

is about eight leagues from Inverness, by a road through the mountains, very narrow, full of tremendously high precipices, where there are several passes which a hundred men could defend against ten thousand, by merely rolling down rocks from the summit of the mountains.

“Lord George immediately dispatched people to guard the passes, and at the same time sent off an aid-de-camp to inform the Prince, that a great part of his army was assembled at Ruthven; that the Highlanders were full of animation and ardour, and eager to be led against the enemy; that the Grants, and other Highland clans, who had, till then, remained neuter, were disposed to declare themselves in his favour, seeing the inevitable destruction of their country from the proximity of the victorious army of the Duke of Cumberland; that all the clans, who had received leave of absence, would assemble there in the course of a few days; and that, instead of five or six thousand men, the whole of the number present at the battle of Culloden, from the absence of those who had returned to their homes, and of those who had left the army on reaching Culloden, on the morning of the 16th, to go to sleep, he might count upon eight or nine thousand men at least, a greater number than he had had at any time in his army. Every body earnestly entreated the Prince to come immediately, and put himself at the head of this force.

“We passed the 19th at Ruthven, without any news from the Prince. All the Highlanders were cheerful, and full of spirits, to a degree perhaps never before witnessed in an army so recently beaten, expecting, with impatience, every moment the arrival of the Prince; but, on the 20th, Mr. Macleod, Lord George's aid-de-camp, who had been sent to him, returned with the following laconic answer:—‘Let every man seek his safety in the best way he can;’—an inconsiderate answer, heart-breaking to the brave men who had sacrificed themselves for him. However critical our situation, the Prince ought not to have despaired. On occasions when every thing is to be feared, we ought to lay aside fear; when we are surrounded with dangers, no danger ought to alarm us. With the best plans we may fail in our enterprises; but the firmness we display in misfortune is the noblest ornament of virtue. This is the manner in which a Prince ought to have conducted himself, who, with an unexampled rashness, landed in Scotland with only seven men.

“We were masters of the passes between Ruthven and Inverness, which gave us sufficient time to assemble our adherents. The clan of Macpherson of Clunie, consisting of five hundred very brave men, besides many other Highlanders, who had not been able to reach Inverness before the battle, joined us at Ruthven, so that our numbers increased every moment; and I am thoroughly convinced, that, in the course of eight days, we should have had a more powerful army than ever, capable of re-establishing, without delay, the state of our affairs, and of avenging the barbarous cruelties of the Duke of Cumberland. But the Prince was inexorable and immovable in his resolution of abandoning his enterprise, and terminating in this inglorious manner an expedition, the rapid progress of which had fixed the attention of all Europe. Unfortunately, he had nobody to advise with but Sir Thomas Sheridan and other Irishmen, who were altogether ignorant of the nature and resources of the country, and the character of the Highlanders, who had nothing to lose, but, on the contrary, a great deal to gain on arriving in France, where several of them have since laid the foundations of their fortunes.

“Our separation at Ruthven was truly affecting. We bade one another an eternal adieu. No one could tell whether the scaffold would not be his fate. The Highlanders gave vent to their grief in wild howlings and lamentations; the tears flowed down their cheeks when they thought that their country was now at the discretion of the Duke of Cumberland, and, on the point of being plundered, whilst they and their children would be reduced to slavery, and plunged, without resource, into a state of remediless distress.” pp. 148—152.

The latter part of the volume is taken up with the personal adventures and hair-breadth scapes of the Chevalier de Johnstone himself, after the defeat at Culloden, till he became an old man.—*Ed. Mag.*