

coolly replied that his commission was at his Royal Highness's disposal, but that he never would consent to become an executioner. Other officers also refusing, a private soldier, at the Duke's command, shot the gallant wounded young officer, Frazer, before his eyes.

After this signal defeat of the rebels, the King's troops were cantoned throughout the disturbed districts to overawe the disaffected. The distribution and quarters of the different regiments during the summer of 1746, are pointed out very distinctly in the *Glasgow Journal* of 31st July in that year, according to which it is ascertained that Barrei's regiment was then stationed at Stirling along with other two; the district general officers there being Major General Bland and Lord Semple. From the battlements of the ancient castle Wolfe often gazed on the magnificent landscape thence unfolded to the spectator. At this time Wolfe was detached with his company to the small fort of Inversnaid, built soon after the rebellion of 1715, at the mouth of the romantic gorge stretching between Loch Lomond and the wild and picturesque region round Loch Ketturin and the Trossachs, to keep the turbulent M'Gregors and Rob Roy in check. This fortified ravine formed the line of demarcation between the countries of the bold M'Gregors, and of the loyal and once numerous clan Buchanan; the upper shores of Loch Lomond skirting the former, and the lower the Buchanans' territory; which last included the lofty broad-shouldered *Ben*; and the group of beautiful, green-wooded islets that stud the bosom of the "Queen of Scottish Lakes," afforded friendly access to the troops, or "red soldiers," sent up from Dumbarton Castle in boats.

The grey ruins of this antique little Inversnaid Fort still linger in peaceful repose. The armed men who there kept ward, and the fiery tribes they were intended to overawe, have alike long passed away; but there it stands, as their memorial—its old walls, in some places, kindly screened from the wild mountain blast by the mantling ivy, while the nettle and fox-glove rustle within, as the summer wind plays idly through the ruins.

We can imagine the great-hearted young soldier, surrounded by the grandeur of nature, which must have made a deep impression