count Schmetto again, this time punishing both battalions fearfully,” says the writer before quoted. “Lieutenant Campbell was carrying at this time the colours of the French Cuirassiers, which he had captured. In the *mêlée* that ensued a French infantry officer seized the staff, and, placing a revolver to Lieutenant Campbell’s hand, sent a bullet clean through it, thus forcing him to drop his prize. The Frenchman did not live long to tell the tale! The Bismarck Cuirassiers went into this action 800 strong, and came out of it numbering some 250 officers and men. Lieutenant Campbell received the Iron Cross from the hands of the Crown Prince of

Germany, the Order of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, and was further made Baron von Craignish in recognition of his gallant conduct throughout the war, and was subsequently promoted."

A writer in *Notes and Queries* stated that this officer's great-grandfather, Farquhar Campbell, married Margaret, daughter of Dougald Campbell of Craignish, and though removed from being the head of the old family, is sprung from it in more than one line of descent, and that he is "simply a cadet of the Clan Dougal Craignish."

His brother officer, Count William Douglas, captain of the Garde du Corps of the German army, was presented at the Prince of Wales's levée in June, 1886.

A few Scotsmen have found their way into the service of Hanover, that petty electorate (kingdom it could scarcely be called) which is now an integral portion of the Prussian empire—fortunately for Great Britain, that was so often called on to defend it.

There, some time about the year 1640, Major-General Sir James Lumsden of Invergellie was commandant of Osna-burg. He had been third colonel of the Green Brigade of Scots in Sweden, and was afterwards Scottish governor of Newcastle. (*Turner's Memoirs, etc.*)

Major Drummond Graham of Inchbraikie, son of Captain Graham, of the 72nd Highlanders, who was wounded at Gibraltar, and grandson of the Laird of Inchbraikie, who was a captain in the Dutch service, served in the Hanoverian Guards, and at Waterloo was severely wounded in the defence of La Haye Sainte, falling under a charge of French cuirassiers. He died at Tours in April, 1855.

Two other cadets of the Pitfirran family were in the same service, sons of General Sir Hugh Halkett, C.B., and G.C.H., a Peninsula and Waterloo officer of the German Legion, who also served in North Germany, and at the siege of Stralsund in 1807.

These were Colonel James Halkett (once of the Coldstream Guards), who died at Largs in 1870, a baron of the kingdom of Hanover; and Baron Colin Halkett, who died at Celle (or Zell) in 1879.

A few Scots also are to be traced in Poland, or Polish Prussia, and of these a curious collection of "Birth Brieves" will be found in the fifth volume of the *Spalding Club Miscellany*.

In 1568 (according to the *Atlas Geographicus*, vol. i), George, fifth Earl of Huntly, when under forfeiture, probably for his father's share at the battle of Corriche in 1562, "was made a marquis of Poland, and is the only one there."

According to *Letters of the Reign of James VI*, in 1624, Poland is described as being literally "swarming with Scots pedlars"; but in Dantzig many of these so-called pedlars were very opulent merchants, who had a rule of government among themselves, and lived in such a way as to secure the respect and esteem of the people there. A great tide of emigration seems to have gone on, "exorbitant numbers of young boys and maids unfit for service," till, in the summer of the year named, an expulsion of the Scots was threatened, and seemingly was only obviated by the influence of Patrick Gordon, agent for James VI in the city of Dantzig.

About 1648 we find two of the Huntly family in Poland.

Lord Henry Gordon and his sister, Lady Catherine, were son and daughter of George, the second marquis. The former, during the usurpation of Cromwell, took military service in Poland under John Casimir, and won high distinction by his bravery; and the latter, who accompanied him, by her marriage with Count Morstain, high treasurer of Poland, became the ancestress of Prince Czartorinski, who during the middle of the last century was one of the candidates for the Polish crown, and of several other families of distinction (Sir Robert Douglas, etc.).

In 1656 Lord Cranston levied a Scottish regiment for the King of Poland's service; "the Royalists," says *Fraser of Kirkhill*, "choosing rather to go abroad, though in a mean condition, than live at home in slavery." This corps would seem to have been chiefly enlisted at Inverness, where forty-three Frasers joined it, including Lovat's son as captain, young Clanvacky as a lieutenant, young Phopachy as an ensign, and young Foyers as a corporal. The rest came from Stratherrick, Strathglass, etc., and marched out of Inverness in the face of Monk's garrison. This levy proved unfortunate. Most of them were cut off in Poland, and we shall meet with the survivors elsewhere fourteen years after.

In a Scottish newspaper called *The North Briton*, long since defunct, there occurs the following paragraph:—

"It is a circumstance not unworthy of remark that a great number of persons of Scottish lineage are now to be found in Poland. Among the Polish nobility are several names very common in this country, as belonging to our

oldest and best families—such as Johnston, Lindsay, Gordon, and Middleton. These individuals are in general descended from Scottish adventurers who sought employment in Russian armies in the 17th century.” (*North Briton*, January 5, 1831.)

There died in October, 1886, at Munich, a Scottish lady, the Countess of Usedom (in Pomerania), whose husband was deliverer of the famous “Stab in the Heart” despatch. She was the daughter of Sir John Malcolm of Burnfoot (the distinguished soldier and Persian diplomat), and his wife Charlotte, daughter of Sir Alexander Campbell, Bart., and was born in 1818.

