## A Famous Anniversary.

The Historic Fight of Culloden - Only One Hundred and Fifty Years Since the Conflict that Decided the Fate of the Sturdy North.

romantic times to realize what is meant by civil broil, political intrigue most of the available troops. Aided involving life and liberty, and the set-ing in deadly array of rival hosts on and, had he been a capable leader, battlefields by our doors. Yet it is there is no guessing what in these cironly 150 years on the 16th of this pleas- cumstances he might not have accomant month since the last struggle of plished. To the terror of the South, civil warfare took place on Scottish soil, giving to the national history one of its darkest pages, and to national story and song some of their most romantic themes. For not even such names as Bannockburn and Flodden ere more familiar to Scottish ears than the ominous syllables of Culloden. In the jocound "stoury" barn, with the holding out for a summer campaign, winter winds whistling by, on the sunwinter winds whistling by, on the sunmy hairst rig, in the hall, by the lowliest fireside, are yet sung the lays sea. This brings us to the situation that came of the last adventure of the of the final struggle, which we will Stuarts, and kept the blood warm in mainly review, not from more or less which side they beat for. Even in the murky, roaring city street the voice were, at the time. We will in fact, of the wandering singer takes upon it-self a spirit worthy of more congenial nesses. surroundings when it ceases from the Surroundings when it ceases from the ignoble and strikes the notes of a forces at Inverness was the signal for Jacobite song. And as the lay rises you will, if you observe, not many a hurrying footstep linger on the pavement, many an eye glance, and now and ggain a "bawbee" tinkle, to reward him or her who sings:

"Cam ye by Athol, lad, with the philabeg, Down by the Tummel or banks o' the

Garry, Saw ye the lads we the bonnet and tartan plaid

mountains to follow Prince Charlie? I hae but ae son, the gallant young But if I had ten they should follow

Glengarry; MacDonald and gallant Clan Ronaldtheir Charlie!"

Or, it may be the rattling canter of "Johnny Cope," the wild raising of the "Standard on the Braes o' Mar," or the eerie wail that in so many lines tells

> "A' is done that men can do, And a' is done in vain!'

strange illogical sentiments; we feel, was made of disputing this passage, and are content to pass. To most it is but no effective resistence was made. a touching of the still strings of mem- and the Royalists crossed easily. The ory, and some of us step onward, see- rebels retreated, and on Monday, April who can point to a forebear who was all ready for the morrow. On hear-so distinguished will forget all the turing of the near approach of his enemy moil of the day to speak of it, much Charles rode out of Inverness with

of more than half a century before. served, took advantage of the embroil-ment and disasters of Britain abroad neither money, arms, nor supplies,

It is difficult for us in these busy, un- | reigning King, was in Hanover, and he shattered Sir John Cope's forces at Prestonpans in September. The Duke of Cumberland was recalled from the continent, and was repulsed in Penrith by the Highlanders, who were re-

> On Jan. 17, 1746, Charles fought and won the battle of Falkirk, and, continuing his retreat, with an idea of self at Inverness, with the Royalists rapidly closing upon him by land and

a very considerable show of activity on the part of Charles and many supporters and opponents. The flery cross was sent round, and ladies, not a few of whom had husbands and sons in the Royalist ranks, lent their powerful assistance. A spirited guerilla warfare was successful in Athole, and indeed for a space, Charles's position was far from being regarded as desperate. But it was the flicker before the quenching of the light. Time was passing, money run done, the country, not at any time too rich, was literally eaten up; the winter was passing away and thus permitting the Royalists to draw nearer and nearer, well appointed and resolved to spare no severity or resource of war to crush the adventurous men who had twice overthrown them disastrously in fair These are the men that shall die for fight, foiled them in many small engagements, and baffled them in strat-

Lord George Murray, one of Charles' ablest officers, was recalled from his daring siege of doughty Sir Andrew daring siege of doughty Sir Andrew active Campbells in the Royalist and referring to the dead Highlanders, Agnew in the Castle of Blair, and ranks. Their few guns were in the says: "Everybody allowed who saw all preparations were made with the idea of meeting Cumberland at the fords of Spey. For, after all, it was by a mere accident that Culloden proved to be the scene of the struggle We do not stay to analyze the which decided Charles' fate. A show Ing peat fires in the shop windows and lat, the Duke and his army arrived hearing voices in the clatter of the at Nairn, where, the 15th being his "Out in the Forty-five!" He birthday, the troops rested and got

The rebellion of 1745 was, like that of the revolution of the '15, a result of the revolution piteous case. Food was barely to be galant race on their native soil: had-anything like an ample supply The exiled Stuarts never gave up hope of regaining the sovereignty James had finally forfeited, and in 1715 the "old Pretender" had made a vain effort to this end. In July, 1745, his son, ned by desertion, discipline was na-Chares Edward Stuart, the "Bonnie turally lax, and division of opinion Prince Charlie" of songs he never defilled in the detail of the miserable filled in the detail of the miserable situation. It is difficult to keep up a fighting spirit on a shred of biscuit to make another attempt. Utterly unand cold water, especially after provided for such a venture, with night spent behind a whin bush. Poor fellows! how many of them were to with only 17 followers, he proceeded make that bed their last resting-to raise the clans. George IL, the place before many hours were over,

It seemed as if the relentless fate of his unfortunate line now closed in upon Charles. The wise advice to occupy broken ground a short distance away was rejected, though this would have minimized the importance of Cumberland's artillery and cavalry, how he was expendent to the content of t Cumberland's artillery and cavalry, in both of which arms he was exceptionally strong, while Charles was as exceptionally weak. The fatal moor, manner from former occasions, each on the other hand, gave splendid scope soldier being instructed to strike not for artillery, and, as events proved,

excellent opportunity for the horse. The night and morning preceding the day of battle were occupied in a right front, who would have his singularly daring and desperate at right side unprotected in using his tempt which resulted in lamentable failure. It was resolved, and the idea found much favor, to steal a night march on Cumberland and cut his forces to pieces at Nairn. The Highlanders set out, but the Frenchmen as if by magic, leaving plaid and red with them were not able to march as coat mingled thick in bloody swathes. this caused some delay. The darkness, down in the brief struggle, while the the necessity for making detours for Royalists lost between 200 and 300. safety, the staying of the van for the treating after a desperate invasion of laggard rear, settled the fate of the march. Daylight was near, and it was a last charge and win or die, as beback-back to the fateful moor.

The history of that march, as told ness on that April morning, who can to think only of rallying his army and say how British history might have

down exhausted, or made renewed efforts to obtain food. Cumberland's after a period of miserable wandering, in the Highland camp. The Highlandfine, while reserves were disposed in rear and on the flanks. The plan to which we refer gives the total number as: Royalists, 8,811; rebels, 8,350; but various estimates of strength are discussed in the contemporary accounts of the hottle. On the right of the last far as possible those of the same

the charge. were on the point of breaking all restraint and hurling themselves headlong on the enemy. A murmuring cry rose from end to end of the line, thrubles." Surely, then, at this anniversary of events so notable a brief glance backward at the closing traged will not fail to be of interest.

The rebellion of 1745 was, like that ordered a rendezvous on Drumossie Moor, to the southeast of Culloden House. Even then it was not anticipated with any certainty that here would be the scene of battle.

The rebellion of 1745 was, like that ordered a rendezvous on Drumossie Zie to the Royalists, who nerved themselves for the coming shock. Suddenly the clans surged forward, firing their small arms, and dropping these, taking to the beloved claymore. and was carried through the dull driz-

> foam. Right onward did Clan Alpin come,

bright Was brandishing like beams of light, Each targe was dark below; And with the ocean's mighty swing, When heaving to the temptest's wing, They hurled them on the foe!"

The impact was terrific, and but for supports Barrel's and Monroe's regiments would have been torn to pieces by the maddened swordsmen,

their valor making the unknown heath memorable for all time.

It seemed as if the relentless fate fire was concentrated upon them; re-Royalist infantry, too had met the Highlanders' charge in a different the man in front of him, who would parry the bayonet on his targe, but to lunge instead at the opponent to his

sword arm. Torn by grape shot and bullets, cooped in by infantry, charged by cavalry, utterly unsupported, the clans recognized that the day was lost. They melted away from the field coat mingled thick in bloody swathes swiftly as the hardy hillsmen, and Some 1,500 Highlanders were mowed It is said that Lord Elcho rode up apparent Cumberland could not be reached before daylight, and within sight of his camp-fires the weary, cursed him bitterly, and some here. would never look on his face again. Another account, however, is to the effect that Elcho saw him shortly after by a survivor, is a pathetic tale. Had the battle, and "represented to him there been but one hour more of dark- that the check was nothing \* \* \*

putting himself at its head, and trythe disaster might be easily repaired." dragged themselves, and flung them But Charles was not made of the stuff that can bear up against reverses, and fresh troops in a few hours came in safe-guarded by a devotion that has sight, marching with the artillery as if on parade, and all became bustle caped to France. The sum of £30,000 ers instantly called in all stragglers, bribe was scorned; not a man among so far as possible, and took up positions he had deserted would have it. tion. An old plan of the field, published a month after the battle, gives the clans the following order of position, beginning from the left: "Glen-fold, for whose sake the land had pagarry, Keppoch, Clanronald, Maclean, Macleod, Mackintosh, Lovat, Cluny, Appin, Lochiel, Athol." Lord John Drumsnord was in command, with dead a miserable drunkard at Rome in Lord George Murray on the right, and the Duke of Perth on the left. The Prince was in the center behind the line, while reserves were disposed in but not by the will of man," died with-

of the battle. On the right of the as far as possible those of the same rebels were park walls, which too late, they thought of breaking down, and these gave fatal opportunity to the in the Scots' Magazine of May, 1746, center of the front rank of the clans them dead in the field of battle that and on the wings. During the battle men of a larger size, larger limbs and the Macdonalds, who were enraged at better proportioned, could not be not being placed on the right of the found." Today the visitor to the moor Prince, stood sullenly still, and saw their leader shot before their eyes while vainly trying to lead them to will find memorials everywhere of the fight—the little stones above the mounds bearing the simple tribal names, beside which, otherwise name-The battle began with an inter-less, sleeps the warrior dead till the change of cannonading, which severely great reveille. A huge cairn near by in galled the Highlanders, who clamored the shelter of a dark wood which now to be led on to the charge, and soon grows on a portion of the battlefield, bears the legend:

> THE BATTLE of CULLODEN was fought on this Moor,

The Graves of the GALLANT HIGHLANDERS who fought for SCOTLAND and PRINCE CHARLIE of their Clans.

Not far from the field of battle lies the celebrated "Cumberland Stone," a uge grey boulder, from which, tradition says the Duke watched the strug-

consequences of the battle, or of the infamous outrages which won for Cumberland the title by which he will ever be remembered by the kin of the clans—"The Butcher." The old animosities are dead, old grudges are for-

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that will for ever touch quick the heart at mention of Culloden and the '45.-R. A. Dakers, in the

A Dialogue in the Night.

The man in the upper berth leaned over its edge, and, jamming his frown firmly down on his brow, cried in a harsh, coarse voice that was audible above the rattle and rumble of the

"Hi, you, down there. Are you rich?" "Heh?" ejaculated the man in the lower berth, almost swallowing his Adam's apple. "Whazzer mazzer?" "I say, are you rich?" "What's that sir! Rich? What do you mean by waking me up in the

a question as that?" 'I want to know-that's why." "Well, then, confound you, I am rich. Now, I hope your curiosity is satisfied and you will let me go to

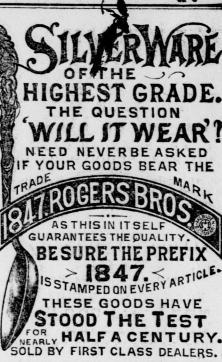
"Millionaire, confound you. Now shut up, and—"
"Well, then, what in torment don't you charter the whole train to do your snoring in?"

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