

A BRAVE BUT UNFORTUNATE PRINCE.



THE unhappy fate of the nobles, who, in A.D. 1715 gathered round the standard of their exiled Prince, did not dishearten those who longed for an opportunity to risk their lives and possessions for the Stuart cause. Thirty years had glided by since the "Chevalier de St. George," disappointed in his hopes of victory, bid a last adieu to his native land, and now his son, the "Bonnie Prince Charlie," is leaving the land of exile to attempt to wrest the crown of his ancestors from the reigning sovereign royal of England.

In the month of July, A.D. 1745, the adventurous Prince, accompanied by a small retinue of nobles, set sail from Belleisle, on the coast of France, and after a protracted voyage landed at Moidart, Scotland, towards the end of the same month. In a few days he was surrounded by a band of devoted followers, and the Stuart banner once more waved over the heathery shore.

Brought up in the gay court of France, the most brilliant in all Europe, the youthful Chevalier possessed such gracefulness and vivacity of deportment, affability of countenance, and elegance of expression, that few could resist his attractions.

A number of Scottish chieftains, whose devotion to the Stuart cause had already brought upon them the stern rigors of an offended and powerful government, rallied round the banner of their beloved Prince, and soon an army of about a thousand men were marching towards the Lowlands. To undertake the extraordinary task of conquering a great empire with such a small force, shows with what firmness of purpose the young Prince was actuated.

Town after town opened its gates to the Jacobite army until it reached Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland. Here, in the ancient palace of Holyrood, where his royal grandfather, James II, spent his early years, and where his ancestors for many generations held their royal

court, Prince Charles made his headquarters.

While the Jacobites were loud in their acclamations of fidelity to the Prince and his royal father who was now proclaimed by them as King James III of England and VIII of Scotland, the government took stringent measures to crush the daring Scots. Sir John Cope, commander of the government troops in Scotland, hastily collected an army and marched against the Jacobites. The Prince led his army towards Prestonpans, where he was met by Cope's forces. Here in the grey light of a September morning a battle was fought in which the government troops were defeated and almost annihilated. On this occasion the Prince showed his magnanimity by providing hospitals at his own expense for those of the enemy's soldiers who had been wounded on the field, and who had been abandoned by their friends in their eager haste to escape the dreaded Highlanders.

After this brilliant victory the youthful heir of the house of Stuart returned in triumph to his palace of Holyrood, where he was received by the enthusiastic people with all the pomp and magnificence becoming his dignity. Everything now seemed propitious to the Stuart cause. Beloved, almost idolized, by his followers, who were increasing in number every day, the Prince was now elated with hopes of victory. Scotland was virtually in his possession; his next step was to unfurl the Stuart banner in Saxon territory.

After six weeks spent in Edinburgh, exercising the prerogatives of royalty, the heroic Prince, with a force now increased to six thousand men, marched towards England. The important city of Bristol opened its gates to him, and as yet no serious opposition was offered to his triumphant march. He had arrived within a few days' march of the great metropolis of the British Empire and still no leaf had fallen from his laurel crown of victory.

An English army under the Duke of Cumberland, second son of George II,