

subservient entirely to them) had the royal yacht moored at the foot of the tower stairs, ready to fly to Europe should Prince Charlie continue his march southward.

Prince Charlie advanced into England as far as Derby, but was not joined by the considerable number whom he expected when yielding his own inclinations and those of most of his Highland chiefs to the advice of his adjutant-general O'Sullivan, he returned to Scotland to await reinforcements from France. But the King of France forgot both Canada and Scotland in the voluptuous embraces of strumpet Pompadour, who in vulgar parlance, was "pulling his leg" for the benefit of her upstart "financiers" who supplied her with cash from their own stealings, as payment for the chances to plunder that she was procuring for them.

Repulsed at Cullodun through a misunderstanding of arrangement by which the clan Macdonald did not charge with the rest of the clans, the army of Prince Charlie retired in good order after smashing two of the three lines of battle of the Duke of Cumberland, who opposed him. In the pursuit ordered by the Duke of Cumberland, brother of the usurper and afterwards George II, the Kingston dragoons overtook a Highlander, Gillies MacVane, who refused to surrender, and placing his back to a rock defied them all, laying 13 dead around him before he was overcome and killed. By the atrocities perpetrated on the wounded by order of the bloody Duke of Cumberland, he earned the title of "Butcher," and the execration of the posterity of the sons of the "Mountain Eagle" to their remotest generation.

The army of Prince Charles disbanded and went home; its chiefs were proscribed and hastened into exile to escape the persecutions of a mean and merciless dynasty and its band of mercenary supporters. In every land the sons of the cavaliers of Scotland were scattered, coming even to Canada at this time, one of whom, Capt. Alexander Grant, married the daughter and heiress of the last Baron de Longueuil, in whose posterity this high Canadian title has been transmitted. Some went to France and, as a military body under Lord Pilsbury, in the service of the King of France, though only 300

strong, swam the river Rhine with their swords between their teeth, and stormed the German entrenchments on an island in that river, which has since borne their name (L'Isle des Crossats). Some went to the American colonies, and Flora MacDonald with a party of her followers, lived for a while in North Carolina, but none of them could stomach the programme of the Yankee democracy, although a few were derelict and lingered in that country until after the establishment of the Republic. As Tories and as Cavaliers they, with the other British colonists, were so different from the Whigs and Liberals who founded the American Republic as to draw this observation from the Yankee historian Bancroft, in referring to Sir James Oglethorpe, the founder of the colony of Georgia: "A monarchist in the State, friendly to the church, he seemed like one who had survived his time—the relic of a former century and a more chivalrous age—illustrating to the modern world of business what a crowd of virtues and of charities could cluster around the heart of a Cavalier"—(Life of Oglethorpe, by Cooper, p. 204).

The influence of the alliance of the Scottish Jacobites with the King of France was felt at Quebec and has left traces to the present day in the memories of many families in the province, who derive from the blood of both France and Scotland the sentiments of that union.

This war was closed, so far as France and Britain were concerned, by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle of 1748. By this treaty, England restored Louisbourg to France and France gave up Madras, which she had taken, to England. The British government paid Massachusetts for the aid in land forces and transports which she had contributed towards the capture of Louisbourg. All entered into a period of semi-quietude for a short time in America, but the French were continually on the watch, for they knew that the restless and tricky Yankee was about to put up some other game against them for the possession of Quebec. They had not forgotten the council of the Count de Frontenac, which has been published in a book on the Legislative Palace of Quebec: "Beware of the Yankees," (*Cette Méfiez vous des Bostonais*)