

self, and his legalized fraud in this particular and produced a mutiny of the garrison and desertion of many of its members. This creature of the "financiers" was the same who had commanded at Fort Beauséjour and had surrendered that post before a blow was struck, and to the indignation of all parties,—his cowardice being a fit companion for his infamy.

So inviting to the Anglo-Americans was the tale of deserters that Sir William Shirley, the British governor at Boston, planned to send a large force in 1745 to co-operate with Admiral Warren's British fleet in the reduction of the place. Shirley's plan startled the timid Anglo-Americans, but he pushed it through the council by a vote of one, and the expedition sailed into Louisbourg harbor, and after a short siege and bombardment captured what was considered the strongest fortress in America, next to Quebec.

But away from the control of this "financial" society, which was being urged into the King's favor by their chief-member, Madame Pompadour, the King's strumpet, affairs were not going so badly.

It seems that in spite of the treaty of peace which had existed until now, the Virginia government in 1733 had sent an expedition into French territory near the Ohio River, where a fort was built by them. This fort was captured immediately after by the Seigneur de l'ontrecœur and with further additions and strengthening, was named Fort Duquesne in honor of the Marquis Duquesne, who was then Governor of Canada. At the same time other forts were established from that part up to the Great Lakes and a secure communication was had between the Canadian capital on the St. Lawrence and the seat of government in Louisiana on the Gulf of Mexico.

Now in this war, while these things were happening in Canada, the heir of the Stuarts—Prince Charles Edward, supported by a few brave French officers and aided by his relative, the King of France, landed on the shores of his native Scotland, for a last attempt to win back the thrones of the three kingdoms which were his by right of inheritance, according to the British constitution, and which the Liberal majority in parliament, assisted by other traitors, who had conspired in an interested opposition to rob the state, had deprived his father—the late James II. He was joined, so soon as his landing was known, by the Tory Cavaliers, who at this time formed a small minority. But they were like the knights of old, not asking "How

many are the foe?" but, "Where are they?"

"O, sprung from the kings who in May
Kept state
Proud chiefs of Clanranald, Clengairn
and Sleat,
Like three streams from one mountain
Tame of snow,
And restless in union dash down on the
foe."

"Ye sons of the strong, when that
dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind ye to
wake!
That dawn never beamed on your fore-
fathers' eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to van-
quish or die."

With such stimulus from bard and tradition did Scottish cavaliers gather, as within their glens and valleys they summoned their clansmen to arms, loveliest of whom in the poetic range was Cameron, the Lord of Lochiel. It is not an exaggeration to paint the high and noble sentiment of the Tory-Cavalier party as Campbell, the poet, did in Lochiel's reply to the wizzard who warned him of the overpowering hosts of the English that would crush the devoted allies of the Stuarts in their chivalric undertaking for country and right.

"They were true to the last of their blood and their breath." The victories they reaped, when they marched with "Prince Charlie" at their head across the border into England, will live in history as the most famous of their kind. That at Preston Pans, where in a single charge they swept the English army of double their number from the field, a veteran host that melted away before them in fifteen minutes. Their entrance into England aroused all that was best in the hearts of the English cavaliers, who, since the advent of the Liberals into power, had been living in retirement. The proudest blood of England at their heroic example became troubled and unrestful. The Duke of Norfolk began to consider the advisability of declaring for Prince Charlie. The bravest and most honorable of the Welsh and Cornish gentry began to arm their tenants. And the Hanoverian usurper (whose line, as Sir James Macintosh says in his "History of the Revolution of 1688," had been called to power by the union of the worst and most corrupt who saw in the troubles of the time a means of continual plunder, by having a dynasty