

g for two Voices. As sung at both Playhouses.

save great GEORGE our king, Long live our noble king.

save great G

noble king.

the king. Se

lo - ri - on,

the king. Se

glo - ri - ous,

reign

reign o - ver us, God save the king.

Rebellious Scots to Crush

2.
God strife,
seemies,
them fall;
it politica,
knowish tricks,
hopes was fix,
all.

3.
Thy choicest gifts in store
On George be pleas'd to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To say with heart and voice
God save the king.

Rebellious Scots to Crush



'Prince Charles Edward Stuart', attributed to Allan Ramsay (1713–84)

This little-known portrait is attributed without certainty to the famous Scottish portraitist, whose impressive images of George III and David Hume are perhaps his best known. Even if not by Ramsay, the portrait seems to be a contemporary view of the Prince. His features are youthful and unthreatening, but his costume is of military theme, presenting the contrast of Charles' young age and comparative inexperience with his dynamic ambitions and determined effort. Reproduced by kind permission of Derby Museum and Art Gallery.

Rebellious Scots to Crush

An Anthology of the Arts as Engendered by the
Battle of Prestonpans in 1745

Selected with Commentaries by

Arran Paul Johnston



Published by Prestoungrange University Press in association
with Burke's Peerage & Gentry

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The Prestonpans Trustees meeting in the Exeter Room at Derby Museum where they resolved to "continue" the campaign, December 2006

Foreword

Founding Trustee for the Battle of Prestonpans, Peter MacKenzie, has been taking visitors and students on Walks around the battlefield since 2000. One of the significant issues he always delighted to address was how the battle triggered a 'flowering' of literature and poetry. He wrote a Brief when the Trust was formally established in 2006 (which appears here as an annex) which raised such interest that it was determined an anthology of that literature should be gathered together and the most significant pieces published as soon as possible.

Such is the nature of any good idea it will succeed as soon as it finds a champion, and in our editor for this title we swiftly found one. Arran Johnston's selection and his comments on the several pieces give us a most valuable benchmark. It is one we knew we needed as we move forward with the Trust's bold plans for a Living History Centre by 2011 which celebrates the Prince's Victory and the Hope and Ambition arising from it. The Trustees confidently intend that a key element of the Living History will be accomplished through writing and poetry such as Skirving, Scott, Stevenson and the others did earlier. Indeed we are pleased to report that in sister publications from Cuthill Press two new novels of the '45 have already been published and in *Off the Wall Art in Prestonpans*, published this year with *Burke's Peerage & Gentry*, Andrew Dallmeyer and John Lindsay have contributed modern theatre and poetry.

Arran Johnston is a man of Derby, where the only statue of Prince Charles Edward in the Kingdom is to be found

and where for the past two decades the Prince Charles Edward Stuart Society has re-enacted the Jacobite's furthest reach to Swarkeston Bridge across the Trent in December 1745. We had the good fortune that he was recently following Scottish History studies at Edinburgh University which perchance brought him to the top of the Battle Memorial Bing at Meadowmill in Prestonpans on September 21st 2006 where our newly founded Heritage Trust was pondering its future in the customary high wind. Under friendly cross examination we learnt that, being of a similar age, he customarily plays the role of The Prince in Derby's annual re-enactments which immediately led to an invitation to play such a role with us in The Pans whenever possible. Yet more, we learnt that in Derby's Museum the Exeter Room, where the fateful Council Meeting determined that The Prince should not proceed any further to London, was still to be found. He insisted we visit as soon as possible to meet the Society and to share in their re-enactments.

Accordingly, when the Trustees visited the Derby re-enactments in December 2006 we could not resist also reconvening that meeting in the historic Exeter Room and reversing the Council's decision! We, community heirs to the victors in Prestonpans, would continue the matter then in hand. So impressed, we are told, were our new found friends in Derby with our determination, that they readily agreed to help us get annual re-enactments and more rolling for Prestonpans from 2007.

Accordingly, we would wish not only to express our deepest thanks here to Arran Johnston for his scholarship and commitment in creating this anthology and commentaries, but to dedicate it to the many and immediate friends

we made in Derby. They gave our earliest endeavours in the Trust both a vital fillip and an opportunity for speed learning that we shall ever appreciate.

The final comment here must however go to the decision to place the National Anthem of the United Kingdom at the front of this anthology. Few of us realised that the anthem itself is a prayer that the King might be saved from the Highland army of The Prince. But read carefully it will be appreciated and the historical analysis resolves the point. Accordingly the almost universally known [in Scotland anyway] Johnnie / Johnie Cope by Adam Skirving / adapted by Robert Burns appears later.

Dr Gordon Prestoungrange

Baron of Prestoungrange

September 21st 2008

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH



*Re-enactors following the Riggonhead Defile from Tranent to Seton
Collegiate at dawn, September 21st 2007*

Editor's Introduction

The last Jacobite Rising has been inspiring people for centuries. It inspired men to lay down their lives, wives to betray their husbands, artists and poets to record their deeds. It inspired me, born and raised in Derby amongst the tales and evidences of its curious intrusion into the life of a growing industrial town in the bleak winter of 1745. But of all the tales of the Jacobites, one stands out. Whilst Culloden inspires sorrow, and Derby questions of what might have been, it is from Prestonpans that we receive the message of victory, hope, and ambition.

It is no surprise, therefore, that Prestonpans has been inspiring people since the very day the battle occurred. The story of the battle is, on the whole, well told, but there are different ways to tell it. This is a look at the battle's wider context, not in terms of high politics and grand campaigns, but in terms of people. This is Prestonpans as inspiration, for the people who read of it in the newspapers and magazines of 1745, the people who felt the elation of victory or the shock of defeat, and also for the people who have inherited the legacy of those contemporary responses along with their muse.

Prestonpans was simultaneously a hope and a horror, the result impossibly unexpected, and subsequent events a bewildering contrast. The collection presented here therefore attempts to show the different reactions to the battle. There are jubilant poems of Jacobite triumph, and these are sadly echoed in grim appeals from a time when that victory seemed a distant dream. There are the mournful calls of an astonished nation, its blissful arrogance disturbed, and the despairing, defiant appeals to God from a distant capital shocked into prayer.

Here is a varied collection of song, poetry, and prose: Jacobite and Hanoverian, contemporary and later. I confess that the collection's weight has a Jacobite bias, but that is not perhaps my fault. There was little to inspire the supporters of King George

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The legendary thorn tree by the Waggonway

from the events at Prestonpans, whilst the outcome created a burst of Jacobite excitement and creativity. It is from the embarrassment of defeat that, like a Phoenix, the figure of Colonel Gardiner arises, the shining star in the grim shame. His name the reader will notice occurring repeatedly throughout the collection, seemingly above the politics of the event. His deeds, memory or legend, are irrepressibly entwined with the story of the battle. Perhaps it is the irony of his dying within sight of his own home, or the extraordinary personality recounted by biographers, but Gardiner became the hero of the hour, in spite of death and defeat. A later memorial stands near the field today, proclaiming his virtues and his doom, and the thorn tree where he was mortally wounded is an enduring icon. Yet the greater tribute is surely his prevalence in both the written and visual arts which flowed from one stunning event at Prestonpans.

Anthologies of Scottish and/or Jacobite literature are not rare

or unusual. Great volumes such as the *Scots Musical Museum* and the *Jacobite Relics of Scotland* are all far greater testaments to literary achievement and socio-political art than this modest collection can claim to be. They also, pleasingly for someone in my position, performed much of the basic work required for compilations such as this. I must therefore acknowledge my debt to those masters, especially Burns, who not only saved me from many hours of vain searching, but preserved countless bodies of material from oblivion. The compilers not only help the works survive, but also revive them, as seen in Burns' re-working of Skirving's *Hey Johnnie Cope*, and so we must always bear in mind the chance that changes have been made or new works passed off as old. Another hugely important source has been the Clan Cameron archive, where the valour of Lochiel and his men, especially at Prestonpans, has ensured his memory is preserved with great respect and admiration. They also helpfully publish their collection with translations from the Gaelic where necessary (*Oran Do Loch Iall / A Song to Lochiel*), whilst the other translations featured (*Gairn Do Prionnsa Tearlach*, and *Fuigheall*) are provided by John Lorne Campbell (1933). Early editions of the great collections can be found in the Edinburgh University Library and the National Library of Scotland, who also possess several original manuscripts of Alexander MacDonald.

The later works here included are intended to demonstrate the continued Prestonpans effect, beyond the contemporary political and social scene. They show the longevity of the inspirational qualities of the events of September 21st 1745. Stephenson and Scott write during a rediscovery of Scottish traditional culture. With the repealing of the Dress Act in 1782, legalising tartan once more, the death of Charles Edward Stuart in 1788, George IV's visit to Scotland in 1822, and the rediscovery of the Honours of Scotland in 1819 (no coincidence that Scott was present), Scottish identity was undergoing a revival. It is ironic that it is the end of the Jacobite hopes that enables this renaissance, but it was perhaps Scott's *Waverley* that proved its

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most successful vehicle. Later, Queen Victoria's love for Scotland and the sentimental attraction to the romantic tales of the Bonnie Prince, borne by both Queen and subject, ensured a continued interest in the Rebellion which perpetuated both the history and the literary muse. Certainly the protagonists of the '45 did more than enough to secure a place in the popular imagination.

As with every student of the 1745 Rebellion, it has been my onerous duty not to fall foul of that romance, to dislocate myself from Hamilton's dreams of Scotia the Imperial Goddess, and to refrain from lamenting with Gardiner's daughter. I hope that the reader yields to being more indulgent, but I have endeavoured where possible to cut through the poetry and the licence so as to expose within my notes where the authors are accurate or erroneous in their detail. Few are deliberately misleading, but some certainly favour atmosphere or sentiment above historical fact. From these works, however, it is possible to gather a thorough understanding both of the events of the battle, their locations, and their impact.

The Jacobite victory at Prestonpans was an inspiring achievement. It has inspired a vast wealth of literature, of all styles and representing the whole spectrum of human emotion. It is a story of personal feelings and of national struggles. What I have collected here may only be a small portion of the works referencing the battle – for such a list collection can never be exclusive, and you never know a poem exists until you find it – but I believe it to be a representative and valuable anthology. It demonstrates the longevity of the spirit of the Battle of Prestonpans. It has long inspired me, and perhaps with this collection we can help perpetuate that muse.

Arran Paul Johnston
Edinburgh

Contemporary Contributions

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH

552. *A Song for two Voices. As sung at both Playhouses.*

God save great GEORGE our king, Long live our noble king.
 God save the king. Send him vic-tor-ies, Happy and glo-ri-ous.
 God save the king. Send him vic-tor-ies, Happy and glo-ri-ous.
 Long to reign o-ver us, God save the king.
 Long to reign o-ver us, God save the king.

1.
 O Lord our God arise,
 Scatter his enemies,
 And make them fall;
 Confound their policies,
 Prostrate their kingly thrones,
 On him our hopes we fix,
 O save us.

2.
 Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On GEORGE be pleas'd to pour,
 Long may he reign;
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause,
 To say with heart and voice,
 God save the king.

'God Save Our Lord the King', Gentleman's Magazine, 15th October 1745

The first printed appearance of the National Anthem, less than a month after Prestonpans, as much a plea for assistance as a show of resistance. Note that the name of the king is highlighted. It probably did not stop the Jacobites from substituting James.

God Save the King (National Anthem)

God save great GEORGE our King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On George be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To say with heart and voice
God save the King.

*Lord, grant that Marshal Wade,
May by thy mighty aid,
Victory bring.
May he sedition hush
And like a torrent rush,
Rebellious Scots to crush,
God save the King.*

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*From France and Pretender
Great Britain defend her,
Foes let them fall;
From foreign slavery,
Priests and their knavery,
And Popish Reverie,
God save us all.*



The Battle of Prestonpans 1745, Andrew Hillhouse

This striking modern painting shows the battle from within the Government lines, demonstrating some of the horror of withstanding a Highland Charge. Note also the Government Highlander: loyal companies were deployed throughout the campaign.

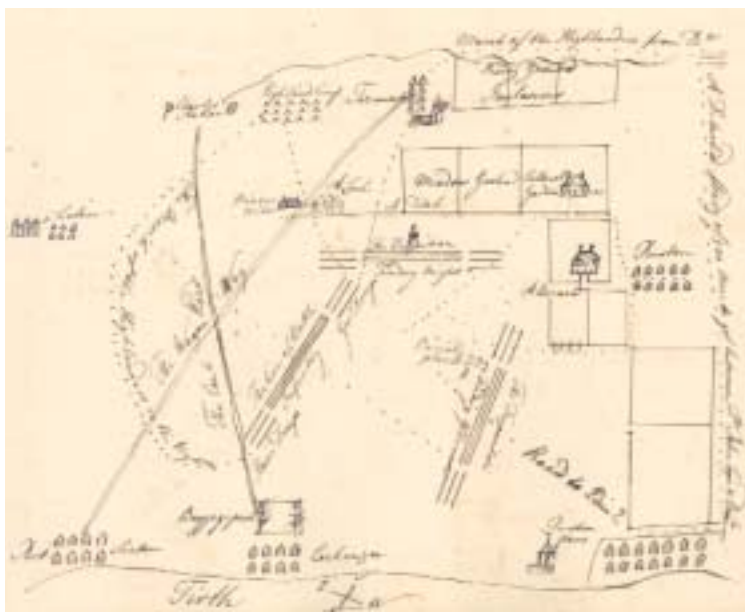
Image reproduced with the kind permission of the artist.

Commentary

It takes a close look at this text to acknowledge the differences between this original version, and that still used as the official state Anthem. That the song was written during the Jacobite Rebellion is well established, but it is less well acknowledged that it must surely have been a direct response to the Battle of Prestonpans. The evidence is in the date of its publication: it appears, as presented above but without the italicised verses, in *Gentleman's Magazine*, October 15th 1745. It was first sung, to music by Thomas Arne (1710–78) at the Theatre Royal, after a performance of Ben Johnson's *The Alchemist* that same month. The rebellious background to the writing is shown clearly by the insistence on naming George (II) as the king, as if to avoid any question. This may not have been too effective, since there is a tradition that the Jacobites took hold of the song and used it also, with different words of course. The second verse is clearly a reference to the Rebels. The two italicised verses appear shortly after the original publication, and are more than likely to be witty additions by various hands – and assuredly there were others unknown to us now – that either caught on or did not. They were probably not officially acknowledged verses, but they certainly capture the mood in the Hanoverian camp. The association of the Stuarts with French invasion and restored Catholicism is part of the standard loyalist propaganda. The appeal to Marshal Wade turns out to be optimistic, since even as the song was gaining popularity in London, Wade was performing his military duties without great distinction by failing to intercept the invasion of England in November, marching south with extraordinary tardiness, and then failing to intercept the returning Jacobites either! However, in October 1745 he was acknowledged as a competent officer with a good deal of experience in Scotland, and a stronger position to restore hope than Sir John Cope. This silent transfer of expectation speaks volumes: *God Save the King* was written as a prayer to God for salvation from the Jacobites, in response to a completely

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unexpected reverse on the battlefield. Why else would the loyalists need such a song?



'Plan of the positions of the opposing troops at the Battle of Preston Pans,' enclosed in Brigadier William Blakeney's letter to Henry Pelham, 18 October 1745

This plan may look chaotic, but in fact provides a substantial amount of detail, identifying such features as 'the Friday Night' facing Tranent, and the breach in the Preston House walls. Blakeney (1672–1761) was commander of Stirling Castle throughout the Rebellion, holding out against the Jacobite siege in early 1746. Manuscripts and Special Collections, The University of Nottingham, Ne C 1708/4.

'Twas at the Hour of Dark Midnight

*(or Fanny Weeping, or Fanny Fair)
of doubted authorship*

'Twas at the hour of dark midnight,
Before the first cock's crowing,
When westland winds shook Stirling's towers,
With hollow murmurs blowing;
When Fanny fair, all woe begone,
Sad on her bed was lying,
And from the ruin'd towers she heard
The boding screech owl crying.

O dismal night! She said and wept,
O night presaging sorrow,
O dismal night! she said and wept,
But more I dread to-morrow.
For now the bloody hour draws nigh,
Each test in Preston brooding
At morn shall make their feathers fly
With deadly hate contending.

Early in the visions of the night,
I saw fill death with sweeping;
And all the matrons of the land
And all the virgins, weeping!
And now she heard the heavy gates
Harsh on their hinges turning:
And now through all the castle heard
The woeful voice of mourning.

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Aghast she started from her bed,
The fatal tidings dreading;
O, speak, she cry'd, my father's slain!
I dreamt I saw him bleeding!
A pale corpse on the sullen floor,
At morn, fair maid, I left him;
Even at the early half of his run,
The sun of life bereft him.

Bold, in the battle's front he fell
With many a wound deformed;
A braver Knight, or better man,
This fair land ne'er adorned.
While thus he spoke, the grief struck maid
Deadly venom invaded;
Left was the lustre of her eyes
And all her beauty faded.

Sad was the fight, and sad the news
And sad was our complaining.
But oh! for thee, my native land,
What woes are still remaining?
But why complain, the hero's star
Is high in heavens shining,
May providence defend our isle
From all our foes' designing.

Commentary

Perhaps it is important to establish at the outset that there is some academic debate regarding the true authorship of this piece. In its (apparent) first publication, in the *British Magazine* of July 1747, it is presented anonymously and bears a note claiming that the piece was actually written on the very day of the battle in 1745. This, of course, cannot be verified, and when the poem appears in the Scots Musical Museum in 1790, it is attributed to Sir George Elliot. Evidence from a 1766 magazine is of the opinion that the poem was contemporary to the battle, and written by a Church of Scotland minister, which Elliot certainly was not. Evoking a convincing scenario, Carver attributes the poem therefore to Alexander Carlyle – minister, poet and friend of Colonel Gardiner – in an article of 1939 in *The Review of English Studies*.

Regardless of the exact authorship, this is a highly valued piece. Not only is this due to the high poetic merit of the construction, but because of its place in the literary history of the Battle of Prestonpans. Most of the works in this collection are Jacobite in sympathy, the Government loyalists understandably finding little propaganda value in immortalising Prestonpans. However, the heroic fate of Colonel Gardiner, as represented in this poem, is one of the few positive aspects that loyalists could draw from the disaster. Gardiner's name quickly became a household word: engravings of the battle show his final stand; literature on the battle focuses on his valour. Dodderidge's biography of Gardiner flies from the stands, and Haydn puts *Fannie Weeping* to music. The effectiveness of the cult of Gardiner is evident in the later memorial erected near his house. In truth, Gardiner's death was futile and his true nature something of a mystery, lost behind the glamorous propaganda. Margulies may be close to the mark when he calls him a, 'dangerous old lunatic,' (p146), but the supporters of Hanover needed a beacon to shine out from the debacle.

Haydn's use of the poem in 1792 suggests it was popular, and

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that he felt he could tap into the enthusiastic Gardiner market, as was his intention when setting traditional or well-known British texts to music. It is perhaps surprising then that a publication of 1766 mistakenly believes that it is printing the work for the first time, and also makes it seem strange that there is doubt over the authorship, but I feel inclined to acknowledge that poem had a fairly wide circulation.



The Mackenzie Slab at Lock Leven

This 19th century slab is to be found on the grave of William McKenzie at Eilean Munde on Loch Leven and the inscription reads 'The fate of an English dragoon who attacked D[uncan] McKenzie at the battle of Prestonpans where he fought under Prince Charles Stuart'.

Ode to Gladsmuir

Hamilton of Bangour

As over Gladsmuir's blood stain'd field,
Scotia's Imperial Goddess flew;
Her lifted spear and radiant shield,
Conspicuous blazing to the view.
Her visage lately clouded with despair,
Now reasum'd its first majestic air.

Such seen as oft in battle warm
She glow'd through many a martial age;
Or mild to breathe the civil charm
In pious plans and counsel sage:
For, o'er the mingling glories of her face
A manly greatness heighten's female grace.

Loud as the trumpet rolls its sound,
Her voice the Pow'r celestial rais'd;
While her victorious sons around
In silent joy and wonder gaz'd:
The sacred muses heard th' immortal lay,
And thus to earth the notes of fame convey,

'Tis done, my sons, 'tis nobly done;
Victorious over tyrant pow'r;
How quick the race of fame was run;
The work of ages in one hour:
Slow creeps th' oppressive weight of slavish reigns,
One glorious moment rose, and burst your chains.

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But late, forlorn, dejected, pale,
A prey to each insulting for;
I sought the grove and gloomy vale,
To vent in solitude my woe:
Now to my hand the balance fair restor'd;
Once more I wield on high th' imperial sword.

What arm has this deliverance wrought?
'Tis he, the gallant youth appears;
O warm in fields and cool in though,
Beyond the slow advance of years!
Haste, let me, rescu'd now from future harms,
Strain close the filial virtue of my arms.

Early I nurs'd this royal youth,
Ah! Ill detain'd on foreign shores;
I fill'd his mind with love of truth,
With fortitude and wisdom's stores:
For when a noble action is decreed,
Heav'n forms the Hero for the destin'd deed.

Nor could the soft seducing charms
Of mild Hesperia's blooming soil,
E'er quench his noble thirst of arms,
Of generous deeds and honest toil:
Fir'd with the warmth a country's love imparts,
He fled their weakness, but admir'd their arts.

With him I plough'd the stormy main;
My breath inspire'd the auspicious gale;
Reserve'd for Gladsmuir's glorious plain,
Through dangers wing'd his daring sail:
Where, firm'd with inborn worth he durst oppose
His single valour to an host of foes.

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He came! He spoke! And all around,
As swift as heav'n's quick darted flame,
Shepherds turn'd warriors at the sound,
And every bosom beat for fame:
They caught heroic ardour from his eyes,
And at his side the willing heroes rise.

Rouse England! Rouse, fame's noblest son,
In all thy ancient splendour shine;
If I the glorious work begun,
O let the crowning palm be thine:
I bring a Prince, for such is heav'n's decree.
Who overcomes but to forgive and free.

So shall fierce wars and tumults cease,
While plenty crowns the smiling plain;
And industry, fair child of peace,
Shall in each crowded city reign:
So shall these happy realms for ever prove,
The sweets of Union, Liberty, and Love.

Commentary

Of all the Jacobite songs, it is perhaps this one that most encapsulates the sense of sheer joy and expectation resulting from the victory at Prestonpans. It is also one of the most formal, classical, and interesting.

As was the Jacobite habit, Prestonpans is referred to as Gladsmuir. That the battle was the central inspiration for the poem is not in doubt: it is established as such on the very first line, and the theme is very much that at Prestonpans all wrongs done unto Scotland were righted. As a result of victory there, Scotland's liberty was restored, her former prowess revived. From the fourth verse, the poem is spoken by 'Scotia's imperial goddess,' the personification of Scotland herself, and she fully acknowledges her restoration, almost as a mirrored parallel to the Stuarts.

Unusually for Jacobite poetry, Hamilton's Scotia calls upon England as 'fame's noblest son,' and speaks of the country with praise. Here politics stands to the fore – it is vital for the success of the Rebellion that the people of England rise in support of the Jacobites, and here is an overt acknowledgement of this. Let England continue the work begun at Prestonpans. This reference also helps to identify the date of the composition of the poem – it was surely conceived shortly after Prestonpans itself, probably before the withdrawal from Derby, and certainly before the defeat at Culloden. There is no mention of Falkirk, which is further evidence for a date of late 1745.

The classical style of the poem makes it somewhat more similar to *Fannie Weeping* than to the likes of *Hey Johnnie Cope*. The treatment of Prince Charles is that of a classical hero, almost an Aeneas, preserved by the gods for his great purpose. The reference to the Jacobite soldiers as, 'shepherds turn'd warriors,' also evokes the classical imagery of Rome, which boasted that its early armies, and virtues, were rustic and pure. The link to antiquity is made explicit by the use of the ancient Latin name for Italy, Hesperia, and by identifying that Charles was coming over from that land identified with empire and authority.

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William Hamilton of Bangour (1694–1754) was himself a part of the Jacobite army, and shared its fortunes. This poem, something of a triumph, was out of circulation for many years as a result of its rebellious contents, and only appears in publications much later. It surfaces in 1773 in the *Edinburgh Magazine and Review* and in the *Scots Magazine*, and in the third volume of the *Scots Musical Museum*. With Hamilton long dead, Charles Stuart in the last years of his life, his brother safely married to the church, and no legitimate Stuart heirs, it seems the *Ode to Gladsmuir* was considered safe to print.



*Re-enactors from 77th Montgomeries of the Czech Republic in Prestonpans,
September 21st 2007*

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Caricature of Sir John Cope, editor's drawing from the original by George Townshend (1724–1807)

It seems Sir John was doomed to be known forever through caricature, and this image by the 1st Marquess Townshend is perhaps just as cruel as Skirving's song. Townshend enjoyed a fine military career, reaching the rank of Field Marshal in 1796. The original belongs to the National Portrait Gallery, London.

Hey Johnnie Cope

Adam Skirving

Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
Charlie meet me an' ye daur,
And I'll learn you the art o' war,
If you'll meet wi' me in the morning

*Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?
Or are your drums a-beatin' yet?
If ye were waukin' I wad wait,
To gang to the coals i' the morning.*

When Charlie looked the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
Come follow me, my merry men,
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?...

Now, Johnnie, be as good as your word,
Come let us try baith fire and sword,
And dinna flee like a frightened bird
That's chased frae its nest in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?...

When Johnnie Cope he heard all this,
He thought it wadna be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness,
To flee awa' in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?...

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JOHNNIE COPE

Wrote by ADAM KEIRVING, 1710-2000

Air[®] Eye to the hills in the morning.

Con spirito.

Piano

Maya.

Lady in PS

	In	dē	tā	shāl	a	chē	bē	sō	mē	hāk	shāl
Cape seal	a	chal - lingo	free	Dun - bar,	(Haying)	Ober - lie				meat	me-

I'll love you like I love the land
 I'll love you like I love the land
 I'll love you like I love the land
 I'll love you like I love the land

more - ⁶ Then he'll take you, and you walk - ⁷ yet? Or are your drums a -

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH

Fye now, Johnnie, get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak' a din;
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidie morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?...

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speir'd at him, where's a' your men?
The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?...

Now, Johnnie, troth, ye were na blate,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
So early in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?...

In faith, quo' Johnnie, I got sic flegs
Wi' their claymores and filabegs,
If I face them deil break my legs,
So I wish you a' good morning!
Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?...

Hey Johnie Cope

Robert Burns Adaptation

Sir John Cope trode the north right far,
Yet ne'er a rebel he cam naur,
Until he landed at Dunbar
Right early in the morning.

*Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye wauking yet,
Or are ye sleeping, I would wit;
Haste ye get up for the drums do beat,
O fye Cope rise in the morning.*

He wrote a challenge from Dunbar,
'Come fight me Charlie an ye daur;
If it be not by the chance of war
I'll give you a merry morning.'

Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye wauking yet ...

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from:
'So Heaven restore me to my own,
I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning.'

Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye wauking yet...

Cope swore with many a bloody word
That he would fight them gun and sword,
But he fled frae his nest like an ill scar'd bird,
And Johnie he took wing in the morning.

Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye wauking yet...

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH

It was upon an afternoon,
Sir Johnie march'd to Preston town;
Hey says, 'my lads, come lean you down,
And we'll fight the boys in the morning.

Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye wauking yet...

But when he saw the Highland lads
Wi' tartan trews and white cockaudes,
Wi' swords and guns and rungs and gauds,
O Johnie he took wing in the morning.

Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye wauking yet...

On the morrow, when he did rise,
He look'd between him and the skies,
He saw them wi' their naked thighs,
Which fear'd him in the morning.

Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye wauking yet...

O then he flew into Dunbar,
Crying for a man of war;
He thought to have pass'd for a rustic tar
And gotten awa in the morning.

Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye wauking yet...

Sir Johnie into Berwick rade,
Just as the devil had been his guide;
Gien him the world and he would na stay'd
To faughten the boys in the morning.

Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye wauking yet...

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH

Says the Berwickers unto Sir John,
'O what's become of all your men?'
'In faith,' says he, 'I dinna ken,
I left them a' this morning.'

Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye wauking yet...

Says Lord Mark Car, 'ye are blate,
To bring us the news o' your ain defeat.
I think ye deserve the back o' the gate:
Get out o' my sight this morning.'

Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye wauking ye...



*Re-enactors at the Gardiner Memorial obelisk at Bankton House,
September 21st 2007*

Commentary

Surely the most famous of all the Prestonpans poems, if not all Jacobite poems, Skirving's mercilessly satirical assault on the Government commander has long enjoyed wide currency, and has likewise endured several modifications. The two versions presented here are the two forms most frequently encountered, and although largely parallel, there are significant differences. The first version presented is the Skirving original; the second is the adaptation found in the third volume of the *Scots Musical Museum*, modified by Robert Burns. The nineteenth century poem by Charles Grey, also featured in this collection, is written to the air of *Hey Johnnie Cope*, but is entirely different from the original.

Skirving was himself a native of the area, being a farmer of Garleton near Haddington, and although not present at the battle itself, claims to have been on the field shortly afterwards and seen the results. Certainly he was well placed to make comment on the events there, the atmosphere, and the attitudes of those who had taken part. His *Tranent Muir*, featured later, is in many ways a more engaging and biting poem, but it has never matched the popular appeal of *Hey Johnnie Cope*. Just as Fannie Weeping helped form a hero of Gardiner, so Skirving's work helped make a mockery of Cope. Historians are still divided as to how to assess this experienced officer's conduct, but Skirving and Burns are both equally unsympathetic. Burns even has Cope contemplating boarding ship in disguise.

As well as contributing to Cope's infamy, this poem has helped keep a few common misconceptions about the battle in common currency. Certainly there was no written communication between Cope and Charles before the Battle of Prestonpans: to send a challenge as the poem suggests would be an acknowledgement of the Jacobite commander as an equal in the field, rather than an illegal rebel. Burns also attributes the commonly known accusation that Cope was the first to bring word of his own defeat, to General the Lord Mark Kerr (Car). The two men were indeed in a state of cold war, the latter having aspired to Cope's

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH

command in Scotland. The truth as to whether he would have used a situation of national emergency to make a low jibe is unlikely to ever be known, but it is more likely that the tradition belongs to wit rather than fact. Certainly Kerr knew about the defeat before Cope arrived in Berwick, as a messenger had been sent for that purpose and probably took little time about it.

Burns' version reflects some nice details from the battle itself. The added opening verse summarises Cope's failed march north to intercept the Jacobite army, and his reference to the naked thighs of the highlanders recalls the fact that many chose to throw off their plaids in order to charge unencumbered (the long highland shirts were pinned or knotted between the legs).



Portrait of Sir John Cope circa 1730 by William Aikman at Blickling Hall, Norfolk, photograph by permission of The National Trust - the only painting known to exist. Sir John Cope was MP for Orford in Suffolk amongst his other pre-1745 activities. And he was well known to and appreciated by George II as a military man whom the King had met on the battlefield on the continent. One of the artist's patrons was John, Duke of Argyll, a deeply committed supporter of the Union and one who would have known of Sir John Cope.

Oran Do Loch Iall / A Song to Lochiel

Cameron of Dochanassie

Version "A"

Here's health to my hero
Tis right full to fill it
And to keep it in practice
As truly a fashion;
Every man who dislikes it
I shall leave him a-thirsting
To drink it were pleasant
In wine or in brandy
So pleasant, so pleasant.

Young Donald from Lochaber
Thy health may I see drunk around me,
The youth faithful, commanding
And in danger unflinching;
Little wonder that pride shines
So high in thy visage
While so much blood royal
Does run by thy shoulders
So much blood, so much blood.

It was shown at Gladsmuir
Thou excellest in valour
Thy spirit tookst from thy grandsire
Who of hosts was commander;
And my hope's in the Trinity
If this thing came to triumph
I'll see thee win a Dukedom
When that crown has been gained
As a duke, as a duke.

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH

Nor did that coward rabble
Take to fleeing in safety
For many a red-coat
Lay on the field headless
And arms from their shoulders
And crowns off were stricken
By the keen, mighty heroes
Haughty, and fearless
By the strength of men,
By the strength of men.

Version "A"

O deoch-slaime mo ghaisgich,
'S coir a faicinn 'ga lionadh,
Us a cumail an cleachdadh
Mar fasan da rìreadh;
H-uile fear leis nach ait i
F'agam esan an iotadh;
Bhith 'ga h-ol gur h-e b'annsa
Ma's branndaidh no fion i
gur e b'annsa, gur e b'annsa.

'S a Dhomhnuill oig Abraich,
Do shlaime gum faic mi mun'n cuairt i;
An t-og firinneach smachdail
Nach robh tais an am cruadail;
'S beag iongnadh an t-ardan
Bhith gu h-ard ann ad ghruaidhean,
'S a liuthad fuil rioghail
Tha sioladh mu d'ghuillibh.
's a liuthad fuil, 's a liuthad fuil

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH

'S dearbhadh air sin Sliabh a' Chlamhain
Gun d'fhuair sibh barrachd an cruadal,
Thug thu an duthchas o d'sheanair,
B'ard-cheannard air sluagh e;
Tha mo dhuil anns an Trianaid,
Ma's ni thig gu buaidh e,
Gum faic mi thu ad Dhiuca
An deidh an crun ud a bhuannachd.
'is 'nad Dhiuc', 'is 'nad Dhiuc'

Cha b'e siubhal na slainte
Bh'aig a' ghraisg us a' teicheadh,
'S iomadh cota ruadh maduir
Bh'anns an araich gun leithcheann,
Agus slinncein o'n ghualainn
Agus cnuac chaidh a leagail
Le luths nam fear laidir
Ghabh an t-ardan gun eagal.
le luths nam fear, le luths nam fear
le luths nam fear, le luths nam fear

Version "B"

Here's a health to my hero,
'Tis right full to fill it,
And to keep it in practice
As truly a fashion;
Every man who dislikes it
I shall leave him a-thirsting,
To drink it were pleasant
In wine or in brandy

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH

If it's good fiery brandy,
Bring it down now to see it,
I would hold up a quaich full
In front of my forehead;
Ill becomes it to comrades
Not to love one another,
To all who it pleases -
Here's a health to the Rebels!

Young Donald from Lochaber
Thy health may I see drunk around me,
The youth faithful, commanding
And in danger unflinching;
Little wonder that pride shines
So high in thy visage,
While so much blood royal
Does run by thy shoulders.

For indeed much blood fruitful
Does course 'neath thy clothing,
From Manus Mac Cairbre's
Race, well-armed and valiant;
With their spotted double targets
And their strong coats of armour,
When they charged in the onset,
Retreat did they never.

And thy kinsmen are many
To be seen here in Scotland,
To Sleat thou'rt related
And the young heir of Dreòllainn,
To Mac Shim of the banners
In need's hour not faint-hearted,
And young Ewen of Cluny
And his folk would rise with thee.

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH

The Marquis of Enzie
And Perth's Duke would rise with thee,
And likewise Clan Chattan
With their blue, keen-edged weapons,
Mac Mhic Ranaid of Keppoch
With his clean-limbed, brave clansmen,
And Mac Iain Stewart of Appin
A chieftain unyielding.

Of thy clansmen thou'rt certain
Wherever thou goest,
Pity whom meets their anger,
In need's hour they're not timid;
Well-armed, equipped, loyal,
Unaccustomed to yielding,
And the sound of their firing
Would leave their foes prostrate.

It was shown at Gladsmuir
Thou excellest in valour,
Thy spirit tookst from thy grandsire
Who of hosts was commander;
And my hope's in the Trinity,
If this thing come to triumph,
I'll see thee win a Dukedom
When that crown has been gainèd.

At Falkirk, 'gainst Hawley,
Thou didst excel all his army,
When the enemy turned
In six ranks on the hillside;
Thou flinchest not from the danger
With thy ancestor's courage,
When thy clan drew together
The beasts took to fleeing.

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH

Nor did that coward rabble
Take to fleeing in safety,
For many a red-coat
Lay on the field headless,
And arms from their shoulders
And crown off were stricken,
By the keen, mighty heroes
Haughty, and fearless.

Woe betide him who would thwart them
Aflame for the battle,
With my loved one a-leading,
A champion in the fighting;
Whene'er thy banner was raised
By the fine fearless heroes,
Their strong arms a-striking
Would leave Englishmen lifeless.



Commentary

This toast, by Alexander Cameron of Dochanassie in Lochaber, is dedicated to Donald Cameron of Lochiel, one of the most important clan leaders to join to the Prince's standard. The second version is slightly extended, but the passage which refers to Prestonpans (Gladsmuir) is little changed. Little is known of the author, other than that he was the poet attached to the Highland and Agricultural Society in 1787. Only a handful of his works can be identified in publications.

Much like the *Ode to Gladsmuir*, this is a poem filled with optimism, which implies a date before Culloden but after Falkirk (since reference is made to that battle). It might have been written slightly after Culloden, as part of an effort to keep the cause alive, but it is impossible to know and seems perhaps less likely. Lochiel was wounded at both Falkirk and Culloden, and it would be surprising if his exploits at the latter did not merit mention. Lochiel's role in the rising was hugely important, despite his initial reservations, and his Cameron's in effect carried the day at Prestonpans.

Gairn Do Prionnsa Tearlach / A Call to Prince Charles

Alexander MacDonald

We care not if thou comest never
Unless thou comest at this moment,
Heedst not our loss nor our dispersion?
Make now the invasion!

Art thou not saddened at the prospect?
Thy heroes, who at Preston conquered,
Being of arms and plaid deprived,
By the Butcher's rabble?

If thou canst by any means,
Come straightway and bring us help;
Never shall we flinch again
From their cannon's thunder.

We'll revenge on George's puppy
All the mischief he has done us,
If to split the skulls asunder
And scourging backs suffices!

If 'tis enough to thrust our broadswords
Down in them to their back-bone marrow,
Despite the thunder of their cannon,
Their dead shall lie stripped naked.

Blood and gore we'll surely mingle,
We'll wage war with all our fervour,
And we'll earn the wage we merit,
Despite the mocking liars.

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH

(Gaelic)

Coma mur an tig thu idir,
Mur an tig thu nis a chlisgeadh;
Ar call 's ar sgainnir nach fidir?
Thoir a nis, a nis an ionnsaigh.

Nach truagh leat fein mar thachras,
Na saoidhean a bh' agad am *Preston*,
A bhith toirt diubh an airm's am breacan
Le prasan a' bhuidseir?

Ma tha comas duit air fonn
Thig a nis us thoir dhuinn cobhair;
Chaidh cha ghabh sinn tuilleadh sothaidh
O ghleadhar am fudair.

Diubhlaidh sinn air cuilean Dheorsa
Na rinneadh oirne de dhoibbheairt,
Ma dh'fhognas claignn a stroiceadh,
'S an cuid ton a sqiursadh.

Ma dh'fhognas claidhean a sparradh
Annta gu ruig an smior-chailleach,
Dh'aindeoin buirich an cuid canain
Bidh cuirp gheala ruisgte.

Ni sinn fuil us gaorr a fhuidreadh,
Ni sinn cogadh le lan-durachd;
's gheibh sinn tuarasdail mar 's fiu sinn,
dh'aindeoin buirt luchd-tunnsgail.

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH

Commentary

Nothing could be further from the joy of Hamilton's *Ode* than the despairing undertones of this Gaelic appeal to Prince Charles. This is a post-Culloden plea to a Prince once more in exile, calling upon him to return and continue the fight. The interest for this study is in the way the author holds up Prestonpans (Preston) in contrast to Culloden. How can the men who stormed over Gladsmuir be now humbled by the retributions of those they once defeated? As with many of the Gaelic poems, the piece is graphic in its violence and its threats, showing both the warlike poetic tradition of Gaeldom and the fervour of the most ardent Jacobites. The reference to flinching from the cannon seems almost apologetic, but the poem is dominated by ferocious determination, and the spirit of Prestonpans.



Re-enactors at Bankton House, September 21st 2007

Fuigheall / A Fragment

Alexander MacDonald

Did we not beat, but recently,
John Cope at Prestonpans,
His infantry four thousand strong,
And all the cavalry he had?
With ninety score militiamen
Picked from the mighty Gaels,
We killed them and we captured them
With clashing of claymore.

On Falkirk field they fled from us
In terror-stricken rout,
Their infantry and horsemen, too,
For fear they'd lose their lives;
Panic and flight took hold of them
Before our keen-edged swords,
They flung their lives and arms away
That should themselves defend.

I could relate the fear that mob
Showed upon many a field,
If only we recount again
What always did take place;
One of them was Bannockburn
Where we our valour showed,
And Killicrankie, too where we
Did knock them to their graves.

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH

O regiments of Prince Charles Stewart
Let us draw close our ranks,
Well sworded, shielded, keen to march
Under our flying flags;
For all we've suffered at their hands,
Hangings, beheadings, loot,
Come let us take our full revenge,
As we would always do.

O remnant that remains of us
Let us close up our ranks,
With courage and with firm resolve
To make our last attempt;
Determined ne'er again to turn
Our backs upon our foes,
O, let us rise for the crown's true heir,
Now is the only hour!

O Scotland! art thou not ashamed
At the poor part thou'st played,
Leaving a handful of the Gaels
To face the foeman's blade?
Come, summon up your mighty strength,
O warlike Scotia's sons,
Let us revenge on George's folk,
The royal blood of the clans.

O, will you utterly forget,
Your ancient hardihood,
Inherited from your ancestors
That gained you many a fight?
O, raise aloft with courage fired
Your spirits now sunk low,
We were not many thousands strong
To triumph at Harlaw.

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH

Did not the Roman Caesar's fail
To conquer us in war?
And shall we then allow these beasts
To down us with their blows?
O, rise again, with spirits high,
And sharp swords in your hands,
Wipe every dirty rebel out
Who takes King George's side!

O Gaeltacht! If thou'rt asleep
Lie not for long in dreams,
Bestir thyself, I beg of thee,
Thy fame is being stol'n;
O, waken up full mightily
Kindled with wrathful fire,
And show them that thy steel's still keen
In one more battle dire.

Gaelic

Nach goirid o'n a ghabh sinn air
Eoin Cop am *Prestonpans*,
Le 'cheithir mìle caisiche,
'S na bha de mharc-shluagh ann?
Le h-ochd ceud deug milisia
De smior nan Gaidheal mor,
Gun mharbh sinn us gun ghlac sinn aid
Le basgar chlaidhimh mhoir.

Nach nar dhuit fein mar thachair dhuit
O Albainn bhochd tha truagh,
Gann lan an duirn de Ghaidhealaibh
Fhagail ri h-uchd buailt?
Nach sumain thu do chruadal mor,
Shliochd Scota sin nan lann?
us diubhlamaid air muinntir Dheors'
Fuil phrionnsail mhor nan Clann.

O, 'n adhlaic sibh an dio-chuimhne
'N seana-chruadal mor a bha
An dualchas dhuibh o'r sunnnsearachd,
Le 'n d'fhuair sibh riamh na blair?
O togaibh suas gu h-innsiginneach
Ur n-inntinnean gu h-ard,
Nach sinn air bheagan mhiltean linnn
A thug linn fhin Harla?

Nach d'fhairtlich air na Caesaraibh
Buaidh gheur-lann fhaotainn oirnn?
'S am maith sinn do na beistean ud
Gu leag iad fhein ar stron?
O, ciribh suas neo-cislinneach
Le'r geur-lannaibh 'nur dorn,
Us sgriosaidh as gach reubalach
a dh'circas le Righ Deors'!

A Ghaidhealtachd! ma's cadal duit
Na fuirich fad' ad shuain,
Guidheam ort, na lagadh ort,
'S do cliu 'ga shladadh uait;
Och, mosgail suas gu h-aigeanach
Le feirg ad lasair ruaidh,
Us comhdaich an aon bhaiteal dhaibh
Nach do bhogaich dad de d' chruaidh.

'San Eaglais Bhric gun theich iad uainn
Le maoim a bha ro-mhor,
An *infantri* 's na h-eich a bh' ann
Le geilt nach bi iad beo;
Ghlac teasach gharbh us *panic* iad
Roimh'r lannan a bha geur,
Thilg iad an airm 's an anam uath'
'S na h-airm dh'anacladh iad fein.

Och! 's iomadh blar an airmhinn-sa
A' ghraisg ud a bhith fann,
Nan cunntamaid a suas air n-ais
An seana-chleachdadh bh' ann;
Gur h-ann diubh latha Bhanocburn
An tug sinn deannal cruaidh,
Us latha Coille-Chnagaidh sin
'N a chnag sinn iad d'an uaigh.

O reisimeidean Thearlaich sin
Dluth-tharlamaid 'nar *ranc*
Gu claidhmheach, sgiathach, caismeachdach,
'S ar brataichean r'ar crann;
Ar crochadh us ar creachannan
'S cur dhinn air *bhloch* nan ceann,
Thugamaid mach ar n-aicheamhail,
So an cleachdadh riamh bh'ann.

O fhuighill arm tha maireann dinn
Dluth-charaicheamaid suas,
Le misnich mhoir 's le barantas
Ar n-carraig thugamaid uainn;
Le run nach tionndaidh sinn ar cul
R'ar biudhannan gu brath,
O, togamaid le h-oighre 'chruin,
So 'n aon uair gu bheil da!

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH



A Plan of the Battle of Tranent fought Sept[embe]r 21st 1745, contemporary, anon

Unlike Blakeney's plan [page 20 above], this one shows the battle in a natural orientation. The plan is also markedly less confusing, and was clearly drawn for clarity and detail. Its main strength is in the information regarding the settlements surrounding the battlefield, and the position of the enclosures. Reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the National Library of Scotland.

Commentary

Although only a fragmentary survival, by the same Alexander MacDonald, this is a much larger and protracted piece. Again, it is a poem revealing a desperate plea after Culloden, an appeal to all 'Gaeltacht' (the Gaelic speaking regions) to rise in one last effort to rid Scotland of the House of Hanover.

Most interestingly, Prestonpans, along with Falkirk, is hailed as one of Scotland's greatest military achievements: it is compared with Bannockburn and Killiecrankie, even the failure of the Romans to conquer Scotland. This last is perhaps a misrepresentation, as the only recorded full scale battle between Roman and Caledonian was apparently a comprehensive defeat, and certainly Caledonia as the Romans knew it bore little relation to Scotland as we do. But the author's intention remains clear: it is a symbol of national pride, and a heritage of warriors.

The frequent apostrophe – appealing now to the warriors, now to Scotland, now to Gaeltacht etc – gives the fragment a distinctly desperate feel. The glory days of September 1745 are far behind them, although they are clearly still fresh in the memory. Prestonpans is not forgotten, it is the proof of what can be done, and is being called upon as inspiration even in the dark days after Culloden.

Tranent Muir

Adam Skirving

The Chevalier, being void of fear, did march up Birsle brae, man,
And through Tranent ere he did stent, as fast as he could gae, man;
While General Cope did taunt and mock, wi' mony a loud huzza, man,
But ere next morn proclaim'd the cock, we heard anither craw, man.

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell, led Camerons on in clouds, man;
The morning fair, and clear the air, they loos'd with devilish thuds, man
Down guns they threw, and swords they drew, and soon did chase them
aff, man
On Seaton crafts they bust their chasts, and gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons swore, blood and oons, they'd make the rebels run,
man:
And yet they flee when them they see, and winna fire a gun, man.
They turn'd their back, the foot they break, such terror seiz'd them a',
man.
Some wet their cheeks, some fyl'd their breeks, and some for fear did
fa', man.
The volunteers prick'd up their ears, and vow gin they were crouse, man!
But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'st, there werena worth a louse,
man
Maist feck gade hame, O fie for shame, they'd better staid awa, man,
Than wi' cockade to make parade, and do nae gude at a', man.

Menteith the great, when hersel shit, un'wares did ding him owre, man,
Yet wadna stand to bear a hand, but aff full fast did scour, man,
O'er Sourtra Hill, ere he stood still, before he tasted meat, man.
Troth, he may brag of his swift nag, that bore him aff sae fleet, man.

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH

And Simpson, keen to clear the een of rebels far in wrang, man.
Did never strive wi' pistols five, but gallop'd wi' the thrang, man.
He turn'd his back, and in a crack was cleanly out o' sight, man,
And thought it best: it was nae jest, wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang, nane bade the bang but twa, and ane was ta'en, man;
For Campbell rade, but Myrie staid, and sair he paid the kane, man.
Four skelpe he got, was waur than shot, frae the sharp-edg'd claymore,
man;
Frac mony a spout came running out his recking het red gore, man.

But Gard'ner brave did still behave like to a hero bright, man;
His courage true, like him were few that still despised flight, man
For king, and laws, and country's cause, in honour's bed he lay, man.
His life, but not his courage fled, while he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bowle, that worthy soul, was brought down to the ground,
man;
His horse being shot, it was his lot for to get mony a wound, man.
Lieutenant Smith of Irish birth, frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
But full of dread, lap o'er his head, and wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spurr'd his beast, 'twas little there he saw, man;
To Berwick rade, and falsely said the Scots were rebels a', man.
But let that end, for weel 'tis kend his use and wonts to lie, man.
The Teague is naught, he never fought when he had room to flee, man.

And Cadell, drest, amang the rest, with gun and gude claymore, man,
On gelding gray he rode that day, with pistols set before, man.
The cause was good, he'd spend his blood before that he would yield,
man;
But the night before he left the core, and never fac'd the field, man.

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH

But gallant Roger, like a soger, stood and bravely fought, man;
I'm wae to tell, at last he fell, and mae down wi' him brought, man
At point of death, wi' his last breath, some standing round in ring, man,
On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat, and cried, 'God save the king!'
man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs, neglecting to pursue, man
About they fac'd, and, in great haste, upon the booty flew, man
And they, as gain for all their pain, are deck's wi' spoils of war, man;
Fu' bauld can tell how her nain sel was ne're sac praw before, man.

At the thorn tree, which you may see, bewest the meadow mill, man,
There mony slain lay on the plain, the clans pursuing still, man.
Sic unco hacks, and deadly whacks, I never saw the like, man;
Lost hands and heads cost them their deads, that fell near Preston dyke,
man.

That afternoon, what a' was done, I gade to see the fray, man;
But I had wist what after past, I'd better staid away, man:
On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands, they pick'd my pockets bare, man;
But I wish ne'er to dree sic fear, For a' the sum and mair, man.

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH

Commentary

Adam Skirving left in this poem a far more interesting presentation than in his more famous *Hey Johnnie Cope*. The poem is dramatic, violent, accurate, and holds no punches. The use of place names and anecdotes demonstrates Skirving's first-hand knowledge of the battlefield and its environs, and his good position for gathering accounts of the event whilst memories were still fresh. The poem explains that its author attended the field that very day, and had cause to regret it: not only was the scene of the carnage an appalling spectacle, on account of the



Adam Skirving of East Garleton

nature of the wounds inflicted, but Skirving was mugged by a band of Jacobites! Amidst the graphic description, the author's infamous wit is still clearly identifiable, and none – Jacobite, Hanoverian, Highlander or Irishman – was considered exempt.

The all-important night march via 'Birsley Brae' to Tranent is recalled in the opening, as well as the way in which it negated Cope's formidable position. The Prince's (Chevalier) personal courage, and the importance of the Camerons under Lochiel, are all key points mentioned, and supported elsewhere. Particularly interesting is Skirving's accurate description of the Highland Charge: muskets were discharged, then discarded in favour of the broadsword, and then the charge itself occurs.

The effect of the charge on the Government forces is clearly and plausibly described, and the description of the worthlessness of the Volunteer units present is something Cope himself could not disagree with, as he had tried his best to keep them out of the fighting for all their sakes.

Skirving also identifies the thorn-tree, which was to become famous as the site by which Gardiner – for whom he reserves his praise – and a great many others were slain. The tree stood testament to their stand thereafter, quickly earning a place on maps of the region. Of all the poems in this collection, none evokes the true fury of that morning, nor relates the reality of what occurred, with such unstoppable vigour as Skirving does here, and nor does any other provide such detailed local information. Nor is it easy to find the poem to be in any way partisan. The poem, whilst not perhaps having the lasting popular appeal of *Hey Johnnie Cope*, is unrivalled in value for these reasons.

19th Century Contributions

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH



Colonel Gardiner leaving the Battlefield, 21st September 2007

The Battle of Preston

Charles Grey

The blairin' trumpet sounded far,
And horsemen rode, weel graith'd for war,
While Sir John Cope march'd frae Dunbar,
Upon a misty morning.
Prince Charlie, wi' his Highland host,
Lay westward on the Lothian coast,
But Johnny bragg'd, wi' mony a boast
He'd rout them ere neist morning.

Lang ere the cock proclaim'd it day,
The Prince's men stood in array;
And, though impatient for the fray,
Bent low the knee that morning.
When row-dow roll'd the English drum,
The Highland bagpipe gi'ed a bum,
And told the mountain Clans had come,
Grim death and danger scorning.

Ilk hand was firm, ilk heart was true;
A shot! And down their guns they threw;
Then forth their dread claymores they drew,
Upon that fearfu' morning.
The English raised a loud huzza,
But durstna bid the brunt ava;
They waver'd — turn'd — sync ran awa',
Like sheep at shepherd's warning.

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH

Fast, fast, their foot and horsemen flew;
And caps were mix'd wi' bonnets blue.
And dirks were wet, but no wi' dew,
Upon that dreadfu' morning.
Few stay'd – save ae devoted band –
To bide the blow frae Highland brand,
That swept around – and head and hand
Lopp'd, on that bluidy morning.

What sad mishaps that few befell!
When faint had grown the battle's yell.
Still Gardiner fought – and fighting fell,
Upon that awesome morning!
Nae braggart – but a soldier he,
Wha scorn'd wi' coward loons to flee;
Sae fell aneath the auld thorn tree,
Upon that fatal morning!



Death of Colonel Gardiner at Tranent Manse, 22nd September 2007

Commentary

Captain Charles Grey's piece, published in *Songs of Scotland* in 1854, whilst the author was still active. It takes its tune as that of *Hey Johnnie Cope*, but in style and content it owes much more to Skirving's other work, *Tranent Muir*. It shares its violent description and is a graphic summary of the morning's events. Although not overtly partisan, the decision to close the poem with the courage of Gardiner, and the references to the day being, 'fearfu', 'dreadfu', and, 'fatal,' suggest his sympathies are with the Government soldiers. A hundred years later, it was not really important. The important fact is that the battle was still inspiring such poets to write in such an impassioned way.

Although preserving accurate details about the types of wounds inflicted, and the style of Highland attack, as described elsewhere, Grey misleads when he suggests the Jacobites paused for prayer before the battle. All contemporary sources clearly identify the speed of the attack. The Jacobite army did not have time to dress its deployment on the field, let alone pray, as every second counted in those early stages of the battle.

The Silent Pipes

Nimmo Christie

They'll raise the reel and rant no more,
Nor play the springs they played of yore,
When lads and lasses tripped the floor
From gloamin' until early;
No more a bridal lilt they'll blow,
Or wailing coranach, although
Deaths hand should lay a kinsman low,
The pipes that played for Charlie.

Glenfinnan heard their joyful note,
And distant straths and hills remote,
When in the Northern air afloat
The Royal flag waved fairly;
They blew a welcome to Lochiel,
And many a chieftains heart of steel
Beat high to hear the warlike peal
Of pipes that played for Charlie.

Oh! lightly marched the Highland host,
And o'er the Fords o' Frew they crost,
And lightly faced the sleet and frost,
Though tartans clad them barely.
Before them Cope was fain to flee,
They took St. Johnstone and Dundee,
The bailies heard with little glee
The pipes that played for Charlie.

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH

They sang fu' low at Holyrood
To suit the gentle ladies mood,
The ladies fair, of gentle blood,
Whose smiles the prince lo'ed rarely;
But when at Prestonpans they played,
The Lowland lads were sore dismayed,
Their horsemen ran, and ne'er drew blade,
From pipes that played for Charlie.

They blew a last, a mournful strain,
When on Drumanossie's weary plain
The day was lost and hope had gane,
And hearts were sinkin' sairly.
No more they'll swell the pibroch shrill,
Or in the glen, or on the hill
Forever now the voice is still
Of pipes that played for Charlie.



Commentary

Little indeed can be discovered about the author, Nimmo Christie, although this work was published in *Littell's Living Age Magazine* in December 1892. The work is almost certainly older, although probably not by a good deal of time.

It is an emotive, moving piece, which follows much of the Jacobite campaign from the dizzy heights of Holyrood balls to the disaster of Culloden, the solemn note on which the poet – and the piper within it – ends. The two references to the Battle of Prestonpans, the first being a passing mention of Cope's flight, the second more developed, are used to provide the contrast within this framework, the antithesis of Culloden.

Christie apparently has Cope's army made up of lowlanders, and this deserves comment. Certainly there were lowlanders present, especially in the volunteer units, but there were also English, Irish, and Highlanders (the Black Watch was guarding Cope's baggage, for example), so Cope's was no lowland army. However, it is true indeed that the Jacobite army at this stage in the campaign was predominantly Highland in composition.

Culloden

Andrew Lang

Dark, dark was the day when we looked on Culloden
And chill was the mist drop that clung to the tree,
The oats of the harvest hung heavy and sodden,
No light on the land and no wind on the sea.

There was wind, there was rain, there was fire on their faces,
When the clans broke the bayonets and died on the guns,
And 'tis Honour that watches the desolate places
Where they sleep through the change of the snows and the suns.

Unfed and unmarshalled, outworn and outnumbered,
All hopeless and fearless, as fiercely they fought,
As when Falkirk with heaps of the fallen was cumbered,
As when Gladsmuir was red with the havoc they wrought.

Ah, woe worth you, Sleat, and the faith that you vowed,
Ah, woe worth you, Lovat, Traquair, and Mackay;
And woe on the false fairy flag of Macleod,
And the fat squires who drank, but who dared not to die!

Where the graves of Clan Chattan are clustered together,
Where Macgillavray died by the Well of the Dead,
We stooped to the moorland and plucked the pale heather
That blooms where the hope of the Stuart was sped.

And a whisper awoke on the wilderness, sighing,
Like the voice of the heroes who battled in vain,
"Not for Tearlach alone the red claymore was plying,
But to bring back the old life that comes not again."

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH

Commentary

Andrew Lang (1844–1912) presents us here with a solemn, sympathetic lament for what was lost irredeemably at Culloden, a cause and a culture. It was published in 1905, in a collection of his works, by Longmans. The reference to Gladsmuir is just one piece of evidence for a Jacobite lean, but it is little more than a casual acknowledgement of the dramatic turn in fortunes incurred by the Rebels in 1746. It is worth noting that the Battle of Prestonpans is again remembered for its bloodiness.



The statue at Corstorphine of Alan Breck & David Balfour Alexander Stoddart's magnificent, larger-than-life size bronze of Alan Breck with David Balfour that now graces the Corstorphine Hill in Edinburgh where they parted at the conclusion of Robert Louis Stevenson's Kidnapped.

Kidnapped

Robert Louis Stevenson

From Chapter 12—I Hear of the Red Fox

"I got my wastefulness from he same man I got the buttons from; and that was my poor father, Duncan Stewart, grace be to him! He was the prettiest man of his kindred; and the best swordsman in the Hielands, David, and that is the same as to say, in all the world, I should ken, for it was him that taught me. He was in the Black Watch, when first it was mustered; and, like other gentlemen privates, had a gillie at his back to carry his firelock for him on the march. Well, the King, it appears, was wishful to see Hieland swordsmanship; and my father and three more were chosen out and sent to London town, to let him see it at the best. So they were had into the palace and showed the whole art of the sword for two hours at a stretch, before King George and Queen Carline, and the Butcher Cumberland, and many more of whom I have nae mind. And when they were through, the King (for all he was a rank usurper) spoke them fair and gave each man three guineas in his hand. Now, as they were going out of the palace, they had a porter's lodge to go, by; and it came in on my father, as he was perhaps the first private Hieland gentleman that had ever gone by that door, it was right he should give the poor porter a proper notion of their quality. So he gives the King's three guineas into the man's hand, as if it was his common custom; the three others that came behind him did the same; and there they were on the street, never a penny the better for their pains. Some say it was one, that was the first to fee the King's porter; and some say it was another; but the truth of it is, that it was Duncan Stewart, as I am willing to prove with either sword or pistol. And that was the father that I had, God rest him!"

"I think he was not the man to leave you rich," said I.

"And that's true," said Alan. "He left me my breeks to cover me, and little besides. And that was how I came to enlist, which was a black spot upon my character at the best of times, and would still be a sore job for me if I fell among the red-coats."

"What," cried I, "were you in the English army?"

"That was I," said Alan. "But I deserted to the right side at Preston Pans—and that's some comfort."

I could scarcely share this view: holding desertion under arms for an unpardonable fault in honour. But for all I was so young, I was wiser than say my thought. "Dear, dear," says I, "the punishment is death."

"Ay" said he, "if they got hands on me, it would be a short shrift and a lang tow for Alan! But I have the King of France's commission in my pocket, which would aye be some protection."

"I misdoubt it much," said I.

"I have doubts mysel'," said Alan dryly.

"And, good heaven, man," cried I, "you that are a condemned rebel, and a deserter, and a man of the French King's—what tempts ye back into this country? It's a braving of Providence."

"Tut!" says Alan, "I have been back every year since forty-six!"

"And what brings ye, man?" cried I.

"Well, ye see, I weary for my friends and country," said he. "France is a braw place, nae doubt; but I weary for the heather and the deer. And then I have bit things that I attend to. Whiles I pick up a few lads to serve the King of France: recruits, ye see; and that's aye a little money. But the heart of the matter is the business of my chief Ardsheel."

"I thought they called your chief Appin," said I.

"Ay, but Ardsheel is the captain of the clan," said he, which scarcely cleared my mind. "Ye see, David, he that was all his life so great a man, and come of the blood and bearing the name of kings, is now brought down to live in a French town like a poor and private person. He that had four hundred swords at his whistle, I have seen, with these eyes of mine, buying butter in the market-place, and taking it home in a kale-leaf. This is not only a pain but a disgrace to us of his family and clan. There are the bairns forby, the children and the hope of Appin, that must be learned their letters and how to hold a sword, in that far country. Now, the tenants of Appin have to pay a rent to King George; but their hearts are staunch, they are true to their chief; and what with love and a bit of pressure, and maybe a threat or two, the poor folk scrape up a second rent for Ardsheel. Well, David, I'm the hand that carries it." And he struck the belt about his body, so that the guineas rang.

From Chapter 24 – the Flight in the Heather: The Quarrel

All the while, I was growing worse and worse. Once I had fallen, my leg simply doubling under me, and this had struck Alan for the moment; but I was afoot so briskly, and set off again with such a natural manner, that he soon forgot the incident. Flushes of heat went over me, and then spasms of shuddering. The stitch in my side was hardly bearable. At last I began to feel that I could trail myself no farther: and with that, there came on me all at once the wish to have it out with Alan, let my anger blaze, and be done with my life in a more sudden manner. He had just called me "Whig." I stopped.

"Mr. Stewart," said I, in a voice that quivered like a fiddle-string, "you are older than I am, and should know your manners. Do you think it either very wise or very witty to cast my politics in my teeth? I thought, where folk differed, it was the part of gentlemen to differ civilly; and if I did not, I may tell you I could find a better taunt than some of yours."

Alan had stopped opposite to me, his hat cocked, his hands in his breeches pockets, his head a little on one side. He listened, smiling evilly, as I could see by the starlight; and when I had done he began to whistle a Jacobite air. It was the air made in mockery of General Cope's defeat at Preston Pans:

"Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?
And are your drums a-beatin' yet?"

And it came in my mind that Alan, on the day of that battle, had been engaged upon the royal side.

"Why do ye take that air, Mr. Stewart?" said I. "Is that to remind me you have been beaten on both sides?"

The air stopped on Alan's lips. "David!" said he.

"But it's time these manners ceased," I continued; "and I mean you shall henceforth speak civilly of my King and my good friends the Campbells."

"I am a Stewart—" began Alan.

"O!" says I, "I ken ye bear a king's name. But you are to remember, since I have been in the Highlands, I have seen a good many of those that

bear it; and the best I can say of them is this, that they would be none the worse of washing."

"Do you know that you insult me?" said Alan, very low.

"I am sorry for that," said I, "for I am not done; and if you distaste the sermon, I doubt the *pirlicue* will please you as little. You have been chased in the field by the grown men of my party; it seems a poor kind of pleasure to out-face a boy. Both the Campbells and the Whigs have beaten you; you have run before them like a hare. It behoves you to speak of them as of your betters."

Alan stood quite still, the tails of his great-coat clapping behind him in the wind.

"This is a pity" he said at last. "There are things said that cannot be passed over."

"I never asked you to," said I. "I am as ready as yourself."

"Ready?" said he.

"Ready," I repeated. "I am no blower and boaster like some that I could name. Come on!" And drawing my sword, I fell on guard as Alan himself had taught me.

"David!" he cried. "Are ye daft? I cannae draw upon ye, David. It's fair murder."

"That was your look-out when you insulted me," said I.

"It's the truth!" cried Alan, and he stood for a moment, wringing his mouth in his hand like a man in sore perplexity. "It's the bare truth," he said, and drew his sword. But before I could touch his blade with mine, he had thrown it from him and fallen to the ground. "Na, na," he kept saying, "na, na—I cannae, I cannae."

At this the last of my anger oozed all out of me; and I found myself only sick, and sorry, and blank, and wondering at myself. I would have given the world to take back what I had said; but a word once spoken, who can recapture it? I minded me of all Alan's kindness and courage in the past, how he had helped and cheered and borne with me in our evil days; and then recalled my own insults, and saw that I had lost for ever that doughty friend. At the same time, the sickness that hung upon me seemed to redouble, and the pang in my side was like a sword for sharpness. I thought I must have swooned where I stood.

Chapter 25 – In Balquhiddy

"I am given to know, sir," says he, "that your name is Balfour."

"They call me David Balfour," said I, "at your service."

"I would give ye my name in return, sir" he replied, "but it's one somewhat blown upon of late days; and it'll perhaps suffice if I tell ye that I am own brother to James More Drummond or Macgregor, of whom ye will scarce have failed to hear."

"No, sir," said I, a little alarmed; "nor yet of your father, Macgregor-Campbell." And I sat up and bowed in bed; for I thought best to compliment him, in case he was proud of having had an outlaw to his father.

He bowed in return. "But what I am come to say, sir," he went on, "is this. In the year '45, my brother raised a part of the 'Gregara' and marched six companies to strike a stroke for the good side; and the surgeon that marched with our clan and cured my brother's leg when it was broken in the brush at Preston Pans, was a gentleman of the same name precisely as yourself. He was brother to Balfour of Baith; and if you are in any reasonable degree of nearness one of that gentleman's kin, I have come to put myself and my people at your command."

You are to remember that I knew no more of my descent than any cadger's dog; my uncle, to be sure, had prated of some of our high connections, but nothing to the present purpose; and there was nothing left me but that bitter disgrace of owning that I could not tell.

Commentary

Kidnapped relies heavily on its Jacobite back-drop, but it is in the days of pursuit and persecution in which young Balfour begins his adventures. Stevenson throws a firm Government loyalist into the arms of an ardent Jacobite agent, and allows their personalities and their loyalties find their own strange harmony. The passages here presented are those carrying direct references to the Battle of Prestonpans, although the quoted passages have been extended to give a context for each reference. The first and second passages are the more important.

The first passage quoted here explains a little of Alan Breck's history, of how he came to fight for the Jacobites after Prestonpans. Interestingly – and there is no reason why Stevenson should not have known better – Balfour refers to Cope's army as the, 'English army.' We have already established that this is not an appropriate term, and certainly does not sit well with Balfour's sentiments: he would have supported the loyalists at Prestonpans, but would he really have believed it an English force? Alan refers to the Jacobite army as, 'the right side,' an uncompromising attitude that fits with the services he goes on to describe as his reasons for returning to Scotland.

Alan's somewhat cavalier attitude to uniform, as shown by his transference from redcoat to tartan, and then to white (although service in French armies was extremely common for Jacobite exiles and sympathisers), might surprise the reader as much as it surprised David Balfour. But it was not unusual, and need not be in the least unexpected for a man in Breck's position in 1745. The interesting contrast is between his enrolment in the British Army, and in the Jacobite: the former was done out of necessity, with no love or enthusiasm; the latter was a free choice of a free man, and done for loyalty and blood, and for the traditions he believed in. There will be parallels visible in Scott's *Waverley*, where notions of kinship, love, friendship and loyalty succeed over the restrictive and unromantic. It is a matter of free choice. This need not have been the case for many of those in the

Jacobite army, who were driven into the ranks out of compulsion or fear, but this is not the legacy that passed into the literature – none of the poetry we have collected describes such processes to us, and immortalise only bravery, devotion, and commitment.

The second passage is interesting so far as it acknowledges the popularity of *Hey Johnnie Cope*, and the Skirving original version at that. It is equally interesting that Breck uses the tune to provoke his companion, knowing its effect. It is his misfortune that Balfour is equipped for the *touché*.

Finally, beneath these comments I have included Stevenson's reference to Prestonpans in *Catriona*, the text of which speaks for itself.

Catriona

Robert Louis Stevenson

We left Musselburgh before the first ninepenny coach was due from Edinburgh for (as Alan said) that was a re-encounter we might very well avoid. The wind although still high, was very mild, the sun shone strong, and Alan began to suffer in proportion. From Prestonpans he had me aside to the field of Gladsmuir, where he exerted himself a great deal more than needful to describe the stages of the battle. Thence, at his old round pace, we travelled to Cockenzie. Though they were building herring-busses there at Mrs. Cadell's, it seemed a desert-like, back-going town, about half full of ruined houses; but the ale-house was clean, and Alan, who was now in a glowing heat, must indulge himself with a bottle of ale, and carry on to the new luckie with the old story of the cold upon his stomach, only now the symptoms were all different.

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH



Sir Walter Scott, Sir John Steell (1804–91)

Seated within his awesome monument, like a sentinel between Edinburgh's Old and New towns, Scott observes the movements of modern Scotland below him. George Kemp's monument was constructed 1840–4 with Steell's statue placed within. Probably the city's greatest landmark after the Castle, it overlooks the central railway hub of Edinburgh Waverley, securing the fame of both the author and his most influential work. Where, by contrast, are Scotland's monuments to Charles Edward Stuart?

Image by Amanda Chew, editor's collection.

Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since

Walter Scott

Chapter 7 – A Horse-Quarter in Scotland

He now entered upon a new world, where, for a time, all was beautiful because all was new. Colonel Gardiner, the commanding officer of the regiment, was himself a study for a romantic, and at the same time an inquisitive, youth. In person he was tall, handsome, and active, though somewhat advanced in life. In his early years, he had been what is called, by manner of palliative, a very gay young man, and strange stories were circulated about his sudden conversion from doubt, if not infidelity, to a serious and even enthusiastic turn of mind. It was whispered that a supernatural communication, of a nature obvious even to the exterior senses, had produced this wonderful change; and though some mentioned the proselyte as an enthusiast, none hinted at his being a hypocrite. This singular and mystical circumstance gave Colonel Gardiner a peculiar and solemn interest in the eyes of the young soldier. It may be easily imagined that the officers of a regiment, commanded by so respectable a person, composed a society more sedate and orderly than a military mess always exhibits; and that Waverley escaped some temptations to which he might otherwise have been exposed.

Chapter 46 – The Eve of Battle

Although the Highlanders marched on very fast, the sun was declining when they arrived upon the brow of those high grounds which command an open and extensive plain stretching northward to the sea, on which are situated, but at a considerable distance from each other, the small villages of Seaton and Cockenzie, and the larger one of Preston. One of the low coast-roads to Edinburgh passed through this plain, issuing upon it from the enclosures of Seaton-house, and at the town or village of Preston again entering the defiles of an enclosed country. By this way the English general had chosen to approach the metropolis, both as most

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH



'The Battle of Prestonpans', Sir William Allan

The most recounted story of the battle, showing perhaps its most famous scene: the death of Colonel Gardiner. The dramatic poses evoke all the heroic imagery discernable in the literature.

commodious for his cavalry, and being probably of opinion that, by doing so, he would meet in front with the Highlanders advancing from Edinburgh in the opposite direction. In this he was mistaken; for the sound judgement of the Chevalier, or of those to whose advice he listened, left the direct passage free, but occupied the strong ground by which it was overlooked and commanded.



When the Highlanders reached the heights above the plain described, they were immediately formed in army of battle along the brow of the hill. Almost at the same instant the van of the English appeared issuing from among the trees and enclosures of Seaton, with the purpose of occupying the level plain between the high ground and the sea; the space which divided the armies being only about half a mile in breadth. Waverley could plainly see the squadrons of dragoons issue, one after another, from the defiles, with their videttes in front, and form upon the plain, with their front opposed to that of the Prince's army. They were followed by a train of field-pieces, which, when they reached the flank of the dragoons, were also brought into line, and pointed against the heights. The march was continued by three or four regiments of infantry

marching in open column, their fixed bayonets showing like successive hedges of steel, and their arms glancing like lightning, as, at a signal given, they also at once wheeled up, and were placed in direct opposition to the Highlanders. A second train of artillery, with another regiment of horse, closed the long march, and formed on the left flank of the infantry, the whole line facing southward.

While the English army went through these evolutions, the Highlanders showed equal promptitude and zeal for battle. As fast as the clans came upon the ridge which fronted their enemy, they were formed into line, so that both armies got into complete order of battle at the same moment. When this was accomplished, the Highlanders set up a tremendous yell, which was re-echoed by the heights behind them. The regulars, who were in high spirits, returned a loud shout of defiance, and fired one or two of their cannon upon an advanced post of the Highlanders. The latter displayed great earnestness to proceed instantly to the attack, Evan Dhu urging to Fergus, by way of argument, that 'the *sidier roy* was tottering like an egg upon a staff, and that they had a' the vantage of the onset, for even a haggis (God bless her!) could charge down hill.'

But the ground through which the mountaineers must have descended, although not of great extent, was impracticable in its character, being not only marshy, but intersected with walls of dry-stone, and traversed in its whole length by a very broad and deep ditch, circumstances which must have given the musketry of the regulars dreadful advantages, before the mountaineers could have used their swords, on which they were taught to rely. The authority of the commanders was therefore interposed to curb the impetuosity of the Highlanders, and only a few marksmen were sent down the descent to skirmish with the enemy's advanced posts, and to reconnoitre the ground.

Here, then, was a military spectacle of no ordinary interest, or usual occurrence. The two armies, so different in aspect and discipline, yet each admirably trained in its own peculiar mode of war, upon whose conflict the temporary fate at least of Scotland appeared to depend, now faced each other like two gladiators in the arena, each meditating upon

the mode of attacking their enemy. The leading officers, and the general's staff of each army, could be distinguished in front of their lines, busied with spy-glasses to watch each other's motions, and occupied in dispatching the orders and receiving the intelligence conveyed, by the aides-de-camp and orderly men, who gave life to the scene by galloping along in different directions as if the fate of the day depended upon the speed of their horses. The space between the armies was at times occupied by the partial and irregular contests of individual sharpshooters, and a hat or bonnet was occasionally seen to fall, as a wounded man was borne off by his comrades. These, however, were but trifling skirmishes, for it suited the views of neither party to advance in that direction. From the neighbouring hamlets, the peasantry cautiously showed themselves, as if watching the issue of the expected engagement; and at no great distance in the bay were two square-rigged vessels, bearing the English flag, whose tops and yards were crowded with less timid spectators.

When this awful pause had lasted for a short time, Fergus, with another chieftain, received orders to detach their clans towards the village of Preston, in order to threaten the right flank of Cope's army, and compel him to a change of position. To enable him to execute these orders, the Chief of Glennaquoich occupied the churchyard of Trarent, a commanding situation, and a convenient place, as Evan Dhu remarked, 'for any gentleman who might have the misfortune to be killed, and chanced to be curious about Christian burial.' To check or dislodge this party, the English general detached two guns escorted by a strong party of cavalry. They approached so near, that Waverley could plainly recognize the standard of the troop he had formerly commanded, and hear the trumpets and kettledrums sound the signal of advance, which he had so often obeyed. He could hear, too, the well-known word given in the English dialect, by the equally well-distinguished voice of the commanding-officer, for whom he had once felt so much respect. It was at that instant, that, looking around him, he saw the wild dress and appearance of his Highland associates, heard their whispers in an uncouth and unknown language, looked upon his own dress, so unlike that which he had worn from his infancy, and wished to awake from what

seemed at the moment a dream, strange, horrible, and unnatural. 'Good God!' he muttered, 'am I then a traitor to my country, a renegade to my standard, and a foe, as that poor dying wretch expressed himself, to my native England?'

Ere he could digest or smother the recollection, the tall military form of his late commander came full in view, for the purpose of reconnoitring. 'I can hit him now,' said Callum, cautiously raising his fusée over the wall under which he lay couched, at scarce sixty yards' distance.

Edward felt as if he was about to see a parricide committed in his presence; for the venerable grey hair and striking countenance of the veteran recalled the almost paternal respect with which his officers universally regarded him. But ere he could say 'Hold!' an aged Highlander, who lay beside Callum Beg, stopped his arm. 'Spare your shot,' said the seer, 'his hour is not yet come. But let him beware of to-morrow.—I see his winding-sheet high upon his breast.'

Callum, flint to other considerations, was penetrable to superstition. He turned pale at the words of the *taishatr*, and recovered his piece. Colonel Gardiner, unconscious of the danger he had escaped, turned his horse round, and rode slowly back to the front of his regiment.

By this time the regular army had assumed a new line, with one flank inclined towards the sea, and the other resting upon the village of Preston; and as similar difficulties occurred in attacking their new position, Fergus and the rest of the detachment were recalled to their former post. This alteration created the necessity of a corresponding change in General Cope's army, which was again brought into a line parallel with that of the Highlanders. In these manoeuvres on both sides the daylight was nearly consumed, and both armies prepared to rest upon their arms for the night in the lines which they respectively occupied.

'There will be nothing done to-night,' said Fergus to his friend Waverley. 'Ere we wrap ourselves in our plaids, let us go see what the Baron is doing in the rear of the line.'

When they approached his post, they found the good old careful officer, after having sent out his night patrols, and posted his sentinels, engaged in reading the Evening Service of the Episcopal Church to the

remainder of his troop. His voice was loud and sonorous, and though his spectacles upon his nose, and the appearance of Saunders Saunderson, in military array, performing the functions of clerk, had something ludicrous, yet the circumstances of danger in which they stood, the military costume of the audience, and the appearance of their horses, saddled and picketed behind them, gave an impressive and solemn effect to the office of devotion.

'I have confessed to-day, ere you were awake,' whispered Fergus to Waverley; 'yet I am not so strict a Catholic as to refuse to join in this good man's prayers.'

Edward assented, and they remained till the Baron had concluded the service.

As he shut the book, 'Now, lads,' said he, 'have at them in the morning, with heavy hands and light consciences.' He then kindly greeted Mac-Ivor and Waverley, who requested to know his opinion of their situation. 'Why, you know, Tacitus saith, "*in rebus bellicis maxime dominatur fortuna*," which is equiponderate with our vernacular adage, "Luck can maist in the mellee." But credit me, gentlemen, yon man is not a deacon o' his craft. He damps the spirits of the poor lads he commands, by keeping them on the defensive, whilk of itself implies inferiority or fear. Now will they lie on their arms yonder, as anxious and as ill at ease as a toad under a harrow, while our men will be quite fresh and blithe for action in the morning. Well, goodnight.—One thing troubles me, but if to-morrow goes well off, I will consult you about it, Glennaquoich.'—

'I could almost apply to Mr. Bradwardine the character which Henry gives of Fluellen,' said Waverley, as his friend and he walked towards their *bivouac*:

Though it appears a little out of fashion,

There is much care and valour in this 'Scotchman.'

'He has seen much service,' answered Fergus, 'and one is sometimes astonished to find how much nonsense and reason are mingled in his composition, I wonder what can be troubling his mind—probably something about Rose.—Hark! the English are setting their watch.'

The roll of the drum and shrill accompaniment of the fifes swelled up

the hill-died away—resumed its thunder—and was at length hushed. The trumpets and kettledrums of the cavalry were next heard to perform the beautiful and wild point of war appropriated as a signal for that piece of nocturnal duty, and then finally sank upon the wind with a shrill and mournful cadence.

The friends, who had now reached their post, stood and looked round them ere they lay down to rest. The western sky twinkled with stars, but a frost-mist, rising from the ocean, covered the eastern horizon, and rolled in white wreaths along the plain where the adverse army lay couched upon their arms. Their advanced posts were pushed as far as the side of the great ditch at the bottom of the descent, and had kindled large fires at different intervals, gleaming with obscure and hazy lustre through the heavy fog which encircled them with a doubtful halo.

The Highlanders, 'thick as leaves in Vallombrosa,' lay stretched upon the ridge of the hill, buried (excepting their sentinels) in the most profound repose. 'How many of these brave fellows will sleep more soundly before to-morrow night, Fergus!' said Waverley, with an involuntary sigh.

'You must not think of that,' answered Fergus, whose ideas were entirely military. 'You must only think of your sword, and by whom it was given. All other reflections are now too late.'

With the opiate contained in this undeniable remark, Edward endeavoured to lull the tumult of his conflicting feelings. The Chieftain and he, combining their plaids, made a comfortable and warm couch. Callum, sitting down at their head (for it was his duty to watch upon the immediate person of the Chief), began a long mournful song in Gaelic, to a low and uniform tune, which, like the sound of the wind at a distance, soon lulled them to sleep.

Chapter 47 – The Conflict

When Fergus Mac-Ivor and his friend had slept for a few hours, they were awakened, and summoned to attend the Prince. The distant village-clock was heard to toll three as they hastened to the place where he lay.

He was already surrounded by his principal officers and the chiefs of clans. A bundle of peas-straw, which had been lately his couch, now served for his seat. Just as Fergus reached the circle, the consultation had broken up. 'Courage, my brave friends!' said the Chevalier, 'and each one put himself instantly at the head of his command; a faithful friend has offered to guide us by a practicable, though narrow and circuitous route, which, sweeping to our right, traverses the broken ground and morass, and enables us to gain the firm and open plain, upon which the enemy are lying. This difficulty surmounted, Heaven and your good swords must do the rest.'

The proposal spread unanimous joy, and each leader hastened to get his men into order with as little noise as possible. The army, moving by its right from off the ground on which they had rested, soon entered the path through the morass, conducting their march with astonishing silence and great rapidity. The mist had not risen to the higher grounds, so that for some time they had the advantage of starlight. But this was lost as the stars faded before approaching day, and the head of the marching column, continuing its descent, plunged as it were into the heavy ocean of fog, which rolled its white waves over the whole plain, and over the sea by which it was bounded. Some difficulties were now to be encountered, inseparable from darkness,—a narrow, broken, and marshy path, and the necessity of preserving union in the march. These, however, were less inconvenient to Highlanders, from their habits of life, than they would have been to any other troops, and they continued a steady and swift movement.

As the clan of Ivor approached the firm ground, following the track of those who preceded them, the challenge of a patrol was heard through the mist, though they could not see the dragoon by whom it was made—'Who goes there?'

'Hush!' cried Fergus, 'hush!—Let none answer, as he values his life.—Press forward!' and they continued their march with silence and rapidity.

The patrol fired his carabine upon the body, and the report was instantly followed by the clang of his horse's feet as he galloped off. '*Hylax in limine latrat*,' said the Baron of Bradwardine, who heard the

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Engraving of Colonel Gardiner, by G B Shaw, from an 1879 edition of Waverley

The engraving shows a highly idealised image of the famous Colonel Gardiner. Gardiner's behaviour in the crisis of the battle was about the only thing on which the Government could put a positive spin. Waverley was an international hit, and by tapping into the romance of the '45 it contributed hugely to the rediscovery of Scots culture, and to the fame of Prestonpans.

shot; 'that loon will give the alarm.'

The clan of Fergus had now gained the firm plain, which had lately borne a large crop of corn. But the harvest was gathered in, and the expanse was unbroken by tree, bush, or interruption of any kind. The rest of the army were following fast, when they heard the drums of the enemy beat the general. Surprise, however, had made no part of their plan, so they were not disconcerted by this intimation that the foe was upon his guard and prepared to receive them. It only hastened their dispositions for the combat, which were very simple.

The Highland army, which now occupied the eastern end of the wide

plain, or stubble field, so often referred to, was drawn up in two lines, extending from the morass towards the sea. The first was destined to charge the enemy, the second to act as a reserve. The few horse, whom the Prince headed in person, remained between the two lines. The Adventurer had intimated a resolution to charge in person at the head of his first line; but his purpose was deprecated by all around him, and he was with difficulty induced to abandon it.

Both lines were now moving forward, the first prepared for instant combat. The clans of which it was composed, formed each a sort of separate phalanx, narrow in front, and in depth ten, twelve, or fifteen files, according to the strength of the following. The best armed and best born, for the words were synonymous, were placed in front of each of these irregular subdivisions. The others in the rear shouldered forward the front, and by their pressure added both physical impulse, and additional ardour and confidence, to those who were first to encounter the danger.

'Down with your plaid, Waverley,' cried Fergus, throwing off his own; 'we'll win silks for our tartans before the sun is above the sea.'

The clansmen on every side stripped their plaids, prepared their arms, and there was an awful pause of about three minutes, during which the men, pulling off their bonnets, raised their faces to heaven, and uttered a short prayer; then pulled their bonnets over their brows, and began to move forward at first slowly. Waverley felt his heart at that moment throb as it would have burst from his bosom. It was not fear, it was not ardour,—it was a compound of both, a new and deeply energetic impulse, that with its first emotion chilled and astounded, then fevered and maddened his mind. The sounds around him combined to exalt his enthusiasm; the pipes played, and the clans rushed forward, each in its own dark column. As they advanced they mended their pace, and the muttering sounds of the men to each other began to swell into a wild cry.

At this moment, the sun, which was now risen above the horizon, dispelled the mist. The vapours rose like a curtain, and showed the two armies in the act of closing. The line of the regulars was formed directly fronting the attack of the Highlanders; it glittered with the appointments of a complete army, and was flanked by cavalry and artillery. But the sight impressed no terror on the assailants.

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*Prayer for Victory tapestry by William Skeoch Cumming (1864–1929)
Cameron of Lochniel stands before his kneeling clansmen who shortly thereafter
captured the Hanoverian canons and mortars at Prestonpans.*

‘Forward, sons of Ivor,’ cried their Chief, ‘or the Camerons will draw the first blood!’—They rushed on with a tremendous yell.

The rest is well known. The horse, who were commanded to charge the advancing Highlanders in the flank, received an irregular fire from their fuses as they ran on, and, seized with a disgraceful panic, wavered, halted, disbanded, and galloped from the field. The artillerymen, deserted by the cavalry, fled after discharging their pieces, and the Highlanders, who dropped their guns when fired, and drew their broadswords, rushed with headlong fury against the infantry.

It was at this moment of confusion and terror, that Waverley remarked an English officer, apparently of high rank, standing alone and unsupported by a field-piece, which, after the flight of the men by whom it was wrought, he had himself levelled and discharged against the clan of Mac-Ivor, the nearest group of Highlanders within his aim. Struck with his tall, martial figure, and eager to save him from inevitable destruction, Waverley outstripped for an instant even the speediest of the warriors,

and, reaching the spot first, called to him to surrender. The officer replied by a thrust with his sword, which Waverley received in his target, and in turning it aside the Englishman's weapon broke. At the same time the battle-axe of Dugald Mahony was in the act of descending upon the officer's head. Waverley intercepted and prevented the blow, and the officer, perceiving further resistance unavailing, and struck with Edward's generous anxiety for his safety, resigned the fragment of his sword, and was committed by Waverley to Dugald, with strict charge to use him well, and not to pillage his person, promising him, at the same time, full indemnification for the spoil.

On Edward's right, the battle for a few minutes raged fierce and thick. The English infantry, trained in the wars in Flanders, stood their ground with great courage. But their extended files were pierced and broken in many places by the close masses of the clans; and in the personal struggle which ensued, the nature of the Highlanders' weapons, and their extraordinary fierceness and activity, gave them a decided superiority over those who had been accustomed to trust much to their array and discipline, and felt that the one was broken and the other useless. Waverley, as he cast his eyes towards this scene of smoke and slaughter, observed Colonel Gardiner, deserted by his own soldiers in spite of all his attempts to rally them, yet spurring his horse through the field to take the command of a small body of infantry, who, with their backs arranged against the wall of his own park (for his house was close by the field of battle), continued a desperate and unavailing resistance. Waverley could perceive that he had already received many wounds, his clothes and saddle being marked with blood. To save this good and brave man, became the instant object of his most anxious exertions. But he could only witness his fall. Ere Edward could make his way among the Highlanders, who, furious and eager for spoil, now thronged upon each other, he saw his former commander brought from his horse by the blow of a scythe, and beheld him receive, while on the ground, more wounds than would have let out twenty lives. When Waverley came up, however, perception had not entirely fled. The dying warrior seemed to recognize Edward, for he fixed his eye upon him with an upbraiding, yet sorrowful look, and appeared to struggle for utterance. But he felt that death was

dealing closely with him, and resigning his purpose, and folding his hands as if in devotion, he gave up his soul to his Creator. The look with which he regarded Waverley in his dying moments did not strike him so deeply at that crisis of hurry and confusion, as when it recurred to his imagination at the distance of some time.

Loud shouts of triumph now echoed over the whole field. The battle was fought and won, and the whole baggage, artillery, and military stores of the regular army remained in possession of the victors. Never was a victory more complete. Scarce any escaped from the battle, excepting the cavalry, who had left it at the very onset, and even these were broken into different parties and scattered all over the country. So far as our tale is concerned, we have only to relate the fate of Balmawhapple, who, mounted on a horse as headstrong and stiff-necked as his rider, pursued the flight of the dragoons above four miles from the field of battle, when some dozen of the fugitives took heart of grace, turned round, and, cleaving his skull with their broadswords, satisfied the world that the unfortunate gentleman had actually brains, the end of his life thus giving proof of a fact greatly doubted during its progress. His death was lamented by few. Most of those who knew him agreed in the pithy observation of Ensign Maccombich, that there 'was mair tint (lost) at Sheriff-Muir.' His friend, Lieutenant Jinker, bent his eloquence only to exculpate his favourite mare from any share in contributing to the catastrophe. 'He had tauld the laird a thousand times,' he said, 'that it was a burning shame to put a martingale upon the puir thing, when he would needs ride her wi' a curb of half a yard lang; and that he could na but bring himsell (not to say her) to some mischief, by flinging her down, or otherwise; whereas, if he had had a wee bit rinnin ring on the snaffle, she wad ha' rein'd as cannily as a cadger's pownie.'

Such was the elegy of the Laird of Balmawhapple.

Chapter 48 – An Unexpected Embarrassment

Being thus remanded to the vicinity of Preston, Waverley lost the Baron of Bradwardine's solemn act of homage. So little, however, was he at this time in love with vanity, that he had quite forgotten the ceremony in

which Fergus had laboured to engage his curiosity. But next day a formal gazette was circulated, containing a detailed account of the battle of Gladsmuir, as the Highlanders chose to denominate their victory. It concluded with an account of the Court afterwards held by the Chevalier at Pinkie-house

Chapter 59—A Skirmish

'And while you recommend flight to me,' said Edward,—'a counsel which I would rather die than embrace,—what are your own views?'

'Oh,' answered Fergus, with a melancholy air, 'my fate is settled. Dead or captive I must be before to-morrow.'

'What do you mean by that, my friend?' said Edward. 'The enemy is still a day's march in our rear, and if he comes up, we are still strong enough to keep him in check. Remember Gladsmuir.'

'What I tell you is true notwithstanding, so far as I am individually concerned.'

'Upon what authority can you found so melancholy a prediction?' asked Waverley.

'On one which never failed a person of my house. I have seen,' he said, lowering his voice, 'I have seen the Bodach Glas.'

Chapter 69

An officer now appeared, and intimated that the High Sheriff and his attendants waited before the gate of the Castle, to claim the bodies of Fergus Mac-Ivor and Evan Maccombich. 'I come,' said Fergus. Accordingly, supporting Edward by the arm, and followed by Evan Dhu and the priest, he moved down the stairs of the tower, the soldiers bringing up the rear. The court was occupied by a squadron of dragoons and a battalion of infantry, drawn up in hollow square. Within their ranks was the sledge, or hurdle, on which the prisoners were to be drawn to the place of execution, about a mile distant from Carlisle. It was painted black, and drawn by a white horse. At one end of the vehicle sat the Executioner, a horrid-looking fellow, as becomed his trade, with the

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Portrait of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, Maurice Quentin de La Tour (1704–88)

Painted a couple of years after the Rebellion, this portrait shows the Prince as dashing military hero. De La Tour was artist to the French king, who found Charles' presence in Paris embarrassing, even as the French people cheered him as a heroic adventurer and showered him with praise. Louis eventually had Charles arrested and expelled. Reproduced by permission of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. [It has lately been suggested that this excellent portrait is not of The Prince but of his brother Henry, The Cardinal. Perchance it is; perhaps we'll never know!]

broad axe in his hand; at the other end, next the horse, was an empty seat for two persons. Through the deep and dark Gothic archway that opened on the drawbridge, were seen on horseback the High Sheriff and his attendants, whom the etiquette betwixt the civil and military powers did not permit to come farther. 'This is well got up for a closing scene,' said Fergus, smiling disdainfully as he gazed around upon the apparatus of terror. Evan Dhu exclaimed with some eagerness, after looking at the dragoons, 'These are the very chields that galloped off at Gladsmuir, before we could kill a dozen o' them. They look bold enough now, however.' The priest entreated him to be silent.

Commentary

Waverley's significance in the history of literature is well established, and it is perhaps not necessary to elaborate deeply upon it here. Suffice it to say that in *Waverley* Scott created a sensation. It was devoured eagerly by the reading public, across the globe, and was responsible both for the birth of a new literary genre and for a renewed interest in Scotland's culture and history. And at its centre, its very heart, is the Battle of Prestonpans, about which all the world was now reading with impassioned interest. *Waverley*, surely more than any other literary composition, brought the battle to a mass audience, and it is therefore important to analyse the way in which it is represented.

The selections reproduced here are those which make direct reference to the Battle of Prestonpans, or Gladsmuir as it is referenced in the text (see Chapter 48), in accordance with the Jacobite trend discussed in previous notes. The battle itself, and the preceding day of manoeuvres, take up two full chapters and are thus reproduced as such. These notes will highlight the more interesting or significant points.

First, it is worth acknowledging the presentation of Colonel Gardiner, who has been considered elsewhere also. Although the passages describing *Waverley*'s correspondence with Gardiner have not been included here, as having little direct bearing on how the personality or the battle are portrayed, it is worth looking briefly at Scott's treatment of him upon his first appearance in the text and in the relevant battle scenes. The section quoted from Chapter Seven neatly summarises the Gardiner story, and is clearly identifiable with the Gardiner of Dodderidge and similar hagiographers, and the great legend promulgated after his death. There is a clear mystical element, as shown by the references to his, 'supernatural communication,' his being, 'a study for a romantic,' (Chapter 7) and also by the strange foretelling of his death when the *taishatr* intervenes to save his life on the eve of battle: 'his hour is not yet come. But let him beware of tomorrow,' (Chapter 46). This stratagem equally serves to raise the anticipation of what is to come.

The death itself is treated with pathos (Chapter 47), all the more so for the fact that Waverley witnesses it, and is seen by Gardiner in his last moments. There is nothing new or controversial in Scott's account of Gardiner – we have already suggested that the story had wide circulation – and in this way the heroism of the fallen Colonel plays a strong role in one of *Waverley's* most emotive themes: the impossible choices faced by individual consciences in times of civil war. We recall Waverley's own words the previous day, when he was first faced with the possibility of Gardiner's death and asked of himself, 'am I, then, a traitor to my country?'

It is worth mentioning that Scott relates that the government infantry, 'trained in the wars in Flanders, stood their ground with great courage,' (Chapter 47). This is a rare piece of praise indeed, as we have witnessed elsewhere, and puts from our mind the idea that the British Army broke and ran in a fearful rout within only a few minutes of contact. To question Scott's comment is not to accuse the whole army of cowardice, but the overt statement here sets itself at odds with the rest of the literary tradition of Prestonpans. It is explained rather simply: the British public of the Napoleonic era were not of a mind to hear of redcoats running in shameful flight. The disintegration of Cope's army is more sensitively handled than that, for the sake of his contemporaries rather than from any Jacobite–Hanoverian politics.

In most regards, Scott provides a detailed and well-supported account of the build-up to, and the battle of, Prestonpans. Chapter 46 identifies the manoeuvring that occurred the day before the fight itself, and identifies location details with care. The 'strong ground' on which he has the Jacobites draw up initially, is the ridge on which Tranent is seated, and can be clearly identified today as giving the Jacobites a powerful starting position. Scott accurately identifies the obstructions preventing an engagement from south-north: the marsh; the enclosures and walls; the dykes. This ground was also peppered with old open-

cast pits, making it a rough and slow approach, as we are clearly told in the narrative. Scott's deployment of Glennaquoich and his men in the churchyard at Tranent refers to the placing of the Camerons there, establishing a strong position as was required for a defence, or an outpost in preparation for an approach. Visiting the churchyard now is rewarding in as much as it still makes an impressive fortified position overlooking the no-man's land beyond. Cope's cannon near Bankton House were able to fire on this position, giving a good sounding for their ranges. Perhaps Scott's most apt comment is that this strange stand-off was, 'a military spectacle of no ordinary interest, or usual occurrence.'

In Chapter 47, the descriptions are equally sound. The 'faithful friend' whom the Prince (the Chevalier) has found to guide the army was the local man Anderson, and Scott identifies accurately the difficulties of the pre-dawn march and the necessity of leaving most of the horse behind for fear of arousing suspicion. He rightly asserts, however, that surprise was not the primary intention of the Jacobites. This was not the night march on Nairn, to catch the enemy sleeping in their tents, but rather an attempt to draw up for battle in a more practicable position which accommodated a general engagement. Cope's army was certainly sufficiently alerted to the threat to form up in battle order to receive the enemy, whilst the Jacobite deployment was much more hurried and imperfect. It is only in this matter that Scott perhaps disappoints the historian, in that he has the army stop for three minutes – three vital minutes – to pray. We have encountered this myth elsewhere. It is surely impossible that the army, which began its charge before it had actually completed a satisfactory deployment, paused to give their opponents vital time to compose and brace themselves. Nevertheless, Scott describes the Jacobite tactics in the charge well, supporting descriptions we have seen in other works of the plaids being dropped, of single ragged volleys, and then of the all-out charge. We also see the very valid acknowledgment that the Jacobite front-rank was composed of their noblest, wealthiest and best

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The Bonnie Prince Charlie Statue, bronze by Anthony Stones, Derby

The moment the Prestonpans legacy should have ended: the Prince turns north from Derby towards ultimate defeat four months later. But as the literature shows, neither the decision at Derby nor the disaster at Culloden could undo the miracle of Prestonpans, or smother its importance. This magnificent bronze shows the Prince at the moment of his departure, on horseback. Before the retreat, he often marched on foot with his men, but became increasingly distant afterwards. Perhaps this steed is the one on which Gardiner had ridden at Prestonpans, which was presented to the Prince upon his victory. Image from the editor's collection.

armed men. It is often overlooked that the first into the fray in a Highland Charge were the most valuable personalities, and that swords and *targes* (round shields, usually studded leather on wood) were not the equipment of peasant tenants.

Waverley goes beyond simply describing the events of the Battle of Prestonpans with sympathy and careful detail. It also – perhaps most importantly for this study – acknowledges the

importance of the battle. It is stated that the fate of the kingdom seemed dependent upon its outcome, although Scott's hindsight gets the better of him as he inserts the ominous word, 'temporary,' (Chapter 46). Likewise, he offers the judgement that, 'never was a victory more complete,' (Chapter 47). But more important than all this is the significance that the battle carried for the victors. What better acknowledgement of the hope that it spawned, the belief that they really could win, than Waverley's declaration before the skirmish at Clifton (Chapter 59): 'Remember Gladsmuir!'

And yet, even in this moment Scott casts a gloom. The hope that Prestonpans represented, and all that it symbolised to Waverley, is undermined by the appearance of the *Badoch Glas*. The spectre pre-empt's death, and in Fergus' resignation we see Waverley's naivety: they are in full retreat by this stage, the moment has been lost, the magic of Prestonpans but a memory in the romantic Waverley's mind. But perhaps the last laugh is with the victors of Prestonpans. As Fergus and Evan are taken off to execution in Chapter 69, the latter calls out in defiance upon seeing their escort: 'these are the very chields that galloped off at Gladsmuir, before we could kill a dozen o' them.' Even death does not remove the memory, and the symbolism, of that victory, nor does the doom of its architects remove the stain of the defeat from the Hanoverians.

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Annex

Scott, Stevenson and the Battle of Prestonpans

Briefing Note in 2006 by Peter MacKenzie

Founder Trustee: Battle of Prestonpans (1745) Heritage Trust

The East Lothian landscape hides its secrets well. As you pass by Prestonpans on your way south on the A1 the landscape is a veritable forest of electricity pylons. Yet here on a misty September morning the Jacobite army of Bonnie Prince Charlie devastated the Redcoat army of Johnny Cope. Just to the north of the road is Bankton House, the home of Colonel Gardiner, one of the Redcoat officers who by a strange quirk of fortune met his end, fighting for King George II, a quarter of a mile from his own house. Should you turn off at the Bankton slipway and turn down to Cockenzie, slow your car after 200 yds and as you look to the east you will be staring into the advancing Jacobite clans. As you look to the west you are staring at the Redcoat line of battle and perhaps in your imagination you can see General Cope nervously riding along his line of troops trying to put some courage into them for the approaching fray.

Viewed across the years the victory can be seen as a false dawn and the prelude to the depressing march back from Derby and Culloden. But in another sense the battle sowed the seeds for a tremendous flowering of literature and an interpretation of Scottish life and values which still has important lessons for us in the 21st Century. When I first came to live in East Lothian 30 years ago I began to hear mention of Colonel Gardiner of Prestonpans. I could see the obelisk, guarded by four lions, that stands before his house. When I asked local people why Colonel Gardiner was singled out for a monument, there came the answer that he was a very pious soldier who was revered by local people and so when he was killed in the battle leading Gardiner's Dragoons they decided to erect a monument in honour of him.

And yet, when I took a look at the monument it became clear that they took over 100 years to show how much they loved him, for it was not until 1853 that the monument was erected. Hmm.....

Thereby hangs a tale which illumines so much of the strange contradictory life and attitude of post-Act of Union Scotland. Both Sir Walter Scott and Robert Louis Stevenson were Edinburgh men with East Lothian connections. Scott as a boy was frequently taken out to Prestonpans for therapeutic bathing and visited spots, like St Clements Wells, with battle connections. The stories he heard as a boy stirred his imagination and years later he spun the tale for all the world to hear. Stevenson spent many happy days in North Berwick as a boy and both *Catriona* and *Weir of Hermiston* display a detailed knowledge of the county.

It is difficult at this distance in time, and in another world with new media, to convey quite the impact that the first of Scott's historical novels had upon the English speaking world. Suffice it to say that when *Waverley* was published in 1814 it took the world by storm. Everybody was reading it. It tells the tale of Edward Waverley, an English dragoons officer in Colonel Gardiner's regiment who deserted to the Jacobites a couple of months before the battle. He of course is a fictional character, but in the central chapter of the book, "*The Conflict*", he charges in with the Highland clans and comes upon the dying form of his old commanding officer. This chapter also gives the narrative detail upon which the denouement of the tale depends. Waverley saved the life of Colonel Talbot, just as in real life Stewart of Invernahyle saved the life of Colonel Whiteford. It is this act of chivalry which in the end turns the tale for Waverley after the defeat at Culloden.

Move on 70 years and in 1886 Stevenson wrote *Kidnapped*. Sitting in his house, *Skerryvore*, in Bournemouth he wrote within 12 months both *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* and *Kidnapped*. Many a reader has enjoyed *Kidnapped* without taking in the connection with the famous battle. You will find it in Chapter 12 "*I hear of*

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH



This mural was created in-a-day at the Global Murals Conference held in Prestonpans August 2006 by a team of local and international artists led by Andrew Crummy and unveiled by Scotland's Minister of Culture, Patricia Ferguson MSP.

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH



the Red Fox". After the siege of the Roundhouse on the Brig Covenant, David Balfour and Alan Breck sit chatting. Suddenly, to David's shock, it becomes clear that Alan Breck had once been a Redcoat! (He the man who is now the quintessence of a proud Jacobite.) The exchange between the two men goes like this:

"What," cried I, "were you in the English army?"

"That was I," cried Alan. "But I deserted to the right side at Prestonpans – and that's some comfort."

I could scarcely share this view: holding desertion under arms for an unpardonable fault in honour. But for all I was so young I was wiser than say my thought. "Dear, dear," says I, "the punishment is death."

So here we have two of Scotland's greatest writers both of whom feature twin characters in their greatest novels, Waverley and Gardiner, Balfour and Stewart; of whom Waverley and Balfour were fictitious, but Gardiner and Stewart most definitely historical; *and they both tell of a deserter from the Redcoat side to the Jacobite side at Prestonpans.*

It has been said of Stevenson that despite the fame of *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*, truth to tell he could scarcely lift a pen without describing the essentially schizophrenic nature of the individual. True in *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* he puts the split within one human frame, but in so many of his other novels he plays out the same theme with a pair of characters each of whom have contrasting personalities. *The Master of Ballantrae* superbly plays this theme between the reserved Henry, who stays at home, and the adventurous Jacobite, James. In *Kidnapped* we see David Balfour and Alan Breck Stewart traversing Scotland, practically joined at the hip. Stevenson we are told in his younger days dreamt every night of himself involved in Jacobite adventures. Of course we know that his problems of health precluded an adventuring life-style.

It is a commonplace to say that in *Kidnapped* we see the

Highlander and the Lowlander portrayed side by side with all their virtues and vices, but there is much, much more to it than that. Of his book *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* he wrote later, "Man is not truly one, but truly two. I say two because the state of my own knowledge does not pass beyond that point. Others will follow, others will outstrip me on the same lines; and I hazard the guess that man will ultimately be known for a mere polity of multifarious, incongruous and independent denizens." Thus did Stevenson anticipate 20th Century psychology. The outstanding depiction of Stevenson's in depth psychology is to be accessed in Frank McLynn's brilliant biography published in 1993. McLynn talks of "*two main strands in traditional Scottish culture, the Calvinistic and the Jacobite, representing in RLS's case the competing tugs of the conscious and the unconscious, the determined and the voluntaristic, the life-denying Thanatos principle and the life-enhancing Eros. Though brought up in the Calvinistic tradition, Stevenson preferred the Jacobite sensibility, which can be seen in psychic terms as a bid to achieve wholeness.*" It may be that the enduring appeal of *Kidnapped* is in the interplay between the two men and the two sides of Scottish life in the eighteenth century, but more than that there is the shadow of a hope that we can achieve wholeness through in some way accompanying them on their journey. Which is perhaps simply another way of saying that as the two men Alan Breck and David Balfour set out on their walk across Scotland, you and I can, if we will, walk between them and achieve our own process of individuation. The Scottish nation needs to face up to the strengths of both of these principles because they are there in our marrow. Each is a source of strength. They are twin pillars, some days we lean on one, some on the other, and some of us even lean on both pillars and smile into the Scottish sun and mist; and we're not weaker but stronger for it.

Both writers spoke of deserters. Of all figures in storytelling isn't the deserter the most hang-dog of the lot! He's a weakling, an unstable man. Nobody wants to be associated with the

deserter. And yet the deserter is the man who has the moment of insight. He starts again. He is free from the shackles of the past. As Scott and Stevenson thought about the events of 1745 they both saw a world in which choices had to be made. To make the right choice, even late in the day as it is for a deserter, is energising. But neither Alan Breck nor Waverley were just deserters, they were turncoats, they joined the other side. You only need to read a little of the adventures of Alan Breck or Edward Waverley to feel that each in their own way they had found themselves when they had made the decision. It was so very much the right thing to do. Perhaps what both Scott and Stevenson are saying to us is a form of post-modernism. We today live in a world in which we can choose our identity. Go to Inuit communities in Canada and you'll find people from Europe who feel that they want to be part of that community. Visit the tattered remnants of Scottish Gaeldom and you'll find English people and Germans who want to be part of it. It's a luxury that earlier generations did not have. In the figure of the deserter both Scott and Stevenson were saying to us that there is freedom which we can have if we want it. In the victory at Prestonpans both writers spotted that there was a "hinge" in Scottish history that in jubilant Jacobitism spoke of an open future. You don't have to stay where fate has put you and with that decision comes the beginning of life's adventure.

When we celebrate the victory at Prestonpans, what are we doing? Putting our heads in the sand and saying, "OK, I know that it all ended in tears at Culloden, but hey I'd rather think of the time we won!" The historical equivalent of the quote which can be seen on cards of condolence, "They tell me he's dead but I don't have to believe it if I don't want to!" No what we are doing is this: we are taking our theme from two of our greatest writers. When geniuses separately point us in the same direction we ignore it at our peril. Both men were saying to us that having the courage to choose your direction in life is a piece of courage which is not just deeply human but deeply and distinctly

Scottish. In *Kidnapped* think of the number of times when David Balfour makes a courageous decision, and how often fate intervenes and snatches back the initiative, to be followed by another adjustment and decision from David. In *Waverley* almost the entire first half of the book is taken up with Waverley simply hugging himself with delight at the thought that weeks ago he had never met a Highlander and now here he is in the heart of the Highlands finding not only a community of people but a landscape which he had never seen before, and they were *both* good and exciting! “Wow”, he’s saying to himself, “if I’d not made that decision a few weeks back I’d never have known about any of this.” In September 1745 there were groups of people up and down the land making their minds up, not just meekly accepting the hand that fate had dealt them. Scott and Stevenson are telling us that it is good and liberating to do the deciding for ourselves.

So why was the memorial to Colonel Gardiner erected so long after his death? It was erected then because as people by the million read *Waverley* and his later novels they wanted to visit the scenes about which he wrote. They came to Edinburgh and Prestonpans to visit the scenes of *Waverley* and *The Heart of Midlothian*, as tourists and wanted to see at least something. So in 1853 the monument was erected “out of time” but still teaching us a lesson if we will but listen.

REBELLIOUS SCOTS TO CRUSH



The editor [aka HRH Prince Charles Edward] pours the Drambuie at the inaugural Regimental Dinner of the Alan Breck Prestonpans Volunteers, Colonel-in-Chief Martin Margulies, which the Prince established by Warrant at Holyrood September 20th 2007. Its purpose is to sponsor and support annual re-enactments of the Battle of Prestonpans and is raised locally.

The Murals Trail and Art Treasures of Prestonpans

Photographs by Linda Sneddon and Edited by
Annemarie Allan & Andrew Crummy with Jenny and John Unwin



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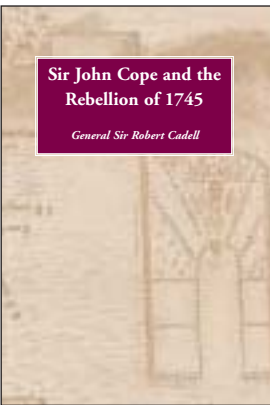
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*A Backward
Glance*



Sir John Cope and the
Rebellion of 1745

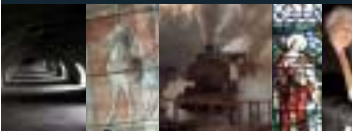
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