

out in the evening and met with his friends the Custom House officers, who were on the watch for a gang of smugglers shortly expected to land with a cargo. He took part in the adventure, had a sharp fight with the smugglers, met with Balcraftie among them, saw the leader of the King's officers shot down, and was instantly charged with the murder by the archvillain Balcraftie. After undergoing an examination he was sent as a prisoner to the Bass Rock, where he was confined for several months, and during this period the Pretender appeared in the Highlands and marched triumphantly into Edinburgh. At length Dalquharn broke open his prison, got down the face of the rock, seized a boat and was making his escape, when he was observed and pursued. The tide drove his boat against the base of the rock where it was upset, and in a minute more the fugitive found himself in a cave or tunnel underneath the great rock, where he was confined for 24 hours, and almost drowned. He was taken off, however, by some fisherman, put ashore on the mainland, and reached Edinburgh in a state of starvation and in rags. Here he was introduced to Prince Charles, received a command in the rebel army, got a party of horse and rode out to North Berwick, and burned the house of Balcraftie; but the old scoundrel escaped into England, told the story of his wrongs, and was appointed a sort of commissary under the Duke of Cumberland. Meanwhile Dalquharn, along with the Prince and the other rebel leaders, were invited to sup one evening in the house of the Edinburgh Provost, when the house was surrounded by a strong body of soldiers from the Castle. The party inside managed to escape, however, by a subterranean passage, and after some delay the march into England was commenced, and continued until the Highland army reached Derby. Here the cause was considered hopeless, and a retreat was ordered; but when nearing Penrith the horsemen of Cumberland came upon the rear-guard of the fugitives, and a sharp fight was the consequence. In this encounter the horse of our hero was shot, and fell upon him, crushing him so severely that he was rendered insensible. After some time he recovered his senses, and rushed across the country, where he met by the merest accident with the heroine, when the two were quickly married in the town of Carlisle.

A few days after this we find him in company with the Earl of Kilmarnock in the neighbourhood of Falkirk, and on the way to pay a visit to the Earl's family mansion and Countess. On reaching the house they found it in possession of General Hawley and a dozen of his officers, but the two friends obtained admittance without being discovered. The battle of Falkirk was fought on the following day, and after it was nearly over Dalquharn and two followers were suddenly surrounded by upwards of a hundred troopers, unhorsed, and made prisoners. He was dragged away with a rope round his waist, and afterwards tied to a Highland prisoner, when the whole party set off in the darkness for Edinburgh. The Highlander gave our hero his skenedhu, which was left by an oversight in his possession, and while passing the Avon Dalquharn cut himself loose, stabbed the nearest trooper's horse, sprang over the parapet of the bridge, dived headlong into the Avon, and escaped in the darkness, while the unfortunate Highlander was retaken, conveyed to Edinburgh and hanged. Then the Highland army marched northward, closely followed by Cumberland, and many skirmishes took place, in which our hero ran incredible risks, but somehow he

always managed to escape. At Keith he was on the brink of being cut to pieces, and was only saved by something like a miracle.

The day before the ever-memorable battle of Culloden, a stout gaberlunzie carle, with a basket and some small wares, entered upon the camping ground of the Highland army and commenced to trade with the soldiers. His movements excited suspicion; he was seized, examined, and found to be a spy, and, moreover, he was also found to be no less a personage than Bailie Balcraftie, and his object was the head of the Pretender, and the promised reward of thirty thousand pounds. He had with him a knife to cut off the head, and a silk bag to hold it afterwards, but "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-glee." That night Balcraftie was compelled to act as a guide to the Highland army from Culloden to Nairn, and, having failed to do so, a rope was placed round his neck and over the branch of an oak tree—the silk bag above referred to was drawn over his face, and, in spite of prayers, protestations, and outcries, he was drawn up by several stout Highlanders, and left to dangle in middle air. This ended the career of the "heavy villain," but the hero's adventures were not yet over.

The battle of Culloden commenced with a heavy cannonade from the English artillery, and the shot and shell knocked down many a horse and man in the troop of Lord Dalquharn, while his Lordship and horse remained scathless amid the "pelting of the pitiless strom." There were terrible charges on both sides, outcries, wounds, death, and confusion, and just as the battle was almost lost by the Highland army, Dalquharn was surrounded by a score of the enemy's horsemen, whose swords, we are told, "rained a flashing of blows upon him." The officer in command of the troopers called upon the brave fellow to surrender, but before he had time to make any reply, he was struck on the chest by a spent ball, and tumbled out of the saddle in a state of insensibility. Fortunately he fell by the side of a turf dyke, and fortunately again, the dyke was knocked over him by a cannon shot, which effectually screened him from observation until consciousness returned. By this time the battle was over, and having crawled out from beneath the turf *debris* Dalquharn managed to gain the shelter of a wood close at hand, where he found a number of Highland officers, more or less wounded, concealing themselves among the long grass and brackens. Here the fugitives remained all night; but on the following day they were discovered by a detachment of the enemy and dragged towards a stone dyke for the purpose of being shot. Dalquharn was ranked up among the rest; but just as he was about to be finished, an English officer dashed forward, claimed him as a prisoner, and carried him off to the mansion house of Culloden. Here he was provided with a disguise and a pass, and having thanked his benefactor, he started for the wilds of Badenoch, where he met with the unfortunate Pretender, hiding in caverns and surrounded on every side by bloodthirsty enemies. The Prince and the hero of this story endured this kind of life for several months, and for time were concealed and supported by a party of Highland freebooters who might have earned thirty thousand pounds by giving up the Royal fugitive, but they remained faithful to the last.

One day Dalquharn and a young Highlander named Mackenzie were wandering among the hills, when they suddenly came upon a party of soldiers from Fort Augustus, and were called upon to stand and surren-

der. They paid no attention to this order, however, but turned and made off in the opposite direction, when ten or a dozen bullets were sent after them as fast as the soldiers could fire. One bullet shaved the tip of Dalquharn's right ear, a second tore away the heel of his left shoe, while a third shattered the right arm of his companion Mackenzie. Meanwhile the chase was kept up, and another bullet stretched Mackenzie upon the grass, while Dalquharn slipped a foot at the same moment and tumbled into the dry bed of a mountain torrent. When the soldiers came up to young Mackenzie he looked at them sadly and exclaimed, "Oh villains, you have slain your Prince," and in a moment more the head of the young Highlander was cut off, thrust into a canvas bag, and sent to the Duke of Cumberland at Fort Augustus. This piece of deception so elated the soldiers that they never thought of searching for Dalquharn, and after they departed he got up and made the best of his way to the freebooters' cavern. Some time after this the Prince and our hero got on board a French frigate in the Moray Firth, and were safely landed in France, where Dalquharn met with his wife and lived to a good old age, respected and respectable. Such is the story, and a very excellent and exciting story it is. The hero was made prisoner four times, escaped twice, and got married once, under singular circumstances. He was accused of two murders, imprisoned three months, was knocked insensible by his horse falling upon him, and knocked off a second horse by a musket ball, was nearly cut to pieces by a score of troopers, fell into the bed of a mountain torrent, and had at least a hundred hairbreadth escapes; and all within the space of forty-eight weeks! If that is not making the most of a hero, I should like to hear the story with more stirring adventures.

THE BRITISH SOLDIER OF DAYS GONE BY.

(FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF THE IRISH REGIMENTS.)

The 87th and 47th defended Tariffa against the intrepid Columns who advanced to the breach and repelled their repeated attacks and ultimately pursued them from the Walls, to the tune of "Garry Owen."

An Old Soldier, writing to the Duke of Wellington on the subject of Corporal Punishment in the British Army, mentioned the following anecdote in connection with the Bugler, who struck up "Garry Owen," at that moment.

In 1815 when I joined the 87th under the command of Sir Hugh Gough, there was a Bugler in the Corps, who had been through the whole of the Peninsular War. Paddy Shannon was a favorite with all the men, and something of a hero, but all Paddy had left was his recollection of those acts. The only solace, the notice taken of him at the Canteen—his only triumph—the whiskey. Need I say Paddy Shannon became a "drinker," or that Paddy soon made his appearance at the halberts. The Regiment was paraded, the proceedings read, and Paddy was tied up. The signal was about being given for the Drummers to begin, when Paddy Shannon exclaimed:—"Listen now Sir Hugh: Do you mean to say you are going to flog me. Just recollect who it was who sounded the charge at Barossa, when you