

**PRINCE CHARLIE'S  
FRIENDS, OR, JACOBITE  
INDICTMENTS**

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Prince Charlie's Friends, Or, Jacobite Indictments by D. Murray Rose

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**D. MURRAY ROSE**

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Prince Charlie's Friends  
OF  
Jacobite Endictments

EDITED BY

D. MURRAY ROSE

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## INTRODUCTION.

"Now our Prince has reared his banner,  
Now triumphant is our cause;  
Now the Scottish Lion rallies,  
Let us strike for Prince and laws."

A CENTURY and a half of years has not in the least diminished the keen interest evinced in the campaign which has given Prince Charles Stuart and his followers such a unique and imperishable place in the history of our country. Scholars, novelists and poets have each added their tribute to his fame, but, notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject, we are only now on the verge of arriving at the truth. The story of the '45 has been misrepresented to a great extent; it was an attempt of such daring and brilliancy that even those whose principles compelled them to resist it to the uttermost were lost in admiration. And so it comes to pass that a glamour has been thrown over the rising, as we shall see, totally inconsistent with facts.

The authorities in Scotland had for several years been on the *qui vive*, and the marvel is that any rising took place at all. When Cameron of Lochiel in December, 1743, ordered a large quantity of tartan from a Glasgow firm, suspicion was aroused that a movement of some kind was in contemplation, and this was confirmed by reports that the lairds were preparing accoutrements for their followers. It was only, however, in the spring of 1745 that the officials in Edinburgh got definite intelligence from James Roy Macgregor (son of Rob Roy)—an unhappy

man, who had consented to act as a spy upon his Jacobite friends, and the facts supplied by him enabled the Government to take prompt measures, for they immediately issued warrants for the arrest of such chiefs as were noted for their Stuart leanings. The first they secured was Sir Hector Maclean, who was betrayed by John Blair—a trusted Jacobite—one whose treachery put the Government in possession of the most cherished designs of his party. But while the authorities in Scotland had thus acquired knowledge of an important movement in favour of the exiled Stuarts, and had acted with promptitude in issuing the warrants, with a strange fatuity they let the opportunity slip by; their conduct even favouring the suspicion that some of the highest officials in the State were lukewarm supporters of the House of Guelph. It was only after repeated urgent messages from London that they at length tried to put in execution the warrants against the Jacobites, and the story of the attempt to capture the Duke of Perth recalls circumstances every whit as treacherous as that which marked the tragedy of Glencoe. A Campbell was again the hero; little wonder then that the name has, so far as Highlanders are concerned, been regarded with peculiar aversion as synonymous with hypocrisy and deceit. Captain Duncan Campbell of Inverawe was entrusted with the apprehension of Perth, whose hospitality he had frequently experienced. Presuming on this, he sent a message to the Duke of his intention to dine with him. Perth sent a note in reply expressing the great pleasure it would afford him to be honoured by Campbell's presence, little dreaming of the project in hand. During dinner one of the servants, observing soldiers surrounding the house, reported the matter to the Duke, who paid no attention. After the wine had circulated Campbell told his errand, and Perth good-naturedly replied that he would readily accompany him when he had changed his attire. He entered an adjoining closet for this purpose, and



escaped by a back stair, leaving Campbell to report the circumstances to Sir John Cope in these terms:—

"I have this day made an attempt to apprehend the Duke of Perth, and though I had my company under arms at his gate, and some friends in the house with me, by which I thought all secure, trusting too much to his honour he slipt out of our hands into the wood, which I have now surrounded by Sir Patrick Murray's company and mine. Whether we can get him soon taken is a question, but if your Excellency approve of it I am determined he shall have little rest if he keeps the Highlands till we have him. I have writ to Colonel Whitney to secure the Bridge of Stirling and all passes in that neighbourhood, in case he should attempt going into the low country; your Ex: will give the proper orders with regard to the Ferries of Leith and Kinghorn. This unlucky accident gives me great uneasiness, but I hope to retrieve it. I laid the most probable scheme for it I could think of, though it failed; whatever commands your Ex: shall have for me direct to this place, where notice shall be got of me.

"I am, etc.,

"DUNCAN CAMPBELL."

"Crieff, 24th July, 1745."

Perth's escape proved extremely mortifying to the laird of Inverawe, his fine schemes and the subtle stratagem by means of which the Duke would be secured at all hazard "ended in nought." To cover his discomfiture, his efforts to capture the fugitive were such as brought forth murmurings among his harrassed soldiers, whose exertions were of none avail.

It is not our purpose to detail at length the circumstances which led Charles to hazard his cause and his person in a rebellion in the North of Scotland. The youthful Prince, in whose veins ran the fiery blood of Sobieski, was utterly disgusted at the faithlessness of the French. He could not understand the diplomatic dissimulation of the Court of Versailles, which hesitated to strike the blow it professed so anxious to deal, yet did not scruple to place his family in a position so humiliating

that his proud spirit rebelled. So he sailed from France, determined to trust himself to his loyal Highlanders. Here again he had been grievously misled, for they were not so ready to throw off the Hanoverian yoke as alleged by unscrupulous partisans. The '15 and its disastrous consequences had taught the chiefs to act with caution, and thus it was that when he arrived in Inverness-shire they held aloof until commanded to his presence—a summons obeyed with manifest reluctance. There is no name connected with the movement which stands so prominent for unselfish loyalty as that of the "Gentle Lochiel":—

"What praise, O Cameron! can the muse ascribe,  
 Thou free from censure as thou wast from bribe;  
 Unstained, unsullied in a corrupt age,  
 Reserved for fame in every poet's page:  
 The sun shall fade, the stars shall lose their light,  
 But Cameron's fame shall never suffer night:  
 Bright as thyself it ever shall appear,  
 To all good men, to God and Angels dear;  
 Thou wast the first that lent thy friendly aid,  
 Of no usurper's bloody laws afraid:  
 Thou wast the first and thy example drew,  
 The honest, loyal, honourable few."

True it is, it was the adhesion of the Cameron chief that "set the heather on fire," and brought about the tragedy of the '45. Persuaded against his better sense, all his arguments scouted, Lochiel was virtually forced to draw his sword in the Stuart cause, and the news spread like wildfire over the mountains to far distant hills and glens. Yet the Highlanders did not flock to the Standard at Glenfinnan in any numbers: they sullenly held aloof until threats and actual violence, as will be seen from the following pages, compelled them to leave their homes and follow their lairds, who taunted them with ingratitude because they did not fly to arms after receiving "shirts, brogues and

other things." Herein lies the marvel of the whole position. At the head of an army composed of men forced from their homes, and reluctantly compelled to take part in an enterprise from which they were ever ready to desert, Prince Charles marched upon Edinburgh, eluding the troops sent against him, and seized the Capital.

The story of the wild melee at Gladsmuir is too well known to need repetition here; it confirmed the position of the victor who now held court in his ancestral halls of Holyrood. Gaily passed the days, and merry were the nights, during the brief sojourn of the "Hope of the Stuarts." One can well imagine how the accession of each scion of an ancient house thrilled the small circle of the Prince's court. The Earl of Kellie strutted about with broadsword, white cockade, and gorgeous tartans; Strathallan, appointed Governor of Perth, was there in Lowland dress; Pitsligo, Lord George Murray, the courtly Duke of Perth, and the "dour rankerous" Lord Elcho, with the Lords Nairn and Ogilvie. Lord Lewis Gordon graced the scene before passing to his brother's country to raise the vassals of the "Cock of the North." The dread Laird of Glenbucket arrived with his friend the wild-looking, unshaved Glenmoriston, who, when the Prince hinted that a visit to a barber ere coming into his presence would not have been amiss, replied with spirit—"Sir, it is not by the aid of beardless boys your Royal Highness will recover your father's throne." Never was there such a collection of lairds and kilted followers seen in Edinburgh, for be it noted all wore the tartan, sported the cockade, claymore and pistols. Balls and parties, however, did not much advance the grand object in view, and it may indeed be said that the delay was fatal to the cause. The Highlanders were deserting by the dozen—even the Camerons became infected, and the gentle Lochiel was compelled to personally chastise his followers with whip and rod for attempting to escape to the North. Dr.