

Introduction.

This is the story of Robert, or Rob MacGregor, second son of Gregor *glun dubh* MacGregor of Glen Gyle, colonel of the Clan Gregor regiment in the 1745 Rising. Rob, as an old man, tells the story of the Rising to his grandson. Beginning with a recollection of his great uncle Rob Roy he goes on to relate a largely unromantic account of the events that he and the Clan Gregor were involved in during the last civil war to afflict Britain. Rob MacGregor was a real person and lived at Stronachlachar on Loch Katrine, as were his son, a sailor, and grandson who feature as incidental characters in the introduction. Using them, allusions are made to the ‘death’ of the old Highland way of life in the aftermath of the Rising. Robert and his brothers, according to a 1747 investigation by the factor to the Duke of Montrose, did not participate in the Rising. Gregor MacGregor of Glen Gyle himself and the sons of Rob Roy, James Mòr, Ranald and Robin Og assuredly did and this novel attempts to faithfully represent the events in which they were involved. Almost all the dialogue and dramatic detail is, however, entirely invented, although I like to think that it would not be too far from the truth. Robert, Duncan and Alexander MacGregor were my ancestors and this book has come out of historical research that began with genealogy. I have written at greater length about the background and the way in which I have tried to set this story in its historical context in an appendix.

The key characters in this novel were Gaelic speaking. Most of the dialogue would have taken place in Gaelic, and some of the rest in Lowland Scots rather than standard English. Their situation, on the edge of the ‘Highland line’ as it existed on the 18th century meant that many had acquired some knowledge of English. The men of Clan Gregor probably knew some English from droving contacts. An SPCK (Society for Propagation of Christian Knowledge) school had been established in Balquhidder by around 1710. The SPCK was funded by Government money and one of its early objectives was to wipe out the use of “Irish” as the Gaelic was called in favour of English, as well as creating good servile Presbyterians from the Highlanders. There is archival evidence, in the form of letters and other documents that the leading families of Clan Gregor could also read and write in English by the late 17th century. Rob himself, like his namesake Rob Roy, had received some education and would

have a good command of English. To remind the reader of the Gaelic milieu of the novel some Gaelic is used in the text. It will be invariably italicised. In no case will the Gaelic interfere with understanding or the flow of the narrative. I have tried in the dialogue to maintain a simple style of English. In some places contemporary documents have been inserted. Eighteenth century spelling and grammar could be very variable and strange abbreviations were often used.

Chapter 1

Stronachlachar - June 1789

The stem of the boat grounded noisily on water-worn pebbles a few yards from a ruinous pier. The boatman leapt ashore with the painter in his hand. He looped the rope around the remains of an ancient, whitened tree stump, buried in peat for centuries but now exposed at the water's edge. The Snaid Burn sang noisily across the beach where it joined the loch. A lapwing cried out its distress. It hopped away, flapping its wings, instinctively distracting attention from the chicks that lay prone and camouflaged somewhere among the pebbles. The boatman hauled the boat further aground while his crewman lowered the single square sail.

Two passengers stepped over the gunwhale of the boat onto the shore of Loch Lomond at Inversnaid.

"My thanks to you both for a comfortable voyage," the older passenger said with an indefinable accent, neither Scots, English nor Caribbean, but with a suggestion of all of them. He handed the boatman a golden coin. "I would thank you to return here on Tuesday next at the hour of noon."

The two passengers shouldered their packs and walked over the stony beach which the Snaid Burn had created. The older man was in his early forties with a full head of reddish brown hair gathered into a seaman's queue at the back. A few grey hairs could be seen at his temples and in his thick beard. He was a powerfully built man and almost six feet in height. His arms were noticeably longer than average and terminated in large hands, which showed the evidence of hard physical labour. Tar stains were apparent on them despite scrubbing. He walked with a rolling gait, more familiar with a ship's deck than dry land. He wore clothes that indicated some expense but not much fashionable taste, as if he had recently acquired the means to purchase them without the sense to judge the effect. His buff-coloured breeches were fastened with buttons at the knee over brightly coloured knitted hose. His red silk waistcoat had its edges braided in gold. His bright blue topcoat had a high collar and long tail. Ivory buttons marched in a long line from his collar down the right side of the coat to mid thigh. The fourth button was missing. Over-large cuffs on the coat-sleeves were adorned with

more ivory buttons. His black leather shoes had large square silver buckles. On his head sat a tri-cornered black hat.

The lad was about thirteen years of age. He was tall and gangly, like a young tree recently sprung up. His young face, marked by the pimples of adolescence had the makings of a handsome man. He wore clothes similar, though less bright, to those his father wore. He was hatless, wigless and barefoot. His silver-buckled shoes hung on a string around his neck. He looked askance at the dark trees that stretched in serried ranks up the hillside. "Where do we go now? We surely cannot climb that hill, and there is no road here by the lake. You said that Grandfather would meet us here. Can we not take a carriage? This pack is too heavy."

"All right, lad," said his father, "one question at a time and do not throw stones at the trees. There is a road up the hill that went to the fort at the top. The soldiers built that old pier for their supplies, but it is plain to see it has not been used in a long time. There are no carriages here. It will be necessary for you to walk and if the pack is too heavy that is your own fault for wishing too many clothes in Glasgow. Your grandfather wrote he would meet us here today at noon. My pocket watch has stopped, but the sun tells me this is the correct hour."

They walked towards the pier where they saw the remains of the road. An old man emerged from the trees and walked towards them. "*Donnchadh, mo mhac,*" he cried in Gaelic, "Duncan, my son." The two men hugged each other in welcome.

The old man was Robert, usually know as Rob, MacGregor. He was similar in height to his son, though grey-haired and dressed in loose, dark trousers above bare feet. A faded red plaid enveloped his upper body.

"How wonderful to see you both. I was so pleased to receive your letter. Jean has not been keeping well, but she fairly bucked up when I told her the two of you would be making a visit. This must be Alasdair." The old man turned to the lad. "Well now, Alasdair, it is glad I am to be seeing you. I thought your father would never bring you home. Jean will be most excited to see you. She always wanted to be seeing you, since you were born."

"My name is not Alasdair! I am Alexander, though my father calls me Sawney sometimes," the boy said with some indignation.

"And what an English tongue you have in your head, my wee man. Why your father should want to keep you at Wearmouth, I do not know. Greenock was good enough for your uncles. Has your father not told you that Alasdair is our name for Alexander? While you are here, you will be Alasdair."

Greetings over, Rob led them up the track. It climbed the hill in wide zig-zags. There was little evidence of maintenance work on the track for many years. The winter floods had undermined it, gouging out water channels through the road. Great rocks, tumbled from the hillside, stood in the way and gullies cut in from either side. The three clambered over fallen trunks and avoided tree roots that threatened to trip them. They came to an area where swathes of the forest had been cleared, but secondary timber growth almost obscured the view to the west behind them, over the loch to the mighty hills of Arrochar beyond.

The steep climb levelled out where the Snaid Burn joined the larger Arklet Burn. A large masonry-built structure stood on their left. The timber gates hung partly off their hinges. The boy ran over and stepped gingerly over the rank growth of nettles that surrounded the gateway. His father, shaking his head, followed. Pushing against the gate they made their way into the courtyard. Around them stood neglected buildings, their roofs collapsing and windows broken. Weeds grew all around, especially around the structure that looked as if it had once been stables.

"I remember," Duncan said to his father, "that you and your friends had taken and destroyed this fort, back in '45. But when I was the age of Sawney, the government had repaired it. There were soldiers here and none of us could approach the fort for fear they would lock us up."

Alasdair joined in excitedly, "Did Granddad really capture this place? Did the soldiers have guns? Why did Granddad fight the soldiers? If you fight the soldiers, don't they send you to Australia?"

Wouldn't they hang you for it? Have we much farther to go? I'm hungry."

"Can't you keep quiet for a moment?" his exasperated father said. "One question at a time, please. And when we reach your granddad's house, you speak when you are spoken to or I'll take a rope's end to you."

Rob said, "Your father was just the same at your age, Alasdair. Oh yes, we did capture this place - Seamus Mòr, myself and a few sturdy lads behind us. The soldiers were all fast asleep, so we just collected their guns. The government would have hanged the lot of us for it, but they had to catch us first. I'll tell you all about it when we get to the house. That is if you want to hear about it."

"Of course, I want to hear about it, but why did they build a fort here at all? What did they guard? What is its name?"

"Well in 1710, the year I was born, Great-uncle Rob Roy had a small estate here at Craigostran. He traded in cattle and would gather together large droves that were to be driven down to England for the best prices. Business was good until one of his partners absconded with money for the sale of cattle that was due to Rob. The Duke of Montrose had invested in Rob's trading and when he heard of the loss, he demanded his investment back. Rob could not pay immediately, so the Duke had him put to the horn as a debtor and had the High Court declare that the estate was forfeited to him in lieu of the debt. The Duke sent militiamen to burn Rob's house, but they could not catch him. For many years after that Rob lived as an outlaw. The Duke arranged for the government to build this fort and pay for a garrison on the pretext that dangerous outlaws and Jacobites infested the whole country. In truth it was so the Duke's men could be protected while they felled the trees and collected the rents. I do not think that it was ever given a name, other than Inversnaid fort, but we have always called it 'the garrison'."

They set out again. Soon they reached the top of the hill and walked along a rough stony path. The military track had ended at the fort. Long years of erosion by feet had made this path, rather than the skill of any road-builder. In places trails made by sheep cutting a broader avenue through the heather branched off the path. The path

meandered alongside a small loch, dark and quiet in the still but overcast day.

"This is Glen Arklet and here is Loch Arklet," Rob told Alasdair. "Those hills to the south are known as the Braes of Menteith."

"My father told me James Moor once lived here. Is that right? Where did he live? I can see no houses here. Did he just live here on the moor? Is that why he was called James Moor?"

"His name was *Seamus Mòr*. *Seamus* is Gaelic for James and *mòr* is pronounced like mawr, not moor. *Mòr* means big or tall. In English he would be nicknamed 'Big Jim.' But, look, there is a house." Rob pointed to a long low structure, with walls apparently made out of turf, surmounted by a thatch of bracken and reeds. A slight wreath of peat smoke hung around the roof. A man looking as dark as the turf of the house stood silently in his doorway, watching them as they passed. As they walked on, more houses became visible, but these were ruinous – bare of thatch and the remaining roof timbers blackened as if by fire. The stone and turf walls were slowly collapsing back into the earth from which they had come.

At a ford where a more substantial burn tumbled down the steep hillside into the loch, they picked their way over the stream, leaping from stone to stone. Rob pointed out a group of houses, partially ruined and a little way up the hillside. "That was James Mòr's house, but he died in Paris many years ago. No-one lives there now."

"Was James Mòr a fierce murderer, Grandfather?"

"No, he was not that. He was a very brave and proud man, but headstrong too and he often did foolish things. He had to go into hiding after the '45, as I did also. Some people say he was really on the side of the government in Edinburgh, although I know he was not. When it was safe to live at home again, he helped his brother kidnap an heiress and fled into exile in France. He died there in '54 when your father was just seven years old."

"Why did they kidnap an heiress? Did she have money? Was that wrong? How did they do it? What is exile?"

"Canst thou never stop questioning, lad?" his exasperated father said.

"Let the lad be, *Donnchadh*, I am pleased he is interested. Her name was Jean Keay and she had inherited some land down at Balfroon. James Mòr had a brother called Robin Og - that means 'Young Robert' - and he was the youngest and wildest of Rob Roy's family. James and Robin thought the fuss would settle after a while. They arranged a legal marriage in front of a minister and then kept quiet up here beyond the Highland line for a year or so. They expected the hue and cry would die down and then Robin would be able to settle down with Jean on his fine estate. He would not have been the first to get a wife that way. My father virtually kidnapped my mother after all, in almost the same way. She was willing but her kin, the Bardowie Hamiltons, threatened all manner of vengeance when Gregor took her off to the Highlands. To get back to Jean Keay, she sickened and died of measles. Her family had some powerful friends and they would not let the matter lie. So a company of soldiers was sent up and eventually James, Robin and their brother Ranald were captured and taken to Edinburgh. The court freed Ranald. Robin was hanged, but there was a great mystery about James Mòr. They said his daughter helped him escape from the Edinburgh tolbooth. That's the town gaol. Some said the government helped him escape because he was really their spy among the Jacobites. I liked him. He was a great companion and no traitor, though he had a hot temper."

The three of them continued along the side of the loch until they came to its end. A little farther on they rounded the last outspur of the mountain they had followed since the garrison fort, where a much larger loch came into view.

Rob pointed. "That is Loch Katrine and just here you can see my house at Stronachlachar. Are you tired of walking, Alasdair? When I was your age, a walk like this was nothing."

"It isn't the walking I mind. It is the hills. There are no roads to walk on. When can we go back to Glasgow?" answered Alasdair.

They approached a huddle of buildings. The largest had mortared walls of stone, but was thatched with heather and bracken like the rest. They stepped into the house, their eyes taking a little time to adjust after the brightness outside.

An old lady sat in a rocking chair by a peat fire. She looked up as the three of them entered. She called out, "*Raibert, am bheil Dhonnchaid comhla-riut?*"

"Yes, dear," Rob answered in Gaelic, "Duncan is with me and Alexander as well"

Rob stepped forward and helped his wife Jean to her feet. She peered at them. "Goodness me, my sight is no longer what it once was. Come you in so that I can see you, Duncan. It is so long since you have been with us. We were thinking that it would be in *Tir nan og* (translation: *land of the young, metaphorically heaven*) that we would see you again. Oh, and this must be dear Alasdair. Come to me, dear boy and give this old *cailleach* a hug."

Jean stood barely five feet tall. She was small and thin, wrapped in knitted shawls. Her hair was white, her cheekbones high. Her deep dimples and creased smile gave her a kind and welcoming demeanour. Alasdair stooped for her hug.

"*Mairead*," Jean called to the servant girl, "bring refreshments for our guests."

"Here is some buttermilk for you, Alasdair " the girl said, handing Alasdair a wooden vessel, brimming with liquid.

He looked at the container in surprise. "What is this? "Do you not have pottery or tankards?"

"Mind your manners, lad!" warned his father. "That is no way to speak."

"Never mind, Duncan," Rob said. "Alasdair, that is a wooden bicker, made out of little staves, bound with brass, just like a barrel. I made that myself when I was much younger. See, I have a press

here." Stepping across the room, he opened a large cupboard. "Look it is has china, pottery, pewter tankards, even a silver tankard and wine-glasses. That bicker has always been my favourite."

"Sorry, Granddad."

"Never mind. You were not to know. But do not call me Granddad. I am *seanair* or you can call me Rob. I don't need to stand on ceremony, and your grandmother is *seanmhair*."

"Shennar? Shennavar?" asked Alasdair.

"Och, do not mind them, Alasdair," Jean said. "It is so good to see you. How is your sister and your mother? How long can you stay? Come you here and sit beside this old *cailleach* and tell me all about yourself."

"Well then, Duncan," Rob said, "what is the cause of this unexpected pleasure? It has been so long since you have come home that I thought we would not see you again this side of the grave. It was a wonderful surprise when I received your message, and Jean has been counting the minutes until you arrived."

"I am a sea-going man and Sawney's mother has said the same thing to me more than once. It is far from here to the Slave Coast and the Caribbean. A voyage can last a year, and yet after I have been ashore a week, I need a rolling deck under my feet once more. But Donald died earlier in the year, so when I returned from Jamaica I had to go to Glasgow for my inheritance. The writers have their claws into me and I swear I shall never see a penny of what is mine."

Rob's brother, Donald had been a shipmaster, sailing out of Greenock. He had amassed a sizable fortune in the West India trade, and when he died earlier in the year, he had left his entire estate to Duncan.

"How much did Donald leave then?" Rob asked.

"According to Mr Lindsay, who describes himself as writer to the signet and notary public, though he is a thieving lawyer as far as

I am concerned, there is three thousand three hundred pounds sterling."

"*Diabhol*, you don't say! I knew Donald had done well for himself but that is a fortune. What will you do? You could have your own ship. Indeed you could buy the entire estate of Glen Gyle from James for that much."

"Ah well then, he is part of the problem. I have obtained some of the money, but Donald loaned James of Glengyle nine hundred and eighty three pounds in a heritable bond, which is now mine, and Glengyle says he cannot redeem it. As well as that, the Hamiltons helped themselves to some of Donald's goods before I came home."

"So, John Hamilton has some of Donald's property. They were always a greedy family. You may have a fight on your hands with them. When I last visited Greenock, I had to stay at the common lodging house because John Hamilton would not accommodate me at his house though he is my first cousin."

"Aye, John Hamilton is now a magistrate in Greenock and has a fine house on the High Street. He would not give me time of day, nor acknowledge my letters. He denies that he has anything of mine, but there is nothing left in Donald's house but rubbish. The furniture and some jewels he told me he had have all gone. Mr Lindsay states that he must have an inventory of the goods I claim that Hamilton has before he can pursue him, but I do not have such an inventory apart from the Testament. As for James of Glengyle, the writer tells me I may have to have him put him to the horn as an outlaw before he will redeem his bond. I believe the lawyers will make more of this sorry business than I ever will. Duncan loaned Glengyle the money in return for a heritable bond in order to save the estate from foreclosure by his other creditors. Now the bond is mine, at least John Hamilton has not stolen that, but I want my money, not a scrap of paper."

Rob answered. "Yes, Glengyle has his difficulties. He now lives at Brig of Turk and has let Glengyle House to a sheep farmer. A miserable cockerel of a shepherd from Northumberland is sitting pretty in the house of *Griogar Glun Dubh* lording it over everyone he meets. Indeed, the Duke of Montrose may be setting this part of

his estate under sheep and I am fearful Jean and I may not be allowed to die here in the house that I built with my own hands. The miln is not worth keeping in repair for there is hardly a farmer left growing grain. It is sad indeed when I see what we are come to. The Chiefs always possessed their *oighreachd* lands, but in my youth we served and honoured them. They would never force their people to leave their *duthchas*, the place of their birth, and that of their fathers."

"Father, I do not wish to be rude, but I do not understand. How can someone write to a signet?" Alasdair interrupted.

Rob answered. "The lad is inquisitive, *Donnchaidh*, as you were at his age. That is a good sign. You have kept him down in England for too long. He needs to know how matters are in Scotland. I have had the misfortune, in my time, to be enmeshed by lawyers as your father is now. A 'Writer to the Signet' is the name given to a type of lawyer. The signet was a ring worn by King James VI. The Writer that your father complains about is a man who spends his days writing long and complicated legal documents that only other Writers and Advocates in the law courts can understand. They make their writings complicated so they can extract even more money from poor people such as ourselves. A Notary Public is another of the same tribe. When Donald loaned money to Glengyle, he paid a Notary Public to make up a bond for the loan. That meant the loan could be sold to another person if the owner so wished. The price of the sale depends on whether full repayment was likely. Selling Donald's bond might only raise a small part of nine hundred and eighty three pounds since Glengyle does not have the wherewithal to repay the loan. The bond is also heritable, which means it can be bequeathed to one's heirs and successors and it does not end with the death of either or both of the contracting parties. The best price your father could raise on his bond would be if he sold it to the Duke of Montrose, whose Buchanan estate marches with the lands of Glen Gyle. The Duke's factor could use this bond to foreclose on James and therefore take over the estate if he could not honour the debt in full. Your father would then be ostracised by the whole of Clan Gregor. When I was your age, he would be killed for such an insult, as we believed it was the obligation of a clansman to support the Chief in time of need, with his money, his goods or his life. Today,

let us just say he might not be welcome in the house of any that remembered the old days.

“*Seanair*, my father said everybody here spoke Gaelic, but you speak good English and only use a few funny words. And *seanmhair* spoke in English but in a strange way.”

“Well, lad, that is because I had a tutor when I was your age who taught me French and Latin as well as Scots – that is what we call the English. The word is *Gadhlig*, not ‘gay lick’. Say that.”

“G aaah lik?”

“That’s better, but more emphasis on the ‘aaah’, ‘lik’ is soft and quiet. Not everybody in the Highlands could afford to pay for schooling, but the gentlemen of the clan understood Scots. Many of the old chiefs did not want their followers to learn Scots, but we are near the Highland line and the drovers had to understand the Scots tongue in order to trade. These days, there are schools in every parish and almost all of the young people can speak Scots. Now as to ‘speaking in a strange way,’ in Gaelic the verb is put first in a sentence rather than in the middle and nouns are male or female just like in French. When Highlanders speak in Scots, they use the same words but put them together in the way in which they speak Gaelic. Our bards say Gaelic is the language of the Garden of Eden. That may or not be so, but it was the first language of the Scots long before there were people speaking English.”

“Did you really fight the English? Why did the Highlanders want to do that? Did you hate the English? I quite like them. Well, some of them, anyway. There are boys in Wearmouth that want to fight me because they say I am a Scots thief. I would like to kill that sort of English if I had a claymore,” Alasdair said.

“Oh dear,” Rob answered. “This is going to be difficult. *Donnchadh*, you do not appear to have explained very much to the lad. Where should I start? First of all, the present King is George III. His grandfather was George I. He became King when I was just four years old, in 1714. He was not the rightful King but the Parliament in London wanted him to be King because he was not a Catholic. Scotland had no say since our Parliament had ended at the Union in

1707. The rightful King was James VIII, the son of James VII that ran away to France in 1688.”

“Why did he run away?”

“That is complicated, but mainly because he was a Catholic and people thought he wanted to make them become Catholics as well. His opponents invited a man from the Netherlands to be King instead. He was called William of Orange and was married to Mary, the sister of James VIII. He had no children left alive when he died, nor did another sister of James who was called Anne and who became Queen after him. The Presbyterians in Scotland were very pleased James had been deposed because they took over all the churches and manses in the country and threw out the Episcopal ministers.”

“My mother takes me to the Presbyterian Church in Robinson Lane at Monkwearmouth, but most of my friends go to the Church of England and that is Episcopalian. The Church of England is the most important church. Why would the English allow Episcopal ministers in Scotland to be thrown out of their churches?”

“Well, that is one of the differences between Scotland and England that was preserved in the Union along with all the thieving lawyers in Edinburgh. The Presbyterians supported the Whig party. They agreed to support William and then George I as King, but most of the Episcopalian ministers would not accept them. That is why they were called non-jurors. They would not pray for King George, and the government did not trust the people who continued to go to their churches. They were called the Jacobites.”

“Why were they called Jacobites?”

“It comes from the Latin word for James which is Jacobus. Most of the Episcopalians lived in the northeast, around Aberdeen and Dundee as well as in the Highlands. The Presbyterians were strongest in Glasgow and the southwest. There were some Catholics in the western Highlands as well, but not many. After the Union in 1707, many people were unhappy because trade did not get better, in the way that the English had promised. English excisemen came into Scotland and tried to make people pay lots of new taxes that they

could not afford. So in 1715 the Earl of Mar led a rebellion in favour of James VIII. The Whigs called James VIII, the Old Pretender. Most of the lords in the northeast, as well as many of the Highland chiefs, brought out their men. The Duke of Argyll opposed them, with some lords and their followers. Many of Argyll's army were Scots, although he had some English soldiers too. Rob Roy took part in that rising. He told me Mar was a useless general since he dallied so long in Perth that Argyll was able to raise enough men to block his route. Eventually the matter came to a battle at Sheriffmuir. Mar won but he did not know it. Argyll retreated to Stirling, but Mar retreated as well. James arrived in Scotland when it was all over, but he had measles so he decided to go back to France again."

"What about the '45? That was a war between Scotland and England, wasn't it?"

"No, Alasdair, it wasn't. That was a hard time. I shall never forget it. English soldiers came here afterwards. They burned Glengyle House and all the houses around, including this one. But it is getting late, perhaps you would like me to tell you about it tomorrow or at least before you go back to Glasgow."

"Please, *Seanair*, was the '45 like the '15 rising? Were the Presbyterians against the Episcopalians and Lowlanders against Highlanders?"

"Well, yes to the first, but not so much of Lowlanders against Highlanders. The Government was very angry with the Episcopalians after the '45. They burned their churches and arrested most of the ministers. Many of them were transported to America as a punishment. As I told you, many Episcopalians lived in the northeast. The Prince's army had lots of people from Banff, Aberdeen, Stonehaven, Arbroath, Dundee and the country all around those towns. About half of the Highland chiefs brought their followers out for Charles Stuart. The Campbells came out for the Government and so did the Earl of Sutherland and some others. The Prince decided to dress all of the army in Highland dress. He wore the kilt himself. Then the generals decided some of the regiments were too small and others too large so they drafted men from one to another to even them out. It was common to meet with men dressed

in plaids who could speak no Gaelic. Even in Highland regiments like Glengyle's there were Lowlanders."

"But the Hanoverians had the English army on their side?"

"Oh yes, there were some English regiments, but the Hanoverians were not popular and they did not really trust the English people either. The Prince marched his army down to Derby, expecting the English would rise for him. They did not but King George had a boat ready to take him back to Hanover. He paid for mercenaries from Germany to come and fight for him and left most of the British army, including some of the Scots regiments, in Belgium. Cumberland's army had many Scots in it, especially militias from the Duke of Argyll and the Earl of Sutherland and from Glasgow, but he did not trust them. Now that is enough. Time is getting late. Your *seanmhair* is tired and needing her bed. There will be time in the morning to tell you an old man's memories.

The next morning dawned bright and the three set out along the shore of Loch Katrine. Rob, despite his seventy-nine years was able to maintain a steady pace, which Alasdair found himself hard put to keep up with. Rob pointed out Glengyle House, an imposing three-storey, stone-built house standing near the head of the loch.

"There was a time when that door was ever open and warm was the welcome to anyone who came in friendship. The 'sheep lord' in there now would not give you the time of day, and if you approach the house, his dogs will be at you. We are headed up the glen to the old sheilings. I have some cattle still, although nothing like the herds we used to have here. They are at present up on the high ground with a herd lad watching them. He has food taken up to him each week and I sometimes go myself when I feel up to it, and the weather is good. I remember the day, when whatever the weather, I could run up there and back and hardly notice it." He waved at the rocky peaks that surrounded them in all directions except for the loch behind them.

"*Seanair*, are we really going to climb that mountain?"

"That's nothing to worry a fit young man. We will be up there in no time at all."

Indeed it was not long before they surmounted the last of the climb and reached the lush patches of summer meadow near the peak of *Stob an Eighrach*. The herd lad came over to them. He burst into a flood of Gaelic. Rob spoke with him and then turned to his son and grandson.

"That damned shepherd has been harassing Iain again. This land is on the Duke's estate rather than Glengyle's and I have a lease of it as a summer sheiling. There is not much of it compared to what we used to be able to graze our herds on, but he is jealous even of that and is forever making trouble. I remember when just a look from Rob Roy would have made a callant like him run back to where he came from as fast as his legs could carry him. I never thought I would see the day when we could be harassed by such as him upon our own lands."

Rob handed over the food he had brought for the herd boy. Then he led Duncan and Alasdair to a little knoll overlooking a *lochán* beside which stood a little turf built sheiling hut. Nearby were a number of grass-grown mounds, looking quite natural among the tussocky grass and heather. "Yonder mounds are the remains of our sheiling township. Most of the clan would come up here in the summer. It used to be a great time, especially when Rob Roy or Gregor Glun Dubh took the men off on a ploy. All the women and children and any valuables we had, as well as all the livestock, came here for safety."

Alasdair said, "*Seanair*, Father told me stories about Rob Roy and about you when you fought the British army. I used to think he was just making it up to make me go to sleep at bedtime. Were they all true? Tell me more about the old days. About the '45."

Rob smiled. "Aye, my lad, I was out, but it was a grim time. Don't let anyone tell you it was all fun and romantic like they are saying now. Many good men lost their lives and property, for an ungrateful man who did not deserve and would not remember the sacrifices made for him. But first, let me tell a story of this place and Rob Roy, when I was younger than you are now."

[CINDY – I understand your point about action and avoiding excessive description. However, I have tried to respond to your previous criticism by loading as much background as I can into the first chapter. The points I have made are the ones I have found in the past to be the most common misunderstandings. EG Scotland vs England, Episcopal vs Presbyterian, Highland vs Lowland etc

Placenames: I italicise when the name is in Gaelic. However, I have not italicised modern names which have come into English usage only slightly changed. Thus Balquhiddy is not italicised as it is a modern name – the original Gaelic is *Both phuidir*. I appreciate that the distinction may be academic in some cases! There is no normally accepted English form equivalent for *Cille mo Cheallaig* – literally St Kellog's cell, a ruin in upper Glen Gyle. I am trying to remind the reader that most conversations took place in Gaelic, without interrupting the narrative.]

Chapter 2

Heights of Glengyle - June 1719

The sun shone briefly through gaps in the cloudy June sky. A buzzard circled endlessly. Somewhere a blackcock cried. The midges swirled like demented wreaths of smoke, darting this way and that. Rob watched them, thankful that the midges preferred the cattle, whose tails switched almost as quickly as the midge clouds. This warm weather was all very well, except for the scourge of the midges. Rob glared at the tattered book in his hand. He wished that he could throw it as far as the dark lochan which glistened below the summit of *Stob nan Eigrach*. His father had told him how important education was, especially to those who had little or no estate before them in life, but what benefit could it be to read this tale of a foreign war, in the dim past, in a dead language? He was sure that it had not helped his Great Uncle escape from the wicked Duke of Montrose. He looked again at the page of the Iliad before him. "*Iain, dè tha 'perficiebatur', Chan eil mi tuigsinn,*" he shouted in Gaelic to his older brother sitting some yards below him.

Eleven-year-old Iain, eldest son of Gregor MacGregor of Glengyle, was trying to sharpen the dirk that his father had recently given him. This was no mere *sgian* for cutting meat, but a real man's weapon. His father had shown him the way it should be sharpened, but somehow he could not restore the edge that it had had before. He looked up to his nine-year-old brother. He could not see the point in Latin and Greek either, but the dominie insisted.

The dominie, Fergus O'Brien, a Roman priest, had settled for a fugitive life among the Jacobite clans of Breadalbane after the 1715 Rising. He made a precarious living teaching the children of the broken clans in the hills around Glen Dochart, Balquhidder and Strath Gartney. They were neither the hills of Rome where he had studied nor the hills of Antrim where he had been born, but, with a purse of guineas on his head, they were the hills of sanctuary. Close by, at the shielings at *Cille mo Cheallaig*, were the ancient remains of the tiny Celtic church dedicated to St Celloc, a ninth-century abbot of Iona. Father O'Brien often visited this little shrine. The people were Presbyterian by act of parliament although the minister at Drymen in whose parish they were, never ventured beyond Balmaha. Their preference, where they had such, was for the Episcopal tradition, overthrown in 1690 when the ministers who

would not take the oath of allegiance to Dutch King Billy were turned out of their manses by the triumphant Whig ministers of the Presbyterian Kirk. The old Episcopal minister had died some years earlier. He had a prayer for James, the King over the water, on his lips to his last breath. Father O'Brien had returned from Sheriffmuir at the invitation of Rob Roy MacGregor.

The boys, minding their father's cattle among the patches of sweet grass around the shielings at the head of Glen Gyle, had a page of the *Iliad* to memorise for father O'Brien. Iain had the measure of the Irishman and had little concern for his bluster. Rob, still smarting since the last visit, was anxious to avoid a repetition. "Iain," he began again, "*De tha ...*" Iain answered this time, that was a word he could remember. "Was finished," he replied in English.

Their mother, Mary Hamilton, was the daughter of the laird of the small estate of Bardowie in the English-speaking farming country to the north of Glasgow. The Bardowie estate, of a few hundred acres had been improved and managed by a bailiff to provide a moderately comfortable income to John Hamilton. Enough to pay his dues to the Duke of Montrose, *An Greumach Mòr* to his Highland tenants, but 'his Grace' to men like John Hamilton. It was enough to pay for a substantial stone-built house with a fine slate roof and enough, too, for a new house in Glasgow where he had become involved in the growing tobacco and slave trade with the English colonies. Bardowie had been unhappy, to say the least, when his daughter married beyond the Highland line, but Mary had left him little choice but to accept when she eloped with the tall handsome Highlander. Now it was 1719, several Jacobite risings later, with little sign of the prosperity promised by the Union of 1707. The MacGregors had been outlawed yet again. Bardowie's wife still complained of the rogues and caterans who had taken away her daughter. Glen Gyle house at the head of Loch Katrine had been burned by redcoats after the 1715 Rising. They had had sufficient warning to move their furnishings and stock to safety and the house was soon rebuilt. Now, there was another rising.

Iain, Rob and seven year old Hamish, sons of Gregor *Glun Dubh* of Glengyle had been up on the shieling ground at *Cille mo Cheallaig* in upper Glen Gyle for several weeks. They had been watching the cattle and supposedly preparing for their lesson with

Father O'Brien. With them were other children of the clan, including thirteen-year-old Ranald, son of Rob Roy and cousin to Glengyle, guarded by a dozen of their father's followers, Gregarach all, for no-one followed a broken nameless clan unless they were of the blood. Iain was the Master of Glengyle, heir to his father Gregor. However, the ever-watchful leader amongst this group was Alasdair *Ruaidh mhic Sheamus*, a veteran of Killiecrankie in 1689. Alasdair was now grey, despite his byname meaning red-haired. He had followed Colonel *Domhnal glas* of Glengyle, chieftain of the *Clannn Dùbhghaill Ciar* and Captain of Clan Gregor. He now followed Gregor *glun dubh*, son to *Domhnal glas* and chieftain in turn. He would give his life for these boys if the need arose. The boys' mother was a great one for the book learning. Books were for the chiefs. The basket hilted broadsword on his left hip, hidden under the folds of his plaid, the dirk on his right side, targe on his back and Doune dag or pistol at his belt were all that *Alasdair ruaidh* had ever needed. All of the group were bare-foot and bare-headed, clad in the muted red and green of Clan Gregor. All wore the *breacan feile* or belted plaid that sheltered them from the sun and showers in summer and from the biting wind and driving rain in winter. The protection of the plaid and blade were the only surety that any of the Gregarach possessed after centuries of persecution. The law of the Lowlander gave them nothing, but no Lowland law officer, unless he had a red-coated company behind him, dared come this far into the Highlands.

It had only been four years since a company of the *saighdearan dearg* – redcoated soldiers, guided by Campbell militiamen from the garrison at Finlurg castle had done just that and burnt the big house by Loch Katrine. Some years before that the Duke of Montrose had sent soldiers to burn Rob Roy's house at Inversnaid. In the last few months, with Rob Roy away in the north with many of the fighting men of Clan Gregor, the danger of a repeat visit was very real. The boys and the cattle were not up in this quiet, sunny, out of the way corrie just for the grazing. Mairi MacGregor, wife of Rob Roy remained at Glen Gyle House with the boys' mother and the younger children. The house was bursting with people but all were ready to fly to the hills at a moments warning. Mairi MacGregor knew too painfully the treatment that could be in store for them if taken by surprise.

The midges continued their chaotic swirling, the cattle switching their tails endlessly. The buzzard dropped, like a stone, on to an unwary grouse, its call "Go bye, go bye" cut off abruptly.

Sionad, Alasdair's daughter, called from the door of one of the shieling houses. Food was ready. The shielings, at first glance, were no more than mounds of grass-grown earth. A more observant stranger might notice the haze of peat smoke around them. The walls were constructed entirely of feal, or divot stiffened by hidden baulks of bog timber as crucks to support the roof timbers. Covering the roof were more divots, arranged like overlapping slates to carry most of the rain off. There were no windows and the door was made of cowhide stretched over a frame of birch. They provided shelter when necessary from the weather, often for cattle as well as the humans, and most importantly they blended into their environment so well as to be almost invisible. Usually these houses were only used in the summer months, when the cattle were herded away from the growing crops on the unfenced arable land in the lower glen. Clan Gregor had often found more vital use for their hidden shielings, but in this weather, except for the midges, it was the closest to heaven one could be, if only their thoughts were not far away with their sons, husbands and fathers.

Suddenly they heard the danger call of the curlew. But it was not an alarmed curlew, it was the Gregarach watchman on the north side of the summit of *Stob nan Eighrach*. Alasdair, hurried the children toward the shieling as his men closed in towards him. The boys, Iain, Ranald and Rob pleaded with the old man to let them come with him. The cattle protested as they were driven, none too gently into the hollow beside the shieling where they would be unseen from any distance. Alasdair relented and allowed the boys to come, but insisted that they keep in the middle of the group already moving around the hillside towards the watchman.

Soon they were crouched at the edge of the ridge watching the distant company climbing the drove trail that led by *Beinn Ducteach* from the direction of Glen Falloch. Young Rob asked Alasdair, "Are they Gregarach?" The distance and the haze sucked out of the wet hillside by the early summer sun made it difficult to tell, but the approaching band were clearly Highlanders and not redcoats. Few of the broken men of the central Highlands would dare

steal cattle from Clan Gregor's shielings, not even the notorious MacFarlanes from Arrochar beyond Loch Lomond would attempt that. However, with Rob away, the possibility existed. The lookout now reached them, panting a little from the scramble down the face of the hillside. He had a naval telescope that had been part of the booty from Sheriffmuir. He quickly confirmed that it was Rob Roy with his fighting tail of Gregarach who indeed approached. The boys began to shout excitedly and Alasdair had to quieten them. "Take care," he told them in Gaelic, "there could be pursuit."

When it was clear there was none and the approaching band of fifty or so were in no great haste. Alasdair allowed the boys with a couple of ghillies to run to join them. The younger boys rushed, racing each other to be first. Even little James, at seven could cover the ground quickly. Soon the two parties met. There was babble from all around as the children greeted their fathers, and the tired men lifted their sons. Eventually the enlarged group continued on its way the last couple of miles from the shielings down the glen towards Loch Katrine.

Rob sighted his father striding towards them. Gregor *Glùn Dubh* MacGregor received his byname from the black birthmark on his knee. He was a tall, powerfully built, handsome man of thirty. He was legally known as James Graham, proprietor of the estate of Glen Gyle, by feu charter from the Duke of Montrose. The estate comprised some 2200 English acres at the western end of Loch Katrine and separated from the Braes of Balquhidder by the peak of *Stob a'Choin*. Gregor had been out in the Fifteen Rising as nominal leader of the *Clann Dùbhghaill Ciar* sept of Clan Gregor, but with his uncle the real leader beside him. This time, Rob Roy had advised him to stay at home. Glengyle, himself, unlike his uncle had not been outlawed and retribution for his part in the Rising was past. It seemed pointless for him to hazard all on this chancy venture of the Marquis of Tullibardine.

Gregor was soon warmly greeting his uncle Robert, known as Rob Roy. In the eyes of the law Rob Roy was the notorious outlaw Robert Campbell. Now aged forty-eight and with many adventures behind him, Rob Roy was above middle height, spare and compact, but with an extraordinary breadth of shoulder. His strongly muscled legs were likened to those of a highland bull, both in light footed

agility and thighs furred with red hair. He had powerful arms, longer than average and so strong that it was said he had once captured a stag by the antlers and held it fast. He had a heavy full beard and moustache, shoulder length flowing hair, once red but now auburn streaked with grey. His brown eyes were uncommonly expressive, his nature open. He had a reputation for speaking his mind, and leaving friends and enemies in no doubt where they stood. He had fostered his nephew Gregor *Glùn Dubh* since 1701 until he came of age in 1710. Rob Roy's fairness and sense of justice had left the younger man with a real respect and filial love for his uncle and foster-father.

An outlaw, at the instance of the vindictive Duke of Montrose since 1713, Rob Roy had been made famous, or infamous, in England by the dubious romances of Daniel Defoe. Rob Roy's house at Inversnaid had been burned and the estate of Craigostran on Loch Lomond forfeited. Despite the efforts of Hamilton of Bardowie, Gregor's father-in-law and holder of a now worthless mortgage on the estate, the Duke had secured it for himself when he had made Rob Roy bankrupt and an outlaw. The Duke, Rob Roy's chief persecutor and prosecutor, had initiated the construction of a military barracks at Inversnaid, to maintain his hold on this, his latest and perhaps least valuable possession. Rob Roy had, perforce, become expert at handling the four scheming lords, of Argyll, Montrose, Atholl and Breadalbane who owned the best part of three counties between them. Rob Roy had moved his wife and family to a new home at Inverlochlarig in Balquhidder, on the lands of the Duke of Atholl. Nearby was the farm of his nephew Donald, at *Monachyle Tuarach*, with other Gregarach and largely friendly neighbours. There were no roads into the area and the approach was less easy than at Craigostran. Rob Roy himself had found it necessary to remain in hiding since the Fifteen and for much of the time he had been in Glen Shira. Recently the pursuit of him by the noble Dukes had diminished, and he had judged it opportune to join his family in Balquhidder. Once again, though Jacobite politics had intervened in his life. This latest escapade made it likely that government retribution would be directed at him yet again.

The band quickly covered the last few hundred yards to the settlement at the foot of Glen Gyle, between the steep face of *Meall Mòr* and the calm surface of Loch Katrine. Running sinuously along

the hillside was the head dyke, separating the arable infield lands beside the Loch from the steep heather covered hillside above. Below the dyke, the lands were divided into strips of alternating arable and fallow by balks of divot, or by green strips of rushes marking the paths of rivulets from the hills above. The land was held in run-rig, the narrow strips divided between Glengyle's tenants. Once they had been balloted for each year. Alternation of the strips ensured that no one tenant would have all good or all bad land. But in recent years this happened only when a tenant died. There was no true crop rotation, bere - a low-cropping but hardy barley - and oats were alternated, with an occasional fallow year when the land was exhausted. On this south-facing slope the summers were often good, but the altitude brought frosts in late May, that blasted the young crop, or the rising loch would inundate the best of the land, or early snow would blight the harvest. There had been no disasters so far this year. The young bere showed green where it had been planted before the fighting men had left for the North.

Within Rob's memory, the ill years of King Billy in the early 1690s had scarred a generation with famine and widespread dearth. It was impossible, even in good years, to fill the bellies of the clansfolk with these crops. Their wealth was in the cattle hidden on the hill. The Gregarach were largely a pastoral people. Cattle breeding and droving provided a livelihood, and bred a sturdy, hardy people inured to the hardships of life. In recent years the government in Edinburgh and now in London, had paid more attention to the Highlands. Grasping noble men sought ways of enforcing long-held and long-ignored feudal charters over the traditional rights of the Celt. Government forces were occasionally seen in the hills, and there was talk of roads being built to join together their garrisons.

The Duke of Atholl, the powerful owner of most of the county of Perth, had raised the Black Watch, *Am Freicadan Dubh*, to impose his own view of law and order. Duke John was a staunch supporter of Hanover. His elder brother, George had been equally fervent for the Jacobites, but had fled to France after the '15.

Still, there was still a place for the Highland Watch run by Rob Roy and by his father Donald Glas before him. The Watch guaranteed protection to the farmers in the fertile farmlands of the upper Forth valley to the south of the Highland line. The Watch

undertook to protect the herds and to recover or replace cattle stolen by raiders from elsewhere. In return, they exacted a payment for protection as a proportion of the landlord's rent. Most farmers, recognising the character of the men they dealt with, paid up and were, by and large, happy with the service. Those that did not pay one year, usually found that it was worth their while to do so the next. Once, indeed, Rob had taken a close-fisted farmer before the sheriff at Stirling who found that his contract should be enforced.

Just below the head dyke, avoiding as far as possible the precious arable strips, stood Glen Gyle House. In a ragged line, further up the slope beyond the *tigh mòr* - 'Big House' stood the black houses of the cottars and sub-tenants. Manpower, not productivity was the need in the Highlands, manpower to support the cattle trade, and the pride of the chiefs. The cottar houses were long low mounds of turf and thatch, dipping down the hillside. At the lower end lay the stable and byre. In the middle was the living room with an ever-burning peat fire in the centre of the clay floor. Wreathes of aromatic blue smoke hung in the air searching the reed and heather thatch for an exit. At the top end lay the sleeping rooms, with wood partitioned box-beds. These houses could be built in a couple of days, when the whole community joined together. The smoke impregnated thatch was often torn off in the spring to add to the winter dung of the cattle as manure for the fields. Glen Gyle House was different, two stories and an attic with dormer windows, of stone construction, cemented with lime mortar. Four great trees from Breadalbane had gone into its roof. Reed thatch protected it from the elements. Slate was beyond Glengyle's means. The best of the furnishings had come from Gregor's father-in-law as part of his wife's belated dowry, most of them had been removed for security when Colonel Cadogan's redcoated soldiers had paid their destructive visit four years previously.

Mary Hamilton and Mairi MacGregor, wives of Gregor and Rob Roy, stood at the door of Glen Gyle House, surrounded by children. Mary had little Elizabeth in her arms and Jeannie, shyly standing beside her; Mairi was holding Robin Og, her last child, born twenty four years after her first, *Seamus Mòr* - now a powerfully built and heavily armed man striding towards her. The older boys rushed into the house boisterously, happy to be home from the shielings again. Mairi hugged her two grown sons, Coll and *Seamus*

Mòr who had been with their father, Rob Roy. The last weeks had been anxious ones. There was bustle as the men laid down their weapons, weary from the three-day march from Glen Shiel in Kintail, Wester Ross. Little Rob drew Rob Roy's basket hilted Andrea Ferrara broadsword from its scabbard and took up the en-garde position his father had taught him. "Steady there, lads," laughed Rob Roy, "there have been no losses among the Gregarach this time around. Let's have none here."

The women laid out food and ale for the menfolk, and hurried the children out to play in the evening sunshine. Mairi asked her husband, "What happened? How long can you stay? Can we return to Balquhiddie? Is there pursuit?"

"Steady, *a ghraidh*," Rob Roy answered, supping his ale, "all in good time."

Rob Roy related the events of the last few weeks. It had been another fruitless attempt on behalf of the Stewart dynasty to recover their throne. Perhaps, some slight chance for the Clan Gregor to recover its ancient patrimony, but it had been another disaster, doomed by poor planning, bad generalship, the English navy and the weather. The great invasion of England by the exiled Duke of Ormonde and his Spanish army had come to grief in the storms off Finisterre. The Scottish exiles, led by the Jacobite Lords - the Marquis of Tullibardine, the Earl of Seaforth and the Earl Marischal - were supposed to make a simultaneous landing in the Northwest with a Spanish regiment and arms for as many Highlanders as would join them. Tullibardine had garrisoned *Eilan Donan* on Loch Alsh and settled down to wait in Strath Croe. There, Rob Roy had joined him along with the outlawed Lord George Murray, deposed Duke of Atholl, Clanranald, Lochiel and the MacDougalls of Lorn. In all they mustered a scant, 1100 men. Memories of confiscation and exile after the '15 were still raw and bitter amongst many of the clan chiefs.

Then came the news: Ormonde had lost his battle with the Channel gales and was back in Cadiz with the remnants of his invasion fleet. Tullibardine was instructed to disperse his men and return to Spain. Before he could act, three English frigates had bombarded *Eilan Donan* and driven the Spanish ships away. Rob

advised dispersal to rise again another day, but Tullibardine hung on against hope. Soon General Wightman, the governor of Inverness Castle, approached with his company of regular troops. He was supported by the Earl of Sutherland and by the chiefs of the Hanoverian clans of Munro, Fraser, and Mackay. Coming down Glen Shiel with 1600 men, General Wightman attacked the Jacobite positions. After an inglorious and indecisive scrap with most damage caused by Wightman's light artillery, Murray and Seaforth had both been wounded and their men retreated to save their chiefs. The rout was soon general. Tullibardine, Murray and Seaforth were eventually able to escape back to France, when one of the Spanish frigates belatedly re-appeared. By then, however, Don Alonzo de Santarem had surrendered his men as prisoners of war, to be honourably exchanged. The Highland Jacobites would have no such courtesy offered to them, so there was no question of surrender. Rob Roy and his band retreated down Glen Lichd to Strath Croe where he destroyed the powder magazine and any weapons that could not be carried. Then he led his men, with little incidents on the long march home.

Gregor interrupted to tell Rob of renewed outlawry notices that had been posted during his absence. Before setting out, Rob had provisioned his expedition at the expense of the farmers around Aberfoyle. A party of militia had followed him as far as Glen Falloch. Two of the militiamen had been killed in a skirmish with Rob at Inverarnan when he had disarmed the rest of the detachment. A proclamation in the King's name had been issued, giving a reward of two hundred pounds sterling, a princely sum, for Rob's apprehension. Rob said that it was no more than he had expected and he would take some of his small band back to their hiding places in Glen Shira. He could still be useful to the Duke of Argyll, and neither Montrose nor Atholl would dare pursue him on Argyll's lands. In the meantime it should be safe enough for Mairi and the younger children to return to Balquhidder.

Outside, in the fading light of early summer, Rob, Iain and the other boys ran in and out of the birch and elder scrub above the head-dyke. They had wooden swords in hand and old, done muskets without fire locks. Battered targes hung on their arms. They leapt from rock to rock, hid in the yellow gorse thickets and yelled their slogans as they charged down the hillside.

[CINDY – the point of this chapter is to further set the background. This family were life-long jacobites. Rob (not Rob Roy) had been brought up in this environment. The last para is important to this sense of conditioning from early childhood. The narrative is to remind the reader that the '45 was the last in a series of rebellions in which the Clan Gregor had been continually involved, although other clans had been more equivocal. Some of the clan names mentioned will crop up later – especially the Campbells, Sutherlands, MacKenzies etc. Another point is that Rob Roy is not only the most famous MacGregor but one of the most famous of all Highlanders. The name should 'ring a bell' with most readers. I have tried to relate the principal characters of the book, Rob and his father Gregor firmly to Rob Roy even though he had died 11 years before the '45 rising.]

Chapter 3 Stronachlachar - June 1789

The sun was dropping towards the summits of the Arrochar as Rob finished his tale of seventy years since.

"Come on then," he said "We have a long walk back to Stronachlachar and it will be dark soon. *Oidhche mhath*." he called out to Iain, his herd-boy as the old man led his son and grandson down the glen.

"*Seanair*," asked Alasdair, "why do you call your father Glengyle? Is that not a place? You also called him James Graham, but my father said he was Gregor MacGregor? And who is *Glùn Dubh*? I cannot understand all of this."

"Well then," Rob answered, "such a lot of questions you ask, but I agree, it is confusing that one man can have so many names. There are good reasons for this. Now let me tell you. Firstly, *Glùn Dubh* means 'Black Knee'. It is simply a by-name. In England you call it a nickname. He had a black mark on his knee from birth. When he wore a kilt, which he did for much of his life, it was quite an obvious mark. We Gaels are not very imaginative with names. We like to keep to a small number of traditional family first names and, of course, within our kinship, we are all MacGregors. I can remember at least ten men in this area with the name Gregor MacGregor, so by-names are useful. You might have a name referring to your appearance. With Rob Roy, *roy* or *ruadh* means red or ruddy because he had red hair. A man named *glas* might be grey, *bàn* is fair and *dubh* is black or dark-visaged. Sometimes more than one of a set of brothers or cousins living nearby would have the same name so the younger would be called *og* meaning young. A big man would be called *mòr*, and a smaller or younger person *beag*."

"Has your father never told you of the proscription against Clan Gregor? It lasted for many years and was only ended in 1774. Legally we could be MacGregors only if we left Scotland. Your father, for instance, could quite legally call himself MacGregor in Monkwearmouth. Before 1774 he could not use the name in Scotland. All this came about because powerful men in the past wanted the lands that were held by our people. Much of the lands of

Breadalbane and Argyll once belonged to Clan Gregor. We were tricked out of our birthright by them.”

“When our forebears retaliated against their oppressors in the only way open to them they were outlawed by the Lowland law. In 1602 the Earl of Argyll persuaded men of Clan Gregor to raid the farms of the Colquhouns in the Lennox. This suited the Earl’s interests in his enmity to Sir Humphrey Colquhoun of Luss but it was Clan Gregor that suffered the consequences. The MacGregors took 120 cattle from Sir Humphrey’s lands and two of the Luss tenants were killed. Most of the cattle were reset among Campbell lairds who knew full well where it had come from. The widows of the two slain Colquhouns paraded shirts soaked in ox blood before King James VI at Stirling. Now the king hated the sight of blood almost as much as he hated Highlanders. Sir Humphrey Colquhoun was given royal authority to destroy the MacGregors and he raised a force of 500, including about 100 mounted men, to do this. He sent messages to the Chief of Clan Gregor, Alasdair of Glenstrae, saying he wished for peace and proposed a meeting to settle matters amicably at the head of Glen Fruin. Each side was to bring no more than one hundred men. Alasdair was warned that Luss intended perfidy so in addition to his hundred he had his brother Iain Dubh stationed with a further hundred men more than three miles away beyond the boundary of the Luss estate. When he met up with Sir Humphrey it became clear that Luss did not intend peace. Sir Humphrey had hidden 300 men in ambush beside the road he expected the MacGregors to leave by. However, Alasdair chose a different route, so Luss had to sound his war-horn to signal his men to attack. The MacGregor party had a small lead as they retreated from Luss’s men. After retreating as far as the defile at Finnart where Iain Dubh had been stationed, they stopped and engaged with the men of Luss. The MacGregor archers shot many of their enemy before they realised that they, in turn, had been ambushed. Soon it was the turn of the men of Luss to retreat. They went back to Auchengaich on the level ground at the head of Glen Fruin where Sir Humphrey was able to reform his superior numbers in battle order. Sir Humphrey’s battle line broke in less than three minutes and his men fled. Further down the glen the MacGregors met and attacked the Dumbarton militia and put them to flight. One hundred and forty of Sir Humphrey’s men were killed, but just two of the MacGregors.”

“James had his Privy Council enact a law awarding a bounty to anyone who killed a MacGregor and giving the property of the victim to his killer. It was also forbidden for anyone to use the name MacGregor. The government hoped to wipe us out completely. They were dreadful times.”

“By this time King James had gone to London to become James I of the United Kingdom of Great Britain. Alasdair of Glenstrae received a solemn promise from Argyll that if he surrendered he would be permitted to go to England to put Clan Gregor’s case before the King. Argyll did not want Glenstrae to go anywhere near the king as the truth of his part in the affair might become known. Glenstrae was escorted to the border at Berwick so that Argyll could say he had fulfilled his promise to let him go to England, but Argyll arranged for the Edinburgh town guard to be waiting at Berwick to bring him back again. He received a mockery of a trial in Edinburgh before a jury packed with relatives of men killed at Glen Fruin and was executed outside St Giles Church. As a result of the persecution the line of our chiefs, the family of Glenstrae, was eventually wiped out. Many other MacGregors were also killed.”

“However, I am wandering from my subject. We could not sign our name to births and marriages in the parish roll. We could not be called MacGregor when taking a tack of land. Nor could we announce ourselves by our rightful names at the cattle trysts. As a result we had to adopt an alias, but we always remembered we were MacGregors despite them. Now Glen Gyle is on the edge of the Buchanan estate of the Duke of Montrose and my father had tacks of additional land from the Duke. So he adopted the name Graham, which is the family name of the Duke. Since Gregor is very rare as a first name among other clans, he had to adopt an alias for that as well. Therefore Gregor MacGregor became James Graham in the eyes of the law.”

“Other MacGregors, even if they were closely related, used different aliases and would change them when it suited them. Rob Roy called himself Robert Campbell, partly because his mother was a Campbell and also because the Duke of Argyll helped him, since Rob Roy was an enemy of the Duke of Montrose. James Mòr - that

is Big James remember, - was the eldest son of Rob Roy. As a child he was James Campbell. Once he had a tack of land from the Earl of Perth so he called himself James Drummond. When he moved to the farm of Corrie Arklet that you passed when you came here, he began to call himself James Graham. In Balquhidder the Glencarnaig people called themselves Murray because they held their lands from the Duke of Atholl. Ronald, Rob Roy's second son and younger brother to James Mòr changed his name to Drummond."

"Now, what else did you ask?" Rob continued, "Oh yes, Glengyle. In Scotland anyone with landed property, even if it is only a few acres, will use the name of his property as part of his title. He does not actually have to own the land to use the title. In fact it used to be very common to take a tack of land and this entitled one to the designation of a gentleman. A tack is like an English mortgage. By making a payment to the actual owner, which could be for a fixed time or unlimited, the tacksman could enjoy the use of the land until the owner redeemed the tack. So in the case of Glengyle, when he was a minor, Rob Roy purchased a perpetual tack of the lands of Glen Gyle from the Duke of Montrose, as superior on behalf of *Glùn Dubh*. He himself, held the lands of Craigrostan and Inversnaid. Most tacksman prefer to be called by the name of their estate, so James Graham of the estate of Glen Gyle would normally be called 'Glengyle'. Nowadays the big landowners do not like giving away their land as they did in the past. Their factors prefer to let the land on fixed term leases, as I have from Montrose for my farm. I cannot call myself Stronachlachar."

"My father told me these lands belong to our clan," Alasdair said, "Why do you tell me they belong to Montrose?"

"Ah lad," answered Rob, "there is a question I cannot easily answer, though I had it explained to me once. I was told many years ago the whole of Alba belonged to the Gaelic people. The land was ruled by great lords and over them was an elected high king."

"*Seanair*, what is 'A-la-pa'?" asked Alasdair.

"That is the name in Gaelic for Scotland. It is written as **Alba**. It has always been Alba to the Gael. It was the English speakers who called the land Scotland. As I was saying, the great lords or

Mòrmaers of Alba ruled the land. Here we lived under the Mòrmaer of Menteith. Over in Balquhiddel they were under the Mòrmaer of Strathearn. The Mòrmaers awarded lands to their kin to rule over as lesser lords. The lords of each glen apportioned the land out to their sons, and they in turn to their sons. The people supported their rulers, and they in turn supported the High King. At a later time, strangers came into Alba and brought new ways, called feudalism with them. It was ordained that all land belonged to the King and he could grant land to anyone and take it away as he saw fit. If a lord offended the King he could be dispossessed without the consent of his people and kin. New lords were set over us by the King and he gave them paper charters for the land, but we gave our allegiance still to our Chiefs and to our Chief's sons and to their sons in turn. Our lands were given to others and our people said the King had neither the right nor our consent to give our lands to others. We fought them, but we could not win these battles. So they persecuted us and made us change our names. Now they wish us to change our language. Since the SPCK schools came, our children are punished when they speak Gaelic. They forced us to change our dress. Since 1782 I have been permitted to wear my old *breacan feile* once more, but after the '45, I could have been transported to Jamaica for that!"

"What is a brekan fail?" asked Alasdair.

"*Breacan feile* is a plaid or great kilt. The soldiers in the Black Watch and other Highland regiments are wearing kilts made by tailors these days. The *feile beag* is stitched together and hangs from the waist down. It is more convenient to put on, I grant you, but not as useful as the *breacan* I used to wear. We would go to the weaver over in Balquhiddel when we had silver in our sporrans from selling a few beasts at Crieff and buy 12 ells of cloth - that is about 36 English feet. His loom could only weave material one ell in width and by the time it had been waulked it shrunk to about thirty English inches. The length was cut in half and stitched lengthways so the piece was a little less than 6 ells. To put it on, you would lay it down and pleat it leaving an apron on either side. Then you lie on top of it and tie it around your waist with a belt. The upper part could be a jacket or folded around your waist or tied over the shoulder. At night it was a blanket. Many is the time I have slept snug on the hillside in my plaid."

These and other explanations by the old man to his grandson passed the time as they walked down the glen towards Loch Katrine. Though the sun had set before they reached home, the midsummer night was bright enough to light their way back.

[Something from Jean here]

"Alasdair, tomorrow your father has to go over to Balquhiddy to meet with his cousin. So, you and I will have some time together. I shall tell you all about the '45," Rob told him. "Sleep well."

Chapter 4

Glen Gyle - First week of October 1742

The earlier smirr of rain had become a steady downpour by the time John MacGregor left the fields where his sub-tenants continued their labours. John, the master of Glengyle, was elder brother to Rob. The temperature had dropped even lower since the morning and the first snows of the winter threatened. It had been a good growing summer but a poor autumn. There had been lengthy spells of almost continual rain although no snow or frost until now. The level of Loch Katrine had risen higher than usual for the time of year and already the lowest parts of the arable lands were becoming flooded. The bere (barley) crop had failed to ripen properly although two months earlier it had looked promising, better indeed, than it had for several years past.

Not all of the cattle had been brought down from the high pastures yet, although there was little sustenance left for them on the tops. The economy of the township depended on the breeding herd, and it had to be brought into shelter before the first snows fell. This could not be done until the last of the bere had been harvested. The better part of the crop had already been cut and brought in to the granary, but much of it still lay tangled and sodden where the rains and winds had left it. The remaining grains on the sparse ears were blackening or sprouting rather than ripening.

The entire population of Glengyle's small estate at the head of Loch Katrine were dotted around in the fields. They had toiled since dawn today and for most of the past week. Through the curtains of rain, they were like brown hummocks moving about the dirty grey scenery. Their clothes were sodden. The skin of their hands was white and pinched. Children of three years old and upwards toiled beside their mothers, past crying now, they carried small bundles of bere stalks to the heaps at the rig-ends. Older children tied the cut stalks into bundles. Their mothers, stooped painfully low, grasped and pulled up the prone stalks so they could cut them with their sickles. The work continued almost in silence. The usual sound of co-operative song was absent. Only the protests of the garrons and working bullocks could be heard as the men stacked the heaps of bere and oats on sledges yoked to the animals. Three or four men and as many animals would haul the sledge over the saturated ground,

splashing through the streams, normally almost dry at harvest, which carried the rain off the hillside down to the Loch.

As the skies darkened and the last sledge load was completed, the children and their mothers plodded wearily up the hillside to their homes. In the distance could be heard the remaining men and boys of the township. Their yells could be distinguished above the bellowing of the cattle as the herds coming down from the high pastures were directed towards the gaps in the head dykes that encircled the arable land.

John reached the porch of Glen Gyle House, a well-proportioned whitewashed building with two stories beneath a thatched roof out of which dormer windows peaked shyly. Almost at the same time, his father Gregor and brother Rob arrived. Rob's crop had already been harvested and his cattle folded. He had brought his two subtenants over to Glen Gyle to assist and had, himself, been on the hill ground for several days bringing down the cattle. All three men were tired, soaking wet and plastered with mud. They wore belted plaids, leaving their legs bare up to mid thigh, the sodden material gave their upper bodies some protection against the cold and the driving rain, but their legs were bare down to their mud encrusted brogans, untanned leather gathered with thongs to protect their soles from the roughest of the rock and whin.

Gregor was proprietor of the estate of Glengyle and tacksman to the Duke of Montrose for holdings in Buchanan parish. Though undisputed chief of *Clann Dùbhghaill Ciar*, he was one of several claimants to the Chieftainship of Clan Gregor. In his early fifties, he was a well-made man and over 6 feet in height. His hair and beard were now streaked with grey and the strain of the late harvest could be seen in his eyes. The black birthmark on his right knee, which gave him the byname *Glùn Dubh*, could clearly be seen. John, his eldest son was a little shorter and less powerfully made than his father. He had briefly attended the College in Glasgow, although he did not graduate, but he had been abroad to France and Italy, bearing correspondence to and from the Jacobites. Perhaps this had made him more worldly wise and cynical than his father and brother.

Rob, the second son, matched his father for height and physique. He had travelled with the droves all over the Highlands

and down to the annual trysts at Crieff and Falkirk. Each autumn the cattle dealers came to the trysts to buy lean Highland cattle that would be driven south to the rich grazing lands of Eastern England where they would be fattened up and sold at Smithfield at great profit. Several times Robert had taken a contract with his men and walked with the cattle through Clydesdale, over the Lowther hills into Annandale. From thence Southwards into Cumbria, Lancashire and down through Staffordshire and Warwickshire into Cambridgeshire where they had delivered their charges to the buyer's fields. He had seen the broad flat acres of deep fertile land and marvelled at the sight. He and his men had travelled back with other Highland drovers in groups, forty or fifty strong, keeping to the drove trails and sleeping in the same encampments which they had used on the way down. Three younger brothers were away at sea, involved in the West India trade out of Greenock with their cousins, the Hamiltons of Bardowie.

In the entrance hall of the house they dropped their sodden clothes and took up the dry homespun garments which Mary Hamilton, wife of Gregor and mother of his large family had left out for them. They turned into the room on the right, where they each collapsed into armchairs. Against the wall stood a small glass-fronted bookcase containing a number of volumes, many of them worn and well used. Amongst the furniture were several pieces of fine lowland craftsmanship, but the armchairs they used were of simple but hardwearing Highland manufacture. A sturdy oak cabinet at the back of the room, with a large brass lock, held the best of Gregor's pistols, muskets and broadswords as well as his charters and rental books. The stone-flagged floor was covered with hides, mainly deerskins, but with softer marten and badger pelts near where Mary and her daughters normally sat at their needlework - some of which hung on the walls.

A tray had been provided with several bottles of port and pewter mugs. Gregor emptied the contents of a bottle into the three mugs. John was slumped in his chair, aching from the work in the fields. Gregor and Rob had recovered a little more quickly. They had covered many miles, but this had been somewhat less wearing than the relentless work, bent double in the sodden fields.

"*Iain*," Gregor began, addressing his son, John, in the Gaelic form of his name, "there is some business which must be settled."

John, almost asleep in his chair, the warmth of the port easing his aches, barely stirred. Gregor rose from his chair and prodded him. "I regret this cannot wait. You will catch your rest later."

John reluctantly sat up and listened to what his father had to say.

"When we were over at Rowardennan, I received some intelligence which makes it more certain there will be another rising. I do not know when it will be, but there are several agents newly arrived from France, who call upon the Friends of King James. I may have to raise the clan once again and there will be consequences for us all. I expect to have these visitors here soon and I need to set our affairs in order before they arrive. I sent a messenger off by boat to Dumbarton to fetch a notary who is sympathetic to our cause and I expect he will reach us tomorrow. Rob, he will be arriving at Inversnaid in the morning, I want you to meet him and bring him here. I met with James Mòr at *Coire Arcllet* on our way here and asked him to come in the morning, I shall need him as witness."

"So it can all wait for the morning then," said John, "and I can sleep now."

"No," his father replied, "there is more and I want you both to hear this now. The Highlands have been more or less quiet since the '19 and in any case, Rob Roy, your Great Uncle, was the target of any retribution in those days. This house was burned in 1715 and my lands were nearly forfeited. We have to ensure Mary, your mother and your wives and your son James, are not left to suffer a winter up in the shielings. You can imagine how this matter may resolve itself. The Jacobites are too split by plots and dissension to succeed. If they do, then James on the throne might turn out to be no more a friend to Clan Gregor than George of Hanover. But we owe our loyalty to our rightful King, anointed by God, and we have no choice but to support this attempt. With Glencarnaig, the clan can bring out between two and three hundred men, but he and I have to consider the consequences. You both know your mother's attitude. I shall have to go and stay with Rob at Stronachlachar once she gets to hear of

what is afoot. That is a further reason for you not taking a part, Iain. She might tolerate me taking my part, but you are her favourite and she would dirk me rather than let you go."

At this point Rob interrupted, "You spoke of Glencarnaig, but surely you have the right to lead Clan Gregor. We have had no Chief since Archibald of Kilmanan died. Rob Roy was Captain, but you should be Chief. William of Balhaldie is not a war leader."

"No, Rob," answered Gregor. "Balhaldie has a colonelcy from King James, but there are few who would follow him. Glencarnaig believes he has the better right and he might be able to raise more followers than I. I will dispute the right with him, but you see the clan is riven before we start, as will be Clan Donald and Clan Leod. Even some of Clan Diarmaid may rise with us though Argyll is in the government. I cannot command those of the Clan who live on the estates of Lord Perth, nor may I call out those in Strathspey that your great-uncle visited. But I am losing the point."

Once more he reached over and prodded at John. "Iain," he said, "When the notary arrives I intend to transfer the estates to you. You shall take no part in the rising. As proprietor of the estate, you shall remain here like a good farmer tending his lands."

John, suddenly more awake, sat up in his chair. "If the clan rises, then my place is at its head, not sitting at home like an old woman. You stay here by the fire, not I."

"Iain," Gregor responded, "my mind is made up. I am already tainted and past my best years, I have spent my life in these ploys. There are great changes coming to the Highlands. I could not adapt to that which I see is coming, but you can. You have seen many harvests here before, though this has been worse than some. However you cannot remember the terrible years when King Billy was on the throne, when people scraped the lichen off the stones and boiled them with nettles to make broth. Thousands died of starvation in those years. That is not arable land out there," he said, motioning his hand towards the window where through the curtains of sleet could be perceived the sodden fields stretching down to Loch Katrine. "But it could support better cattle and maybe even sheep if there were fewer people on it. You know our survival has depended

on the past on our manpower, on the number of blades that would follow us, whenever we demanded it. They may not be so able to protect us in the future. Already the military roads cross the land. English sheep masters have been brought onto the lowland estates of Atholl, Montrose and Argyll. They are dispossessing the old tenantry by offering higher rents. I shall bring the clan out in this rising, there is no choice, but I am determined you shall keep this estate, poor patrimony though it is compared to the lands the Clan Diarmaid took from us."

A servant entered the room with a burning taper and lit the candles. Gregor looked at the gilt candelabra that had been a gift from Balhaldie when he had wanted manpower for some ploy or other. Around the room were a few other accumulated luxuries. It was so tempting to sit back and let others take the risks, or maybe to keep the clan at home. What chance had the Stewarts anyway? This affair could well turn out like the '15, when bobbing Johnny, Earl of Mar, in a fit of pique when he was out of favour with the court of George I in London, had thrown in his lot with the Jacobites. In place of the Duke of Berwick, a superb soldier, and illegitimate son of King James, Mar had led the rising himself. Though a devious plotter and consummate politician, he was no soldier and the rising collapsed at Sherrifmuir. John of Argyll, "Red John of the battles" as he was known, had been clearly beaten and retreated with the remnants of his army to Dunblane, but it was Mar's army that fell apart. 'We ran and they ran; We all ran awa', man' mused Gregor as he thought of the anonymous ballad of that battle. King James himself arrived too late, without the promised French army and treasure and promptly turned tail and sailed back to France. Uncle Rob Roy, eight years in his grave now, had known exactly what was to be done, protecting the clan, preserving this estate, gaining credit for his actions where few others could, despite calumnious accusations of treachery, from those who had more to be ashamed of than he had. In the '19, when Tullibardine and Seaforth brought in a few Spaniards and achieved almost nothing, Rob Roy did his best for the cause, but made sure, once again that Glen Gyle had been protected.

"Iain," Gregor said, after a long pause, "my mind is made up. I have never led our people in war as I wanted to when I was your age. This time I shall, and you will have the estate. Rob, you will be

my lieutenant. Your wife and son will be safe enough here with your mother."

Rob grinned at his brother. He had chafed at those times in the past when John had been entrusted with important tasks, while he had been left with the cattle. Already he fantasised at leading the clan into battle, broadsword held high as the redcoats fled before him. Perhaps there was a prospect of being knighted by the Prince at Holyrood for his valour. The tales of his great-uncle had been related so many times they seemed almost to have been his own experiences, though Rob had never seen any real conflict. True, there was the occasional excitement on the Watch, recovering stolen cattle, but it was dull compared to the tales of the past. In any case, Gregor's Highland Watch was now looked on with even less favour than it had been in earlier years by the authorities. The military garrisons had intimidated most of the caterans who used to prey on the farmlands below the Highland line. So the farmers were less inclined to pay the Clan Gregor for protection.

John looked at his father, torn between his filial duty and his long held expectation that he would lead the clan, despite his cynicism born of real experience of the Jacobite leadership in France. Still his blood warmed at the prospect of real action, which he might never see.

The three men were silent, wrapped up in their own thoughts as the rain battered at the window. Vaguely through the walls of the room could be heard the sound of Mary Hamilton directing the servants in the kitchen. Dinner would soon be served. Gregor had stated his position and would not change his mind, they all knew that, but he wanted John's agreement.

Finally John spoke. "Well then, it is settled, I shall remain here with the women, while you two get yourselves killed. And when it is all over I shall still be John Graham and our people, such as are allowed to live, shall still be nameless. Should his grace of Montrose be so minded he may even let Grissel keep your little patch over on Arklet. There may be a big enough patch of deep soil there to bury you Rob."

Rob rose to his feet, clutching for a non-existent weapon at his waist, a port bottle sent crashing off the table. His father was on his feet too. "Enough, both of you," he said, his voice raised in command. "There is honour for both of you in this. The needs of the clan come before your desires, Iain. Rob knows if he lives, he has to leave here, no matter what the outcome of this ploy. Now put your pride aside, Iain of Glengyle, and let us go through for dinner."

The next morning Rob made his way up Glen Gyle. He turned southwards over the ridge near the summit. His route kept out of sight of the Government fort near the ruins of Rob Roy's former house at Inversnaid as he made his way to the edge of Loch Lomond. A small pier had been constructed by the military and usually a guard was posted there to keep watch on the traffic on the loch. A mile further south was a small natural landing place excavated over centuries by a waterfall. He waited beside the water for a short time until the boat appeared, keeping close into the shoreline. Two of Glengyle's tenants rowed as they had done steadily since leaving Balmaha in darkness. Crouched under a waterproof at the back of the boat was the Dumbarton notary. Though sympathetic to the Jacobites, like most lawyers, he was happy to take his fee no matter who paid it.

As the boat grounded noisily on the gravel, Rob assisted in beaching it. Hauled rapidly off the beach into the birch scrub, they covered it with green branches. Ostensibly it was government property, but it had been unofficially borrowed and it would be needed for the return journey. Soon the party were making their way up the hillside through the oak and birch scrub. They scrambled through the dying, wet bracken and across tumbling rivulets. The notary was distantly related to Rob, and he was not a stranger to these hills and trackless routes, but nevertheless, he found the climb harder work than his companions did and was soon breathing heavily. They continued on in silence, still wary of the risk of meeting a patrol from the garrison. They crossed the Snaid Burn below the fort and followed a path through the woodland until they were well clear of being sighted. Only then did they climb the hills beyond. Eventually they stopped to allow their visitor time to recover his wind.

The notary, who used the name of James Campbell, though he was as much a MacGregor as the rest of them, stood up from his

temporary seat. "Too much port, I do not doubt, and not enough time on these hills. Thank you, Master Robert, for your patience I feel a little more able to cross the hill now."

Several hours later, Rob with the notary and his small escort arrived at Glen Gyle House. The rain still fell steadily. Across the hill it had been more wintry. In a few days the hill track would become impassable. Glengyle, or Old Glengyle as he had now told his people he intended to be called, welcomed them at the door. "Well met, Seamus," he called out. "I knew you would not desert your old friend."

"Ha, Glengyle," Seamus responded as he entered the reception room, "You give me more trouble than all my other clients together. What is it you wish of me?"

Glengyle briefly explained his intention. Mr Campbell well understood his reasons. "Ach, Glengyle," he said, "If the Secretary for Scotland had his wits about him, he would have the clerk at the Court of Session notify him of every landowner who was settling his estate on his firstborn, while still alive himself. In that way he would have a muster of King James's Colonels before the first of them came out." "But it is a legal stratagem and you have a right to use it, though it may not prevent the Government altering the law if it sees fit."

Mr Campbell laid out his papers, well protected in oiled wrappings on the journey. "I have a pro-forma document for such matters. It will not take me long to copy out a suitable document of transfer. I would welcome a bottle of port to keep company with while I do so."

By the time the document had been completed James Mòr of *Coire Arclat*, eldest son of Rob Roy, arrived. Gregor and John signed the deeds of transfer for the lands and estate of Glen Gyle. Gregor signed himself 'James Graham, formerly of Glengyle' while his son used his adopted alias of John Graham. James Mòr witnessed the deed, signing himself James Drummond.

They toasted each other on conclusion of the business. "Now sir," Gregor said, "We have prepared the guest room for you. Do you travel tomorrow or can we have your company longer?"

John Campbell looked out of the window through the driving rain. The clouds hung heavily on the hills. "If I tarry too long, I may spend the winter here. It does not look promising for the Crieff Tryst next week. I must travel tomorrow."

"Well then," his host answered, "If you would travel with me by Aberfoyle, I have some business to attend and I can go with you to Drymen."

Chapter 5

The Same day: a little later

Rob's mother Mary entered the room. "Rob," she said, "Grissel has been taken unwell. She has sent for me to come to her."

Rob started, his wife Grissel, younger daughter of Graham of Drunkie was pregnant with their first child. They had been married only in April of this year. There had been opposition from her parents, who had entertained higher hopes for their daughter than a Highland cateran, though they took care not to call Rob that to his face. Grissel had been depressed. Her pregnancy made her sick and she complained Rob spent more time at Glen Gyle with his father or on his business than with her at Stronachlachar. On this occasion Rob had been away for a number of days, herding the cattle out of the hill pastures, and then collecting the notary. Grissel had been upset when he had left.

"What is the matter with her?" Rob questioned his mother. "It cannot be her time yet."

"I know no more than the message which Alasdair brought," she replied "You had better find garrons for me and for Catriona as well as yourself." Catriona acted as the midwife, but Mary took an interest in the health of the community and was well practised as a midwife herself.

Rob led the small party out into the driving rain. He was on foot, leading the two garrons on which his mother and her assistant sat. The rain hammered on their plaids. They splashed their way between the whins, choosing a line above the sodden fields where the slopes at the foot of the hillside levelled out. Rob struggled waist deep through the normally quiet ford of the Glen Gyle Burn, urging the garrons on. Onwards they splashed, through the curtains of rain, to the settlement known as the Dow of Glen Gyle. The many small burns that normally drained harmlessly down the slope of *Maol Mòr* into the loch were all in spate. Each of them was an ordeal to cross. It was normally possible to reach Stronachlachar in much less than an hour. In this weather, it took twice that before the clachan came into sight. The largest dwelling was Rob's own house with its outhouses around it. Nearby were another two inhabited houses. At

the entrance to his own, Rob helped his mother and Catriona off their garrons and into the house. His mother told him to wait until she called him.

Through the open door the wind howled. The house, in common with most others, had formerly had a byre for the animals at the lower end. His wife, used to the better conditions of her father's house had found this little to her liking. Rob had built a separate byre building and, in fact, had completed this only a few days before setting out on his father's business. He began to lead the first of the garrons through the door into the former byre which had been to the right, on the lower side of the house sloping towards the loch. Only then did he remember the new byre. The garron balked as he stopped. He forced it to walk, unwillingly, backwards through the narrow door, out into the rain again. He pulled the wickerwork door closed behind him, the hide covering slapping wetly in the gale. He soothed the recalcitrant animal and led it, with the others over to the new byre. The interior was dark, natural light percolated through in places at the eaves or penetrated through the low door as Rob led the animals in and tied them to the rail along the wall. He removed the panniers from their backs and provided them with hay. Rain dripped through the roof, though perhaps no more than could be expected in this downpour. He stood at the door of the byre looking out into the rain.

Thoughts had been crowding through his head as he worked in the byre. It had been an uncommunicative journey from Glen Gyle House. Indeed it had been barely possible to converse in the howling wind and driving rain as they had made their way in single file. Married life had not been quite as he had expected it. Grissel seemed a creature of moods, perhaps she had been homesick for Drunkie. Their relationship had been improving, he had thought. There had been a high of expectation leading up to the wedding in April, but the wedding night had been a let down, for Rob at least. Grissel had barely spoken to him. She seemed to expect him to do all the talking. He must have offended her in some way because she had turned her back on him. She had lain silent, facing the rear wall of the new box bed which he had built for her himself. It was newly dressed timber, with no gaps or holes to allow the draught in. He had travelled to Doune for curtains and a mattress cover. He had obtained feathers in place of the usual straw for filling the mattress. An embroidered

counterpane had cost him the price of a good stirk from the merchant. Yet Grissel had not commented on all this. He had felt hurt. There had been a silence between them that there had not been before - during the courtship. Unsure of her mood and feeling unsure of himself as well, he had climbed into the bed beside her. She had not moved. He had held her by the shoulders. He could feel her trembling. Gently, as he thought, he had pulled her towards him. She lay silent, resisting him. Why was she like this? He had done nothing to her to deserve this behaviour. His hands, perhaps more aggressively than he had intended, had pulled her round and sought her under the linen shift she wore. As his hands roamed he realised she was crying. He had stopped - perplexed. He had asked her "What is wrong with you? Why are you crying?" She mumbled an answer he could not hear. He felt anger well up within himself. He wanted to hit her. No, he wanted to love her. He did not know what he wanted. He had got out of the bed and stood naked in front of the fire, his back to her. After a few minutes he took a gown from the press and put it on. Then he took out a bottle and glass. Disconnected thoughts had rushed through his mind. The women at the inns on the drove road through England had thought him man enough. Had he made a mistake? He thought this woman, no, this girl, had been agreeable to his proposal of marriage. She must have been because her father had opposed him. Her mother had secretly been in favour he thought, but unable to cross John Graham, one of the under-factors to Duke of Montrose, a self-important man who had ideas for his younger daughters which went beyond a drover and Highland cateran, even if he had been second son of Glengyle.

Rob stood at the door of the byre thinking back to those days in June. At least it had been warm then. He had sat by the fire, refilling his glass more than once. His mood alternated between wrath and perplexity. He had felt her hand on his shoulder. She had asked him to come back to bed and then as he tried to make love to her once more she had pushed him away. "Talk to me," she had said. What was he to say to her? He could talk to her about the farm, about droving, politics, the house, but none of these things seemed to Rob to be what Grissel would want to hear. He could not think what he should say. That had been a long night. Sleepless he had lain silent beside her, knowing she had been awake too. The next day the atmosphere had been difficult. Grissel had been well trained by her mother in domestic matters. She had bustled around the house, with

a brittle false gaiety, rearranging the house. Rob's mother had helped him complete the interior before he brought his bride here. Rob thought everything had been just as it should be. Grissel hadn't. After a few days of tension, Rob's anger had come upon him. Grissel huddled in the corner, weeping. He had gone over to her and after a few minutes, unsure what he should do, he put his hand on her shoulder. She had looked at him through her tears. He found himself apologising, begging her forgiveness, but he did not know what it was he was asking forgiveness for. He had carried her over to the bed and now, at least she had not resisted him. She lay under him, unmoving. He had rolled off and once again, could not think. The days had passed. Rob had worked with his followers, completing the outhouses, and laying in peat for the winter. His father had called on him to perform tasks that had taken him away for several days at a time. Grissel had seemed to be happier. Rob had perhaps become more communicative as the tension between them reduced.

It had been at the end of August. Rob had been to Dunblane with messages from Glengyle. He came into the house and found Grissel retching. He tried to comfort her, though she had angrily accused him of neglecting her. Her behaviour seemed to Rob to have become even less rational. She would not let him touch her. Then, she sobbed all the more when he tried to leave her. He had to hold her in his arms. Just that. Rob was perplexed. Finally, he was able to leave the house to take the replies to his father's messages back to Glengyle. While there he had told his mother, reluctantly, about Grissel's behaviour. Mary had travelled back to Stronachlachar with him. The two women had sat and talked together for hours, it seemed. He had no idea what it was they had talked about. They had gone silent when he was near, so he busied himself outside.

Before she left, his mother had explained to him the Grissel was pregnant. Grissel herself had not known. "Look after her," his mother had said. "Talk to her more."

Perhaps, he thought, their relationship had got better after that. He still had little idea of what he should talk to her about. She was a good housekeeper, and she cooked well. Her belly had thickened noticeably, and the bouts of sickness had gone away. When he had left her, he had felt more positive than he had since their wedding. Still though he felt there was a reserve between them.

His mother was standing at the door of the house, beckoning to him, her voice barely audible over the howl of the wind. He ran over, splashing through the standing water. His mother warned him there was little more that could be done. In the house, Catriona, the midwife, sat by the blazing fire. She looked weary. His mother led him past the fire. Wraiths of peat smoke hung among the rafters. Black drops oozed through the bracken thatch running down the underside on to the wall top. Grissel lay in the box bed. She was pale. Sweat gleamed on her brow. She looked at Rob, but did not move. A small bundle lay, completely wrapped beside the bed. He took her hand. She continued to look at him silently. He felt her pulling him, feebly, towards her. He laid his head on the pillow beside her. She spoke, barely audible. "Say you love me, Rob," he heard her say. "Grissel," he hesitated, "Grissel, *mo graidh*, - I love you - don't go." He was tongue-tied. She was silent. After a few minutes, he felt his mother's hand on his shoulder. "She has gone, Rob. There is nothing more we can do."

Rob was in a daze. He was unable to think or do anything. He sat and gazed into the fire. There were people moving around him. He was barely aware of them. Several days must have passed. His father was beside him. Gently Glengyle led his son outside. The weak late autumn sun shone through the haze. A crowd of men and women stood in silence around the house. Some of the men went into the house and came out with a box on their shoulders. Rob felt hands on his arms. They were marching, a crowd of men about him. The keen wind blustered. Why had she been taken? What had he done? Glengyle still supported him, as the funeral party stopped at the small walled cemetery overlooking the Loch. Rob looked into the blackness of the earth, as Grissel's mortal remains were lowered. Glengyle's piper played a *coronach*.

Another few days passed. Rob was aware of the bellowing cattle and the yells of the men herding them. His father was beside him. He was aware of the cattle dung splashed on his lower legs. Of the strong smells and the noise. They marched along Loch Earn towards Crieff. Glengyle had most of his men stretched out for several miles before and behind him. As well as driving his own beasts he also had the animals paid to him in mail by the tenants of the Lennox and Menteith. He had purchased a drove from Loch Fyne

that had been brought over the drove road from Glen Falloch through Glen Gyle. The herds of Balquhiddier had merged into his own. The great Crieff Tryst was a vital annual meeting, not just for the ready cash it brought but for the excuse for meeting with friends of the cause and observing its enemies.

Most years Rob was thrilled by the excitement of the Tryst. As Glengyle's son, of course, he usually played an important part in the proceedings. Perhaps negotiating some of the sales, or guarding the gold and bills of exchange for which the animals were exchanged. This year he was hardly aware of the proceedings.

"Come man," urged his father, "You are like a beast to be driven, yourself. This grief is understandable, but it is private. It is not yourself that you should be sorry for."

Rob lifted his head and glared at his father. That had struck home. He felt his anger rise again and subside as fast. He felt so much more for his wife of just a few short months now he had seen her buried than he did when he had her.

Glengyle was speaking again, "You cannot live your life in regret. Whatever you did or did not do is gone and cannot be brought back. Alasdair needs help at the head of the drove. Go you and bring those kyloes back."

A number of animals had taken the opportunity of easier land rising from the loch side after the narrow pass by the water's edge. Rob, almost automatically, increased his pace to a loping run, bearing a little up the hillside to head off the breakaway.

Now the ground was becoming easier, the work increased. The track was barely demarcated and the frequency of minor breakaways increased. Rob found little opportunity for his mind to dwell on his loss. By the time they stopped for the night on a piece of open land half way between Comrie and Crieff, Rob felt less overwhelmed by his loss, and was able to sleep, wrapped in his plaid on the cold ground. Seeing Rob asleep, Glengyle excused him from his watch duty over the surrounding mass of cattle.

The next day dawned and they soon reached Crieff. Glengyle, an expert cattleman, broke the drove up into more manageable groups of animals. He delegated men to each and commanded them to take their stances where the buyers could evaluate their purchases. Soon he was deeply involved in haggling, switching between Gaelic and Scots.

The weak October sun was setting. The black mass of animals, previously a heaving sea of cattle in all directions, was thinning, showing patches of trampled mud and grass as droves left the ground. Some travelled, perhaps, only as far as Falkirk with unsold beasts. Others were on their way over the border to England. Glengyle had instructed many of his men to take cattle South on behalf of the agents who had purchased them. In addition to the payment for the beasts, he had taken the price of the drove south too. His sporran was stuffed with guineas and bills of exchange. The weight of guineas though was lessening as he handed out money to the drovers for their maintenance.

Finally though, Glengyle stood near the Market cross of Crieff with a dozen men of his following. Rob was beside him, as a tall slim man of distinguished appearance spoke with Glengyle. This was James Drummond, Duke of Perth in the Jacobite Peerage. The titular Duke was feudal superior of Crieff and the surrounding area and drew a substantial income from a levy on the beasts sold at the tryst. Their discussion was not about the day's sale or the Earl's levy. The Duke advised Glengyle on the present state of affairs regarding the cause, and asked him to sound out some of the other prominent chiefs present in the village, who were thought to have favourable views towards the Stewarts. Some of Perth's own followers, dressed in hodden grey with long staffs as their only weapons eyed the Highlanders uneasily. The Tryst was the scene of much unruly behaviour especially now that the many Highlanders with unwonted wealth in their sporrans crowded into the inns and temporary drinking booths, anxious to spend.

Much later that night, Rob woke, his head throbbing and his throat parched. Glengyle had disappeared, he knew not where, on affairs of state. His father had dismissed him, leaving Alasdair with him. "Enjoy yourself," he had said on parting, leaving instructions as to where they should meet in the morning. Rob did not feel much

like enjoyment, but the black despair had lifted. He and Alasdair had found space at one of the temporary luckenbooths, drinking indifferent claret but hardly caring about its quality. Around them women giggled and screamed. Men laughed and danced in the shadows cast by guttering torches. It was harvest time for the villagers and others from as far as Perth and Stirling, anxious to share in the annual bounty, fleecing the drunken Highlanders. In every dark corner could be heard, if not seen, the grunts and cries of feral coupling. The sounds of argument were followed by the clash of metal on metal, and the cries of injured men. The Duke of Perth's watchmen ran here, there and everywhere, their torches casting fitful illumination on indescribable scenes.

The light glimmered in the east as Alasdair, though almost as inebriated himself, assisted Rob along the track. The mud, churned up by the hooves of thousands of beasts, sucked at their ankles as they left the village. They found patches of slightly firmer ground, with rocks threatening their ankles at almost every unsteady step. As the day dawned they met up with an apparently sober Glengyle, his sporran still safe, though many of his men had fared less well. The sun was well into the sky before he gave up on the last few missing men. His party was much smaller than before, taking account of those who would be travelling south this morning. Not all of those expected had come out of Crieff yet. He knew the Duke of Perth's court would not be unduly severe on his men, at least this year, so leaving a small party of the Balquhiddier men to wait for the stragglers, he led the remainder homewards.

As the evening came upon them, Glengyle and his party reached the Kirkton of Balquhiddier. Many left them here to go on to their homes. Glengyle and Rob, along with their remaining followers turned southwards to the House of Dalanlaggan to seek accommodation for the night with Alexander Stewart of Glenbuckie. Glengyle had to settle with Glenbuckie for the beasts he had collected earlier on the way to Crieff, and perhaps discuss some more sensitive business too.

Rob's pounding head had cleared somewhat on their march. An inadvertent tumble into Loch Earn while on the march had helped. The brisk pace the party had maintained all day had helped to dry his garments. Now though, he felt tired, sitting beside the fire

in the crowded room. A corner of the warm room, wrapped in his plaid was to be his bed. Glenbuckie's unmarried sister Jean had busied herself during the evening, ensuring the guests were comfortable. Rob had known Jean Stewart, in a distant sort of way, for many years. She had sat beside him and expressed her sympathy for his recent loss. Rob had looked at her, perhaps noticing her properly for the first time. He had thanked her, and complimented her too on her efficient handling of the unexpected crowd of guests. Rob noted her figure admiringly, guiltily too, as she moved between the kitchen and hall.

Chapter 6 Spring 1744

Glengyle and Rob made their way along the track to Stewart of Glenbuckie's house at Dalanlaggan. Glengyle pointed to a copse of stunted birch and blackthorn festooned with lichen. "We are observed," he said. "There he is. I can think of times when if I had hidden in such an obvious manner, I would have been dead! Though it will not be ourselves he is set to watch for."

They walked on. As they passed the copse, the unmoving sentinel paid them little attention. Several armed men sat in the shelter of the byre wall, avoiding the probing keenness of the March wind.

From the outside Glenbuckie's house was a traditional long, low thatched house, unusually long at around eighty feet, and sloped slightly from west to east. The door and all of the tiny half-glazed windows were on the southern side. The northern wall presented a blank aspect to the winter cold. The ends were roughly squared and formed into gables. The house was built of river and glacial boulders rather than dressed stones, which made the corners rounded. The drystone courses were bedded into layers of turf, giving an appearance of a layer cake. The turf and clay bedded the stones firmly in place and prevented draughts penetrating through the wall. The rounded gables had the practical benefit of reducing the howl of the winter gales that would have been more noticeable with a mason-built square gable.

The two reached the door of the house as Glenbuckie himself came out to meet them. "Well then Glengyle, welcome, and to you Rob," said Glenbuckie. His visitors returned the greeting.

Inside were a series of rooms, each the full width of the building, around thirteen feet internally, leading from one to the other. Both men had to stoop to enter the low doorway, placed about one third distance from the lower gable. They entered a room, which could be thought of as an entrance hall with a beaten earth floor, bare walls and no ceiling under the thatch. The great thickness of the wall which was more than three feet at the base, allowed useful recesses at the small windows, where seats had been placed. At intervals of about six feet along the wall and partly set into it, crucks made from

roughly dressed tree trunks arose from stone pediments a few inches above the floor to the wall top where they were jointed with wooden pegs to the couples - less sturdy trunks - of the roof. Crossbeams joined the couples together about two feet below the roof tree at the highest point of the roof. Rows of purlins lay across the couples at intervals. Through the gaps could be seen wattling made of fir branches and above them the underside of turf divots that underlaid the bracken and reed thatch. A fire blazed in a crude hearth in the centre of the floor. The smoke found its own way through the thatch and hung in wreaths among the rafters. Above the fire was a large black pot, bubbling at the end of a chain from a crossbeam. Outdoor clothes, animal skins and tools hung at random around the walls. Several of Glenbuckie's ghillies sat around the fire, waiting their turn to relieve the sentinels outside.

To the right of the entry door where most *tigh dubh* would house the animals, was a great surprise. Glenbuckie was extremely proud of his parlour with its wall-panelling and ceiling of sawn timber. Good furniture, pictures, bookshelves and antique weapons hung on the walls. A hanging chimney on the gable wall confined the peat fire that radiated warmth into the room. Woven rugs and deerskins covered the stone slabs that formed the floor.

Across the other side of the entrance hall a door led into the kitchen, panelled though not as finely as the parlour with a fireplace on one wall protected by a stone surround and a fixed iron plate forming a cooking range. This warm room was the den of the women of the family. Wooden presses around the walls contained the pots and pans, crockery - mostly brown Highland ware - as well as bottles of vintage port and home-brewed small beer.

Beyond the kitchen were the bedrooms, completely enclosed box beds, each reached by means of a narrow corridor along the northern wall. Fine linen bedclothes and embroidered counterpanes contrasted with the bare beaten earth floor underfoot.

The tacksman of Glen Buckie raised himself from the easy chair by the fire in the parlour, in order to welcome the visitors. "Aye, Glengyle," he said "you will know our mutual friend. Rob, this is the Lord John Drummond, brother to the Duke of Perth and the King's ambassador if you will. My Lord, Robert MacGregor of

Stronachlachar, Glengyle's second son." Glenbuckie continued, barely pausing. "I was just showing Lord John this great sword which has been in our family for three hundred and fifty years since my royal forebear, the Duke Robert of Albany." The *Claidheamh mòr* had a plain grip almost a foot in length with straight quillons forming the guard. The three and a half foot long double edge blade, although lightly pitted by rust, still appeared formidable. In the hands of a strong man its weight, momentum and sharp edge could deal mighty blows to the armoured knights of the fourteenth century.

"Ach, Glenbuckie" Glengyle said, "a dragoon would shoot you dead before you had started your swing at him. Nor would you carry it far in a running fight. In any case it did Duke Murdoch little good when King James caught him."

Glengyle referred to King James I who had been held a virtual prisoner in England while his uncle, Duke Robert of Albany had ruled Scotland as Regent. On Duke Robert's death his son Murdoch had succeeded him as Duke and Regent. Eventually, when it suited the King of England, James Stewart returned to his kingdom and wreaked a terrible vengeance on his kinsman and family. Of Murdoch's sons only one, known as James the Gross, escaped. He was a lineal ancestor of the Stewarts of Glen Buckie. He was also an ancestor of Glengyle, through his grandmother, Margaret Campbell.

Glenbuckie returned the ancient weapon to its place on the wall. Introductions over, they sat down. Glenbuckie continued, "You may have noticed my precautions, out by. We have an idea Lord John's presence is known and that he may have to run at an instant's notice. There are some in Balquhiddy who are not friends to our cause, and I suspect there is intelligence being passed to the Whigs of our intentions."

Lord John spoke with a decided French accent, "Indeed Glengyle, it is thought there have been some of your name, though you are thought of most highly, whose sympathies are suspect. It is thought Robert Craigie has an agent amongst us and it has been said your cousin James Mòr is playing both sides against the middle."

"Present me with proof against James Mòr and I shall listen," rejoined Glengyle. "But I shall not traduce him without it and I

would advise caution to you in what you may say of him. He is a proud and brave man. He would hazard his all for our cause. but he would reckon an insult to his honour such as this suggestion as deserving revenge above any other consideration. My Lord of Perth once spoke highly of him and yet I am led to understand they have disagreed and James Mòr removed himself and his family to *Coire Arclet*."

Glenbuckie rejoined, "Let us leave James Mòr out of this. We asked you to confer with us, Glengyle, regarding recruits for the service in France. King Louis is raising another regiment of Scots. They will be well equipped and trained and well paid too. It is to be hoped they will lead the overthrow of the present pack of rogues and villains in the government. How say you Rob, would you return to France with Lord John?"

"*Mais oui!*" exclaimed Lord John. "A fine strapping man like you. I could obtain a commission as ensign, if your father could provide a few *louis d'or* for your equipage."

Before Rob could respond, Glengyle answered for him. "I heard, not a few moments ago, that the equipage was to be provided by King Louis. In any case I think Rob has plans a little nearer home."

For all his thirty-four years, Rob felt himself redden at this. He collected himself and replied, "Thank you, my Lord, I am conscious of the compliment which you have paid me. I must decline your kind offer. However, if I can be of assistance in any other way, I would be glad to hear your will."

"Have you had much success in your recruiting my lord?" Glengyle asked Lord John.

"Indifferent, I would say. I had hoped for more. John Stewart of Glentiff has promised four handsome lads. John Drummond, son to Culquhailly, has also agreed on condition of a commission."

"That is the eldest son to the Duke of Perth's chamberlain, is it not?" Glengyle said.

"*Oui, c'est ca*" responded Lord John, "Peter Drummond of one of the government's militia companies has given me his promise to bring off some of his men. Glenbuckie has prevailed upon Ballachallan to send his brother, but we have our doubts about him."

"I had heard," Glengyle said to Glenbuckie, "that your son Duncan had hopes of a commission."

"Let us say we are discussing possibilities with Duncan," replied Glenbuckie. "His uncle Duncan in Leith may accompany him."

As they continued their discussions, Jean entered the room with glasses and several bottles of Port on a silver tray. She and Rob smiled at each other. When she left the room, Rob excused himself and followed her back to the kitchen, leaving the others to their drinking.

[CINDY – yes he is a quick worker. I thought that you might be able to exercise your literary talents here!]

Later, Rob approached Glenbuckie and requested his permission to marry his sister. Glenbuckie was not too surprised. "I have observed you have been a frequent caller in the past year. I thought your father had been most communicative with his messages to me recently. Does my sister know of your proposal?"

Glengyle, sitting quietly, remained silent. He had expected his son's request and would not be opposed to this alliance.

Rob replied, "Jean and I are in agreement on this. I built a house for Grissel at Stronachlachar and it has been sadly empty since she died two years ago. Jean only desires your assent, sir, in order to marry."

"Very well, you shall have it. Lord John will have to be disappointed. He asked me to persuade you to travel to France with him, but I will not have her become a deserted bride."

Chapter 7

January 1745

The frost had frozen the ground hard. Even Loch Katrine was frozen around its edges although there was open water farther out. Shortly after dawn, John MacGregor was summoned to the door of Glen Gyle House by an urgent knock.

"Yes, Alasdair, what is in it then, so early in the morning," he said to the ghillie.

"*Saighdearan dearga* - Red soldiers," he answered, breathing hard from his haste to warn his chief.

A party of red-coated militia were on their way from the garrison at Inversnaid. They had followed the track by Loch Arclet to Stronachlachar and round to Loch Katrine. There was very little snow on the ground and the hard frost would make the marching easy. Although they had been observed by ever-watchful spies as soon as they had left the garrison, they would not be far behind the messenger.

John considered the situation. He had not done anything which would necessitate this action. His father and Rob were away from home, ostensibly on duties connected with their legal Highland Watch and had been for several weeks. His father had conveyed to him title to the estate more than two years earlier. Since then John had kept himself clear of any involvement in illegal activities. He had spent the winter so far peaceably in Glen Gyle House with his wife and children and his mother.

"Advise all the tenants to bolt their doors and remain at home," he instructed the ghillie. "Tell them to hide any weapons. Do not interfere with the soldiers, whatever they do." Quickly he and the others in the household swept up their valuables. His father had previously removed weapons from the house and its out-buildings. Papers were removed from the oak cabinet in the drawing room. Packs were placed on garrons to be taken to safety.

As the last of the garrons were led out of sight through the woodland to the east of the township, the column of red-coated militia, a half company in strength, could be seen approaching the

house from the south. They spread out to both sides and encircled the house. At this, John, watching through the window, smiled wryly, "Did they really expect to surprise us?" he said to his mother."

There was a peremptory rap at the door. John opened it. The officer who stood before him was a regular soldier, English, and in his mid forties. His face was red from the exertion of the march. Another man in civilian clothes stood next to him, mud on his breeches and his wig awry. Behind him stood half a dozen of his men. Their uniforms identified them as Argyllshire militia, John noticed. They looked ill at ease.

"I have a warrant for the arrest of Mr Graham of Glengyle on suspicion of treason. Let him show himself," demanded the officer.

"I am Mr Graham of Glengyle," John said. "Show me your warrant"

The officer motioned two men forward who took John by the arms. Several more were despatched to search the house. "My information is that Mr Graham is an older man than you, where is he?"

"My father is not at home and I know not where he is. However, I am John Graham, proprietor of this estate and I am known as Glengyle. I demand to know the grounds for your accusations."

The officer paused. John could see the uncertainty in his eyes. He had a government notary with him as a witness. His instructions had been to lay waste the estate and burn the house provided adequate reason was given by an expected resistance to arrest. Failing resistance, he was to escort Glengyle back to Inversnaid and from thence he would be taken by boat to the Sheriff at Dumbarton. It was clear all was peaceable here and there could be no excuse for violent action.

"Bind him," he commanded his sergeant, "Leave all else alone. We shall return to the barracks with him."

[John spent the next two years imprisoned without trial in Edinburgh Castle. He would not be released until 1747.]

Chapter 8

Glen Finnan - Monday August 19th 1745

The squall moved on as quickly as it had come. A brilliant rainbow briefly leapt from one side of the glen clear to the other. The morning sun, which had only just cleared the hills to the northeast, disappeared behind a cloud as quickly as it had cleared the last. The marching column of men, perhaps two hundred or so clad in the green of Clanranald, halted and then spread out protectively around their leaders. Their chieftain, of Morar, had the single eagle feather of the *duin'-uasal*, or chief of a subordinate family, on his bonnet with the sprig of purple heather of Clan Donald behind it. He despatched lookouts to the surrounding hilltops and then addressed the slim man at his side, "Your Highness, this is Glen Finnan, appointed by Lochiel and Clanranald as the tryst."

The Prince seemed unimpressed. He took a draught from his silver brandy flask and handed it back to the servant behind him. They stood on a smooth-topped knoll overlooking the flood-plain at the head of Loch Shiel. Below them flowed the Finnan on its noisy way towards the loch. Above them, rose high, craggy mountains, daunting and hostile except to the men of these glens. The Prince's silken hose were wet and soiled, his fine shoes scuffed and a silver buckle hung loosely. His few companions Irish and Lowland Scots exiles in French service were already grumbling. They had landed on a barren shore almost a month earlier from the French privateer *Le du Teillay*. The voice of the Irishman O'Sullivan could clearly be heard as he argued with the Duke William of Atholl.

Among the Prince's escort, prominent in their dark red tartan were Rob MacGregor and his cousin James Mòr. Tall, broad shouldered men, they waited quietly and unobtrusively. They stood some distance apart from the rest of the gathering, having been earlier introduced to the Prince by his secretary John Murray of Broughton. Rob and James Mòr had been sent by Glengyle to be present at the raising of the standard. Rob's commission was to observe the numbers who would declare. In his sporran, he had Glengyle's letter, pledging the Clan Gregor would rise. The letter was carefully written. Clan Gregor itself was not mentioned. Should the letter fall into Government hands it would have no value as evidence against the Clan. Rob was to judge whether or not this expedition would attract sufficient support from the Lochaber clans

before he would commit Clan Gregor to the cause. James Mòr, an intensely proud and bold man, had insisted on accompanying Rob to Glen Finnan. Rob feared that James Mòr would have felt slighted when Glengyle delegated himself to go to Lochaber. James Mòr was normally a welcome companion, a fast mover on the march, keen eyed and with a sixth sense for the dangers of the road. Rob was aware of undefined concerns regarding James Mòr, nothing specific but just enough doubts about his interests and motivation. The two men stood, quietly, observing the scene about them.

James Mòr raised the matter himself. "Rob you may have heard tales about my dealings with the government."

Rob looked at him in surprise, "Well there are rumours." he replied. "Glengyle has said he is not prepared to believe them. I am surprised you should raise this matter."

"There is more than you know," James Mòr said. "I implore you to keep quiet about what I have to tell you. The Duke of Perth has asked me to pass information to Robert Craigie in the guise of a government agent in the Jacobite camp. The Duke wishes me to relate to him such information as we wish them to know. Also, I am charged to identify the real government spies who have wormed their way into our counsels. This is why the Duke was anxious I come here with you. The Duke feels Glengyle should not be informed at present as he might feel the honour of his family was impugned in some way. I would wish you that respect his wishes and do not inform Glengyle. I tell you this so that my actions in the future may be understood by you. My zeal for the cause of his Royal Highness is as great as your own."

They continued their quiet discussion. Almost two hours or so passed and the mountain ridges still looked as lonely as ever while Charles waited as one uncertain of his fate. At length Lochiel and his Cameron regiment appeared, preceded by their pipers. This body amounted to eight hundred men. Closely following were three hundred clansmen of the Keppoch MacDonalds. They advanced in two lines, having between them a company of redcoat prisoners. Lochiel climbed the last few yards to the small plateau, an oasis of smooth close-cropped grass with a flat-topped, rocky outcrop amid a desert of rough heather and rock at the head of the glen.

"Your Grace," began Lochiel as he came up to the Prince and his entourage, "Your pardon for our delay. We were held up by having to march at the speed of these gentlemen." He motioned at the sullen red-coated prisoners. "Tirnadris encountered these at the High Bridge over the Spean. Though he had only eight men they made such a din with muskets and slogans that the English ran like sheep, leaving their muskets and baggage behind. I was with Glengarry and Keppoch some miles up the road and stopped their flight to Kilcumein. There was no fight in them whatever. If all of Cope's men are like these then your father shall soon be King. Their Captain Scott is wounded and is being tended at Achnacarry. Here, also, is Captain Swetenham of Guise's, who was apprehended by Keppoch last Wednesday, Captain Thomson and Lieutenants Ferguson and Rose."

Charles eyed the dejected and bedraggled soldiers. "Well done, Lochiel," he cried. "This day is brighter than it appeared before."

Having given orders for the care of the prisoners, the much augmented group of leaders continued to debate their strategy. Their men stood about in their groups, steam rising from wet plaids, as the sun, higher and warmer in the sky, shone down. Black clouds loomed in the west, the blue around the sun in the southeast diminished.

William, Marquis of Tullibardine and Duke of Atholl in the Jacobite peerage, unfurled the royal standard of white, blue and red silk. Rob remembered that Tullibardine had been an exile from Scotland due to his involvement in previous risings. Thoughts of the fiasco of Glenshiel in 1719, not far from here, went through his mind. Clanranald and Old Lochiel had been there too, as well as Rob Roy, the father of James Mòr.

The Duke read out the manifesto of the Old Chevalier, *de jure* King James VIII and III. Then he continued to read aloud the King's commission appointing 'Our dearest son, Charles, Prince of Wales, to be our sole regent of our kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland and of all our other dominions'.

The rain began again. The assembled clansmen shuffled about, arranging their *breacanan fheilidh*. The young prince

addressed them in English, although the language was incomprehensible to most of his dripping listeners. He asserted his father's title to the throne and claimed that he had come for the happiness of his people. He had chosen this part of the kingdom to commence his enterprise because he knew that he could find a population of brave gentlemen, zealous as their noble predecessors for their own honour and the rights of their sovereign and as willing to live and die with him, as he was willing, at their head to shed the last drop of his blood.

Alasdair MacLeod of Raasay stood forward with his following and stated that he renounced his dependence on his chief. Raasay would no longer acknowledge *Ruaridh Ruadh* of Dunvegan as chief and would follow the Prince.

Rob had made his mind up. His father had told him to look for Lochiel's full strength. Clanranald, Glengarry and Keppoch were out, along with Stewart of Ardshiel. There had been no sign of the Skye men, Clan Donald and Clan Leod. To be sure they were needed for success but this was a start. He looked at James Mòr, who nodded his head. Rob stepped forward. "Your Highness," he began. His throat felt suddenly dry. The veins pounded in his head. After a hesitation, he began again, "Your Highness, I have the authority, here from MacGregor of Glengyle, to declare the Clan Gregor will follow this standard." He paused, "God save the King."

The Prince nodded his head towards Rob. Lord George stepped forward and took his hand. He thanked him for his attendance, and looked forward to meeting once more with Glengyle and his men.

Chapter 9
Balquhiddy - Friday 30th August, 1745

[Cindy – re your note: the MacGregor tartan is first documented, like many others, at the very end of the 18th century. It is no more than a strong probability that it was based on setts in existence prior to that. You may remember that when I met you I wore a plaid in a reproduction of the Moy tartan. That had a 42-inch sett which must have been a commonplace before the widespread use of the stitched *feile beag* which required smaller sett repeats. The ‘Rob Roy’ sett of alternating red/black squares features in a number of early 18th century portraits – including the MacLeod chief. We do not what Clan Gregor wore in 1745, but it is more than probable that it would be muted red/green. It was possibly a district tartan and the speciality of the local weavers. That is the only description I have given for Glengyle’s kilt.]

Glengyle and Rob strode along the track by the head dyke above the margin of Loch Voil by Stronvar in Balquhiddy. In the distance they could see the bell tower of the Kirk appointed for the tryst. Glengyle’s once entirely red hair and beard were streaked with grey, under his bonnet with its two proud eagle feathers. His eyes were brown, and gave an impression of honesty and friendliness. His garb was a *feilidh beag*, or short kilt, in the muted red of Clan Gregor, cut well above his knees, one of which was disfigured by a black birth mark. He had an ornate buckled belt, from which hung a dirk on his right side and a silver chased powder horn on his left. A fashionable velvet waistcoat with silvered buttons was partly covered by a wide sword belt hung over his right shoulder. He had a fine Andrea Ferrara broadsword in its scabbard on his left hip. Under his left armpit hung two blue steel Doune pistols, chased in silver, with ram’s horn butts. His finery and weapons were protected by a separate plaid, secured at the shoulder by a saucer sized brooch and covering his left side while leaving his sword arm free. At his belt was a tooled leather case for his pistol balls. He wore simple untanned brogans on his feet. His fine, silver buckled shoes hung on a line over his shoulder. The rocky and boggy trek from Glen Gyle,

by the flank of *Stob a'chon*, to Balquhidder were no place for fine shoes.

Rob matched his father in the openness of his expression, his height and his auburn/red hair. He wore the *breacan feilidh*, or belted plaid. A scabbarded broadsword on his left side was partly hidden by the folds of his plaid. He carried across his back a musket, recently gifted by a careless soldier, pistols under his left armpit, and sheathed dirk by his right hip. The men of Clan Gregor had been on a *spreidh*, and several regretful redcoats in the garrison at Stirling had been left wishing they had faced Rob Roy himself rather than explain their loss to their own commanders.

The Brown Bess flintlock appeared almost new and gleamed in the sun. It had the lines of a gentleman's fowling piece, and for ease of handling and performance it was the finest smooth bore musket in any army in the world. The stock was light but strong and well-shaped. It had well-shaped, moulded brass furnishings, and a firing lock which had the reputation of giving fewer misfires or "flashes in the pan," than any other military firearm. The barrel was 46 inches in length, with a bore of 11, or a shade over .75 inch. Its round lead bullets weighed over an ounce. The buttplate was a heavy brass moulding, and in conjunction with a light fore-end, served to keep the balance of the gun fairly well back in spite of the long barrel. The escutcheon, which was on the top of the small of the butt, was engraved with the number of the regiment and the service number of the unfortunate soldier who had 'lost' it. The iron lock plate bore the crowned Royal cipher, and the word 'TOWER' denoting it had been assembled in the factory at the Tower of London. The cartridges were stored in the leather pouch at Rob's side. They consisted of a tube of stout cartridge paper, sealed at both ends with pack thread. Each one contained six to eight drams of fine black powder and a leaden bullet.

Gregor and Rob paused in the scrub woodland at the head of Loch Voil. There was nothing untoward to be seen. A man approached them, basket hilted broadsword with its thirty-inch blade at his side, but clad for work in the fields. He hailed them in Gaelic. "Well met, cousin, I expected you later, you are the first." They exchanged greetings with Ranald, second son to Rob Roy. Ranald was first cousin and also son-in-law to Glengyle, being married to

Jean his second daughter. Ranald had a farm close by the Kirkton of Balquhidder and also owned the alehouse. They continued over the wooden planking of the bridge at Tomnadrochit over the river Balvaig.

They approached the alehouse at the settlement of of Kirkton of Balquhidder. Mr Ferguson, the Presbyterian minister of Balquhidder passed them on the other side of the track. He knew them all, indeed Ranald was his parishioner, but he chose to ignore them. Perhaps he already had a good idea of what was afoot. The Kirk was strongly opposed to the return of the Stewarts. The Presbyterian party was overwhelmingly in favour of the Whigs and their Glorious Constitution of Church and State. They had triumphed over the Episcopal Tories in the religious wars of the previous century. The revolution settlement following the overthrow of James VII and II, grandfather of Prince Charles had guaranteed and established their position. The Kirk had supported the Union in exchange for further guarantees of its position. The opposition of the Kirk to the Jacobites could be assured. The Hanoverian Duke William of Atholl, the patron, supported him and paid a regular stipend in addition to the produce of his farm. Though he was able to preach in Gaelic as well as English, there had been a school sponsored by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge in the parish for almost thirty years. Teaching was only in English and many of the younger people could now understand English. Some were beginning to accept their proper position in society and show due deference and respect for their betters. The minister's friends in Edinburgh often remarked on the conceit of the bare-arsed idle Highlander who lived in a hovel and had not two pennies to his name and yet conceived himself as the equal of gentlemen of substance.

Gregor *Glìn dubh*, seventh chief of *Clann Dùghaill Ciar*, looked through the door of the alehouse. "We are the first," he said to Rob. He stooped to put his shoes on. As the sun continued to shine, the three men settled themselves on rocks outside the alehouse. Ronald gave them tankards of small beer.

"So Ferguson, the minister, noticed us though he took care to pay no attention. What think you Ronald? Does he spy for the Government?" Glengyle said.

“Have no doubt of it, Glengyle,” answered Ronald. “He is Atholl’s spy here. The factor visits him regularly and he has a commission as captain in the Duke’s militia regiment.”

“How are the crops, Ranald?” asked Grengyle.

“Fair, though they could be better.” Ranald answered. “The potatoes are coming on. The cottars bless them, for they can feed their family on the produce of their garden ground, which they could not when they only grew bere and oats. Duke William knew what he was about when he insisted on them being grown. It is not long since Perth did the same, but I had planted some beforehand.”

“It is just two years since Rob here planted some,” Glengyle said. “Jean’s brother offered a bag of seed from Glen Buckie and they grew well. Now some of my tenants have planted them also.”

“It is a different matter persuading people to eat them!” laughed Rob, “they say God did not intend man to eat lumps of earth. But how do your turnips grow this year?”

“Ochone,” said Ranald in mock sorrow, “What a work is in the turnips, with the weeding and the preparation. It is a great trial to my labourers. They complain the bere is far easier to grow. Though I confess it is a godsend to the cattle in the winter. Last year I was able to winter six more kyloes and twenty more sheep than I did before. The Duke told me I must plant turnips. The Duke knows the benefit they bring and he has raised my rent so as to share in it.”

“Now there ye have it!” Glengyle said. “Our noble Dukes are never slow at raising the rent whenever they can achieve it. Are you able to plant sufficient flax for the women’s spinning, with all this ground given over to turnips and potatoes?”

“There is never enough flax and it takes so much time to prepare it for spinning. Have you had packmen call on you with flax already prepared for spinning? One came here recently and told us that merchants in Dundee have imported a cargo of flax from Russia. They say that it can be sold for less than our own produce. Jean and the other women did not like it. She said it was dirty and the fibres

break too easily. I heard some of the people in Strathyre and Glen Beich bought it”

They continued to chat, putting the time in over their small beer. The sun shone, though there was a pleasant breeze. They waited outside the alehouse, watching for activity in the glen.

After some time, there was a stir from along the North side of Loch Voil. A party of men were approaching. Gregor pointed them out. "The man in the lead there is Robert Murray of Glencarnaig. He claims himself to be twenty first chief of Clan Gregor, since the death of his father, Iain Og, last year.”

Rob replied, "I recognise Glencarnaig, but is that Evan beside him? I have not seen him in since we were boys."

Ronald interrupted, "he has been away in the French service, and that is their brother Duncan behind.”

They waited patiently until the three men reached the alehouse and exchanged greetings.

"Any news of Perth?" Glengyle asked.

"None," Glencarnaig answered, "but the tryst was promised for today. I heard Lochiel and Clanranald have their men in arms with the Prince and intend to cross Corrieyaraick by the new road to Dalnacardoch"

Eventually a small party on horseback appeared from the direction of Strathyre. James, Lord Drummond, titular third Duke of Perth in the Jacobite peerage was thirty-three years old, slim and pallid. He was descended from a noble line conspicuous by its unswerving loyalty to the Stewart dynasty. The third Earl had fought alongside Montrose at Philiphaugh. The fourth Earl had been Lord Chancellor to James VII and II. Imprisoned after the Revolution, he had gone into exile when released, and had been created Duke by the James, the Old Chevalier. His eldest son, attaining the dignity of second Duke on his father's death, had led the unsuccessful attempt to capture Edinburgh Castle in the 1715 rising. He had fled to France with the Chevalier de St. George afterwards. By a legal stratagem,

the family estates had been saved from forfeiture. Now James, third Duke, was prepared to risk his broad acres on yet enough attempt to restore the rightful King. He looked unwell, stunted by a childhood accident. This outdoor skullduggery did not agree with his constitution. Years of plotting over the brandy bottle did not build physique.

With the Duke of Perth was Alexander Stewart of Glenbuckie, tending to corpulence, and now Rob's brother in law, but ten years older. He was a life-long Jacobite. Alongside him was Francis Buchanan of Arnprior, well known to Rob as a customer of Glengyle's Highland Watch. Arnprior was a tacksman of the Duke of Perth for his lands in Strathyre, north of Callander. "Glengyle," he said, raising his hand in greeting, "I trust my herds will continue safe during this business."

Gregor returned his greeting, "May all our herds gain from this ploy, Arnprior, I have sons to endow also."

Glengyle asked the Duke, "My Lord, how does it go with the Prince's army, we have not had true intelligence since Rob left them at Glen Finnan."

"Excellently," replied the Duke. "The army crossed the pass of Corrieyaraick on Tuesday, expecting to engage in battle, except that Cope turned marched his army north to Ruthven in Badenoch. Our latest intelligence is that he intends to make for Inverness. On Wednesday, the Prince and the army reached Garvamore, and now they are making for Perth, while Lord George is raising his recruits in Atholl. I have also received a report that your son Rob and James Mòr, your cousin, have already pledged their allegiance at Glen Finnan. The Prince was glad of your attendance among the Northern clans. This improved his confidence in the support he might receive on the march south. Tell me then, how many men can you raise for the cause?"

These men were all aware of the risks they ran in declaring for the Jacobites. Glencarnaig was tacksman to the Duke of Atholl for the lands he held in Balquhidder. Lord George Murray, one of the Jacobite leaders, had been passed over in the succession to the Duchy of Atholl in favour of his Hanoverian younger brother

William. Glencarnaig therefore owed his services to the Whig Duke William and not the Jacobite Duke George. Duke William would give Glencarnaig and his followers short shrift if the rising failed. Glenbuckie was in a similar position.

Although, Glengyle had a heritable charter to his estate, he held further tacks of land on rent from the Whig Duke of Montrose and also owed Montrose feudal services. His lands too, despite the stratagem of conveying them to John, his son and heir, were vulnerable to retribution from Montrose as well as action by the Government, should the rising fail.

So the discussions continued. Clan Gregor could raise its manpower for the Prince, but there was a little matter of support for the families behind and some assurance of the righting of old wrongs needed.

"Well, gentlemen," concluded the Duke. "We tryst again here in eight days with all the men we can muster, suitably armed and clad for the campaign."

They raised their brandy glasses, not for the first time, having earlier toasted the King across the water, the gentleman in velvet, the bonny white rose of Scotland and each other. Then finally, "To the Prince, Gentlemen, may he confound his enemies."

Chapter 10 Inversnaid - Wednesday September 4th, 1745

The moon, lurking behind the clouds that rushed along Loch Lomond, briefly shone down. It's light illuminated the sentry who stood on the rampart of the government fort of Inversnaid. It was hardly a fort in fact, more a defended barrack block, with an enclosed courtyard. The plan had been to assail the barracks as soon as darkness fell, for more than this was planned for the cover of the night. Glengyle had decided he needed more men and had swept the Loch-side almost as far as Rowardennan for recruits, with only mixed success. After a tiring and dispiriting search, they had raised another twenty men, but some of them had deserted on the way here.

Rob and James Mòr spoke quietly together as they watched the silent fort. "How was Edinburgh?" Rob asked.

"As ever, as ever," James Mòr answered, "Full of stinks and bustle. Robert Craigie, the Lord Advocate was all ears. I told him most of Clan Donald had risen and Lochiel too. I exaggerated a little, but I had to earn my pay, whatever. He was grateful. He believes me now to be a loyal servant of his King in the Prince's camp. I told him everything the Duke of Perth had commanded me and added a little more on my own account. Then I found Lord Perth's man Drummond and we toiled together through the night printing the handbills which Lord Perth had prepared. I used the Advocate's money to pay street urchins to post the bills on every door in the town. The guard ran here and there the next day tearing them down and the urchins pelted them as they did. I was affronted though, that Advocate Craigie offered a bigger reward for the apprehension of the persons responsible for the bills than he had paid me for the information on Glen Finnan." ... "Wheesht, now, Glengyle is back and we are to begin."

. Rob, shapeless in his plaid, crouched behind a whin bush, watching the sentry. Two men, carrying a rough ladder, newly made from slender birch trunks and thonged with heather root, crawled towards the rampart. One of them dislodged some loose stones. Rob held his breath as they clattered downhill. The rushing waters of the Snaid Burn, perhaps, masked the sound, or maybe the sentry was asleep on his feet.

This was a strange place for a government fort. It was no great centre of population. There was no significant traffic passing it by. It had no market deserving protection. However, its presence demonstrated the co-incidence of the interests of the state with the interests of its great magnates. It had been built to ensure the de-facto forfeiture of Rob Roy MacGregor, a representative of a race, long since outlawed by the Scottish and British crown. Rob's little estate of Inversnaid was worth a derisory twenty-six pounds a year in rent. It was a poor scrap of woodland and rough pasture, up by the northeast corner of Loch Lomond. It contained inaccessible trees, bog, rock and moor amongst patches of grazing that bred lean but hardy cattle. Its very inaccessibility was a virtue to the people who had lived there. The greedy, vindictive Duke of Montrose, a great territorial magnate and Secretary of State for Scotland, was only too pleased to buy this place from the Commissioners for the forfeited estates.

The fort had been established on a small patch of level ground, close to the site of Rob Roy's thrice burned house. Near by was the Snaid Burn, rushing and tumbling down to the loch below, and the pier by which the garrison was provisioned. Lawyer's papers could give him title, but not possession. Montrose had used his position to have the government pay for that possession. Government money paid for its construction. More government money paid the militiamen that were needed to protect the woodcutters and the freshly planted Graham tenants from harassment by the nameless ones.

Rob Roy had captured and razed the place once before, but Montrose had had it rebuilt. Rob Roy had lain in the kirkyard of Balquhiddy these past eleven years. The fort continued to rankle with his people and now the unrest in Scotland had presented an opportunity for combining personal business with a success for the Prince. Glengyle had arrived here yesterday at dusk with a band of forty men. He had learned from a woodman that most of the garrison, a company of Argyll militia, were away across the Loch. They were on road-building duties through the Arrochar passes. Glengyle had decided to capture and occupy the fort first and thereafter to pursue the rest of the company.

Rob crouched lower behind the stunted bush as the moon shone briefly down. Somewhere, amongst the whins and heather surrounding the fort silently crouched the rest of Glengyle's band. He checked behind him, his own three men were patiently waiting his signal. Now the moonlight had shown that the sentry had not moved. An owl hooted, once, twice, three times. GO! The two men with the ladder swung it up against the wall and held it steady as Rob and several others clambered up and on to the wall top. The sentry turned in alarm. He was too slow. The hilt of the broadsword smashed into his face. He toppled into the heap of horse dung and straw below. He lay there, unstimulating.

As the others clambered up the ladder, Rob ran around the wall top and jumped, lightly, down to the latrine roof, then to the ground. The barrack block butted against the highest and longest wall of the fort on the north side. To the east were the almost empty stables. The latrines block stood to the southeast, in the lowest corner. Along the west wall stood the stores and armoury. The armoury was most likely empty, too, but weapons were not the main objective here. Rob paused, with his back against the wall beside the door to the barrack block as his two men from Stronachlachar, Alasdair Roy and Gregor Bàn joined him. WAIT! The third man, Calum Og, had the gate open and the others, led by Glengyle and James Mòr, entered the courtyard.

The unfortunate sentry stirred on the dung heap. Calum Og removed the musket that lay beside him. "A Nis!" James Mòr yelled. Rob unlatched the door and charged into the barrack room, yelling the slogan, "*Claidheamh Mòr.*" Two men inside tried to rise from the table where they had been playing cards. Alasdair Roy, lifted a table and flung it across the room, striking both of them on the chest. They went down, dazed, with the broken table above them. Another militiaman, attempted to grapple with Gregor Bàn, but he crumpled when Calum Og clubbed him from behind with a musket. Rob, with a pistol in each hand, pointed them at the heads of the last two men in the room, lying in their cots. There was a lull. The militia did not have the will to fight. In the adjoining barrack room they could hear sounds of struggle, terminated by a pistol shot. Rob motioned his prisoners outside. Someone had raised a pine torch to shed light on the scene. Rob lined his prisoners up against the wall. Calum Og dragged the

sentry off the dung heap and dumped him beside his comrades. Another five prisoners, one of them nursing a wound in his shoulder, filed out of the second barrack room escorted by the men of Coire Arclet. James Mòr appeared from the officer's quarters with a middle-aged ensign, his hands held high in front of him.

The engagement was over. Barely six minutes had elapsed since Rob had scaled the wall. The prisoners were quickly lashed together in pairs. They were seated on the ground against the wall of the barrack block guarded by Calum Og. The other Gregarach ransacked the place. James Mòr found a barrel of gunpowder in the magazine. There were only six muskets, but ample flint and ball. Two Highland garrons stood patiently in the stable.

Glengyle gave orders that the prisoners were to be warded in the now empty magazine, the most secure building in the compound. He picked out some of his followers, those he was least able to rely upon. He commanded them to remain here as garrison, under the command of James Mòr. The remainder were to cross the Loch with him.

Down the hill they went in file, any sound they made hidden by the rushing waters of the burn as it tumbled its way down to Loch Lomond. At the bottom of the hill the militia had constructed a pier jutting out into the Loch. This was used to re-supply the fort and also as a convenient port from which to cross to the road workings on the western shore, part of the new military road from Inveraray via Crianlarich to Inverloch, or Fort William as the *Sasunnaich* now called it. There was usually a small piquet post at the pier to guard the boats.

Glengyle motioned to Rob. He crawled forward on his belly. The glimmer of the moon failed to pierce the darkness. Rob carefully approached the sentry box now, from its right side. The lapping waters masked any sound, but also prevented him from hearing the sentry. He sidled alongside the shelter at the end of the pier. A stone flung at the planking of the pier made a thump, louder than the jumping of a fish. The sentry, dozing on duty, started and stepped forward. Instantly Rob was behind him, left arm round his throat, his dirk before his eyes, "Wheesht, now," he breathed, "or meet your maker."

The sentry let his musket fall. Calum Og, who had crept around to the left of the piquet post, caught it before it clattered on the planking of the jetty.

"Any more on duty? If you lie, then you are a dead man," breathed Rob.

The frightened sentinel confirmed he had been alone. Rob ordered Calum Og to bring rope to bind the sentry. The other members of Glengyle's party clustered around. Glengyle detailed one man to escort their prisoner up the hill to join the rest in the fort. Others searched the banks for any boats that may have been left. None remained.

"Now, we wait for Alasdair Greumach and Iain MacNeacail to bring up their boats from Cailness," Glengyle said. "Rob show a torch from the end of the pier, but hide the flame from the other side of the loch. If they have obeyed my commands they should be not far away."

After a delay, long enough to cause Glengyle's temper to rise, a disturbance on the loch could be heard. Close in by the bank, to the south, keen eyes observed the phosphorescence, picked out by the fitful moonlight, caused by oar strokes. Soon two boats, lightweight, locally built craft called cobbles, came up to the pier. Each of them contained a single oarsman, with a second coble on tow behind. They made to leap out at the pier.

"You took your time over coming here. Stay in the boats, " Glengyle ordered. "The rest of you enter as you find room."

"Glengyle, we have followed your command and brought our boats." exclaimed Alasdair Greumach, the tenant in Cailness, "We cannot agree to accompany you on this expedition. Graham of Gorthly will have us evicted at the very least, if not hung from a tree with yourself."

"And I shall have you burnt out if you do not come, and your cattle taken also. Stay in the boats, or, as Royal is my Race you shall

regret it. Have you more regard for Montrose's hired factor than for your chief?"

Glengyle had not expected an answer, but MacNeacail came back at him. "Mr MacFarlane, the minister at Buchanan says you are in league with the Antichrist and we shall be condemned in the afterlife, if we consort with you."

"Fool," said Glengyle. His face was hidden in the darkness, but the anger in his voice clear enough, "You shall reach that afterlife sooner than you expect. Should you leave that boat you are a dead man. Since when did upstarts like Gorthly and that prattling meenister rank above your chief?"

Wisely the two men remained, silently, where they were.

The band of men arranged themselves in the boats, eight in each. More than a few were reluctant to be there. Glengyle ensured that they kept together by tying the four boats together with hempen rope. Each boat had a few trusted men to keep control. The oars dipped in the water and the boats shoved off from the pier into the night.

On they rowed across dark Loch Lomond. Most of them were familiar with the Loch, but navigation was difficult in these conditions. The high hills around were invisible, except when, fleetingly, the moon allowed a brief glimpse. Patchy mist hung on the water, giving the faint phosphorescence in the water, excited by the splash of the oars, an eerie quality. In the middle of the Loch, reasonably sure that they would not be sighted from either bank, Glengyle altered direction to travel slightly North up the Loch. Eventually, they rounded the little islet where the ruin of Inveruglas castle stood, they turned in towards the western shore and soon the scrape of gravel under the boats indicated the beach.

Already the faint light of dawn lit the eastern sky. The banks were clad with whins and bracken, affording plenty of cover. With as little noise as possible the boats were pulled ashore and left where they would be well hidden but easily re-launched. Then Glengyle led his war-band up the slope from the waterside until they reached the scar across the hillside that was the new military road. He took the

point himself and commanded the utmost care so as not to alarm the militia camp. Stealthily they moved on, keeping largely to the heather on either side of the road to reduce the sound of their passage. Once over a small summit, the road dipped sharply and to the left. Below them in a hollow and near a temporary pier lay the camp. Several fires were burning. Even so it was difficult to spot the sentries around the fire, and harder still to determine whether any were on duty beside the boats drawn up on the strand.

After a little time, Glengyle motioned Rob over to him. "It is too dark to risk an attack," he explained. "We will hurt our own and break too many heads in this mirk. You take a dozen men around the knoll there and come down on the far side. I recall that there is cover just beyond the stream at the bottom of this. You should be far enough from their camp not to waken them. Also place two men by the shoreline beyond the point where the stream reaches the Loch. When the light strengthens, I shall give you a signal for attack. Now remember, I want prisoners, none are to escape but there is to be no killing."

Rob slipped silently back to the main body and picked out his party, choosing the most trustworthy and best armed of the band, but leaving sufficient for his father. He led the way back along the road a little way and then took to the hill, feeling their way through birch scrub which masked the noise of their passage from the sleeping camp. Then, they came to the stream, almost a ravine at this point, but manageable with care. One by one they crossed and crouching low, made their way up a gentle slope over heather-clad moor. They skirted rocky outcrops, until once more they reached the relative safety of a scrub woodland that terminated in an outcrop of rock and an almost sheer drop of twenty feet or so to the loch. Carefully, he spread his men out and inched forward to a position from where he could watch the camp. Already tonight he had served the Prince, and the clan, he thought to himself, this ploy far exceeded any excitement on the droving.

The imminence of dawn lit up the eastern sky. A low mist lay on the loch, so low that Rob in his position on top of the knoll lay above it, and could look down on the woolly blanket. The camp was partly shrouded but the mist was so thin that it did not hide it. He shivered. The morning chill and the sleepless, crouching hours

during had penetrated his bones. Gently, he flexed his limbs, rubbing them to get some warmth into them. He motioned his men forward. He positioned some below the slight ridge that separated them from the militia camp. Others were stationed farther in from the water along the line of the new road.

Now it was light enough to see across to the opposite side of the hollow, where Glengyle and the rest of the band ought to be. Then Glengyle was there! Gregarach alongside him with their muskets presented. Up Rob jumped and waved his men forward.

"In the name of His Majesty King James," Glengyle roared, "I command all here to surrender."

The sleeping camp came to life. One of the militiamen made towards the stand of muskets. Glengyle fired, knocking the stand over. The militiaman jumped back in fright.

"You are outnumbered and surrounded. Surrender or we fire!" Glengyle shouted once more.

The militia officer could be seen, wigless, surveying the line of Highlanders on either side and above his position. He looked at his sergeant, and made his decision.

"Do not resist." he called out to his men. Then addressing Glengyle, "You have us at your advantage, sir, I surrender my men."

Glengyle motioned Rob forward and began to descend the slope himself. As they collected the weapons, it became apparent why the company had surrendered so easily. Amongst the fifty or so men of the company there were only a dozen muskets. The militiamen had their own dirks, but no broadswords. Only the officer was properly armed, with a pair of fine Highland pistols as well as his sword.

The excitement subsided. The officer was Captain Campbell, the tacksman of Ardgartan in Glen Croe. Glengyle informed him that he and his men were now his prisoners, in the name of King James and that the garrison of Inversnaid was also in the possession of his Majesty.

Moored at the rough pier were three naval longboats. These were considerably larger than the cobsles in which they had crossed. Glengyle ordered the men who had brought the cobsles from Cailness to return to their boats and bring them back here. Four other men were ordered to go with them.

The sun soon rose and melted the mist. The four cobsles came alongside the pier. Quickly their prisoners were embarked on to the longboats, with four armed guards on each. Various pieces of booty, tools and provisions were thrown aboard. The remainder of Glengyle's band, with all of the captured weapons, climbed aboard the cobsles for the return journey to Inversnaid.

In daylight their course was easier. The thin mist only slightly impeded navigation but reduced the worry of being sighted by hostile forces. Soon they were back at the pier of Inversnaid. James Mòr himself was awaiting them.

"What kept you, Glengyle?" he called when they came into earshot. "I expected you earlier."

Glengyle responded, "Well met, then Seamus, we thought to have a snooze before we came back with these. Catch this rope-end and tie it fast for me."

Quickly, but without fuss, Glengyle had their prisoners escorted up the hill to the garrison. James Mòr had been busy in the interval. The windows of the barrack block had been barricaded and secured to make a suitable prison for their additional captives. Glengyle picked out some of the private men and locked the doors on the rest of them.

"Where are the rest of your men, Seamus," Glengyle asked, "I left you with twelve. I can see no more than five here."

"Run," James Mòr answered. "When I was busy with the wright barricading these windows, MacMurrin in Rouchoish and some of the others opened the gate and walked out. They were clear away before I missed them. Then the ensign tried to escape and lost

his wig and damaged his topcoat in the excitement. I do not believe he feels too well at present."

While Glengyle spoke with James Mòr, Rob stood by the prisoners in the yard of the Fort. Most of them were little the worse for their treatment. One was in some pain from his damaged shoulder, and another, smelling none too clean, had lost some teeth when Rob had thumped him with his sword hilt in the assault the night before. They were of the Argyll militia, with some sympathy for their neighbours of Clan Gregor. One of them, a MacFarlane from Arrochar, near to where they had surprised the party on the other side of the Loch, spoke to Rob.

"Well," he said, "there is a fine day in it for the harvest. Some of us were to be away home in the week to come to gather it in. Think you that we will be going now?"

Rob recalled that his father had spoke of this issue. The Jacobite army would not have the resources to feed and guard large numbers of prisoners. This was not a war of conquest, in which they would subdue their enemies with terror. The Cause needed the friends that mildness and forgiveness would bring. Rob replied, "Think you that you would be back in arms against us after the harvest? My father will be wanting your parole."

The MacFarlane thought about this. "If it was mine to give, then you should have it with my compliments. I follow Captain Campbell of Ardgartan. He is my landlord as well as my captain."

"Come, man," Rob responded, "If you are prepared to swear that you will not take up arms against Prince Charles Stewart, then you are free to go."

Andrew replied "How will you determine we do not renege."

"I may not, but the Almighty would know. I cannot speak for my father, but I feel assured he would concur with me. Should you give your parole of honour, sworn on the word of God, then you shall be free. Have you a wife?"

"Aye, and four bairns at home. I have served at Inversnaid since the Belteine bonfires and have not seen them since that time,"

Andrew replied. "Ardgartan keeps us close watched. He fears that we would desert, as some already have, and that it would reflect on him if Argyll should find out."

"*An athair, Seamus,*" called Rob, "Come you over here, there is a word we are wanting with you."

Glengyle and James Mòr walked across to where Rob sat with Andrew. Despite the friendly nature of the conversation, Rob kept Andrew and his companions well covered with his pistols. As James Mòr sat down on a barrel, Rob said. "*Amndra*, here, is thinking on giving his parole. What say you to that?"

Glengyle responded, "We spoke with Glencarnaig and Perth on this. Glencarnaig was unsure, particularly of the Lowlanders and the English. However, Argyll militia should be honourable gentlemen. Now, if that was the Duke of Montrose, instead of your Ensign over there," he said, motioning at the magazine where the militia Ensign was warded along with Ardgartan, "I feel sure he would be having an unfortunate accident as he ran away."

Andrew MacFarlane shuddered a little. "Your honour, there are no thoughts of running away in my mind, at all."

"Wheesht, man. Since when were you the Duke of Montrose." James Mòr laughed.

Others among the group were chatting with each other. The men of Clan Gregor knew some of the militiamen from the droving trade. At least three of these men had met with hospitality from Clan Gregor on droves from Kintyre by way of Inveraray and Ardlui, or on the trail from Oban through Brander, to Crianlarich and Ardlui on the road to Aberfoyle and the Tryst at Falkirk.

Glengyle had intended to take the captives as a symbol of his duty and success to show before the Prince. But there were too many, and perhaps some better use may be made of them. "Aye" Glengyle said at length, "there are too many. Seamus, bring the good book from your pack."

"Your honour," Glengyle summoned Ardgartan from the magazine, "a word, if you please."

Gregor, James Mòr and Rob stood in the open courtyard of the little fort with Captain John Campbell, tacksman of Ardgartan in Glen Croe. "Sir, I wish to request your parole, as an officer and a gentleman, and your consent for parole to be offered your men. I require a pledge on the holy book you will not bear arms against King James or his Son Prince Charles for a year and a day. You are free to consent or not, as your honour demands. Should you refuse, I shall have no other recourse than to carry you with me till I can deliver you to a suitable prison."

Ardgartan replied. "I thank you, sir. I know I shall not dissuade you from this course upon which you are imbarqued. I respect you, of old, as an honourable man, tho' I wish damnation on your politics. I surrendered to you my sword tho' I should condemn myself as a fool for allowing your success so easily. I am broken by this episode and will not be given further command. I cannot give you my parole as a gentleman since I could nowise return home if I did so, but you have my consent, under threat of force, to approach my men."

Ardgartan bowed to Glengyle, and then spoke to his men, using the Gaelic known to them all except the ensign. "Men, we have been bested, and received honourable treatment. I cannot give my parole to Glengyle not to take up arms against their Pretender - I cannot call him Prince. Any of you who wish to give your parole are free to do so. You will not suffer dishonour or penalty when you return home. This is my command. Should you refuse, then you will, perforce, go God knows where, with these gentlemen. I warn you all however, these men will offer their blandishments to you to join their army. Should you do so you will surely hang." Ardgartan sat, removed his wig and bowed his head.

Rob announced to his prisoners, "You may join our cause or pledge your parole to return to your homes and take no further part in this scrape."

Several in turn came up and gave their pledge, repeated in Gaelic, as James Mòr spoke. "I pledge I shall not again take up arms

against the mighty Prince James, rightful King of Great Britain, or against his son and regent, Charles. So help me God. I further pledge I shall return to my home and continue there peacefully for a year and a day from this date."

Most of the militiamen were too frightened of their landlords to risk their livelihood and families. Those that had given parole threw off their surcoats and canvas webbing and left their knee boots in a heap on the ground as they filed away.

Glengyle addressed the remainder, "Any of you who wish to support the Prince in his just cause are welcome to remain with us." Some of the men came forward.

"Your name, sir" Rob requested.

"John Landless," answered the first, "I am of your race."

"Robert Ferguson," the second said.

Altogether, just four men agreed to join the Prince's cause, while twenty-six had given their parole of honour, leaving a more manageable forty five prisoners.

Only one remained. He was a grizzled sergeant with his hair in a queue.

"You sir," Glengyle said to the sergeant, "What is it with you? Do you wish a foul prison cell to sweet freedom?"

"Well," he replied, "I have served in '*Am Freiceadan Dubh*' at the Battle of Fontenoy with honour. I have given my pledge to the King George. I take up arms to fight and I surrender only after honourable fight. That was a devilish trick there at the camp. I demand combat with one of you to satisfy by honour. Then I will consider your offer."

Glengyle grinned at his cousin. "Well, Seamus, how say you or should I offer this challenge to Rob?"

James Mòr considered, "I would gladly face him, but perhaps it would serve well if Rob was to represent our cause. How say you, Rob?"

"Very well," Rob responded. "Swords or dirks?" he offered the choice to the sergeant.

"Swords," came the reply.

Rob removed his plaid and encumbering belts. The sergeant shrugged off his topcoat and tunic. An area of ground, reasonably flat and dry was cleared. "En garde, sir," the sergeant cried, lunging forward. Rob darted to the side and struck down the other's sword. They circled each other.

"Your name, sir," Rob asked.

"Kenneth MacPherson of Ruthven," he answered, thrusting again.

They circled each other, cutting and parrying. Rob slipped. MacPherson slashed but Rob rolled clear. Again they faced each other. Present, cut, parry, thrust! Both men watched each other warily, thrusting and parrying in turn, circling as they assessed each other's sword-skill. After a little time, MacPherson, growing more confident, rushed forward. Rob stepped back, parried the blow, and slashed in turn. This time MacPherson, not fully recovered from his stroke, lost his sword which flew in an arc, ending up some yards to the side, quivering, tip embedded in the heather. MacPherson went for his sword, but found Rob's at his throat. He stopped.

"Enough, sir," MacPherson said, holding up his hands. Rob stepped back. The men around cheered. "Sir," said MacPherson, "My honour is satisfied, I will take your oath, and I will join your Prince. Tho' should I be taken, I will surely hang. My life is now yours."

The paroled militiamen began to walk off down the hill, barefooted. Unencumbered by the heavy militia gear, they would soon be home. The Gregarach, assisted by their new recruits, arranged the spoil on the garrons and a small party set off to remove it to Glen Gyle. James Mòr had arranged for a small garrison to

remain at the fort, which could prove useful to the Prince's cause. Those of the militia who had not given their parole were to be kept in ward here until they could be moved.

Chapter 11

Loch Arklet - Saturday September 7, 1745

Rob crouched among the oak and birch scrub as he surveyed the clachan. There were five occupied houses, each with out-buildings which formed rough squares. Gaps of several hundred paces separated them. They lay along the twisting dyke where the levels of the loch-side gave way to the rocky hill. The hillside above rose bare and almost sheer. Though it was past dawn, the sun would not be seen on this side of the loch for quite some time yet. Soon it would shine on the peak opposite and thereafter, if the skies remained clear, its rays would fall on his own farm just out of sight beyond the ridge that separated Glen Arklet from Loch Katrine. He gazed distractedly, misgivings crowding into his mind about this venture. Highland society was changing fast, too fast. Once clansmen had followed their chiefs without question. Today some demonstrated very little enthusiasm for the venture in hand. Hence this "recruiting" which his father had sent him on. He was tired. For two days they had ranged along Loch Lomond-side. The raising of the clan had met with but indifferent success. James Mòr had been far from gentle. In one case he had actually carried out his threats. The door of the recalcitrant recruit's house was blocked up with stones. Pine torches were kindled ready to set fire to the thatch. At the very last moment, the cottar cried out for mercy and agreed to come with them. It seemed almost funny at the time. Should a leader behave in this way towards his kindred?

The work of today was at hand. He had sent three of the men given him by Glengyle round the east end of Loch Arklet, while he and six others had followed the western shore. He watched for the signal that they were ready to block any flight by the tenants of Coireachan. His men were armed with broadswords, pistols and modern muskets, superior to any that might be found in these houses. In any case these were either Gregarach or small people, normally in sympathy with them. There should be no trouble.

Barely visible in the morning shadows, Rob saw the signal flag waving from a spit of land beyond the township. He jumped to his feet and lifted his own flag, a six foot long piece of tablecloth liberated from the fort at Inversnaid and tied to a long birch sapling.

He waved it vigorously until the other group had clearly seen him. Their duty now was to block any escape by their intended recruits.

Rob moved forward towards the first house. He left one of his men to block escape to the west, sent three to cover flight up the hillside and approached the door with the remaining two. They had been seen and the tenant stood at his door nervously. He recognised Rob. Although, clearly, this was not a stock raid, the tenant clutched nervously at the pitchfork in his hands.

"Well then, Duncan." Rob began. "It's a fine morning in it today. Have you all of your harvest home yet?"

"Aye, "Duncan MacCondochie responded. "It has been a better harvest than last year. But what is it that you are at with weapons at your side and armed men behind you. We are poor people here and have little gear that you would want. We have been good neighbours to you and yours and there is no feud between us."

Rob spoke, with more enthusiasm than he felt. "Have you not heard then, Duncan, the Prince has arrived from France and is in need of aid to regain the throne of his ancestors. He will reward any that support him with the lands and gear of his enemies. This time he will triumph. Glengyle commands a regiment in the Prince's service and it is ordered that you and your neighbours are to join with us."

"Ah, so that's the way of it." Duncan responded unhappily. His eldest son peered out of the door behind him. "We do not have all of our harvest in yet ... and the cattle are still on the hill, ... and the factor will surely evict us if his Grace the Duke should he hear of this ... and ... and my wife is not well " His protestations tailed off.

"Well, Duncan, the way of it is that you can come with us as a proud volunteer, or you can come as a pressed man. If you give your loyalty to our cause you shall not regret it, but if not, then I am commanded to take you, whatever."

"Rob," responded Duncan, angrily. "Never did I believe the day would come when my good neighbour would hold a gun to my

head and seek my approval. What does my wife tell the factor when he looks for his rents at Martinmas?"

"She can tell him that you are lurking on the hill to avoid being pressed, or any other excuse she wishes. Glengyle requires that you follow him, willingly or not. How you order your affairs is your concern. Now, come with us, we have debated over long. What weapons have you to hand?"

"There are no weapons here," Duncan declared, quickly.

"Not so," Rob replied. "You were seen taking a stag last month with a musket. If you have no broadsword or pike then a scythe blade on a shaft should suit. Bring it now or we pull your thatch down to find that which you have hidden."

Duncan looked at Rob, changing emotions in his eyes. He recognised that his choices were few. Reluctantly he turned back to the house and stooped as he entered the low door. Rob moved to a position from where he could look in and see him removing some of the smaller pieces of bog timber that had been positioned between the main roof supports to strengthen the thatch. Just above the top of the thick wall there was a gap between the inner and outer walls. Duncan reached in and pulled out a bundle wrapped in oiled cloth. He laid it down on the floor and kneeling before it unpicked the knots in the coarse fibres that bound it. As he opened the wrappings, Rob could see a battered flintlock musket, two rusting broadswords and a dirk. Duncan belted on a broadsword and tied the dirk to his belt. Briefly bidding farewell to his wife, he emerged from the house, musket in hand.

"Wait, Duncan," Rob said. "What about Seamus here? He looks fit enough to carry the other broadsword."

"In the name of all the saints, he is but a boy," Duncan cried. "You cannot take him."

"He looks well enough grown to me, sixteen or seventeen. Were you not in the company in the year that Glengyle first took me on the Watch? That was 1729 if I remember aright, when I was eighteen. I recall that you complained, the whole time of being taken

from your wife and her firstborn. In any event, you have four more to keep their mother and tend the cattle while you are away. Bring him and let him have that other broadsword."

Glengyle had been careful in selecting the men who would accompany Rob. These were among the most trustworthy of his followers, men who would follow Glengyle to the end of the world if need be. Duncan knew this well. In the conflict between his obligations to his Chief, in this case Glengyle for want of a better, and the call through the Clan Gregor blood inherited from his mother and his landlord the powerful Whig Duke of Montrose, his heart could follow Glengyle, but in his rational thoughts he feared for the safety of his family if he did. Duncan knew that the men before him were deadly serious and there might be time enough to look to his own self-interest when the opportunity arose.

"Seamus," Duncan said, "tell your mother that you are going with me and strap on that broadsword and your dirk."

Rob, clearly relieved that he had not had to use any more compulsion, clapped the older man on his back. "I am grateful to you Duncan. I well remember how I admired you when out on duty with Glengyle's Watch. I am glad that you and Seamus will be with us."

Nevertheless, Rob and his men kept close to their two recruits as they moved on to the next house in the township. Before they reached it. Alasdair Roy, one of Rob's own subtenants from Stronachlachar, came through the patch of woodland escorting two men. "These thought to go over the hill and lurk until we had left. They thought better of it when I showed them my musket."

"Well done, Alasdair," Rob responded. "They have been thoughtful enough to arm themselves before they left the house."

"Well met Iain Dubh," he said addressing the two men Alasdair had brought to him. "You were enjoying a walk this fine morning. We would be glad of your company. We had thought of a trot over to Callander to meet with some friends. Glengyle was wanting a fine tail of Gregarach behind him."

Iain Dubh and his son Ranald were well aware of the reason for Rob's expedition. Iain Dubh chose to quietly accept the position for the moment and joined Rob's party.

Onward they proceeded to the next house. Children could be heard crying. A woman's voice was raised in anger, berating her man. The door opened, and a short, untidy looking man came out. He had buckled on an old sword, and carried an even older rusty Lochaber axe. He looked at Rob, almost pleased to see him as he recognised him. "Ha, Rob, it is, and on a ploy I don't doubt..." The wife appeared at the door, her complaints drowning any further conversation.

Rob wisely, kept quiet and kept his party moving, five recruits so far, and this one Robert MacGregor, his namesake, looked more than willing to leave his hearth.

They moved on, Duncan, pointing to the next house, a run-down half-ruin, "widow Ishbel lives here with a daughter, there is nothing for you."

Finally, through a patch of woodland and over a rocky knoll they came to the last house in the township. This was a more prosperous farm with several outbuildings around it. The remainder of Rob's party surrounded the house. A furious altercation was in progress with the tenant. This man was a Buchanan who had been placed here some years before by the Duke's factor and therefore he would feel no loyalty towards Glengyle. Still, numbers were needed and in the press he could be controlled. Better to keep him with Glengyle than running away to the Duke telling tales.

"Bind him, if he will not listen to your sweet words, Calum," Rob called. "Take his two brats too. I doubt if he has a weapon in the house. Alasdair, you take a look at the thatch, in case."

"Woman, stop that caterwauling," Rob thundered, almost as surprised himself as his men were. Buchanan's wife abruptly stopped her keening.

Finally, after a fruitless search of the house and outbuildings, Rob got his party together. Three of his men formed the van of his

group, with two at the flanks and four at the tail, in between were his eight recruits. Off they marched eastwards along Loch Arclet and then southeast to Loch Chon and the next township.

Rob reflected to himself that if the other parties sent out by his father had encountered as much reluctance as he had, then the Glengyle regiment would melt away like morning dew in the sun, just as soon as the opportunity arose. Other doubts were crowding into his consciousness. Ardgartan's militia company was a poor one and bored by garrison duties and roadwork. Even so they had a lot of luck in capturing the militia so easily. The militia companies were largely drawn from the Highlands, from what the Whigs termed "loyal clans." These companies were made up of men from particular localities and officered largely by their own gentlemen. Though the officers were usually in favour of the Hanoverian government, their men were not so committed. How would professional soldiers fight? Rob could remember the stories of the '15, when the left wing of the Earl of Mar's army had swept all before it, but Argyll's only professional regiments had not only held their ground but had routed the Jacobite right. From all accounts, the Earl, known as Red John of the Battles, had mainly indifferent garrison troops and militiamen to draw on. Mar had the best of the Highland clans and leading Lowland families too. Far fewer were expected to rise this time.

He thought back to that long ago day in August 1719, when Great Uncle Rob Roy had returned from the fiasco at Glen Shiel. He remembered that Rob Roy had said the Jacobite clans and the Whig militias - Sutherlands and Munros mainly - would have been equally matched. It had been the artillery and the skill of Colonel Wightman's professional gunners that had ruined the day for King James.

James Mòr had said that though the Highlander was hard to match for fighting spirit he did not have the discipline of the regular soldier and would not stand and face artillery, nor would he submit to commands by other than his own chief. The chiefs and their pride was perhaps the greatest problem, some would not fight unless they had the place and status that their honour demanded, while others would not join an army when a rival clan was on the same side. Camp discipline, with so many proud men, was immensely difficult.

“MacPherson,” Rob thought aloud. That sergeant who had been captured with Ardgartan's militia company, the one he had duelled with. He was down at Inversnaid just now, and had expressed his willingness to join the Jacobites. He had served with *Am Freicadan Dubh* at the battle of Fontenoy. By all accounts they had done well. They had been despatched by trickery to Flanders, despite being promised that they would not be required to serve outside Scotland. Indeed there had been a mutiny, and some of the mutineers had been hanged for it. Was one of those not called MacPherson, too? Well then, I must seek him out when I return and ask him about this. Even so, it appeared that they had defeated the French onslaught in the very moment when they seemed about to secure victory over the Allied army, and had impressed every one that had seen them. Surely, though, a Highlander following his natural chief was loyal unto death; while the professional soldier had no such loyalty, only the threat of the scourge or rope to drive him on.

Late in the day, Rob's party neared the fort at Inversnaid. They had visited three more townships on their circuitous route. Despite their best efforts, more than a few men had escaped into the hills. Though some had been willing, enthusiastic indeed, to come out with Glengyle, most had been reluctant. Threats of burning and worse had had to be used to gather his company together. Although more than thirty men now followed him, Rob considered that almost half were unreliable and would desert at the first opportunity. It was clear that attitudes in the Highlands were changing. His father had told of the days, only thirty years before, when it would have been beyond belief for a man not to have come out at the command of his Chief. Well, perhaps, it was not as black and white as Father claimed. But, in the old days, the parchment lords, like Montrose, who claimed to own the land by feudal charters and lawyer's deeds, could not claim the loyalty of the people that lived on it, if they followed a chief of their own. Much of the unrest and conflict in the Highlands had originated in exactly that kind of situation. With new roads and garrisons, the landlords were gaining an advantage. When tenants would not follow their landlords, the law and military force could be called on to enforce their rights. Already Montrose had been planting tenants such as Buchanan back there. He would be sure to run, telltale, back to the factor at Drymen at the first opportunity that presented.

The shadows were long when Rob reached the fort. It was a busy scene. On a flattish area of scrub and rock, Glengyle had established an encampment. His loyal followers were camped outside, as there was insufficient room in the fort for captives and recruits. The more dubious of the new recruits were to be kept in a protected area where they could be watched. There must be well over a hundred men inside and around the fort excluding the prisoners. Rob recognised many who would follow Glengyle to the end of the earth, but others would be very doubtful. Glengyle's guards would need to be watchful of these until the regiment marched out of the district. Glengyle himself was not there. James Mör said that he had returned to Glengyle after receiving a message, but would meet them for the march tomorrow.

Chapter 12

Inversnaid to Callander - Monday September 9, 1745

Next morning the provisions from the fort were packed into sacks for the prisoners to carry and into panniers for the garrons. Half a dozen older men would remain at Inversnaid. Glengyle had decided that the fort could be useful to them, though he had originally planned to destroy it. The column of prisoners and their escort moved away from the fort. The garrison stood outside, cheering.

Glengyle set a brisk pace up the hillside. Rob and his tail of three men took up position at the rear of the column. Their route was by way of *Bealach nam Manach* and the shielings in the heights of Glen Gyle and from there on to Balquhiddy by the *Bealach nan Corp* to join up with Glencarnaig. Rob thought back twenty- six years, to that warm summer day when, as a boy, he had met Rob Roy and James Mòr on their way back from Glen Shiel.

[Cindy – You said this would be a good place for a chapter on kids. A recap?]

As the column attained the summit of the *bealach* they view of Loch Katrine opened out to the East. Glengyle halted the column. He had changed his plan. At the present pace, it was already too late to reach the Kirkton of Balquhiddy in time for the tryst with Glencarnaig. He would continue with thirty of the fastest moving and most reliable clansmen. Rob and James Mòr with seventy men and the forty-five prisoners should proceed along the North shore of Loch Katrine by way of Portnellan, then by Loch Achray and Loch Venachar to Callander. There, they should wait for Glencarnaig and Ranald from the Kirkton.

So they continued for some miles. Then there was a disturbance in the column. Several men could be seen running for the cover of a patch of birch woodland.

Rob realised they were deserters. He ordered, "Alasdair, Seamus, head them off."

Rob deployed those that he thought he could trust and kept a close watch on the militia prisoners too. It was strange though, there did not seem to be the numbers that there should have been. He began a count.

Soon Alasdair returned with his men. He had caught two of the deserters, but others had escaped. Rob ordered a count. Their forty-five prisoners were all still present but more than a dozen of their recruits had gone.

Once more the column was on the move, down the hill and across the Glen Gyle water. They rounded the back of Glen Gyle House. Mary Hamilton, Rob's mother, remained steadfastly indoors, refusing to acknowledge their presence. They continued eastward along the lochside. Among the most dependable of their band were Glengyle's own tenants. Families stood silently at the roadside watching them go, unsure if they would see their fathers, husbands and sons again.

At the head of Loch Achray, Rob called a halt. Many of the men lay down, as food was distributed, cold cooked oatmeal and water. Sustaining, but unappetising. They were at the edge of a densely wooded and boggy area. The *cuilagan* were bothersome. The tiredness, accumulated over the last four days of constant action, foraging and recruiting crept up on Rob. James Mòr nudged him. "Wake up man, there is a long way to go yet."

Onward then. Rob surveyed their party. It was one problem to keep watch on forty-five prisoners. It was another to control their own men. "Wait!" He roared. "In the name of all the saints. Where are they?"

True enough, they were diminished in numbers since they had stopped. Several had slipped away into the boggy woodland.

"Damnation!" Rob swore, "shall we count again?"

"No," replied James Mòr, "there is poor sport in that and we could lose more while we count. Let us keep moving until Callander and count them there. In any case, Glengyle only wanted a large party to gain an advantage on Glencarnaig. Whosoever had the

largest tail was to be Colonel, so he thought. It seems, though, that there is little merit in having a tail, like the newt, that can be shed so easy."

On they went, keeping up a brisk pace and not stopping again until they reached Callander, almost twenty-five miles march since the morning. Finally the party turned into the field above the little clachan where other parties had congregated.

"Well then, shall we count what we have left?" Rob said.

They sat their prisoners down, and grouped their remaining men around them. They compared the tally. Rob let out a whistle. "Glengyle will not be happy with this. We have but fifty left, apart from the prisoners. See over there, Glencarnaig has at least one hundred men."

"Aye," James Mòr responded, "and ten more of these would run if they had the opportunity. I warned Glengyle of what would come of his ploy. But see, here comes Ranald, my brother, from the Kirkton and he looks to have a bonny tail with him."

Rob and James Mòr stood in the shade of a tall Scots Pine and watched Ranald's party approach. Rob Roy was of the Glengyle family, even though, in his latter days he had settled in Balquhidder.

Ranald called out. "*Ciamar a tha*, brother, I heard that you had a regiment with you. I do not see them!"

"Well, I would say each of us had a tail as long as the other and that may have to suffice," James Mòr responded. "See too, we have our prisoners and we have reduced Inversnaid."

"Well done, brother, but is Glengyle not with you?" Ranald asked.

"No, he left us at the head of Glen Gyle with thirty men bound to meet with you in Balquhidder. If truth be told, Glengyle swept up every able bodied man from Loch Lomond-side to bring here. On the march we lost some of them. Rob and I have had the devil of a time watching out for desertion."

“Have you seen Glenbuckie? ” Rob asked, “He had promised forty men.”

“Glenbuckie arrived with us and when Arnprior met with him, he went up to Leny House. He wanted another night on feathers instead of heather. His men are encamped up at Leny and will join us again with Arnprior tomorrow.”

“What news of the Prince?” Rob asked Ranald.

“There was a messenger here from the Duke of Perth. The Prince and his army remain at Perth, where we are now expected to join them. The Duke had expected that we would join the army at Dunblane, but his command is now that we march tomorrow by Glenartna to Comrie. At Crieff he expects us to join his regiment and together we shall continue on to Perth.”

Rob and James Mòr saw to it that their men and prisoners had a place for the night. Nearby, above Leny House, they found a suitable place, which had been cut from the hillside by the action of a turbulent burn tumbling from *Creag Bheithe*. At one time this had been a small loch until the outfall had cut its way through the rock that now formed the narrow ravine-like entrance to the flat, dry area that formed the site. It was sheltered from the wind by the rising slopes around it. The burn provided water for the men and garrons. The raised beach on the escarpment above gave a clear view on which picquets were stationed to watch for escape attempts. They allocated watch duties to their most reliable men. A full moon was expected. As night fell Glengyle and his thirty men arrived. They had marched by the Kirkton of Balquhiddar, too late for the tryst. Once Glengyle had satisfied himself that Glencarnaig, Glenbuckie and Ranald were on their way, he had continued down Strathyre and the shores of Loch Lubnaig to join them.

Several kyloes were roasted over the fire in their hides. Portions of meat were distributed among them all. Arnprior had provided a barrel of small beer. They settled for the night. No further desertions troubled them.

The next morning, the 10th of September, all were quickly up and ready to move with the minimum of preparation. Glengyle had his column formed up for the march.

A messenger from the Stewarts came up. "Himself has been shot," he blurted out. "We are taking him home."

Rob was shocked at the news of Stewart of Glenbuckie's death. Jean Stewart, his new wife, was Glenbuckie's sister.

Glengyle questioned the messenger. James Mòr, Rob and Ranald stood close by. It appeared that Glenbuckie had been found in his bed with a pistol ball in his head. The pistol lay close beside the bed. Arnprior had claimed that he had committed suicide. The Stewarts accused Arnprior of murder. It had almost come to blows between them, but the suspicious Stewarts had backed off and even now they had begun their march back up Strathyre, taking turns of four to carry Glenbuckie's body home. The messenger had been commanded to inform Glengyle and then to rejoin his companions.

"What of Arnprior?" Glengyle asked. "Is he still with us?"

"The door of Leny House is bolted and his men are within, their muskets primed. He refuses to satisfy us," the Stewart messenger answered as he left.

"I doubt whether they will be back," Glengyle mused, "nor Arnprior for now. James and Rob, take some men and round up a few kyloes. If he will not join us, he can feed us instead."

"See, Rob," James Mòr said, "the promises melt like morning dew."

Rob was silent. He had not been a close friend to his good-brother, but the thought of Glenbuckie taking his own life shocked him. He thought of Jean back in Stronachlachar. Perhaps he should be back there comforting her on the death of her brother rather than marching away. He felt more sympathetic towards the men who had deserted Glengyle's standard on their march here.

Rob and James Mòr selected twenty fat kyloes from Arnprior's herd. Glengyle wrote out a receipt, in the name of the Prince and Duke of Perth, requisitioning them for their use. He handed it to the frightened herd boy to give to Arnprior.

The march began. They descended the short distance to Callander, meeting up with Glencarnaig's band. Now, Glengyle and Glencarnaig had two hundred and fifty-five men under their joint command, even if forty-five of them were prisoners from Inversnaid.

The column, slowed by the necessity to drive the cattle, took the hill road north from Callander. In the distance lay Ben Vorlich. After two hours they descended to the Ruchill river. Heading northeast now, they continued through the mist and swirling rain, beating the cattle to keep them moving at a trot.

They continued along Glen Artney, the going easier now that the rain had stopped. At noon they rested the cattle and the prisoners before crossing the River Earn at Comrie. Now they kept to the north edge of the strath.

Glengyle halted his column before they entered Crieff. Though the Duke of Perth was a staunch Jacobite, Crieff, his own town, was a great disappointment to him. In the 1715 Rising the Jacobites had looted it and burned it to the ground, with the full approval of the father of the present Duke of Perth. The strongly Whig townsfolk had refused to provide him with more than four recruits in 1715, and it appeared that the Crieff folk had not changed their attitude in thirty years. Clan Gregor and the town of Crieff were old acquaintances. More than a few unfortunates of the Clan had been hung from the town's gibbets over the years. Men of Clan Gregor were of course regular visitors, escorting some of the vast droves of kyloes that congregated in Crieff each October at the Michaelmas tryst. Though the town profited from the trade, it suffered too. Drunken drovers looted and despoiled any property that was not well guarded. Whether guilty or not, the townsfolk took summary revenge on any Highland drover who through drink or mischance could be taken at a disadvantage.

Formed into a tight fighting wedge, Glengyle, James Mòr and Rob marched behind the leading pipers. They secured the cattle and

the prisoners in the centre. Glencarnaig commanded the rearguard. They marched through the little town. Sullen townsfolk watched from their windows and the church belfry. The provost and his councilmen peered down from the upper floor of the tolbooth. The streets were deserted. The skies were leaden. The pipers continued to play “MacGregor’s Gathering.”

They continued to march beyond the little town. Glengyle finally commanded the column to halt at Connuchan near the mouth of the Sma’ Glen beside the Monzie burn. Ahead of them could be seen an encampment.

Glengyle spoke to Rob, “Take a few lads and ascertain who is stationed here. Take care.”

Rob moved forward. All his men were well armed with muskets, pistols and broadswords. They stopped a little short of the encampment as a group of men, equally bristling with weapons blocked their path.

“Rob, is it? How is it with you? Is your father, Glengyle, there?” the leader asked.

Rob recognised him almost at the same time. This was MacIain of Glencoe. He was son to the MacIain foully massacred by Campbell of Glen Lyon in 1692 at the instigation of the Earl of Stair. The murdered MacIain chief had been married to Sarah MacGregor, sister of Rob Roy, and hence the present chief was first cousin to Glengyle.

“Well met, Glencoe, what finds you here? Are you for the Prince’s army?”

It was soon established that Glencoe had sent a party of his men ahead to Perth to join the Jacobite army a few days earlier. He had followed on with this band of sixty more. They had shortly before received a message that the army would march in the morning, following the River Almond from Perth via Crieff to Dunblane. Rather than retrace their steps Glencoe had decided to camp here for the night.

“I had selected this site as defensible,” Glencoe explained. “I was about to send a few men out to find our dinner. How many have you and have you provisions for them?”

Glengyle came up to join them and greeted his cousin warmly. Though there had been occasions when his Highland watch had disputed the possession of straying Lennox cattle with the men of Glen Coe, they remained on good terms. Glengyle had not known his Aunt. She had been murdered when he was but three years old. Glencoe was a little older than Glengyle, having been saved from the massacre by his foster father when but a boy.

“Will you join us in our repast, Glencoe?” Glengyle asked. “We have beef from Arnprior who sends his compliments but asked to be excused from our journey.”

Chapter 13

Crieff - Wednesday September 11, 1745

The day dawned brightly and soon the combined force of MacGregors and MacLains were up and ready. Glengyle commanded that the remaining kyloes be slaughtered and roasted. It was a full twelve miles from Perth to this place, Connuchan by Crieff. Intelligence put the Prince's army at around three thousand and heading for Dunblane today. Only half of the army was expected to come this way. The remainder under the command of Lord George Murray had proceeded by way of his house of Tullibardine beside Auchterarder. There might not be enough meat to feed them all but the gesture would cost little. The beasts had been Arnprior's and the firewood Perth's. The animals could not reach Dunblane at the pace of the army, so would have to be abandoned if not eaten.

By nine o'clock the vanguard of the Prince's army came into sight. Glengyle and MacLain arranged their standard-bearers bearing their colours aloft. The pipers played as the cooks readied slices of beef for distribution.

The first to reach them were MacLain's own men and the advance guard of Lochiel's regiment. Then the leaders came into sight. The Duke of Perth was a tall slim figure on horseback accompanied by the Prince and his staff.

The party dismounted. Perth spoke first. "I know not whether to thank you or censure you Glengyle, Are these my cattle of which the Clan Gregor makes such liberal use?"

"Your Majesty, may I present my regiment for your service," Glengyle said, bowing to the Prince. "My swords are at your command. I have prepared a snack for the army's refreshment. My Lord of Perth need have no fear. Buchanan of Arnprior had promised his company for your cause and then refused to march, so I levied provisions from his estate for your service. However, my Lord, I did fill some butts of water from your river down yonder and took some branches from your trees."

"I thank you, Glengyle," the Prince responded. "You and your Uncle, the famous Rob Roy, were devoted adherents to my father's

cause and so, my Lord Duke tells me, was your father to that of my late grandfather.”

“How many men have you brought, Glengyle,” the Duke of Perth asked. “There seems to be a goodly crowd here.”

“You know MacIain of Glencoe, my Lord. He was waiting here at Connuchan with his company when we reached this place last night. There are two hundred and ten fighting men here under my command, together with forty-five of the Argyll militia whom I captured at Inversnaid fort and on the roads of Loch Lomond-side. May I present Robert MacGregor of Glencarnaig, my second in command, with his brothers Duncan and Evan. Here are Ronald, James Mòr and Robin Og MacGregor, sons to Rob Roy. Here is my own son Rob, although I regret my eldest son is warded in the Castle of Edinburgh.

“Very well, Glengyle,” the Prince said. We thank you for your service. As you are familiar with this country we would count it an honour if you would take over the van of the army from Lochiel. Have you any intelligence of the Whigs? Are there any forces positioned ahead of us?”

Glencarnaig came forward and indicated, pointedly, that he commanded his own company and was, for the present, keeping company with Glengyle.

Glengyle ignored this intervention when he responded to the Duke of Perth. “My Lord,” he said. “There are none who know this country better than I. I am greatly honoured by your request and will gladly take the van. There are no unfriends to our cause in arms in this area. I have been led to understand that there may be dragoons in Menteith. The Whigs are staying within doors and do not attempt, for the present, to contest our passage.”

Refreshed by Arnprior’s beef and Perth’s plentiful water, the army was soon on the march again. Glengyle and the Clan Gregor regiment led the vanguard with his and Glencarnaig’s pipers playing – in harmony for once. They joined the military road which had been constructed by General Wade’s men ten years earlier for suppression

of the Highlanders. Today it aided the march South of a Highland army.

This time the Jacobite army marched through Crieff with their pipers skirling and standards flying proudly in the wind. The town kept its doors locked and livestock hidden. The Provost still peered furtively from the top floor of the tolbooth. The Highlanders' lochaber axes made short work of the town gibbet, though not their long memories of it. The army continued its triumphant march through the town. Despite the efforts of its officers more than one house was left burning as they passed.

Onwards the army marched, as the sun passed into the west. Its light was pale through the autumn clouds. Past Muthil and Braco on to the route of Roman Agricola's road. Another civilisation that failed to subdue the Celt. They marched by the Allan Water and through Kinbuck. Behind them the column diminished noticeably in size. The Treasury and Commissary were meagre and hungry men found their food where they could.

By late afternoon the army entered Dunblane. Glengyle sent Rob ahead to the house of MacGregor-Drummond of Balhaldie. "Go you and see whether Balhaldie is at home. Let him know that the Prince is to be his guest."

Rob rapped at the door. Balhaldie himself answered, "Is the Prince here? My humble home is at his service, as I have been these many years."

When the Prince and his staff arrived, he requested that Glengyle and Glencarnaig should join them, along with Lochiel and the other Highland officers once they had disposed of their men for the night.

Glengyle as leader of the vanguard had commandeered the cathedral. The choir of the old cathedral continued to serve as the parish church. However, the great nave, unroofed by presbyterian reformers would give some shelter from the weather. He disposed of his men mainly in the church and the excess in the ruined nave. As there was plenty of space left, he invited Lochiel to join them with his 700-strong regiment. Glengyle, Glencarnaig and Lochiel made

their way back to Balhaldie's house through the dirty streets of the little town.

"Ah, Glengyle," the Duke of Perth welcomed them as they entered the sitting room. The Prince was standing by the fire. Others of the staff were respectfully stood around. Steam rose from damp clothing in the warm room. "We have a commission for you. These prisoners of yours are a damnable drag on our progress and Lochiel has even more from the garrison at Kilcumein, apprehended on their way to Inverlochy. It is apparent that they will not give their parole and we have no secure place to ward them. Balhaldie has suggested that my lord of Moray's Castle of Doune would be a suitable lodging place. However, Balhaldie has some intelligence that there are dragoons there. You have some useful men, as I am led to understand that the fort of Inversnaid was captured by you last week. I have suggested to the Prince that you should go there in the morning in order to repeat your recent successes."

Glengyle blanched. He knew the fortress of Doune well. The last cattle sale of the year took place at Doune in November. He had often looked at its massive curtain walls. "My Lord, the walls of Inversnaid were but eight feet high and poorly guarded. The fortress of Doune has walls that are thirty feet in height. Though it is nearly ruinous, if there is a guard, then I have not the wherewithal to capture such a citadel."

"Never fear, Glengyle," the Duke answered. "We have a trojan horse in its castelain. The Earl of Moray's bailiff, Edmonstoun, is sympathetic to our cause and, indeed, his daughter met with the Prince in Dunblane and swooned at his feet. When the Prince helped her up, she begged for a kiss of him. The Prince presented his hand to her but she took him, in a most forward manner for a lady, and kissed him on the lips. She has promised us that her father will assist us in taking the castle."

Glengyle agreed to the Duke's command and asked, "My Lord, I believed the army was more than three thousand. Apart from my regiment and Lochiel's, there are few others here. What has occurred to cause this delay. Has some mishap occurred with Lord George's division?"

“You are correct, Glengyle, “ the Duke answered. “Some of our regiments took their opportunity to forage when they came into the low country. The officers have been delayed in attempting to reform their regiments. Our privy purse is almost empty and the army has not been paid. Your regiment and that of Lochiel are in better order than the others at present. It is to be regretted, but some of the rearguard have not yet arrived from Crieff. We have intelligence that Lord George’s division is encamped at his house of Tullibardine. It is opportune, therefore, for your commission to capture Doune for our cause. There will be more intelligence tomorrow.”

Chapter 14
Doune Castle - Thursday, September 12th, 1745

James Mòr and Rob MacGregor lay flat on their bellies amid the whin and bracken. "*Dhia!*" Rob exclaimed, withdrawing his hand from a clump of nettles. Behind them some fifty of Glengyle's most loyal Gregarach lay in the early morning gloom, wrapped in their plaids against the chill of the autumn morning.

"Glencarnaig and Glengyle will yet be abed at Dunblane," James Mòr said, warmly, "while we are at the danger again. Balhaldie was ever the armchair plotter but I expected more of Glencarnaig and your father."

Rob grinned. James Mòr would not have it any other way. He was the lad for the danger, right enough. "How many men are in there?" he asked, motioning at the grim bulk of the fortress ahead, its great gate tower rising almost eighty feet sheer from the ground.

"Balhaldie did not know but expected no more than thirty or so, possibly invalids. He said that there had been a full troop of dragoons there last week, but he thought that they had left." James Mòr paused, then added. "For our sakes, let us hope that they have left. No matter how many there are, if they know we are here, then we are lost."

"Balhaldie said that the gate tunnel is defended by an iron yett and a second gate beyond. There is a postern gate into the kitchen block at the other end, but it is firmly closed." James Mòr paused and then continued. "There is no connection between the lord's hall above the gate and the retainer's hall beyond. Nor can the lord's hall be entered from the gate tunnel. There is a courtyard with stables where the Dragoon's horses will be. The entry to the two halls is by open stairs from the courtyard. The doors into both halls can be defended. If we are seen in the yard then we are ducks in the pond to be picked off at leisure. When through the gate make for the nearest stair to the right. That is where the officer would choose to sleep. The doors may be unlocked."

Rob said, "There are many 'maybes' in this plan."

James Mòr did not answer. He took out his glass and carefully examined the parapet walkway, straining in the faint light to identify the sentinels. "It is just a wee bit different to Inversnaid," he said.

Rob pointed to the right of the gate tower. "There is a man at the window there, just by the turret."

"That may be the barrack room in the retainer's hall," James Mòr answered. "He must be an early riser. They will not be all abed when we greet them. See, there is the sentinel, atop the wall walk. He is walking away from the tower." Rob, you take your men up through the cottages in front of the gate tower. I will try the walls over by Teith, the mortar-work looks none too firm over yonder."

James Mòr's men silently followed their leader to the left, through the reeds into the shallow waters of the Ardoch Burn, just above its confluence with the River Teith. Some of them carried lengths of hempen rope and grapple irons. There was cover beyond the burn almost as far as the wall foot at the steepest part of the old earthen motte. The tumbled remnants of a much-robbed outer wall impeded them. Twisted trees grew out of the rubble, almost up to the principal wall. Their topmost branches reached close to the wall-top. None grew close enough to assist in scaling the wall. Still, they afforded good cover from the attention of the sentinel in the poor dawn light.

Rob motioned the twenty men of Glengyle's Gregarach forward. They silently waded the burn and lined up behind the high garden wall that stood below the gate. "Calum," he whispered, "go you, with these four, by the trees over there, to the right. Iain, take the left."

They heard the sound of a door closing, followed by footsteps. "Wheesht," Rob whispered, freezing against the wall, "Someone stirs."

In front of him was a two storey, slate roofed cottage, built some fifty yards to the north of the castle gate tower. James Mòr had said that it was the house of the castle bailiff. Around it were several thatched farm buildings. Rob had only considered these as offering cover for their assault. They had rope with them to assist in scaling

the walls but if they were defended, this would be a sad day for the Gregarach before it was over.

A man stepped through of the door of the house. He stretched his arms. He took several deep breaths of the cool morning air as he stood on the step. Rob stood, no more than ten feet away, watching through a crack in the masonry of the wall. "As royal is our race," he breathed. "He has the keys."

True enough, the Earl of Moray's bailiff had preferred his own soft bed to the rigour of this grim medieval castle. It was now time to start the tasks of the day. The castle was busier today than it had been for thirty years. Indeed it had last been occupied during the '15 rising. Once this place had been a palace, a near Royal palace when Robert, Duke of Albany, younger brother of the feeble Robert III, had ruled. He had been the real power in the land, when his brother was nominal king. The Duke had built this palace with its massive curtain walls to flaunt his power.

The bailiff stepped along the path towards the castle gate, keys jangling at his belt. The sentinel had not yet returned from his walk around the wall. Rob, silently, stepped behind the bailiff. Rob's muscular left arm encircled the bailiff's throat, the dirk in his right hand at the bailiff's chest where the man could see the gleaming fourteen-inch blade. Rob's forced him to his knees. "Man, there's nae need for this," he cried. "I have been expecting ye, if ye wad just let me free."

Rob loosed his grip, keeping his dirk unsheathed and allowed the man to stand and turn around.

"Here are the keys. All I ask is that you should bind me and leave me in my ain comfortable chair whilst ye gae about your business in yonder. Here is the hemp that will bind me."

"Are you Edmonstoun?" Rob asked.

"Aye, lad, that is my name, but keep me and mine out of the ears of yonder dragoon officer or we shall pay for't hereafter."

This man was prepared to betray the castle but anxious not to have to pay the price of his treachery. In Rob's view, there was right and there was wrong; for and against. This politicking approach, aiding one side while anxious to appear loyal to the other was no way for a gentleman to behave. None too gently, Rob tied the bailiff up with his own hempen rope and left him in the chair in the house.

Rob emerged with keys in hand. He looked about. No one stirred in the early dawn, apart from his own men still lying under cover. He quietly moved the thirty feet to the gate, followed by the rest of his men. They lined up, backs to the wall as closely as they could, invisible to the sentinel unless he leaned over the wall above them. There was still no sound from the castle. Rob looked at the bulky bunch of keys. The great key had to be for the outer door. He gently turned it in the massive lock. Praise the Lord! Or more likely the bailiff, for the lock had been well greased. The gate swung open, almost silently. The iron yett beyond had been left ajar, its massive iron bar left home in its slot. Luck was with the Clan Gregor! The gateway tunnel was some forty-five feet in length, its roof was pierced by slots for the defenders above to rain death on any assailants. Pray God that they were all asleep. Almost half way along, on the right was a guardroom. Rob, crept towards it. The keys clinked. He stopped, silently cursing. He moved on with his men, one by one, following.

The guard chamber door was ajar. Rob listened intently. Nothing. No, he could hear snoring. More luck. He indicated that Alasdair Roy should check the storeroom opposite. It appeared empty. Rob edged his way into the guard chamber where a fire glowed in the corner. There was just one man in here. Rob drew his pistol, levelling it at the sleeping guard. He motioned Calum Og forward. Calum clubbed the guard with the metal butt of his pistol. The man shuddered and lay quiet again, still breathing. "Lash him up and put him in there," Rob ordered, pointing at the lock-up cell at the back of the guard-chamber.

They slipped out of the chamber and carefully edged along the wall to the solid timber gate at the other end of the tunnel. It was closed. Gregor glanced at the keys at his belt. There were six in all. "Which one," he wondered. He pushed the door. It was unlocked and the hinges greased too! More thanks to Edmonstoun!

Ever so smoothly, Rob opened open one side of the great double door. He peered in. There were some thatched buildings up against the wall opposite. Stables most like. There was a well in the centre of the courtyard. Still there was no sound. This luck could not continue. He waited. Where was that sentinel? Then he saw him, standing over by the bartizan on the southwest corner of the curtain wall. He seemed to be looking intently over the wall. Rob drew his breath. The sentinel must have spotted James Mòr, or at least had seen something suspicious. The bartizan protected the sentinel up to his shoulders from an external threat, but he was clearly exposed from where Rob stood.

Rob slipped back behind the door. "There is a sentinel over yonder. He may have seen James Mòr. Fearchar," he whispered, summoning a tall, powerfully built man. "Bring your bow."

The bow had not been used as a serious weapon of war by Highlanders for more than a century. It remained an ideal instrument for the poacher who wished to work in silence. Fearchar was an expert at his craft. He had often provided for the pot on Glengyle's travels. Now was the chance for him to strike a blow for Clan Gregor and the Prince.

Fearchar, looked through the door, he glanced around the interior behind the high curtain walls, then up at the sentinel, still standing at the bartizan. The sentinel started to straighten up. He seemed to have come to a decision. The light was strengthening. Fearchar drew his bow of Fortingall yew, notched the arrow and let fly. "Sweesh" the arrow winged its way across the diagonal of the courtyard, some hundred and forty feet horizontally and sixty feet vertically. The sentinel had turned and was about to pick his way over the drainage channels on the wall top to where James Mòr must have been hiding below the wall. The arrow took him in the throat. The force of its impact, turned him and pushed him outwards. He disappeared over the time-worn crenelations of the wall top. There was no sound of his fall. He must have landed in the long grass and scrub at the base.

"That will stir James Mòr," Rob said to Calum Og. "Go tell him the door is open."

He turned to Fearchar. "Well shot. All is now clear."

Rob made his way along the side of the outer stair to the tower. There was an iron gate. The massive padlock hanging loosely, uselessly open. Rob detailed some of his men, including Fearchar to remain here against the wall in case there were servants or soldiers in the ramshackle huts and stables on the opposite wall. There was no point in crossing the courtyard yet in case they were seen from the upper windows.

James Mòr arrived with his men. Rob greeted him, silently, exultantly. James Mòr indicated that the next step was now up to Rob. Rob motioned James Mòr to take the farther stone staircase into the retainer's hall while his own men would take the nearer stair into the lord's hall. Fearchar was warned to guard the entrances to the undercrofts, between the stairs. They appeared unoccupied. Two others were sent back to secure the outer gate.

Still there were no sounds from the garrison. A curl of smoke showed from atop the kitchen tower. Someone was awake.

Rob climbed the outside staircase to the door to the lord's hall closely followed by his men. The door to the lord's hall was locked. Curse it. Rob checked the keys at his side. He tried one, a second, the third fitted. The door creaked as it opened. An omen? He looked over to where James Mòr and his men were entering the door to the retainer's hall.

Rob's Gregarach filed in. There was a short passageway. The sound of men breathing steadily could be heard beyond. Rob looked into the room. It was a large, barrel vaulted hall. The walls were of hewn stone. There were signs of ancient splendour, though badly decayed. Twenty or more men slept on the floor. Muskets were neatly stacked near where Rob stood. Nobody stirred.

Rob motioned his men forward. They drew their pistols, covering their enemies. At Rob's signal they kicked the sleeping men into life. Most were too surprised to resist. Only one attempted to cry a warning, but he was quickly clubbed into silence. There was a

muffled pistol shot. Rob looked at Calum. "That was James Mòr in the retainer's hall." Surprise was over.

Rob ordered that the prisoners should be taken down the stair and guarded in the undercroft vault below.

He and Calum rushed across the hall to the stair way opposite. The door was open. He took the steps two at a time. At the top was another door. It was closed. He stepped back and kicked. It flew open and crashed against the wall inside. Rob ran in. A man, naked, tumbled out of the bed, grasping for his sword and dragging the bedcover onto the floor. His companion of the night was on the bed. She clutched her ample dark-tipped breasts and drew in her long legs beneath her. She screamed. Rob raised his broadsword and the man attempted to parry. He cried out as Rob's sword, on the down-stroke cut through the flesh into the bone of his sword arm. The sword dropped with a clatter. He collapsed on the floor, sobbing. Rob picked up the sword and handed it to Calum. He lifted up the bedcover, giving it to the terrified woman cowering on the bed. "Your servant, madam."

Rob and Calum continued up the stair. Other Gregarach followed. They came to a narrow curving passageway. On the right was another chamber. It was empty. Ahead of them was the upper hall.

Here was another great room, larger than that downstairs. Rob feared if the garrison turned out to be larger than Balhaldie had indicated, their stupendous luck would run out here.

There were just six men in the room. They had been awakened. "By gad sir, we are invaded," a tall man shouted. He was in early middle age. His paunch shook. He was bald. He would have presented a distinguished appearance if he had had time to dress. Instead he looked ridiculous. He grabbed his sword. He must have been conscious that it was his only attire. Several women rushed to the oratory recessed into the far wall and curtained off as a dressing room. Rob had a sight of quivering well-rounded buttocks as they disappeared behind the curtain.

There were straw mattresses and coverlets on the floor. The tall man rushed at Rob but fell headlong before him with his feet entangled in a cover. Rob dunted him on the head with his sword hilt. Eight Gregarach pistols covered the other men in the room. The dragoon officers flung down their weapons. "On the floor!" Rob ordered. "Calum, check the recess!"

Calum rushed across to the oratory recess, tearing the curtain down. There were screams. One of the women had a pistol in her hand. A shot rang out. The ball ricocheted off the wall and through the window. She dropped the pistol as the flat of Calum's broadsword stung her hand.

"Find your clothes and dress. We do not make war on women" Rob said.

Rob looked round. He motioned to his men. He sent four to the upper floor and tower top and from there onto the crenelated wall-top. One man was found cowering in the privy chamber. He was no threat. There were no others.

The Gregarach collected up the weapons and herded the prisoners down the spiral staircase. The task was almost complete. *What luck!* thought Rob, *If only Rob Roy had been alive to see this.*

Rob made his way downstairs. He met the woman whom he had so rudely awakened a little time before. She was decently dressed now. "Madam," Rob bowed slightly to her. "Forgive my unseemly intrusion. How is your paramour?"

"Him?" she answered, "well enough, forsooth, he deserves no better. He claims to be an accomplished swordsman. I had never seen him fight before. You are the better man by far."

Rob flushed, "His name, madam? And yours?"

"He is Captain Edward Mannering of Gardiner's dragoons. I am Helen Forsyth from Edinburgh. My husband was a merchant and a burgess. He bored me. The gallant Captain was charming and exciting. Now I have no home. I have no protector. I seem to be in the hands of wild Highlanders. Pray, sir, who are you?"

"Robert MacGregor of Stronachlachar, second son of Gregor MacGregor of Glen Gyle," Rob responded.

They crossed the lower of the halls in the lord's tower as they spoke. Two of Rob's men were stationed here. One soldier lay on the floor still groaning. Rob asked Helen about the remainder of the dragoons who had been here.

"There were more than a hundred here until yesterday. They went, I believe, to defend the Fords of Frew against the Rebels. Your pardon, sir," she flushed. "I meant to say, Prince Charles's army."

"Granted, Mistress Forsyth," Rob responded.

Helen continued. "Captain Mannering remained with a lieutenant and six of his dragoons. The others are of the local militia. It suited the Captain's comfort to remain here. His reason was that he had divided his troop into three parts and he required a secure base to command them. Really, he preferred the bed here with me. He told me that he had no desire to sleep in the mud for the sake of ill-disciplined cattle thieves and robbers." After a pause she asked, "Pray sir, how did you enter. This fort was proof against any siege that the Highlanders could mount, or so said the Captain."

"Oh, we just let ourselves in," Rob responded, jingling the heavy ring at his belt.

Helen looked surprised for a moment, "Of course, Edward threw the bailiff out because he had the only comfortable bed in the place. He has a perfectly good house outside the walls but the Earl of Moray had commanded him to remain in the castle during the present disturbance. He did try to argue with Edward, but got short shrift, so he went back to his own house. I do not think that Edward realized that the bailiff had taken the keys with him."

By now they were standing in the courtyard. Fearchar had found four stable attendants, but they had no desire to fight. Indeed one seemed quite willing to join the Prince's army. James Mòr came down the other staircase.

"Well then, Rob," he exclaimed, clapping him on the back. "You have a fine achievement. You just walked through the door, left me to deal with the kitchen scullions and found yourself a beautiful lady, to boot."

Rob flushed. "Yes, I had a lot of luck."

He began to stammer a little, something he had not done in years. The reaction to the furious action, now over, made his knees tremble. He drew himself up. Took a deep breath. "Yes, it went well," he said, with assurance again. "How were the scullions?"

James Mòr appeared not to notice his temporary weakness. "The great hall was empty, but we found the cook and four servants in the kitchen. They had no fight in them at all. There are two chambers above. We found two clerks in the lower. They had no stomach for our steel. Above was a dragoon lieutenant. He was roused by the commotion and came at me as I entered. He had the advantage, so Calum Dubh shot him dead."

"So," Rob said, "we have killed two of the garrison, left three with headaches and one with a cut arm. The remainder are confined in the vault there. Have we any losses? I saw none."

It appeared that there had been none. Rob ordered two of his men to secure the bailiff's house outside. Others were instructed to inventory the provisions, military supplies and horses that had been captured. Rob sat in the lord's upper hall and wrote a message to the Prince's army headquarters in Dunblane. His father and Glencarnaig, who were spending the night at Balhaldie's house guarding the Prince, would be well pleased with this day's work.

"Alasdair, take you this to Balhaldie's house in Dunblane and deliver it to Glengyle. Then return here with his commands," Rob instructed then he disposed of his remaining men. "Calum and Iain, take you the officers and imprison them in the vault below. Place a guard on them. Fearchar and Domhnall, lock the militia men in the upper hall."

James Mòr entered the room. "There are some fine wines in the cellar. These dragoons know how to look after themselves. Will you join me in celebrating the Prince's health, Rob?"

Later, about noon, the Army staff arrived from Dunblane, led by Glengyle, Glencarnaig and Lochiel, escorting the Prince on horseback. Behind them, well guarded, came Glengyle's prisoners from Inversnaid and the officers from Kilcumein that Lochiel and Glengarry had captured almost a month earlier.

"Well done, Glengyle," the Prince said, looking at the soaring ramparts, which despite the weeds growing out of the cracked masonry still looked daunting. "You should be proud of your son, even if Miss Edmonstoun had prevailed over her father on our behalf."

The prisoners were herded through the pend and into the courtyard of the grim fortress. Rob and James Mòr disposed of them into the more secure chambers. A guard of twenty-five, mostly older men, was detached to remain here as garrison.

"Now then, Rob" Glengyle said, "we have more work for thee. Detachments have been sent down to Stirling to reconnoitre the bridge, which we believe to have been cut, and then to try to pass the River Forth. There are sloops of war stationed at Alloa and they may intend to oppose our crossing. The Prince wishes our doughty clan to pass by Thornhill to the Fords of Frew. Though it is conceived that the dragoons may wish to contest the crossing, you and James Mòr are to try their resolve."

So it was that in the mid-afternoon, Rob and James Mòr were on the road once again. They crossed the Teith by the bridge of Doune and quickly covered the four miles through the dry and fertile farmlands to Thornhill. From the edge of the escarpment, they looked over the watery wastes of the carse of the meandering Forth. Open sheets of water, interspersed with copses of oak and hazel, stretched upstream as far as they could see. Three miles south of their position, the flatlands ended at Kippen. Beyond rose the Fintry and Gargunnock hills. Nine miles to the southeast stood the formidable ramparts of Stirling Castle on its sheer rock. Beyond it

lay the tree covered mound of the Abbey Craig, masking the hill of Dumyat beyond.

Through the wetlands they splashed, keeping to the known route towards the Fords. On the occasional patches of drier ground they were able to identify the marks of heavy cavalry horses. The copses of oak, rowan, alder and willows on these drier islands were interspersed with dense reed beds in standing water. Rob led the column, well dispersed and wary of surprise. Their powder was dry, though their plaids were not. Broadswords and dirks held easy in their scabbards.

At last they reached Frew. The water moved sluggishly over the broad shallow ford. Its gravel bed provided reasonably firm footing for a crossing here. Elsewhere the bog and treacherous swamps were capable of swallowing an army. Rob disposed of his men among the alders and willows whose branches hung down, leaves trailing in the water. Across the stream they observed the dragoons. There was a full squadron, at least. Their horses tethered in a line beyond. Several colourfully dressed officers stood by idly. Their men laboured, some of them knee deep in the water. Among the trees, woodsmen toiled. A considerable number of labourers manhandled roughly dressed timbers on the embankment. A tall oak crashed to the ground on the dry, rising ground beyond the ford. The axeman moved along it, severing its branches.

“What are they doing?” Rob asked of James Mòr.

“If I am not mistaken, I believe they are manufacturing wooden calthrops to deny us passage of the ford. They join sharpened stakes together in order that, however they are thrown down, a point is uppermost. They are the devil for mounted horsemen to pass. They slow dismounted men so that they can be picked off by musketry. Beyond the horse lines they are building a barricade as a firing position. Protected behind it they could hold off many times their number. We should thank the Lord that they are not yet prepared for us. It is my opinion that a good volley of musketry just now might give these such a fright that they would run. At this range we would hit some of them. Aim for the dragoons. We do not wish to harm their labourers.”

Quickly but quietly Rob gave the command along the line. When all was ready, he fired his piece as the signal. At once a volley crashed out and, momentarily, their vision was obscured by dense smoke. As it cleared, it was apparent that James Mòr had been correct in his opinion. The labourers were running in all directions. The dragoons were mounting their horses and soon furiously galloping away towards Stirling. A few lay still. A single horse flailed its legs. In a short time the scene had been transformed. The powder smoke blew away. The waters ran quietly. The horse died.

Pausing only to detail a messenger to return to Doune with the news of their latest success, Rob and James Mòr sent their men into the water to clear the obstacles.

“Take care, Rob,” James Mòr called out. “They have sown metal crowtoes in the water. They, too, will have to be cleared.”

The crowtoes were metal versions of the large, wooden calthrops. Much smaller but designed to tear the feet of unwary horses and men. Fortunately, the dragoons had concentrated on the larger wooden obstacles and had positioned very few of the crowtoes in the water. Most were ashore, still in their boxes. The heavy calthrops took three or four men to manhandle into the deeper water downstream of the ford. They probed carefully looking for other obstacles. Making use of the timbers and ropes so thoughtfully provided by the dragoons, they erected guide rails to assist the army in its crossing. Other logs they placed in the mire leading up to the ford to ease the passage of the army carts.

After some time their messenger returned. The Prince sent his warm congratulations and advised them that the army would cross tomorrow. It was the Prince’s pleasure that they should remain there that night in order to guard the crossing in case the dragoons should return.

Chapter 15

The Fords of Frew - Friday September 13th, 1745

Rob and James Mòr stood with their party and cheered the remainder of the Clan Gregor regiment as it splashed its way through the ford. Close behind came Lochiel's Camerons. The Prince and his staff were some way behind. The Highland army, now numbering three thousand five hundred, had crossed the barrier of the Forth into Southern Scotland. Only Colonel Gardiner's dragoons barred the way to Edinburgh.

Rob fretted. They had been standing here at Frew for hours. It was already late afternoon. The army had been well dispersed along the road from Dunblane to Doune. Some had just arrived at Doune when commanded to continue on to Frew. Provisions and money were short. Hungry men looking for food did not march well. There had been time enough for the dragoons to recover from their fright. Time to find a new position to defend against their progress.

Twenty-five of the Clan Gregor regiment had been left as garrison of Doune Castle with their prisoners. There were now one hundred and eighty-five men under Glengyle and Glencarnaig. Stewart of Ardshiel with seventy men had been detailed to join them.

The signal was given to continue the march. Once again Clan Gregor had the vanguard. Lochiel's Camerons followed. Soon the sheer face of the castle of Stirling lay before them though out of cannon range. They now lay at the house of Seton of Touch, two miles west of the castle. Rob looked back. The army was much strung out behind them. A man approached, clearly a gentleman from his clothing. He introduced himself, "I am Seton of Touch. May I ask of whom I have the pleasure?"

Glengyle answered, bowing briefly. "Gregor MacGregor of Glengyle at your service, by the authority of His Majesty, King James and Charles, the Prince Regent. This is my cousin, Robert of Glencarnaig. Here is my good friend Cameron of Lochiel."

"Well, gentlemen, it is my pleasure to offer the hospitality of my little estate. Though I would ask the small favour of your protection from thieves who would take my breeding stock from off

the hill. I would not suggest that your soldiers would behave so, but armies often carry those of less repute in their wake. There is a meadow before the house where your regiments would be welcome to encamp this night.”

A messenger had arrived from the army command. The Prince had decided to spend the night at Leckie House, barely a mile from the Fords of Frew. Glengyle and Lochiel were requested to remain where they were until the army could be formed up for the advance in the morning. Glengyle and Lochiel indicated that they would both be pleased to accept of the hospitality that Touch was prepared to offer.

The morning of September 14th arrived. A clear bright day presaged. The Clan Gregor and Clan Cameron had dined well on the hospitality of the Touch estate. Glengyle, Lochiel and their officers were taking their leave of Touch and his lady. Rob heard the sound of a musket shot from the woodlands behind the house.

Before Rob could speak, the laird of Touch flared. “I would remind you gentlemen that you gave your word that your men would not commit depredations on my young stock if I entertained you and yours. I fear that your men are indulging in that very activity. My wife thought more of your honour, though I warned her of what would happen.” Seton was clearly angry and not afraid to express his anger, despite facing almost a thousand of the Highland army.

“I would warrant that it was not a MacGregor. I shall tell you the Camerons are shooting sheep upon the hill,” Glengyle exclaimed.

“And I, God forbid that a Cameron would offend his chief’s command so, it is a MacGregor,” Lochiel answered.

“I shall lay forfeit one hundred guineas that it is not the MacGregors,” Glengyle responded.

“Well then,” Lochiel answered, “if it is a Cameron, I shall shoot him and forfeit one hundred guineas to you.”

“And I shall shoot him if a MacGregor and pay one hundred guineas to you,” Glengyle answered. “Come Rob, James and Ranald for witnesses.”

With that the officers of both regiments strode up through the trees behind Seton house. The irate laird followed them. They cleared the shelter of the trees and nearby on the open moor rising to the Touch hills, they saw a man dressed in Cameron tartan with a sheep on his back. Lochiel raised his musket and fired. The man dropped, injured in the shoulder.

“Hang him from that tree,” Lochiel ordered. “Come Glengyle, we shall proceed further. I’ll warrant there’ll be a MacGregor at the same game.”

Though they marched to the summit with its breathtaking view westwards across the carse of the Forth to Ben Lomond and eastwards, past Stirling to the Castle Rock of Edinburgh and the wide Firth of Forth. They found no more poachers.

“You have the advantage of me, Glengyle. Will you accept my signature for the wager?” Lochiel said grimly.

“I value your friendship above your money, Lochiel,” Glengyle answered. “You have killed the man who impugned your honour. Let us forget the wager and remain as firm allies in our expedition.”

They shook hands on the matter and proceeded down hill to Seton House. The rest of the army had come up to their overnight camp. Lochiel detailed a company to remain behind until the army had passed in order to protect the property of Seton of Touch from further depredation. Once more Lochiel and Glengyle took the van as the army proceeded on its way.

The Prince ordered his small cavalry force to go ahead in order to reconnoitre the road to Edinburgh. The foot continued by Cambusbarron and close to Stirling Castle. The Prince and his staff accompanied the leaders of the vanguard. The Prince, clad in Highland dress was on foot. His mounted staff followed a little distance behind, leading the Prince’s own mount.

Rob looked up at the towering ramparts of Stirling castle surmounting the sheer rock. The windows glittered. The Hanoverian standards billowed in the wind. He could see heads looking down from the embrasures of the wall. A puff of smoke appeared. Before he heard the sound of the discharge there was a crash, as if thunder. The ball landed a little short of the column, throwing up earth and stones, some of which showered Rob. Behind, a staff-officer's horse bolted. Rob and his kinsmen watched in amusement as the officer came within an ace of being thrown, before recovering control of his mount.

Another cannonball raised a cloud of dust. Rob looked back. The ball had fallen almost in the same spot but a little shorter than before. By now the front of the Cameron regiment was passing the aiming point. A third passed directly overhead and hit a tree beyond the column. Rob listened for the next shot, but heard no more. He said to James Mòr "we must be out of range."

"That must be the most powerful cannon they have. Perhaps the gunner overcharged the last discharge to increase the range. If he has not fired again he may have burst the barrel." James Mòr answered.

The mounted detachment returned, reporting that Gardiner's and Hamilton's squadrons of dragoons had positioned themselves across the line of the army's march at Bannockburn. The column halted. Staff officers rode backwards and forwards, commanding the army to form into line of battle formation. There was much confusion.

James Mòr said "There will be bruised pride unless Lord George puts Glengarry and the rest of Clan Donald on the right. O'Sullivan is giving Ardshiel's regiment the place of honour."

Time passed. Finally, the army was ready. The Clan Gregor had been positioned in the centre of the first line. The Prince and his staff were nearby. Glengyle ordered Rob to be his liaison officer with the army command.

The slow advance continued up the hill on either side of the old road. There was no sign of the dragoons. The army halted again and the horse detachment sent out once more to reconnoitre.

More time passed. The afternoon drew on before the cavalry returned. With them came several gentlemen on horseback.

“Your Highness,” Rob heard the leading gentleman report. “I am Sir Hugh Patterson of Bannockburn. The dragoons have retreated. We believe that they have run to Falkirk. I would count it a great honour if you would consent to visit my house this day.”

The Prince agreed and mounting his horse trotted off with the rest of the staff after Patterson. Glengyle was ordered to detach some of his most handsome men to mount guard around Bannockburn House. He delegated the duty to Rob, suggesting that he should catch up later. Rob fretted. They should have reached Edinburgh by now.

The rest of the army, apart from the vanguard, was commanded to forage for their provisions. Due to the risk of their being overwhelmed by dragoons, no party should number less than a full company and they should carry sufficient firearms to ensure defence. Their depredations should be restricted to the lands of the enemies of the Prince. In order to control private looting, the example of the executed Cameron and several others were advertised among the regiments. The staff appointed quartermasters to accompany the forage parties. Receipts in the name of King James were to be given for all livestock or grain than the foragers requisitioned. Lochiel and Glengyle were commanded to continue with the vanguard on to Falkirk.

After attending to the disposition of the guard detachment, Rob was summoned to Sir Hugh’s house. He was ushered into the salon. “Sir Hugh, “ the Prince said, taking hold of Rob’s arm, “may I present the brave man, who with a few of his friends, captured two defended fortresses and drove off the dragoons at Frew.”

Rob blushed with embarrassment. He felt like a nine year old again, not thirty-five! He demurred, “‘Twas little enough. There were but a handful asleep at Inversnaid and the bailiff Edmonstoun presented us with the keys of Doune.”

He looked around the room. A woman gazed directly at him. He met her gaze, briefly, then let his eyes drop in confusion. What a beauty. She raised her fan, hiding her lower face. Still her eyes observed him. As he left, he asked an attendant for the name of the lady. "Clementina Walkinshaw, Sir Hugh's niece," he was informed.

Rob was glad to be out in the open air again. The afternoon was wet but mild. The clansmen who guarded Sir Hugh's mansion stood under the trees. They had arranged their plaids over both shoulders as shelter against the rain. Rob left instructions that they should make their best speed to meet up with the rest of the clan when the Prince and the staff left Sir Hugh's house.

Rob took a horse. Within an hour, as the sun slowly dropped in the west, he had covered the ten miles to Falkirk where the vanguard now lay. "What news? He asked his father as he dismounted.

"The dragoons continue to posture and threaten." Glengyle answered. "Lord George ordered Lochiel's and our regiment to bring them to battle, but they run whenever we come within musket range. Now they are hiding in Falkirk village. Glencarnaig went in but has not reported back to me. I want you to find him. Lord George has commanded that I remain here to wait for more of the army to arrive."

Rob soon came up with Evan, Glencarnaig's brother. He and his men were searching the town. Every house had to be checked for an ambushade by the dragoons.

A man, dressed in the bloody apron of a flesher, came out on to the deserted street. He waved them to a halt. He spoke in Gaelic. "It is long since I saw the colours of Clan Gregor. I am one of your own, though I cannot proclaim my ancestors here in the low country. I would inform you, though terrible for my family would be the consequence if this be known, that there are arms stored in a magazine at the House of Callendar over yonder. They were delivered three days ago for the town guard. The dragoons left the town as you entered upon it. I would warrant they have all departed"

Evan thanked the man and ordered that they should investigate his news.

Rob accompanied Evan's men as they hastened up to the House. It appeared deserted. Rob went around to the rear. "Evan," he called. "There is a coach-house, the door lies open and there are carriages within."

Behind the carriages under canvas covers lay the reported arms. The inventory amounted to fifty new muskets with ample ball and powder and twenty broadswords besides. Evan ordered his men to load the weapons into one of the carriages. Another canvas-covered mound lay at the very rear of the coach house. Rob pulled away the coverings. "Robin," he called out to Robin Oig, youngest son of Rob Roy, "you have served in Flanders, what is this gun?"

Robin Oig came over to examine the find. "This is a light cannon. I believe it is called a falconet. It is old but cast in brass and does not rust. It fires a one-pound ball about 800 paces. The calibre is too small to do much damage with round shot but it could be used to fire grape shot against infantry. It would be light enough for us to take with us. This is only the barrel. Is there a limber for it?"

"Hark at the military man," Robin's elder brother Ranald joked. "What is a limber and how shall we know when we find one?"

"A limber is simply a gun carriage. It may appear to be just two wheels with an axle. No coachwork above and a shaft with a yoke for the horse," Robin answered.

Evan pointed out that such a carriage lay on the far side of the coach-house. It took only a little time to push the limber over to the barrel.

Ranald tried to lift the gun. "Robin, I thought you said this was light! I cannot lift it. Come here and assist."

The barrel was around 45 inches in length and weighed about four hundred pounds. Four men were needed to lift it onto the limber. Robin Oig fastened the shackles and bolts which secured the barrel to the limber. Rob brought in a horse. Quickly the traces were

secured and the horse was persuaded to drag the gun out into the open courtyard.

“We have a gun, but there is no ammunition.” Robin Oig said.

“Not so,” Evan announced. “Here are boxes of iron balls.

Robin oig examined them. “Yes, these are two inch calibre solid shot. Each one weighs one pound. They will be suitable for our falconet. Also we have four barrels of new corned powder suitable for charging our Royal artillery piece. It is a pity there does not appear to be any canister shot.”

Evan detailed several men to drive the commandeered coaches and the gun limber. They made their way from the house to rejoin the army as it prepared to leave Falkirk.

Still Gardiner and Hamilton would not stand and fight. However, the near presence of the dragoons prevented foraging except in considerable force. The little army had to remain in formation and ready to fight at a moment's notice. The speed of the advance was thus reduced. With every step, they moved farther from the refuge of the hills. The sun was near to setting when a mounted scout reported that Gardiner's regiment were at Linlithgow some eight miles ahead.

That night Rob and the rest of the regiment encamped in the fields around Callendar House. The Prince and his staff arrived after sunset and were spending the night in the house. Food was still short, though the Commissariat had requisitioned provisions from the town.

Rob dozed, his plaid gathered about him, his bed an armful of freshly fallen autumn leaves. This was little different from the hardihood of droving life. He dreamed of Jean back in Stronachlachar. It was strange how her face and that of Clementina Walkinshaw seemed to coalesce. Jean dressed as Clementina in a low gown just covering her lily-white bosom. Or Clementina dressed in Jean's homespun dress. An arm shook him from his dreams.

“Come, Rob, raise your men. We have business,” his father said.

Rob opened his eyes. The stars glimmered overhead. The waning moon bathed the grass in its pale light. The thinning autumn canopies of the trees cast weird shadows where the moonlight penetrated.

“What is it? Is Gardiner upon us?” queried Rob, leaping up and donning his plaid. The cold of the ground had penetrated his muscles. He shook himself and slapped his palms against his thighs. Quickly he threw on his sword belt and adjusted the brace of pistols at his side.

“No, but we can be upon Gardiner if we make speed. Lord George has commanded ourselves and Lochiel with Glengarry to make all haste in silence to Linlithgow, to put an end to his devices.”

So it was that at two in the morning, the advance guard of the army trotted at a brisk pace in the darkness. The high road from Stirling to Edinburgh, though potholed and miry was well defined and easy to follow even in the darkness. At the expense of more than one bruised ankle, it was long before dawn that the Palace of Linlithgow was surrounded on all sides. Glengyle had been commanded to investigate the partly ruinous Palace that showed the sad signs of a century and a half of neglect, since its royal residents departed for the south. Before the entrance, were recent signs of many horses. The double gates stood ajar. Cautiously advancing, Rob noted that there now appeared to be little sign of occupation. They entered the courtyard. The skies were beginning to lighten. Still there was nothing. Dragoons had been here but now they were gone. They lit torches and examined the interior. Nothing could be found, except half eaten food on the tables and discarded equipment here and there. There had been a hasty evacuation but the food and horse manure was cold. The dragoons had been gone for at least an hour.

Leaving his regiment at the Palace, Glengyle reported back to Lord George with the rest of the vanguard. They had enjoyed no more success. Lord George ordered them to rest and wait for the remainder of the army.

Chapter 16

Linlithgow to Kirkliston - Sunday 15th September, 1745

Rob took the opportunity to sleep in Linlithgow palace. A dragoon's paliasse filled with straw, seemed more attractive than the mud of the courtyard. He wakened on Sunday morning, scratching. The dragoon had left behind more than his paliasse; his fleas were in it. Rob emerged into the daylight. He heard the Clan Donald pipers in the distance as the army approached the town. The sun was up. He had slept for several hours, but these unwelcome lodgers would have to go. He was not alone. Verminous scum these troopers must be. Fully clothed Rob waded into Linlithgow loch. Slowly he immersed himself holding a piece of woollen fabric in his hand. He allowed plenty of time for the fleas to move away from the rising water. When his eyes and mouth were just clear of the water he lowered his right arm and the plaid, giving time for the insects to jump onto the rag. At last he let go of it and wriggled free of the plaid. Dragging the sodden garment behind him, he left the water. A convenient wall sufficed to beat the material. He wrung out his linen shirt and pulled it on. He squeezed as much water out of the plaid as he could, gathered it around his waist and tied his belt. Dripping water, he sprinted up the hillside to drive the chill out of his bones. Fleas were a dreadful pest! For this reason, clansmen usually preferred sleeping in the open to the doubtful pleasures of lodging houses.

“Come, Rob,” Evan called to him, as he armed himself.
“Bring some of your lads, there are weapons at Borrowstounness, so I am told.”

Quickly they got together a band of a hundred or so of Clan Gregor and assorted Clan Donald men. It appeared that there was a magazine at Kinneil House, outside the little port of Borrowstounness.

The house was deserted when they reached it. The occupants had fled. The search did not require much time. They found one hundred stand of muskets in the house and army issue broadswords as well. They commandeered carts from the village and loaded the weapons with several barrels of powder to return to Linlithgow.

By now the Prince had come up and his staff had taken over the palace. Bonfires burned in the courtyard, piled high with some of the rubbish left by the dragoons. The Prince ordered that the bulk of the army should remain outwith the town. As it was Sunday he ordered that the Church bells rung and the minister commanded to conduct service for the town in the usual manner. However, though the congregation attended, the minister himself had fled.

Glengyle ordered a parade of the regiment. Although Captain Evan and Rob had been successful in obtaining militia ordnance, the Commissariat requisitioned most of it for the other regiments. The Clan Gregor regiment was among the better equipped in the army, thanks to Inversnaid and their other ventures, but not every one was properly armed. Some had old, unserviceable muskets, others carried pitchforks and scythes on poles as makeshift pikes. Apart from the older men left at Doune, most of the men who had mustered at Callander a week earlier, still remained with them. Since leaving the Highlands there had been few incentives to desert.

In the evening, camp was pitched between Winchburgh and Kirkliston. The Prince slept in a farmhouse that night. The army took up battle positions, ready to face the dragoons in the morning. They slept where they lay.

Chapter 17

Kirkliston to Corstorphine - Monday 16th September, 1745

Rob rose before dawn. He took his place in Glengyle's regiment. Lord George had commanded them to stand in lines with columns six deep. Clan Donald were stationed on their right. Ardshiels's Stewarts and Lochiel's men stood in battle array on the left. Together the army advanced in order, ready to receive the charge of the dragoons. None came. For several hours they slowly advanced through the fields and parklands of Kirkliston. Finally they halted at Mr. Horn's house of Todshall. For several hours they waited, in line of battle. The Prince's small cavalry division searched the countryside for the dragoon regiments that had been observed that morning. They were nowhere to be found. The Prince sent a messenger to the magistrates of Edinburgh, requesting that they surrender the town peacefully to avoid a violent assault.

At about noon the command to advance came once more. The cavalry scouts returned with the news that the dragoons were now at Colt Bridge. Onward the army marched. The need to maintain battle formation slowed them to a crawl. At two in the afternoon they halted again at Corstorphine village.

From his place in the front line, Rob could see the two Hanoverian dragoon regiments standing ahead in a single line of battle. The Prince's mounted troop cantered forward, from either side of the line, towards the enemy. The two wings came together and halted two hundred paces ahead and some 100 paces from the enemy line.

"Our cavalry are greatly outnumbered," Glengyle instructed his regiment. "I expect they intend to provoke the dragoons into attacking and to retreat before them. When the dragoons charge we should be prepared to give fire. Wait until they are no more than 50 paces and aim at the horses. Then fire your pistols. Stay in line. Use the dirk on your man when he goes down. Watch that you do not fire on our own horsemen."

Before Rob could speak there was a deafening thunder of gunfire from the Jacobite horse. The cavalry line disappeared in smoke. As it cleared Rob was surprised to see the Jacobite cavalry

had maintained their position. Some horses were moving nervously as their riders brought them under control. Most continued to stand in close line facing their front as before. Rob could not see past them but heard cheering from the Clan Donald regiment which outflanked the line of horsemen on the right. The cheering spread along the line. The dragoons had run! Two or three horses lay dead, several others cantered, riderless towards the south.

After the tension of impending battle came the anticlimactic order to form column of march. Once more Clan Gregor and Ardshiel led the van. Lochiel's regiment followed close behind. They halted in the late afternoon at Gray's Mill on the Boroughmuir. Not far ahead were the city walls of Edinburgh.

Rob, James Mòr and Evan MacGregor had entered a house in the suburb of Pleasance to the south-west of the city. The building stood five stories tall, overlooking its neighbours. From the top-most windows they could observe most of the city that lay to the south of the ridge that formed the High street.

"What is that large building just inside the west wall?" Rob asked.

"That is the College and beside it is the Potter-row port." James Mòr answered. "The houses of the Potter-row suburb surround the gate, but the street within has a high wall on each side. It is narrow and easy to block. On this side of the College lies the Infirmary and the High School."

Directly beyond the College from their vantage point stood the towering mass of Edinburgh castle on its black rock. They could see threatening black muzzles of cannon protruding from the castle's embrasures and bastions. The Union flag flew from its flagstaff.

"Could we not scale these walls below us?" Rob asked.

"That is a possibility," James Mòr answered. "They are nothing compared to the walls of Doune Castle.

"Aye," Evan interjected. "You did not scale the walls of Doune. Instead you walked through the front door! Most of these

walls exceed the height of Inversnaid and there the guard was sleeping. Here you have a city awake and ready for you.”

“Not so,” James Mòr answered. “The town of Edinburgh is not strongly fortified. Look, that valley, over there beyond the High School, is the Cowgate and Grass market. Look farther to the tall buildings along the ridge. That is the High Street and to the east, over there, it continues as the Canongait down to the Palace. Each of the principal building on the High street and Cowgate frontages have long narrow tenement strip behind them. Once they were gardens, but today most tenements contain workshops, stores of merchandise and houses of artisans. Each tenement has a wall at its end. Where the foot of the tenement forms the boundary its wall forms a part of a continuous city wall. The walls are of unequal height and some are no more than eight feet. That is the same as the walls of Inversnaid. The highest walls are eighteen feet. In places buildings have been erected right up against the walls. With a ladder it is possible to climb through windows and enter the city that way. That is a comon way to avoid paying duties at the city gate, when you have tobacco or whisky to trade. You could do well to remember that when this affair is over. Look along the Canongait wall. Buildings outwith the walls command them in many places. See, over there, there is new masonry work and hovels outside the wall have been demolished. The citizens have had a month to repair their neglect of defence.”

“Are there cannon to defend the city?” Rob asked.

“I doubt it,” James Mòr answered. “Cannon need bastions that command an approach and fields of fire uncluttered by buildings. In any case, the governor of the castle probably does not trust the Provost and Council of the town. I expect that he would not release any artillery for us to capture. Look at the nearest part of the wall to our position. There is a round bastion on the corner of St Mary’s Wynd. It makes a good vantage for the town guard, but even the falconet we discovered at Callander House would be ill-served on that platform.”

“What is the name of this gate nearest to us?” Evan asked.

“That is St Mary’s Wynd Port.” James Mòr answered. “It is not a strong point, but we can pass it by crossing the garden walls at

the west end of the Canongait. However, that does not give us entry to the city. The Canongait is a separate burgh with its own Council. To pass from the Canongait into Edinburgh it is necessary to take the Netherbow Port. Look beyond the port along the line of St Mary's Wynd about 500 paces from this house. Do you see the gap in the line of tall buildings along the High Street. That is the Netherbow Port. It is a substantial gate with protected firing positions for musketeers. Let us think on a plan and report back to the camp.

Rob commanded part of the guard of the camp that night. During the evening a party was observed coming out of the town. It comprised a coach escorted by some of the town guard with burning torches to light their way. Leaving his men to continue their watch, Rob escorted the deputation, led by Baillie Hamilton, to meet with the Prince's secretary, Murray of Broughton.

"We would know," asked Baillie Hamilton, "what it is that you require of the city?"

"The Prince, my master," Murray answered, "requires no more than that you open the gates of the city to the army and deliver up the arms of the town and garrison along with the ammunition and military stores. If you comply the liberties of the city shall be preserved and all necessary protection given them."

The Baillie answered, "In regard to the militia we cannot take it upon ourselves to be responsible, as the militia are not within our power. They received their arms and ammunition from General Guest at the castle. We can deliver up the arms of the town watch. With your consent, I must return and consult with my brethren and desire that you give us time so to do."

Secretary Murray retired to consult the Prince and army staff, leaving the Baillie standing uncomfortably with Rob. Some of the camp followers fingered the Baillie's coat. Rob shooed them away.

Secretary Murray returned. "The Prince is prepared to allow you but three hours from your return to the city to consult and return with the answer of the town authorities, but no more. Here is our written declaration. You shall have until two o'clock in the morning

to return a positive answer. Upon the expiry of such time, the Prince will think himself obliged to take his measures accordingly. ”

Rob escorted the Baillie back to where his escort waited. Their torches flickered in the darkness as they returned to the city. Glengyle with the rest of the clan, as well as Lochiel’s regiment arrived at Rob’s outpost. “We are commanded to move up close to the city walls.”

Chapter 18

Edinburgh - Tuesday 17th September, 1745

Silently the Highlanders moved forward. They advanced by Merchiston and Hope Park. They showed no lights. Dead silence was the order of the night. By two o'clock, the deadline for their reply, the Baillie emerged again. Once again, the postillions escorting the coach had torches burning brightly. The clansmen crouched low in the darkness. Their plaids merged into the background. On this occasion the Baillie returned very shortly afterwards.

The first glimmerings of dawn arrived. The MacGregors had scaled the walls of the Canongait with little difficulty. Lochiel and Ardshiel were close by with their men. More than a thousand Highlanders had hidden themselves among the gardens and kail yards of the houses outwith the walls between the Cowgate and Netherbow Port.

The gates opened. The coach emerged once more with Baillie Hamilton. Before the gates could close, Evan rushed forward. Lochiel and Rob were close at his heels. It took no more than a moment to prevent the men of the city guard from closing the gates behind the coach. Within minutes the Highlanders were inside the city. The few defenders of the Netherbow Port had been swept aside.

Rob and the other officers quickly formed their men into ranks extending the width of the High Street. Claymores were drawn and targets presented. With hideous yells and slogans, cried at the tops of the voices, in battle order the army marched up the Street. Outside the Kirk of St Giles the army halted. A few men of the Camerons forced the city tolbooth and took possession of it in the name of the Prince. The main body entered the Parliament Close and from there, Lochiel and Glengyle despatched detachments to all of the city gates, to take possession of them.

Later that day, at about ten o'clock, the main body of the army advanced by Duddingston, keeping out of range of the batteries at the castle, into the King's Park by the Palace of Holyrood. Rob and Glengyle, having deployed many of their men along with

Lochiel's to guard the city, made their way down the Canongait to witness the Prince's arrival at the Palace.

The Prince wore the Highland dress, as he had throughout the advance. He had a tartan short coat, a little kilt and a blue bonnet on his head. At his breast was the star of the Order of St Andrew. Most of the city's population, encouraged by the mild and unexpected behaviour of the Highlanders, had come out of their homes and were congregating in the park. Charles mounted his horse to be more conspicuous, though his Irish aides had urged caution in case of an assassination attempt. Charles entered the Palace, escorted by a gentleman with a drawn sword.

Glengyle was close by Lord George Murray and asked him, "Who is the stranger with bared whinger in the presence of the Prince? I do not recognize him as an officer of the army."

Lord George replied, "That sir, is James Hepburn of Keith, an old acquaintance. He was out as a young man in the '15, with yourself Glengyle, I may add. To use his words to me, he found the Union injurious and humiliating both to himself and to his country. The Union had made a Scotch gentleman of small fortune a nobody and he would rather die a thousand times than submit to it."

A little later, Glengyle and Rob formed part of the Prince's escort back up the Canongait to the Mercat Cross. The Heralds and Pursuivants of the Lyon Court stood awaiting them, escorted by armed Highlanders. At noon Mr Secretary Murray presented the chief Herald with a proclamation to read. They listened as the Herald reluctantly read the Commission of Regency in favour of Charles, dated Rome in December 1743. Then he read the Manifesto in the name of Charles as Prince Regent dated at Paris on the 16th of May 1745.

The huge crowds, mainly of the fairer sex, for few men - not belonging to the Highland army were to be seen - huzzaed and waved white cloths.

Glengyle with Glencarnaig and the other officers of the clan, withdrew themselves from the press. Rob found the close proximity of so many people oppressive. They made their way back down the

High Street to the junction with the Canongait. From here, they could observe both the Netherbow Gait Port, and the Calton Gait Port. Thus they were well positioned to intercept the rider who entered the city in the late afternoon with the news of General Cope,

Tired from his gallop, the messenger failed to notice until it was too late that Highlanders guarded the Calton Gait that led to the Leith road. His message was for the Magistrates of the city, but it took but little persuasion to render it to Glengyle.

General Cope had landed his army at Dunbar. There he had met up with the dragoon squadrons of Colonel Gardiner and Colonel Hamilton, exhausted by their headlong dash from Edinburgh, during which they had left much of their equipage scattered on the road behind them.

Chapter 19 Gladsmuir - Saturday September 21st, 1745

It was late in the day when the Prince's army halted at Tranent. Lord George Murray issued orders to form into line facing north towards the hamlet of Preston where General Cope's regiments stood. Between the two armies lay a deep, treacherous mire. Puffs of smoke signified ranging artillery shots from the Hanoverian battery. Cope had two batteries of four two-pounder cannon. Lord George Murray suggested to the MacGregors that now might be a suitable time to try out the toy which they had found at Falkirk.

Newly promoted Major Evan, Robin Oig and Rob removed the horse from its traces and manhandled their falconet so that it pointed towards the Hanoverian lines. Robin Oig broke open one of the powder barrels. He took a handful of powder and examined it thoughtfully.

"Well?" Rob asked, "Do you not intend to load?"

"I am unsure of the charge." He answered. "I have not served in the artillery, although I have seen the guns being loaded and fired. If this gun fires a one-pound ball, perhaps it should have one pound of powder. This horn cup may hold a pound. Perhaps we should try one half cup to begin with." So saying he scooped a cup half full of powder and poured it down the barrel.

Evan proffered a piece of rag which Rob pushed down the barrel with their ramrod. Robin Oig rolled the first ball on top of the charge. In a case attached to the limber, they had found some wedges. Robin directed them to use these to raise the barrel to point towards the enemy. Rob looked up, a small crowd of officers had gathered around to watch the fun.

Robin Oig motioned them all to stand clear. A ball from Cope's artillery splashed harmlessly in the swamp about fifty paces in front of their position. Robin Oig lit his slow match and attached it to a pole. He placed the glowing tip of the match to the touch-hole of their falconet. Nothing happened. He had forgotten the charge in the pan. Handing the slow match to Rob he trickled some powder into

the firing hole. Taking the match he tried again. This time, there was a deafening bang and a cloud of smoke. The gun leapt backwards with the recoil, almost striking one of the Cameron officers who barely leapt out of its way in time. They watched intently for their ball to land.

“Short, by fifty paces,” Robin Oig announced in disgust. “Here, Evan you try.”

Once again they loaded the gun. They used a little more powder this time than before. Evan sighted the gun and tapped the wedges to provide more elevation of the muzzle. Motioning their audience to stand further back, he fired their gun for a second time. This time the shot landed only just short of the enemy line. Already Cope’s artillery had injured several of the Highlanders. Rob, looking around, noticed that the Prince himself had joined their audience. Next it was MacPharrie’s turn, but the shot did not carry quite so far. The light was beginning to fade. Soon it would not be possible to continue. Evan invited Rob to take his turn. This time the charge was increased to three quarters of a cup. Rob fired. The ball carried into the front rank of Cope’s infantry. There was a gap in the line. A man was down. The Jacobites cheered at this success.

“Come, lads.” Intervened Lord George Murray. “We have enjoyed the spectacle and you have returned Cope’s compliments. However, there is a real battle to be fought in the morn. I suggest that you should rest and prepare yourselves.”

The Jacobite army bivouacked for part of the night around the village of Tranent. The harvest, though ready, had not been gathered in. Much of it, trampled and spoiled would never be gathered now.

In the early hours of the following morning, Domhnall Dubh MacGregor, servant to Glencarnaig, trudged through the wakeful camp towards the group of men in the far corner of the field. He was well burdened by the weight he carried. As he reached the high, untidy bean-stack around which the fighting men of Clan Gregor were lying, he swung around the heavy pack from off his back. Rob was rising to his feet as the bottle-weighted burden caught him off balance. “*Dhia!*,” he swore, staggering backward and tripping over James Mòr's outstretched legs. He landed, cushioned by Calum Og

and Alasdair Roy, two of his own tail from Stronachlachar. Calum half asleep, woke with a curse, half pushing Rob off before realising who had fallen on him.

"*Diabhol!*" James Mòr called out. Others in the group rose to their feet.

Domhnall stammered his apologies, laying the heavy pack on the ground.

Glencarnaig spoke out. "Never mind about Rob. Have you broken any of those bottles?"

They all laughed. Rob not one to bear a grudge, joined in.

Domhnall opened the pack and began to hand out bottles of rum recently liberated from a military store at Leith. Rob's indignity was soon forgotten, as the warm dark liquid coursed through his veins.

Glencarnaig ordered three tots to every man in his band. More than two hundred Gregarach gathered around. Nobody seemed quite sure who commanded the regiment. Glengyle was in nominal command, though Glencarnaig's followers grumbled. Calum of Cornour and his forty followers clustered to one side, did not serve with the Clan Gregor regiment but with the Duke of Perth. Evan, brother to Glencarnaig, had been promoted Major and *Aide de Campe* to the Prince and would not serve with his kinsmen today. Many of Glengyle's followers had muskets and other army ordnance either from careless soldiers in Stirling or from their capture of the garrison of Inversnaid. In addition they carried a range of personal weaponry of amazing variety and vintage. Glencarnaig's men were less well provided for, and a group of twenty or so had no more than scythe and sickle blades securely lashed to six-foot long pitchfork poles. In formation against charging dragoons these could be vicious weapons, less so against well-equipped infantry. Just now they were stacked in untidy pyramids.

James Mòr stood by the bean-stack, warmed by the velvety rum coursing into his belly. He joked with Rob beside him. "Had you broken those bottles, man, there would have been no stomach

for a fight with Cope, but there would have been at least one casualty in the Gregarach this day."

Rob grinned, fear of the day to come gone for now.

The remainder of the rum was handed over to Ardshiel's Appin Stewarts nearby. Glengyle ordered his men to rise, silently, the piper was not to play. They had the vanguard through the bog.

When the Jacobites army arrived at Fawside, they found that General Sir John Cope had drawn up their battle lines to the east of the hamlet of Preston. Cope's right flank was on the coast by Port Seton and their left hard by a ditch and a seeming impenetrable bog. Cope had expected a frontal assault from the direction of Edinburgh. Instead the Prince's army had occupied Tranent to the south. Cope, therefore, faced his army of 2300 men, including the 13th and 14th squadrons of dragoons to face the Jacobites.

James Mòr and Rob struggled through the mire. In front James Anderson, who had claimed to know a track through the bog, waited patiently. Rob hitched his plaid high, his bare legs had become wet with mud up to his groin. He held his musket and powder horn above his head as he splashed through yet another pool. The trailing branches of willow trees and thorn bushes dragged in his hair. The noxious smell of rotting vegetation, disturbed by many feet hovered all around. Behind him, he could hear quiet cursing. An owl left the tree above silently protesting at the intrusion. The ground was firmer now. Robert Anderson stood beside a chest-high bank alongside a ditch. He pointed across the bank, beyond which was firm ground and, to the left, Cope's camp. On both sides of him, long lines of men, filthy and dishevelled, came out of the bog and lined up in the ditch.

Lord George Murray, as befouled by the struggle through the bog as the rest of them, gave instructions for the deployment of the army. Lord George had run a terrible risk, contrary to all rules, in attempting this move. However, the Prince himself was there, in the ditch. Finally, led by Clan Donald who had been commanded to take their traditional position on the right flank, the Highland army moved forward. The Gregarach crossed the bank and formed up at the edge of the stubble. This field had been harvested some days

earlier. This farmer would pay his rent at Martinmas. The Duke of Perth clambered over the bank. He looked at the day glow in the eastern sky. The ground was wreathed in mist, the bog willows behind looked insubstantial. Ahead, perhaps no more than six hundred yards away, was Cope's army, still invisible in the mist. Clan Donald formed up. Behind them were the Atholl men. They began their steady march down the slope, over the firm farmland towards the shore of the Firth of Forth.

As Perth's men began to move, closely followed by Glengyle's, there was a cry and a musket shot rang out. "We are discovered," a voice called. Six, or maybe eight red-coated infantrymen, out on early morning patrol had appeared out of the mist and were now desperately running back towards their camp. Muskets were levelled. There was a ragged crackle of fire. Three fell, but the rest ran on, becoming almost invisible in the patchy remains of the mist.

Within a few minutes, Glengyle and his men, three abreast in their battle formation, trotted on across the stubble. To their right, in the second line, were the men of Struan, part of Lord George's Atholl Brigade. Ahead was the Duke of Perth with Cornour's band of Gregarach. Behind came the Appin Stewarts, part of their own division.

The mist was clearing rapidly. Cope's camp could now be seen. His battalions had little semblance of formation as they wheeled on the field. His officers were desperately trying to form ranks to face the unexpected threat from the east. Cope's battery of light cannon had been pointing in the wrong direction. The gunners were manhandling the cannon round. Smoke belched, a two-pounder cannonball whistled harmlessly over Rob's head. He ducked and turned, looking into the rising sun, as two Robertsons in the second line fell.

Lord George shouted a command to charge. They turned left to face west with the rising sun behind them. They threw off their plaids, wearing only their linen shirts. Glengyle yelled "Ard Choille!" - a drawn out, blood-curdling scream. Rob yelled too. His men were about him. Bare feet pounded the stubble, Rob's broadsword, still in its scabbard almost entangled his feet. He

stumbled, but continued his run. He gripped a Brown Bess musket with both hands. His pistols, in their armpit holsters, thumped against his chest. His dirk beat time against one thigh, his sword against the other. His breath came in ragged gasps. "*Ard Choille!*" Another cannonball whistled harmlessly overhead, but a third found its target amongst the Clan Cameron men on the left.

They stopped, briefly, with muskets raised. The ragged volley from fifty paces made a deafening sound. The line of redcoats disappeared from view in the dense smoke of the volley. There was a brief lull. He flung down his muskets and drew his pistols, one in each hand. He could hear screams from in front. The sound of another thunderous volley came from his left as the Appin Stewarts let fly. As the smoke briefly cleared Rob could see the company of dragoons at the southern end of Cope's line had broken their formation, throwing the infantry regiment beside them out of order. Instead of charging the Highlanders, they turned and galloped from the line, crashing through the artillery in their panic, upending the cannon, and causing the gunners to take to their heels.

Rob ran forward again, pistols in hand, peering through the smoke towards the front line of the regiment ahead. It was no more than twelve paces now. Directly in front, Rob saw a red-coated infantryman. He was a tall man with a full beard, sergeant's stripes on his arm, white webbing across his chest, shako on his head and sword in his right hand raised high in the air. The men alongside had raised their muskets to fire. Rob fired first, missed the sergeant but a man in the second rank went down, Rob fired his other pistol. The sergeant clutched his forehead and fell backwards. His sword did not give the signal. Some of his men fired, but most survivors of the hail of pistol ball ran, causing confusion in the second rank.

Rob flung his pistol at the bearded blue-eyed redcoat ahead. The heavy pistol struck him in the mouth. The redcoat dropped his musket, butt first, its evil bayonet glinting in the rising sun. Broadsword raised high, targe on his left arm taking the force of another bayonet thrust, Rob leapt into the scarlet line. Calum Og just behind at his left shoulder and Alasdair Roy at his right. "*Ard Choille!*" the slogan was on his lips again and in his ears. The Gregarach slashed and cut through the infantrymen of the unfortunate and under-strength 6th Regiment of foot.

Rob paused. There was nobody left standing in front of him. He had cut his way right through the Hanoverian battle line. He looked back. There was no longer a Hanoverian battle line. Redcoated figures were running towards Preston village, following the dragoons, along a high wall just a few dozen paces behind the line. He could see the group of officers gesticulating from horseback, on the low rise some hundred paces ahead and beyond the wall. Mounted dragoons galloped furiously, away from the battle. Rob looked backwards again. Most of the regiment that Glengyle's men had attacked had either fallen or run. Only a few isolated knots remained locked in combat.

To the right of the Gregarach there was a gap in the Highland line. Most of the Duke of Perth's men had failed to join the action. The unengaged, 580 strong, Lascelles regiment, the 47th of foot, now wheeled to take Glengyle's men in the flank. Desperately outnumbered by three to one, the men of Clan Gregor turned to face this new threat.

Rob heard James Mòr shouting above the din, waving at the Clan Donald formation on the right to close up. James Mòr fell. Rob tried to reach him. He saw the broad back of a redcoated infantryman with his right arm raised high; the hand around the butt of his musket; his left hand, lower, grasping the barrel from above. The redcoat was about to thrust the long bayonet at the musket's end into the chest of a Highlander who lay, helplessly, looking upwards. All around was noise, pistol detonations and screams of the injured. The battle-mad yelled their valiant slogans. Rob lifted his blade over his head and brought it down viciously on the redcoat's unprotected back. Deeply the blade bit, severing the right arm at the shoulder joint. The man dropped. Rob leapt over his body, ignoring the Highlander he had saved. Another Highlander stepped back to make way for Rob as he pushed through the line towards where James Mòr had fallen.

Several of Glengyle's men had gathered around James Mòr, attempting to protect him from the surge of the red-coated line. Desperately they fought. The great scythes rose and dipped. Bodies lay underfoot. Bloody limbs lay about. Rob heard a great shout. "*Ard Choille!*" Calum Cornour and his men had left the Duke of Perth's

battalion, many of whose men continued to stand like oxen. Calum's band of forty crashed into the redcoats, slashing. Their scythe blades on the wooden shafts of pitchforks mowed men down like grass. Now Calum went down, close by. His men hesitated. Rob heard him order his men on, "I am not dead," he cried, "By God I shall see if any of you does not do his duty."

Rob saw Duncan, brother of Glencarnaig, fall.

After what seemed an eternity of impossible odds, the nearest company of the Clan Donald men joined in onto the assault on Lascelles regiment. Their own opponents, Murray's 44th regiment, had broken. Clan Donald cheered, slashed and thrust. The battle had lasted six minutes. It was too much for the crumbling redcoats. They ran.

Rob looked at James Mòr, lying prostrate on the field, though he was clearly alive. Rob could not see any obvious hurt. "What ails thee, man, have you a scratch?"

James Mòr grinned up at him. "That's the spirit. I am shot through the thigh. Go you and finish them off," he said, waving at the scene in front of them, Cope's men were no longer a disciplined army.

Rob gathered his men along with James Mòr's. He waved his broadsword in the air. They gave a great shout - "*Ard Choille!*" - yet again, as they launched into a furious charge at the scattering remnants of Johnny Cope's army.

They pounded along, a long ragged line of men, Clan Donald, Gregarach, Appin Stewarts with Lochiel's Clan Cameron on the left. Isolated groups of redcoated infantry, desperately rallied by their officers, went down before the fury of the charge. Dragoons could be seen in the distance, riding like furies away from the battlefield.

Rob's breath was coming in short bursts, the pain of a stitch in his side. Calum Og and Alasdair Roy were still there, protecting him, on either side. Ahead there was a fleeing dragoon who had lost his horse. Rob raised his broadsword and brought it slashing down on the dragoon's shoulder. It landed awkwardly, more the flat of his

sword than the keen blade. The dragoon staggered and fell, not badly hurt, but wisely remained where he had fallen as the Highland army rushed by, drunk on victory.

Rob pounded on. A musket ball whistled by his head. It stung his ear lobe in its passage.

Another man was ahead, an officer, gold braid glistening, tricorne hat gone, wig askew. Rob slashed. The officer parried with his lightweight sword but stumbled. Calum Og brought his broadsword down across his neck - that one would fight no more.

On they ran. They passed overturned wagons and rider-less horses. Red-coated bodies lay everywhere. In the distance a mass of fugitives flooded the cart track to Edinburgh, desperately seeking safety.

Now Rob could see individuals, groups, even whole formations, standing sullen. They had cast down their weapons and stood with arms raised. The pursuit was lessening. Most of Cope's infantry had surrendered or died. Several companies of Highland militia in government service who had been left, contemptuously by the English officers, to guard the baggage train at Cockenzie, stood silently in surrender. They had not been engaged in the battle, but saw no honour in flight.

Rob and the rest of the Gregarach trudged back to the battlefield. They were tired after their breathless charge and pursuit, but elated at the apparently easy success against the English regiments. Rob recalled his anxiety about having to face a modern disciplined force. Their success had been stunning, exhilarating. It was more than just Rob whose limbs trembled now in the aftermath of victory.

The prisoners, more than a thousand of them, were seated on the ground in small groups, guarded by Highlanders. Stretcher parties trotted this way and that gathering up the wounded. Cope's command headquarters became a makeshift field hospital. The military surgeons stitched great wounds. Sawn off limbs lay beside their tables. Heaps of bloody remains piled behind them. Flies congregated. Some of the Highlanders, urged on by their officers,

busied themselves, binding up the wounds they had inflicted; fetching water for the dying; supervising the burial of the dead. Prisoners were detailed to dig mass graves into which the three hundred English dead were laid, with due and proper respect.

Most of the Jacobite Army had broken up into groups of men ranging around the field, arming themselves with captured equipment, ransacking Cope's baggage wagons, drinking, or fornicating with camp followers in corners of the open field. Camp followers, soldiers' wives or Edinburgh whores, as well as local villagers, wandered around the field, stripping the bodies of clothing and personal possessions. Here and there a wife was seen crying over her husband's body, but most, with little sentiment, took what they could and would soon find a replacement. Dogs scampered about, some carrying bloody limbs in their mouths, furtively seeking a quiet corner. Ravens clustered and called raucously, diving down to grab what they could and taking flight back into the bog with their booty.

When the contingents of the MacGregor regiment were called to muster, it became apparent that they had suffered just one death, despite the ferocity of the fighting. James Mòr had been shot through the thigh. Calum Cornour was lightly injured. Craigruidhe was grievously hurt, with five wounds - perhaps fatally hurt. Captain Duncan, Glencarnaig's brother, was slightly wounded, as were twenty-one others of the Gregarach, a few serious but most could still walk. With the permission of the army commanders, they took carts from Cope's baggage train and draught horses to carry the injured home, together with their plunder. Many of the regiment wanted to go home now and Glencarnaig and Glengyle, along with the other commanders, would face considerable difficulty in keeping their men with them.

The Prince, attired in his kilt and surrounded by jubilant staff officers, approached Glencarnaig and Glengyle. He saluted them, "*Mon Brave, c'est magnifique.*" He took them each in turn in his arms and kissed them, on both cheeks. "Major Evan," he called to Glencarnaig's brother, his new ADC, "summon the brave men of Clan Gregor."

The Jacobite quartermasters had plundered Cope's personal baggage wagon. A feast was spread out on makeshift tables. The

smell of battle and death had not yet cleared. Clan Gregor stood honour guard, as their officers, Rob included, dined with the Prince. Cope's wine flowed.

A company of Lord Reay's Highlanders, poorly accoutred and unhappy were paraded nearby. The dark green and muted blues of their kilts contrasted with the scarlet of their coats. Their commander, the young Master of Reay, stood sullen. Lord Loudoun had promised him glory, not miserable defeat like this. Cope had treated him and his men with contempt and had left them to guard the baggage. Rob's men now guarded them. The initial tension had evaporated. The men chatted to each other in Gaelic. Rob had visited Sutherland some years earlier to collect cattle for the Crieff trust. He recognised one of the ensigns as a tacksman of Strathnaver from whom he had purchased beasts. The sun was well into west as Lord George Murray approached.

"Sir," Lord George began, addressing the Master of Reay and his men. "Men of *Duthaich mhic Aoidh*, will you not join our glorious cause? You are Highlanders just like ourselves. Why do you support a cruel tyranny, careless of your country and honour?"

The Master of Reay responded. "Sir, I thank thee for the quarter given to us this day. I regret that I must decline to accept your offer. Our happy constitution of Church and State, our Laws and Presbyterian doctrine, indeed our very honour demands that we oppose your Papish tyranny."

Lord George considered this briefly and then turned to address the fencible men of the Reay country. "Very well, I respect your principles. I require your pledge to renounce any further part in this conflict. I require that each one of you pledge your word that you shall not, again, take up arms against the Prince and that you will return to your homes there to remain till this venture is done."

The Master of Reay answered, "Sir, you have us at your advantage. We will give you this pledge and return to our homes."

Despite these words, some of the MacKays did volunteer to join the Prince's army. The others, after having been fed from what

remained of Cope's commissary were sent trudging off the field on their long trek home.

That night, around the campfires, the tension of the previous evening had gone. The wine flowed. They could conquer the earth. Many of the Highlanders intended to go back to their homes in the morning with their booty.

Rob, attempting to clear his throbbing head, wandered from campfire to campfire. Calum Og was, as ever, at his side. They came to a group singing, uproariously. Rob recognised Robert Anderson, their guide of the morning. Beside him stood a fiddler, composing the words of a Lowland ballad, to the great enjoyment of his listeners.

"Cope sent a letter frae Dunbar: -
Charlie, meet me an ye daur,
And I'll learn ye the art o' waur,
If you'll meet me in the morning.

They all joined in on the rip-roaring chorus. Rob found his feet tapping as he picked up the unfamiliar doric of these Lothian farmers.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were wauking, I wad wait
Tae gang tae the coals i' the morning.

On went the minstrel, raising great gales of laughter among his audience.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
he drew his sword the scabbard from;
Come follow me, my merry men,
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the Morning.

Now, Johnnie, be as good's your word:
Come let us try both fire and sword;
And dinna flee awa' like a frighted bird,
That's chased frae its nest i' the morning.

When Johnnie Cope he heard o' this,
He thocht it wadna be amiss,
Tae hae a horse in readiness
Tae flee awa' i' the morning.

Fy noo, Johnnie, get up an' rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak' a din;
It's best tae sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twil be a bluidy morning.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speir'd at him, Whaur's a' your men?
The de'il confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning.

Now Johnnie, troth ye werna blate
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait
Sae early i' the morning.

O! faith, quo' Johnnie, I got sic flegs
Wi' their claymores and philabegs;
If I face them again, de'il brak my legs-
So I wish ye a' guid morning.

[It might be sensible to break back to 1789 here before resuming
]

Chapter 20
Glasgow - Thursday September 26th 1745

The rain came down in torrents. The dark sky held little promise of improvement. The band of Highlanders stood on the exposed knoll of Garthamlock, *breacan feile* wrapped around to provide a little shelter. To the east could be seen several small lochs; they were grey reflecting the sky and flecked with white wave-caps. There was hardly a tree in sight, just the bare muir and to the south lay an evil looking bog. Near by stood Provan House, a pretty little place but tightly barricaded against the Highland brigands. Some four miles away to the west, clearly seen from this vantage was the town of Glasgow. Some 17000 people lived it it but not a recruit could be had there for the Prince.

[Cindy – I used muir which is a Scots word rather than English, to emphasise the Scots speaking Lowlander.]

Rob shaded his eyes from the driving rain as he looked again to the East. Piquets had been posted. He would be warned soon enough should the expected horsemen appear in sight.

Glengyle had returned to the Highlands with the injured, very soon after the battle. Now he had returned with new recruits as well as some of those who had returned home to hide their booty. He looked grey and strained. He had been requested to bring these men to the Royal army encamped around Edinburgh, but Rob had intercepted him and brought word that they were to provide an escort for an attempt to dun the town of Glasgow. He had met up with Rob a little earlier and made their way together to the appointed trysting place. "The ear looks bonny, Rob," he said. "Jean was most concerned, but I told her it was barely a scratch."

Rob had come directly from the capital, exultant after the success at Gladsmuir. An angry scab marked Rob's ear. A musket ball had sliced off the lower part of his earlobe. It still ached a little, but he was thankful that he was not numbered among the twenty-four Gregarach more seriously injured in that conflict.

What news of your brother?" Glengyle asked.

John MacGregor of Glengyle had been arrested by a party of infantry visiting Glen Gyle House in January before the rising. They had a warrant for the arrest of Gregor Glun Dubh, under the name of James Graham of Glengyle, who was fortunately from home. There were no grounds for John's arrest, but, frustrated in their design, they took him anyway and warded him in the State prison of Edinburgh Castle.

"The castle still holds out," Rob replied. "We offered honourable terms, and we have tried to scale the walls by night, to no avail. The Prince desires to advance into England and has not the patience to reduce the castle. I privately ascertained that Iain is well, but we shall not see him released."

They waited on the hilltop. The rain eased off, and the sky began to lighten a little. A band of horsemen were observed, picking their way along the miry track that was the highway from Edinburgh. A hazy sun briefly glanced through the clouds.

Sir John Hay of Restalrig reined his horse to a halt. His scarlet cloak was sodden and travel stained. His velvet breeches spattered with mud and dung. His fashionable hat would not be fit to grace Parliament Hall again. He was a Writer to the Signet and Advocate in the Supreme Court. He had a fine house in Edinburgh and a modest estate outside. He looked askance at the wild Highlanders stationed around the little hilltop. He had his own purse at his belt, not too full perhaps, but vulnerable nonetheless.

"Greetings, Glengyle," he said. "I understand that you are to assist me in Glasgow."

"Aye," Glengyle responded. This man was the embodiment of Lowland law that had so persecuted his clan. "Nae doubt, you will need some assistance. Now for the business in hand, Rob tells me that this is to be a civil affair."

"Quite so," Restalrig answered. "We do not wish to apply undue coercion. The Prince was quite emphatic. He wished a willing contribution of the merchant's money and a levy of their citizens as recruits."

The party combined and faced towards the prosperous little city some four miles to the west. Restalrig had brought a dozen of the Prince's cavalrymen. Their long government-issue dragoon pistols sat in holsters at their saddlebows. Alongside their horses trotted the band of Gregarach, their plaids steaming, all well armed, by courtesy of the unfortunate General Cope.

They came in by the Gallowgate to the old Cross of Glasgow. Ahead stretched the Trongate, with its fine new stone houses, recently erected by the prosperous tobacco merchants of the city. To the left lay the Saltmarket and in the distance the masts of trading ships berthed at the Broomielaw dock. To the right was the old cathedral of St Mungo, with its two hundred and twenty-five foot spire surmounted by a weathercock.

Restalrig dismounted before the tolbooth. Glengyle motioned his men to find defensive positions where they could be assured against surprise. Rob, with Calum Og at his side, stood by a large stone house whose upper stories supported by columns at street level formed a piazza. The windows fronting the street displayed pieces of lace finery and glass trinkets.

The Provost, Master Andrew Cochrane, clad in his scarlet robes and bushy white wig with his chain of office around his neck emerged from the tolbooth. Several other officials escorted him. Restalrig was well known to him.

"Aye, Restalrig," he began. "You keep strange company this day. How can we be of service?"

"You will have received letters from his Royal Highness, Prince Charles, Regent to His Majesty King James, requesting that the public money be delivered to me. In addition, we would greatly appreciate a contribution from your wealthy friends of the Virginia tobacco trade. The Prince expressly commands that you deliver to me all arms and ammunition held in this Burgh. And, of course, he would welcome the support and aid of your citizens in arms."

The Provost cleared his throat. He looked round at his officials, the Dean of Guild and Deacon Convenor. "Well," he

began. "Your Prince asks in his letter for the sum of fifteen thousand pounds. That would be guid Scots coin, nae doubt."

"Sterling," Restalrig responded, briefly.

There was an awkward silence. "Man, that is a fearful sum, there is nae so much cash in the toon."

Glengyle interjected here, "My men would soon find it if you deny it."

"Er, quite so," Cochrane gulped. "Man, how about three thousand."

"Ten now and the public money, and we will be back for the rest," Restalrig stated.

The Provost turned to his fellow councillors. He looked at the treasurer, arrayed in elaborate and expensive robes of office. They whispered together. "Man," Cochrane addressed Restalrig, "I telt ye, there is nae so much. I can offer five."

Restalrig looked around at his companions and then back at the provost, "Five thousand pounds sterling, in gold coin, not promissory notes. You shall also deliver all the public money in your treasury. It is to be delivered up within the hour. As you have short-changed us in this matter, I demand sufficient clothing and footwear from your warehouses to clothe our army. This is to be provided on carts and taken to Edinburgh, on pain of burning your pretty little town. You will show these men where the arms and ammunition are stored, starting at the Watch House there."

Restalrig then requested recruits for the Prince's army. There was a silence, broken by a crack from the Deacon convenor. "Weel man, there are fine strapping men of the same mind as yourselves along in the Toon's Hospital there and ye can help yourselves frae the Bridewell gaol in the Drygate."

The Town's hospital was intended to provide shelter for the sick and elderly. The building had only recently been completed.

The town council were very proud of the new accommodation provided in it for madmen.

Rob, standing listening to this exchange, felt a tug at his arm. Calum Og indicated a man approaching them. Rob turned to face him.

"Greetings, Bardowie," he said to his uncle.

John Hamilton of Bardowie, brother to Rob's mother was a merchant in Glasgow. He had an interest in a small Cambric mill by the River Kelvin which produced fine linens. His wild cousins were seldom a topic of polite discussion, although three of Rob's brothers sailed on the trading ships in which he owned shares. "So, the pirate comes to the city," he said to Rob. "Will you reduce us to penury, or do we have to join your Prince in his wild rebellion. Can you not find yourself a profitable venture such as your brothers have in the West India trade?"

Rob flushed, his hand on his broadsword hilt, his honour offended. Glengyle walked over to where they stood. "Greetings good brother. Mary requested that I pay my compliments to you. Perhaps you could offer us refreshment rather than insult. It has been a dreich day."

It was Bardowie's turn to feel honour impugned. He was fond of his sister and could not refuse hospitality to her husband. He made to return to his house in Miller Street. Glengyle issued instructions to his men, and turned, with Rob beside him, to follow his brother-in-law.

Chapter 21
Edinburgh - Wednesday October 2, 1745

A few days later, after participating in further attempts to raise money for the prince from the lowland burghs of western Scotland, Glengyle and his regiment returned to Edinburgh. Together, Glengyle and Rob marched along the crown of the causeway. Behind them was their tail of some twenty well-armed Gregarach. The wind gusted fitfully through the closes, presenting ever different smells and removing them as quickly. Dogs scavenged in the heaps of waste piled in the gutters. Street urchins followed them, none too closely for not all of the broadswords were in their scabbards. The braver rascals would occasionally sally with a stone, or rotten cabbage and then run, screaming, down the nearest close.

"Calum!" Rob called, yet again, summoning his faithful servant back from yet another fruitless attempt at vengeance.

They encountered a gentleman walking down the crown of the road, be-wigged and accoutred in fine velvet, the white cockade jauntily attached to his hat. "My dear sir," the man called out. "You surely must be the great chief of the Clan Gregor. I have heard tell of your brave exploits."

Glengyle and Rob stopped. Their fighting tail spread out across the street, less concerned about where they put their feet.

"Sir," Glengyle greeted the man. "I believe that I have not had the pleasure."

"James Hamilton, sir. I am a poet by profession. I am at your service."

"Tell me," Glengyle responded. "I am most confused by this warren. I seek the house of David Murray where I have a tryst arranged."

[Cindy – This is actually a verbatim quotation from Daniel Defoe in 1727. I don't want to change it to much.]

"Our noble city could not be more straightforward in its layout." Hamilton began to explain. "Let me show you from this vantage over here. You shall be more clear thereafter. When you stand at a small distance and take a view of it from the East, you have really but a confused idea of the city because the situation being in length from East to West; the breadth but ill proportioned to its length, you view under the greatest disadvantage possible. Whereas if you turn a little to the right hand towards Leith and so come to the city from the North, you would see a very handsome prospect of the whole city. And from the South you have yet a better view of one part, because the city is encased on that side with new streets, which on the North side cannot be due to the Nor' Loch. The particular situation then of the whole city is thus. At the extremity of the East end of the City stands the Palace or Court called Haly-Rood House."

"We are encamped in the park o't," Rob interrupted.

"Yes, quite so," Mr Hamilton responded, continuing his description.

"You must fetch a little sweep to the right hand to leave the Palace on the left, and come at the entrance, which is called the Water Port, and which you come at thro' a short suburb, then bearing to the left again, South, you come to the gate of the Palace which faces the great street."

Now Glengyle interrupted. "Aye man, we found our way around the Palace where the Prince keeps his court, and thereafter onto this great street, bursting as it is with all manner of humanity and much dirt besides. Where do we find the close wherein Mr Murray resides?"

"Tush, sir, I will tell thee soon enough. Understand this is a great city and you will benefit from an introduction to its structure. I shall continue, now, from this point where we stand. We are facing to the West. The street goes on in almost a straight line and for near a mile and a half in length. Some say a full two measured miles through the whole City to the Castle, including the going up the castle in the inside. This is, perhaps the largest, longest, and finest street for buildings and the number of inhabitants not in Britain only, but in the world."

Mr Hamilton paused, proudly, holding his coat facings, looking up the noble prospect of the Canongait towards the High Street.

Rob spoke. "But the filth and stink, man. This ordure is a trivial matter by the door of a Highland cot-house wi' the breath of God to dissipate the nuisance, but here, a man could drown in that." He motioned at the great piles of filth on which dogs and pigs were happily rooting about.

"Well, yes," Mr Hamilton agreed. The city has its disadvantages and since the Prince's army arrived and the authorities fled, the police have not been so diligent in their work of cleansing the redd from the causeway."

[Cindy: 'Police' functions in an 18th century Scottish burgh included street cleansing or 'redding the causeway']

"Pray, sir," Rob asked. "where do the police take the filth, or redd as you call it? That is, if they take it anywhere?"

"It grows the finest cabbages and feeds the fattest pigs you have ever seen!" the Poet answered. "To continue with my account. From the very Palace door, behind us there, which stands flat and level with the lowest of the plain country, the street begins to ascend. Though it ascends very gradually at first, and is nowhere steep, yet 'tis easy to understand that continuing the ascent for so long a way, the farther part must necessarily be very high. So it is, for the Castle, which stands at the West extremity, as the Palace does the East, makes on three sides a frightful and impassable precipice, that only excepted which joins it to the city."

Rob, who had already inspected the precipice above which the castle stood, in the vain hope of rescuing his elder brother, nodded in agreement. General Guest, secure behind the ramparts, had no intention of surrendering until compelled to do so.

"Together with this continued Ascent, which, I think, it is easy to form an idea of in the mind. The edge or top of the ascent is so narrow that the street and the row of houses on each side of it,

take up the whole breadth. No matter which way soever you turn either to the right or to the left, you go down hill immediately. The descent is so steep, as is very troublesome to those who walk in these side lanes which they call wynds, especially if their lungs are not very good. So that in a word the city stands upon the narrow ridge of a long ascending mountain."

As Mr Hamilton explained this and pointed out several buildings of interest, they had been ascending the Street. Glengyle asked their loquacious guide again, where it was that Mr Murray of Cougal resided.

"Quite so," Hamilton responded, giving them a concise answer this time. "Do you see that tenement yonder, eight stories with the scarlet sign at the street? There is a close just beyond it, take the stair to the fourth floor. There you will find your tryst. I bid you good day sirs. Long life to King James."

Glengyle and his son made their way towards the indicated building. They could see the lowering bulk of the castle up ahead. As they looked, a puff of smoke appeared from the rampart. They waited. A crash of breaking glass and tumbling masonry could be heard somewhere to their right. A flock of scavenging birds flew into the air but soon settled down again. Glengyle and Rob made their way up the narrow spiral staircase. Most of their men remained below, with others of Glencarnaig's, guarding all sides of the tenement block.

In Mr. Murray's parlour there sat a group of men around the table. Some were clad in the muted reds and greens of Clan Gregor. Glencarnaig himself was wearing trews. Balhaldie was soberly dressed in lowland fashion. Only his cap with its white cockade and sprig of pine denoted his politics and affiliation. John Murray of Broughton, the Prince's secretary, was also present.

"Gentlemen," Glengyle said, taking his seat at the table. Rob stood behind him. Opposite sat Glencarnaig, flanked by his brothers, Evan and Duncan. Behind stood Duncan MacPharrie. On Glengyle's right was Ranald, second son to Rob Roy in place of James Mòr, who was convalescing from his wound at Gladsmuir. Other gentlemen of the clan stood about the room.

Rob turned to Ranald. "How keeps James Mòr?"

"In a foul temper, his leg near broke. The surgeon set it and assured him it would heel, but he is itching to be back in action. He is to be taken to the Coire Arklet next week." Ranald broke off as Glengyle thumped the table.

"Gentlemen," he began, "we have a question to settle. Who is to command our clan? I allow that you are a brave man, Glencarnaig, but I am the senior here and I have upheld our honour since before you drew breath. I have more followers also, some I have not yet brought out."

Glencarnaig responded. "Those that started out, but found other business on the way here?"

Standing, Balhaldie interrupted. "I have His Majesties Commission as Colonel of the Clan regiment. I shall read it out."

"Where is your regiment, Balhaldie? You have none save your ostler and serving maid follow you." Glengyle said.

"Glengyle! You, with your uncle and Glencarnaig's father elected my father to be chief of the Clan when Archibald of Kilmanan died. I, as heir to my father, am now chief. I say that this commission is valid and you should honour it."

Glencarnaig interrupted. "Glengyle, I am the chief representative of our race as all here will allow, the colonelcy belongs to me by right."

Glengyle retorted. "Where were yours when we elected Balhaldie here to be chief?"

"That was a device, which Rob Roy tricked my father into. That cannot stand. Do you wish Balhaldie chief?"

Balhaldie still stood. "Sir, you offend my honour." He tailed off, as Glengyle and Glencarnaig both put their hands to their swords. Balhaldie was a schemer and plotter, but he was no fighting

man, he would not stand against these. He sat. "As you wish it," he said, "but I would propose my nephew, John of Balnacuick in my stead as colonel."

Glengyle struck the table with his fist. He stood up, sending his chair crashing backwards. He raised his voice. "I am Clan Gregor, the colonelcy is mine." He clutched at the hilt of his broadsword. Ranald and Rob took his arms, gently restraining him. The room was silent. The leaders glared at each other.

Glencarnaig was the first to control his temper. "What say you we draw lots for the colonelcy, the other to be lieutenant colonel. Other officers are to be shared between our families.

Balhaldie interjected once more. "I say that as I am chief, Balnacuick has to be included in the drawing of lots."

Mr. Secretary Murray spoke for the first time. "Gentlemen, please, let us all be sensible of the Prince's need for your aid. The Prince desires that Glencarnaig, as the younger man, should accompany him into England with his regiment. He has a great appreciation of you support, sir," indicating Glengyle, "and has desired me to acquaint you that he should be most happy to gazette you as colonel and to be his governor of the fortress of Doune, so gallantly captured by your son."

Rob felt his face redden. Murray continued. "We have prisoners of importance to be warded and Doune is ideally situated to watch the English at Stirling and also to guard the Fords of Frew. The Prince is confident that you and your men will not be caught asleep with doxies, instead of at your duties. Also the Prince intends to appoint a governor for the town of Crieff to guard the passes to the North and muster our reinforcements. I see no obstacle to John of Balnacuick being appointed the governor of Crieff."

There was great amusement at this. The council and provost of Crieff would not be at all happy with a MacGregor placed in command over them.

Glengyle was well aware of the difficulty in retaining his recruits. Ranald had told him that Glencarnaig had had fewer

problems with his. It could be of advantage to remain closer to home, allowing Glencarnaig to go with the army. However, there was one last argument.

“I maintain the right of my family to be the Chief of the clan and if I agree to this proposal, I insist on being full colonel. My Grandfather Donald glas served as colonel of the Clan regiment in support of King James VII at Killiecrankie in 1689. Glencarnaig and Balnacuib can be lieutenant-colonels.”

Glencarnaig responded, after whispering to Major Evan, “I shall concede that to you, though I do not concede your right to be Chief after the present affairs are settled. And though you are Colonel and I Lieutenant-Colonel, we shall each keep our respective followers as separate commands unless we mutually agree to merge as the needs of the Prince’s cause should require.”

Glengyle, aware that he had achieved at least some of his objective, agreed. "Let it be so. I go to Doune"

Rob expected a further contribution from Balhaldie, but he seemed to be content that he had at least obtained a lieutenant-colonelcy and post as governor for his nephew.

Outside there was a great crash, followed by the squawking of gulls in alarm. General Guest's gunners had brought down a chimney on the house opposite. A thunder of gunfire sounded in reply from the lighter Jacobite battery.

“Gentlemen,” Mr. Secretary Murray of Broughton announced. “I have commissions to hand for the junior officers. Have you nominations to put forward? Evan has already been gazetted as Major and ADC to the Prince. He is not to be included in your regimental officers.”

After further debate among themselves, it was finally agreed that the captains should be Glencarnaig’s brother Duncan, Rob Roy’s sons - James Mòr, Rànald and Robin Og. Calum of Cornour would now serve with the Clan Gregor regiment rather than in the Duke of Perth’s. Duncan Macpharrie was to be the standard bearer for the clan. The Ensign would be Mungo Campbell of Crieff and the Piper

James MacGregor of Crieff. Junior officers were Duncan of Roro
and Rob.

Chapter 22

Crieff - Tuesday October 8, 1745

Rob approached the normally busy annual Tryst at Crieff with some trepidation. Behind him, driven by some twenty Gregarach, was a herd of almost three hundred head of cattle. The drove was strung out over some distance. Droveing was a chancy business in these unsettled times. The intelligence that Glengyle had indicated that most of the Scots drovers would be present and that some of the usual buyers from the South had obtained safe-conducts from the authorities to travel in rebel-occupied Scotland. Whether they would have money in their purses was another matter.

Glengyle was presently with the army at Holyrood but much of the Clan Gregor regiment had gone home with their booty after Gladsmuir or lay idling in Doune castle. The Prince, influenced by his Irish staff, had deprecated the lack of discipline and loyalty shown by the deserters, but their leaders had assured him that this was the Highland way. It was to be expected that most of the army would soon return to the colours. For now the Prince and his senior officers had to content themselves with the regular round of glittering levees at Holyrood. Glencarnaig had sent most of his officers to Balquhider and Rannoch in order to muster as many men as possible for the march into England. Rob was to remain with Glengyle at Doune, but the need to maintain their force was just as pressing.

Rob had a further commission from his father. Glengyle remembered only too well the aftermath of the '15 and '19 risings. A vengeful Hanoverian administration had swept the Highlands, burning houses and driving away livestock. Although his house of Glen Gyle had required much expensive rebuilding, most Highland black houses could be rebuilt in a few days. Of more importance were the herds of black cattle. Some could be hidden away for the summer in the remote corries up in the trackless mountains, provided there was grazing for them. Already some hay and winter fodder had been hidden away, but there was no possibility of preserving all the stock this way. The obvious policy was to turn as many beasts as possible into cash. In the event of defeat and the desolation called peace that could be expected to follow, that cash could save the clan.

Rob and his small band of drovers had gathered together most of the herds from the farms of Glengyle's people. This time they had taken many of the younger cattle too, leaving just the milking cows, the smallest of their calves and the best of the bulls. Here they were, lean and hardy, a mixture of black, dun, red and brindled. In the process of collection more than a few of the Duke of Montrose's stock had joined the drove. Since the Duke and his household had fled to England, his Grace would not miss a few beasts. Some of the Duke's tenants had taken the opportunity of Glengyle's preoccupation to hold back their annual mail payments to the Highland Watch. Rob had sent a few men dressed as MacFarlanes to drive off a few beasts here and there from the non-payers. He had even escorted the odd beast back to its erstwhile owners, to prove that the Watch still functioned! However, most of the herd strung out along Loch Earnside were their own beasts.

They took up their places at the Tryst, situated in many acres of flattish ground around the little Drummond town of Crieff. Once the drove had been settled, Rob looked around at the crowds, mainly Highlanders of course, in their belted plaids. There were more weapons in evidence than in past years, otherwise little seemed to have changed. Drovers for England were usually taken there by Scots. However, in recent years English buyers had been appearing with their herdsmen. Rob could identify one or two of them making their rounds,

"Eeh Up, Rob," a buyer, dressed in the English style called out. He spoke with the broad flat vowels of Lancashire. "Eeh, lad, Ah hadna expected thee. What beasts have thee?"

So the buyers were here, Rob thought, but what was in their purses? "Aye, Gregson," he replied, "Had ye a time of it reaching us?"

"Eeh, lad." Abraham Gregson, the buyer from Bolton-le-moors, in Lancashire, replied. "Ah thowt Wade's men wud hinder me, but Ah show'd me license and pass'd. Thy Pretender's horsemen, begging yor pardon Rob, held us at Biggar, but thur officer let us pass on."

Rob allowed the dealer to look over his drove. Several others also examined the beasts. Notably Thomas Bell of Dumfries, who was one of the biggest dealers in Scotland. Most of the faces were well known to Rob from previous Trysts, though some were missing. There were fewer cattle here than normally, so the shortage could counterbalance the lack of buyers. Last year, Rob had heard that over thirty thousand head of cattle had changed hands. Rob scanned his neighbours. He could identify many of the drovers at their stances. Most were from clans favouring the Jacobite cause, but there were some who had not come out and some representatives of the Whig clans too, particularly MacKays from Sutherland.

Gregson offered him one pound sterling a head for the lot. Rob demurred. Last year the best had fetched nearly three pounds sterling a head, thirty-five pounds Scots. Others joined in with their offers. The price rose slowly.

“Mr. Bell,” Rob said to the dealer from Dumfries. “Surely these beasts are worth more. Look, those stirks are in prime condition and worth at least three pounds sterling, if not three guineas.”

“Nay, lad”, the buyer answered. “There was distemper that killed whole herds. Farmers have lost much money and cannot afford to buy more.”

“Surely,” Rob responded. “If cattle were dying of distemper, and there was a shortage, the prices ought to be higher.”

“Nah,” Gregson said, “Thy cattle may drop dead afore Ah can sell them on. The price must allow for my losses.”

The haggling continued. By noon Rob had found buyers for most of his drove, but now the argument had changed. He had agreed prices that had averaged above two pounds sterling per head, but he insisted on cash in payment rather than promissory notes and discounted bills of exchange. The Royal Bank secretary at the Tryst joined the discussions. In return for fifteen percent of the face value of the bills proffered by the dealers he was able to let Rob have coin - in total 500 English guineas, equivalent to 6300 pounds Scots, though the banker had profited by 75 guineas on the deal.

“Well then, Mr. MacGregor,” Drummond, the bank’s representative said. “You claim that mine is a better paying trade than that of the MacFarlanes lifting honest men’s beasts in the moonlight. I know nothing of cattle lifting, but the bank is taking a great risk with the shareholder’s funds and I have allowed you an advantageous rate.”

Rob came to the Tryst with the ambition of achieving seven thousand Scots pounds, but the expectation of six thousand. He had not made enough to let the dealers think that he was pleased, but he was near enough to the target.

He sent off some of his men to drum up more recruits around the ale booths and dram sellers. They returned almost without success. The Duke of Perth, in whose lands they were, had already swept up most of the likely men. Most of the Highland drovers, were keeping close together, resisting the blandishments of the various Jacobite tacksmen who roamed the stances of the great cattle mart with the same object as Rob.

Nightfall found the Gregarach band trotting steadily back along the side of Loch Earn, retracing their steps. It had been difficult raising this band, from their reduced numbers at the army camp at Holyrood, but Glengyle had convinced Lord George Murray that it had been intended solely for recruiting. So now Rob had to think about this objective too.

By now the moonless night made it too dark for them to see their way. Rob picked a spot for the night where a bare rock outcrop rising from the side of Loch Earn sheltered a small shingle beach. Soon they had a fire going and made a meal from a bag of oatmeal. As the fire died away, they each wrapped themselves in their plaids and slept.

The next day, they passed through Balquhiddar, where Glencarnaig had already drummed up all available men. Rob went up to Glen Buckie house, where the family still mourned for the laird who had died at Leny House a month earlier. Rob paid his respects to his wife’s nephew, the new laird, and succeeded in obtaining a

couple of men, out of the forty or more that his late good-brother had promised.

On they went over the hill to Strath Gartney and Glen Gyle. Rob took great care to hide some of the money, as his father had instructed him while retaining some for expenses. The rest he distributed among the tenants and those of Montrose's who had contributed beasts to the drove. Even if Glengyle was prepared to forego rents in this year of unrest, it was certain that Montrose's factors would not. Rob's wife and mother were at Glen Gyle House, anxious for news. His men dispersed to their homes, for one night only, on their honour to muster the next day with as many more as could be found.

[How about a reunion with Jean here]

More of the men who had been with them at Gladsmuir were found. Most were willing to return. The bere crop was stored in the granaries. Potatoes secured in pits. The turnips harvested ready for the remaining livestock. One or two more men were picked up on the way to clachan of Aberfoyle. By the time they descended at the Port of Menteith to the low levels of the infant Forth, Rob had eighty men behind him.

Now they had to splash their way through the hidden paths of the great moss. Sometimes they almost doubled back on themselves. Recent rains had raised the level of the great spongy morass that filled the flat land between the Campsie Fells and the Lennox. However, before nightfall, they reached the drier southern slopes at Gargunnoch. Here Rob found it necessary to set additional sentinels. Although there were no Government forces of any consequence left in Scotland, many of the local lairds were of the Whig persuasion, and it would not pay to be careless, even though eighty Gregarach would be a daunting prospect for a potential assailant.

With the dawn they were on their way at a steady mile-consuming trot. The roads, pot-holed cart-tracks though they were, allowed them to make good progress, and by nightfall on Friday, October 11th, they had covered the forty miles to the Jacobite camp

at Holyrood. In a single day, they had covered the same ground that the army had taken six days to cover just three weeks earlier.

Chapter 23
Doone - Saturday October 26th, 1745

Glengyle and Rob walked into the ancient castle of Doone followed by a tail of twenty Gregarach. They stood in the centre of the courtyard and looked around at the massive curtain wall surrounding the courtyard. "By God," Glengyle said, "they look grimmer even, from inside than from without. I remember ploys from my younger days, but I never cracked a place like this."

The half dozen men of the garrison left here since Rob had captured the place six weeks earlier were paraded along with the newcomers. Glengyle commanded their attention. Glengyle turned to the secretary from the Prince's staff who had ridden with them from Edinburgh, for the formality of reading his commission. "Well, master clerk, let me parade my garrison and you can fulfil your duty."

The secretary read the commission aloud. "Charles, Prince of Wales and Regent of Scotland, England, France and Ireland and the Dominions thereunto belonging, to our Trusty and well beloved Gregor MacGregor Esq. We reposing especial trust and Confidence in your Loyalty, Ability, Courage and good Conduct do hereby constitute and appoint you to be Colonel and Commandant of the Fortress of Doone, Cardross, and Balinton, and to take your rank as Colonel in the army from the date hereof, you are carefully & diligently to discharge the duty and trust hereby committed to your care and to perform everything which belongs thereto in as full and ample a manner as any commandant of any Fort or Castle in Scotland is vested with, and you are to follow such orders, directions and commands as you shall from time to time receive from us, our Commander in Chief or any of our Generals, or any such Orders as you shall receive from our Secretary's Office. Given at our Palace of Holyrood House the 15th day of October 1745. By his Highnesses command. John Murray"

Most of the men looked blank, not having comprehended much of the formality of the commission. Glengyle quickly gave them a summary in Gaelic and then dismissed his garrison from parade.

One of the gate-wards approached Glengyle, "There are despatches delivered for you, this one from two days ago, and this in the last hour," so saying he handed over two documents.

Glengyle and Rob made their way up the balustraded stone outer-stair that led into the kitchen tower and, from there, up the spiral stair to the chamber with its view over the river Teith and the great flood plain of the Forth and Flanders Moss beyond. Furniture had been installed here in preparation for occupation. Glengyle looked about. It was plain but comfortable. This would be adequate.

Rob opened the first despatch, handing it to his father.

"From Viscount Strathallan to the Laird of Glengyll, written at Perth Oct 23 1745."

"Sir - I received your letter of this date and am glad that His Royal Highness has made choice of you for the Government of Down. It will be abundantly necessary to have a constant eye on Stirling Castle that no parties or strollers come abroad unobserved, and to be on your guard against people disguised in the Highland dress and White Cockade, if you hear of any such having past you by stolen marches, it will be proper to send immediately intelligence. I have nothing further to recommend, but that you would endeavour to reinforce your garrison as much as possible, as you command a post of great consequence, our close correspondence will be absolutely necessary, and I am sir &c. Strathallan."

Glengyle grunted and took the second despatch from Rob.

"From Colonel Henry Kerr to the Laird of Glengyll at Alloaye, Oct 26 1745."

"Sir - His Royal Highness sent me here to secure the pass for his Grace the Duke of Atholl and his convoy and if his Grace should be obliged to pass this way it's desired that in case you cannot get boats sufficient to transport them, that you will cause build a bridge to facilitate their passage and it is apprehended the Men-of-War and armed boats in the Firth will endeavour to interrupt the passage here, It is not to be doubted but that there will be an attempt from Stirling Castle to cover their designs, for which you will use your best endeavour to keep them in, by drawing some of your troops that way to make a diversion. If anything happens here, you shall be

acquainted with it and its hoped that you will communicate anything worth notice too Sir, &c. Hn. Kerr."

Glengyle put down the letter on the desk that had been installed for him. "Hmmm," he muttered to Rob. "With all of these duties, there will be recruits aplenty needed here."

Chapter 24

Doune - Friday November 1st, 1745

Rob trotted his garron along the new military road past Kilmahog on the road to Callander. On the hillside the remnants of a *samhnag*, one of the All Hallow's Eve bonfires still smouldered. Alongside him was his wife, Jean, and behind, the faithful Calum Og and a tail of almost a hundred men, loping effortlessly from Balquhidder and the surrounding areas.

He had taken the opportunity to go home, like many other Highlanders, to see to his own affairs. He had visited James Mòr, convalescing at Coire Arklet of the broken thigh suffered at Gladsmuir, and drummed up new recruits, along with others who had served previously.

Now it was the Samhain festival. He had seen to it that his crops, and those of his sub-tenants in Stronachlachar, had been harvested and threshed. The few cattle that he had not sold, were 'on loan' to those of his neighbours who were not out. His household valuables and other possessions had been secured, hopefully safe from any punitive action that might arise in the future. In Glengyle's absence he had arranged for the removal of much of the plenishings of Glen Gyle house up to the summer shielings, suffering in silence his mother's complaints.

Rob remained buoyed up by the runaway victory of Gladsmuir. His father, cynical from his dealings with the Scots Lords during his lifetime, may have been depressed and apprehensive for his little estate, but while Rob had taken the precautions advised by Glengyle, he had more optimism for what the future would bring.

The Clan Gregor boasted its proud descent from Kings. Rob had been reared on the claim of that descent. '*S rioghal mo dhream* - Royal is my race - was the claim of his people. Around the fires the *seanchaidh* would recite their genealogy: *Eoin mac Phàdruig, mhic Mhaoil chaluim*, "John son of Patrick, son of Malcolm, son of John the Black, son of John, son of Gregor, son of John, son of Malcolm, son of Duncan from Srulee, son of Gilelan, son of Hugh of Urchy, son of Kenneth, son of Alpin; and this Kenneth was head king of Scotland, in truth at that time."

It was a great paradox that, through misfortune and misrule, when the Clan Gregor had fallen on hard times and the Stewart dynasty had been, ultimately, the source of its persecution, they should be such ardent supporters of that self-same dynasty when it, too, fell on hard times.

The party clattered up the cobbles past the bailiff's house and up through the open gate passage of Doune. Rob would remain here with Glengyle. Their charge was to ward important prisoners. In addition they were to harry General Blakeney and his garrison in Stirling Castle, although they were not strong enough to maintain a regular siege. Glencarnaig, before departing, with relations between them still cool, had specifically agreed with Glengyle that he should continue to recruit, among his own followers as well as Glengyle's and to collect arms and ammunition, wherever they may be found.

Rob greeted his father, "Here are some hundred men. Are they in time to be sent on for the army?"

"How was your expedition, Rob?" Glengyle replied, a little unsteadily. The cellar that the dragoon officers had left contained some fine brandies and wines. "You have my good-daughter with you." He turned to help Jean from her horse. "He has taken good care of you I hope?"

"Very well," Jean replied. "As he should!"

"Rob, the army began their march for England yesterday. They will be at Dalkeith by now." Glengyle looked over the men resting in the courtyard. "These look to be stout fellows. They should remain here with us. There is not space in the castle for them all. They will need to be billeted on the village. Rob, I have a fine brandy just broached, come in and partake of it.

"Father, I shall settle Jean and see to the horses and join you shortly." Rob responded.

Jean was walking around the courtyard, examining the massive curtain walls, the high gate tower with its Lord's hall above and the retainer's hall adjoining the kitchen tower. "Rob, my dearest," she said, "My brother said that in coming here, I would be

returning to my ancestral home. I have the strangest of feelings about this place."

Rob looked at his wife. "How so, *mo graidh*? I may have captured it, but that does not make it our home. This place is too draughty for my taste."

"No," she said, "you do not understand. My father once explained to me that our family, that of the Stewarts of Balquhider, derive from Robert, the Duke of Albany and his son Murdoch, who was regent after him. It was Robert of Albany, son of King Robert the second, who built this Palace. So you see, my dearest, I also derive from Kings, and far nearer in degree than you."

"Ah," Rob responded. "Thou art indeed a great lady. I abase myself before thee, your majesty." He bowed low. Jean pushed him playfully. He sat in a heap of horse dung.

"Away to the stable, where you belong. You shall not share my bed this night," she laughed.

"Come, dearest," Rob said, with a handful of dung in his hand. "If you are the same, then you shall not notice the noisome odour on me!" Jean ran, squealing, up the stone stairs while Rob went to find a bucket of water to clean his plaid.

Rob arranged for the accommodation of his recruits, mostly among the men that Glengyle had brought earlier. Most would bed down in the great hall, near the kitchen, and others in the Lord's hall where the militiamen had been surprised. Reflecting on the ease with which he had taken this place, he placed sentinels, and arranged defensive measures so that recapture would not be easy. The few prisoners who were warded here were men of no great consequence and some of the captured Argyll militiamen. These would not give satisfactory parole although it had been offered. They were accommodated in the chambers at the base of the kitchen tower. Glengyle and his immediate followers had already claimed the private chamber above the kitchen where, it was said, Queen Mary had once stayed. From here he could adequately guard his charges. More importantly it was the warmest chamber in the castle!

Rob climbed the stairs to the Lord's hall, where men were busy laying claim to their sleeping places. He continued, up the spiral stair to the Upper hall above, passing the chamber where he had found Helen Forsyth and her unfortunate officer of dragoons. He reached the upper floor and walked towards the hall. Jean called to him. She stood at the entrance to a room. "Dearest Rob, have you washed?"

"Aye," Rob laughed. "I am my own sweet self again."

"This chamber is delightful," she exclaimed. "Can we sleep here?"

The chamber was hexagonal with a barrel vaulted stone ceiling. It was well lit by two elegantly shaped lancet windows, well glazed against the November weather. A large fireplace with elaborate iron furnishings lay between the windows. The room was otherwise bare.

"My dear," Rob said, "there is no bed or floor covering here. The chamber below is well plenished for comfort."

"No," Jean answered. "This room is so beautiful. I have a feeling about it. Perhaps, the noble Duke conceived my distant ancestor in this very room. You have men below, they can soon remove the bed and furnishings."

Jean stood by the window, looking out over the Perthshire hills to the North. Rob stood beside her, arm about her shoulder. He gently kissed her.

"I shall have it seen to, *mo chridhe*."

Though she could not be sure yet, Jean was pregnant with her first child. Some womanly sense made her troubled for their future. Like Rob she passionately supported the Stewart dynasty, how could one be a traitor to a state which itself denied the legitimacy of its rightful King, from whose house, she herself claimed descent.

Later, Rob and Jean, with Glengyle and most of the garrison, sat around the great fire in the kitchen, singing songs of the ancient times. Glengyle's piper, a bard of reknown, told the ancient tales of

the Fiann and of Clan Gregor that they all knew so well, but never tired of hearing.

*Rìgh ghaisge eireachd Eoin, is asdaireach do dhuan a dhroing,
Ni nach bheil an amhra do chach, fhuair an fhioradh an saithe rìgh.*

..

"Bold as a prince is John in each gathering,
'T were long to sing his race's glory;
Of this there is no doubt 'mong men,
That he is the first of the race of kings.

Mac Gregor of the bravest deeds,
Is the boldest chief in any land;
Between his gold and Saxons' spoil,
Well may he live in ease and peace.

Choice for courage of the Grecian Gael,
Whose meed of praise shall ne'er decay,
Abounding in charity and love,
Known in the land of the race of kings.

White-toothed falcon of the three glens,
With whom we read the bravest deeds,
the boldest arm 'midst fight of clans,
Best of the chiefs from the race of kings.

When on Mac Phadric of ruddy cheeks,
Wrath in battle's hour awaked,
The men who with him share the fight
Are never safe amidst its blows.

Grandson to Malcolm of bright eyes,
Whom none could leave but felt their loss,
The generous, gentle, shapely youth,
The readiest hand when aught's to do.

The race of Gregor stand round John,
Not as a weak one is their blow;
The famous race without a fault,
Round him like a fence they stand.

Clan Gregor who show no fear,
Even when with the king they strive,
Though brave Gael may be the foe,
That they count of little weight.

Gael or Saxon are the same,
To these brave men of kingly race,
Sons of Gregor bold in fight,
Bend not before the fiercest foe.

Prince of the host of generous men,
To Gregor of golden bridles, heir,
Pity the men whom you may spoil,
Worse for them who you pursue.

Chief of Glen Lyon of the blades,
Shield and benefactor of the Church,
His arm like Oscar's in the fight,
To whom in all things he is like.

Kindness mantles on his red cheek,
Thy praise he justly wins, ungrudged;
Benevolence when to men he shows,
Horses and gold he freely gives.

Mac Gregor of the noble race,
No wonder though bards should fill thy court;
To his white breast there is no match,
But he so famous 'mong the Feinn.

Three fair watches him surround,
Never as captives were his men;
His arm in battle's struggle strong,
Well did he love to hunt the deer.

In mien and manners he was like
The king who ruled amongst the Feinn.
Mac Gregor of the spoils, his fortune such
That choicest men do covet it.

Good and gentle is his blue eye,
He's like Mac Cumhail of liberal horn,
Like when giving gold, like when bestowing gifts on bards,
Like in wooing or in hunt, to the Cu Ceaird among the Feinn.

Fortune attends the race of kings,
Their fame and wisdom both are great,
Their bounty, prudence, charity, are knit to them, the race of
kings,
Wine and wax and honey, these with the stag hunt, their
delight.

Famous the actions of John's clan,
Like to the sons of the Fenian king;
John himself was like to Finn,
First and chief 'mongst all his men.

Though many sought to have Finn's power,
'Mongst those who fought against the Feinn,
On Patrick's son fortune attends,
His enemies he has overcome.

Mac Gregor who destroys is he,
Bountiful friend of Church and bards,
Of handsome form, of women loved,
He of Glenstrae of generous men.

Easy 'tis to speak of John,
His praise to raise loud in the song,
Giving his horses and his gold,
Just as a king should freely give.

King of Heaven, Mary virgin,
Keep me as I should be kept;
To the great city fearless me bring
Where dwells the Father of the King.

Chapter 25

Cowal - Wednesday November 6th, 1745

James Campbell MacGregor squeezed the sheepskin bag at his side and began to play again. His fingers caressed the ebony wood of his chanter. The notes of '*Failte Chlann Ghriogair*' - The Salute to Clan Gregor echoed around the narrow strath of Glen Croe. To the right lay the brooding bulk of *Cruach nam Miseag*. To the left, *Cruach Fhiarach* hid the sun.

Glengyle walked proudly at the head of his men, gorgeously attired and armed to the teeth. He was glad to be alive this day in 1745. Behind him strode Rob, carrying atop an eight-foot lance, the pinsel, triangular banner, of Clan Gregor. On it, proudly flying in the breeze, was the silver oak tree of Clan Alpin surmounted by an azure *claidheamh da laimh* or great two handed sword. A golden circlet encircled the whole device. He was most proud of that banner

Following behind them was a band of Highlanders, clad in tartan of varying hues, the muted red green of Clan Gregor predominating, although other colours could be seen. Some two hundred men were here, strung along the road, covering the ground at an easy trot.

"Play up, man, play up. "Glengyle said. "I wish the world to know that MacGregor of Glengyle is here in Cowal. I represent *An t-Ailpeineach* and many of the people hereabouts are mine by descent. Piper, play '*Ruaig Ghlinn Fraoin*' - The chase of Glen Fruin - now there was a battle!"

The piper began to play the gathering tune, a celebration of the great battle of Glen Fruin in 1603, when despite being ambushed by superior numbers of the Colquhouns, Clan Gregor had slaughtered their assailants. Rob preferred not to think of the bloody consequences when James VI outlawed the very name of Clan Gregor. The killing times that followed would live in the annals of tyranny, when bounties were paid for the heads of MacGregor men hunted down like foxes, women were ravished or murdered and children had their brains dashed out against the rocks.

Rob was worried. They marched through Campbell country on the new military road, connecting Dumbarton to Inveraray and

designed to control and 'civilise' the Highlands. They marched with pipers playing and banners flying. There appeared to be no concern for the risk of discovery. *Mac Cailein Mòr*, the great son of Colin, Archibald third Duke of Argyll, remained well away from disturbance at his House of Ham in London, but there were sufficient of his House, hereabouts, who were unfriends to the Prince.

The party paused at the heights of Strath Croe. "Here we rest for the night. Leave the road and secure yonder vantage," Glengyle commanded. "Post sentinels and find some cattle beasts."

To the northeast, the peak of *Beinn Luibhean* caught the last light of the dying autumn sun. Below them the Loch Restil was dark in the shade of *Beinn an Lochain*. The military road stretched like a grey scar on the brown landscape away to the North. To the southwest the route for the morrow, the narrow *Gleann Mòr*, stretched away.

So far they had met with little success. A wandering chapman, Ranald Mac Neachol from Glen Orchy, had joined them at Arrochar. John Mac Ighail of Torosay had met them at Ardgartan. But Glengyle had not been discouraged. "We shall be justified in this venture when we reach Lochgoilhead. From there we go to Auchinbreck and Glendaruel. They await only my arrival before they shall bring their tenants out for Prince Charles."

The next day dawned, dreich and dreary. Clan Gregor marched on with their plaids dripping. Along by the *Allt Ghlinne Mhoir*, they forded the rivulets that cascaded off *Beinn an t-Seilich*. They tramped through a silent landscape. News of their coming had preceded them. The cattle were hidden, the women and children secure and menfolk clutched sickles and clubs but stood well clear.

Glengyle's men reached the foot of *Gleann Beag* and there turned south and east around the base of *Beinn Donich*. They entered the little green strath of Gleann Goil. The narrow strip of land lay green and inviting, despite the rain. Here were signs of the Duke of Argyll's improvements. Neat little stone cottages stood here and there, surrounded by arable ground, neatly dyked. One of the party, John Landless, who had joined Rob after the capture of the Inversnaid garrison, pointed out the little brown heap at the side of

the strath, remnants of this year's growth of nettles still standing. "That was my home," he said, "and the home of my father and his father before him. The Duke raised the rent till we could not pay and then threw us out. My little daughter died of croup in Lochgoilhead, my son of measles in Inveraray and my wife of a stillborn infant in Greenock."

The party reached *Inbhir Dhonich*. Glengyle stopped and turning to his piper said, "Seamus, Play '*Failte Chlann Griogar*.'" To Rob he ordered. "Lift that standard high. I want them to see who comes." Glengyle turned to the front and marched the last few hundred paces into the hamlet of Lochgoilhead.

This was Rob's first visit here. He wondered why his father had been so keen to come this way. There were a dozen mean little houses and only one of the better sort. There was a small pier with a decrepit yawl moored to it and a hovel of an alehouse. The brown and black of sea-wrack covered the high-water mark on the shingle. They made for the alehouse. Gregor instructed his men to post sentinels and cover the tracks that stretched away along either side of Loch Goil.

Glengyle and Rob, with their immediate attendants, entered the alehouse. It was surprisingly busy. A dozen or more men were seated at tables, pewter ale pots before them. None were drinking. All sat warily, observing the newcomers. "Aye," spoke one of them. "Gregarach are seldom seen in the land of the great Colin."

Glengyle advanced proudly into the room. With his great height, he had to stoop to avoid the rafters. The room was gloomy. "Landlord," he called out, "more ale for all, if you please. Clan Gregor are here to make friends not enemies."

Soon the tension eased for the common people of Argyll were not altogether unfriendly to Clan Gregor. They too, perhaps more than most in these troubled times, were the pawns of great Lords. The changes in the land had aroused resentment. Many of the people here were the same stock as the broken men of Perthshire, feeling just as insecure about their future with the tides of change flowing in Argyll's lands. Gregor hoped for willing followers from among these people.

The ale flowed freely. Rob told of the victory at Gladsmuir and the wonders of Edinburgh and its great palace of Holyrood. His audience listened intently.

By now, Glengyle had loosened his tongue. More people had entered the alehouse so that it was crowded. Surely he would leave here with more than he came. He spoke of his intentions, "to meddle in nothing, no further than to wait upon certain gentlemen in this country." Rob observed a man, clad in the sober black of the lowlands, sitting quietly at the back of the room, listening.

The party left as it had come with banner flying and piper playing and with two more among their number. Paraig MacNeil, who proudly declared himself a descendant of Conn of the hundred battles and Neil of the Nine Hostages but now a landless labourer. John MacLellan, a former crewman from a trading vessel which had called at the tiny pier and abandoned him as he had been too drunk to sail.

They made their way along the western edge of Loch Goil and then turned west, up by *Cruach nam Miseag*, climbing the drove trail of *Bealach an Lochain* until they turned down the narrow trail between *Beinn Lagan* and *Carnach Mòr*. They came to the little fertile strath at the head of *Loch Aic* and cast around for recruits, but never a one did they find.

Rob approached his father. "Two of the men of Glen Falloch that I brought to Doune have run."

Glengyle seemed unconcerned. "That is nothing," he responded, "to the hundreds that Campbell of Auchinbreck will bring to us when we reach Glendaruel."

They spent the night in a sheltered corrie in *Glean Shellish*. The weather though cold and wet was not hostile to their cause. These men were inured to the conditions and the low cloud and mists hid their progress from the unfriendly.

Early the next morning, they successfully ambushed one of the Duke's factors who had been collecting rents. Glengyle was well

pleased with his haul, but Rob was concerned when his father released the man.

"Surely," Rob said. "He will run straightaway to the Duke's principals and call down the militia upon us."

"No matter," his father responded. "They will not catch us. Colonel Jack is with Argyll, his brother in London and his lackeys have not the stomach for a fight."

They moved on into Strachur, another little hamlet of tiny cottages with a pleasant stone house above. Glengyle hammered on the door to no avail. "Break it down," he commanded, announcing, "I have the warrant of his Majesty King James VIII to spoil the effects of this man, as he is an unfriend to His cause." The owner was not at home, but his plenishings could satisfy Glengyle's followers' thirst for loot. The contents of the meal gurnal were loaded onto garrons, for food was already becoming scarce in this year of troubles. No weapons could be found, but several of the band limped away in unfamiliar footwear and one Highlander looked most fetching in the lace and satin dress of the lady of the house, his dirk and musket clashing with the delicate pink embroidery.

The next day they continued southward along Loch Fyne, still drumming up recruits but less gently than before. Among them, taken at the *Leachd*, was a labourer, who admitted to the name of Gregor MacGregor, though not publicly. "*S rioghal mo dhream, agus 'S Griogar ainm agam* - Royal is my race and Gregor is my name - you shall join us, ye of the race of kings," Glengyle declared.

They discovered more of Argyll's rent money, taken from another factor and liberated the muskets from the two frightened militiamen who escorted him. As Glengyle's band departed, the factor, brave now when he found that no more was proposed than to remove the rents from his saddle packs, declared, "You shall not be so cocky, sir, when Colonel Jack catches you!"

Glengyle motioned Rob to go back to obtain more information. Rob and four stalwart, well-armed men soon persuaded the factor to admit the rest. Colonel Jack Campbell, commander of the Argyll militia had returned from England. He was reported to

have crossed Loch Fyne at a point some miles South of them. The factor claimed not to know more. Rob drew his dirk and stroked the blade. The factor's eyes widened. "Your honour," he whispered, "he has three companies, with a mortar, and is some three hours march from this place."

Rob sheathed his dirk, "Go your way and report not this tryst with us, or Clan Gregor will return and smoke you out."

Glengyle sat with Rob and his other officers above the clachan of *Garbhallt* at a council of war. "If Jack Campbell is ahead and with at least three companies of militia, then the road to Auchinbreck is closed," Glengyle announced.

John Stewart of Balquhidder spoke. "We are more than two hundred. Surely we can face them down."

Ranald MacGregor, Rob's cousin, felt differently. "Some fifty of our men would melt away at an instant, although the others may be bonny fighters. I would be less concerned should these be regulars or Lowland militia. But if Colonel Jack leads the Argyll men, then we have a fight on our hands that we should avoid if we can."

Rob concurred with this advice. "Tho' 'twas easy to deal with Ardgartan's company at Ardlui, we took them unawares. They will still smart from that day and will not allow it again."

Glengyle pondered this advice. "Tho' it grieves me, I admit that we cannot match this force in open battle. We make for *Gleann Fionn* instead."

Soon the band of Gregarach, though less than half were of the name, were trotting back the way they had come. They spent the night, securely, in a corrie off *Gleann Beag*. The next day, Sunday the tenth of November, they returned to Loch Fyne side. Glengyle confided in Rob, "although the militia are behind, there is no other force in the area that would approach us."

The little hamlet of Ardno lay below *Cruach nan Capull*. Across yje Loch lay the impressive Dunderave castle, once the seat of the chief of MacNaughton, but now possessed by the Campbells

of Ardkinglas. Glengyle's men were spread out. A small herd of black cattle had been found, apparently owner-less as God was providing their feed, and a group had been assigned to droving them. A belt of trees lay above the party on the slope and wraiths of mist from the loch had, by now, reduced visibility.

Rob was feeling depressed. Their venture had not met with great success, although some of Argyll's money would help fill the Prince's coffers and garrons laden with meal would at least feed the garrison of Doune. A dozen or more recruits had joined them, but others had deserted. Now they were running away from a fight. The cattle were bound to slow them down. If they had to run, these cattle should be abandoned, or else they should find a strong position from where they might give General Jack a bloody nose.

Rob hailed his father, ready to offer this suggestion, when the quiet of the morning was shattered by a single musket shot followed by a ragged volley and the crump of a mortar shell. Rob looked ahead, through the mist. He saw Gregarach running towards them. "We are ambushed," they called out. Fortunately, it appeared that some of the enemy had fired before the main body had entered the defile. Even so at least two were reported to have fallen, and others were wounded.

Glengyle drew his broadsword. "A fight, by god, let us up and at them!"

Rob held his arm. "Father, they are well positioned and armed. We could fight them should the position be reversed, but not here. We must withdraw."

Others of Glengyle's officers added their weight to Rob's argument and Glengyle reluctantly agreed. Already some of the men who they had earlier doubted were in full flight. Glengyle waved his sword in the air. "Withdraw," he roared. "To me, form close order. Abandon the kyloes. Piper, sound the retreat."

Glengyle's men trotted back up *Gleann Beag*, past the spot where they had spent the night. The Piper still blew bravely. The party was smaller than it had been, Rob thought. How much smaller he could not say. As they mounted the side of *Stob an Eas*, he was

able to get a clearer view behind them. The militia had been slow in leaving their positions, wary of a trick, and by now were several miles behind and well below. They could be clearly seen outlined against the ridge of *Tom a' Chrochain*, at least three hundred men in scarlet coats and well spread out. It appeared possible too, that if Colonel Campbell had three full companies, then his full force was there behind them, and it was unlikely there would be any nasty surprises ahead.

At last at the summit of *Gleann Mòr* near the campsite where they had spent the first night in Cowal, Glengyle held up his sword and they all collapsed, breathless from the exhausting pace that he had set. Rob thought, how fit his father was, despite his fifty-six years. After a few moments to catch his breath Rob rose and took a roll call. There appeared to be at least thirty men missing, even when he eliminated the known deserters. They waited there another five minutes. Two stragglers, both slightly wounded, came up with them. That was all. They still had the garrons with the meal and money, but the cattle, extra muskets, some of the ammunition supply and the bulkier booty had long since been abandoned.

“Where is Cornour?” Rob asked. “He commanded the advance guard.”

No-one knew. Calum of Cornour, one of Glengyle’s captains must have been taken or killed.

Glengyle motioned them forward again. The march lay along the military road which had been recently cut along the *Bealach an Easain Duibh*. The danger was not yet over. Colonel Campbell could have stationed men ahead to cut them off here. Campbell of Ardinglas might have prepared an ambush for them. They left the road where it turned westwards back to the head of Loch Fyne and Ardinglas house. Their route now led up *Glean Chonglais*, around the head of *Loch Sloidh* and through *Srath Dubh Uisge* to the foot of Glean Falloch. At last, across the River Falloch and up the hills beyond to the heights above Glen Gyle, the despondent and exhausted men halted. The rain poured down. Only a few purses of Argyll's money and rain-soaked bags of meal had resulted from their venture.

The next day, after a brief stop at Inversnaid, they continued the long trek back to Doune. Once past Aberfoyle, Glengyle swept up most of the cattle he could find from Montrose's tenants. Now there was no hint of subterfuge, of blaming the MacFarlanes. These farmers had refused to pay the Watch, but Glengyle took great care to leave signed requisitions in the name of the Prince for all the beasts they took. This raid was not for personal gain, or indeed insurance for after the rising. The cattle were for the army that was gathering in Perth. They needed to be fed and there was precious little money in the treasury.

Chapter 26

Doune - Saturday January 4th, 1746

Snow lay on the ground. Icicles hung from the trees. Doune was a cold damp place. Stone walls retained the damp which oozed through the fractured slates of the roof. Rob had taken Jean back to Stronachlachar some weeks earlier. The life of a country at war had become as much a monotony as it could be. There was the constant round of guarding the prisoners while preventing their reluctant guardians from desertion. The surrounding area had been subject to requisition for supplies until there was no more to be had. Foraging parties from Jacobite units at Alloa, Dunblane and even as far as Perth had been seen in the area. So far there had been no news of the army in England.

The Jacobite army had almost four thousand men under arms in the area from Dundee to the Lennox, sufficient to hold the country and forage at will. South of the Forth, matters were different. The Whig gentlemen had become brave during the absence of the Prince and his army in the South. The garrisons at Stirling and Edinburgh made periodic sweeps, rendering expeditions beyond the fords dangerous if not carried out in strength. Naval vessels in the Forth sailed upstream as far as Alloa, putting marines ashore where-ever they wished.

Food was in short supply. The countryside was hungry. Rob had led expeditions through the Lennox and Menteith, but the farmers were careful. Few beasts could be seen and stores of grain were well hidden. Rob knew the effect of dearth on families. Though he had no compunction about killing in battle or taking his enemies' cattle, it was a different matter taking morsels from the mouths of women and children. Others had less compunction. Though he had not seen any evidence, tales circulated of Highlanders who raped, burned and pillaged. It was strange how this was invariably reported about the next village but not this one.

The garrons were hungry, but the hay was running short at Doune and no more could be found. Lord John Drummond's messengers galloped in, day after day, on their fine chargers demanding the best of attention for their mounts before riding back to Perth.

It had been another such day, when the messenger arrived, with his horse in a lather despite the cold. He had arrived from the South over the fords. Rob remembered he had not visited the outposts today. He held the horse as the messenger dismounted, announcing, “the Prince and the army are at Bannockburn, in preparation for laying siege to Stirling Castle. You are required to provide as many men as you are able to join them there. Let me have another horse. I have to proceed to Perth, forthwith.”

Rob hurried upstairs to Glengyle’s quarters to inform him of the news. They had almost one hundred and fifty men in the area, thirty in Doune castle, twenty or so guarded the fords, and the remainder lodged around the village. In addition, MacKinnon had arrived with nearly a hundred who were also billeted on the householders of Doune.

It took little time for Glengyle to gather his company. He decided to remain behind with a handful of older men to guard the prisoners. His ague was troubling him. Foraging parties were out and further parties of recruits were expected. However, within the hour more than 200 men were splashing their way through the swollen icy waters of the ford, led by MacKinnon and Rob.

The situation at Cambusbarron, where Rob found the Prince’s army, was confused. Detachments were being sent to positions around the castle, then their orders countermanded and they were sent elsewhere. It did not seem clear who was giving orders. Rob met Duncan Macpharrie at Bannockburn. He told him that Glencarnaig was at Falkirk with Lord George and that he had been sent to Balquhider to raise more men.

“What news of the clan?” Rob asked. “Were we defeated? How is it that the army has returned?”

“Well Rob, “MacPharrie answered. “We marched into England. We took Carlisle. Then Preston and Manchester. Then we marched to a place called Derby. We had no opposition tho’ Glencarnaig told me there were armies in the field against us. Then we turned around and marched back again. There was a skirmish at a place called Clifton. We inflicted losses on the dragoons, but we

suffered a trifle ourselves. We dunned Dumfries and Glasgow for clothes and now we are here again.”

“Did the Prince find supporters? Would not the English rise against German George?” Rob interrupted.

“I saw little evidence of support and hardly a recruit did we find. Let me tell you a tale.” MacPharrie continued. “Glencarnaig and others of our regiment were billeted in the house of a English widow-woman. She had fed us tolerably well and then came into the room wherein we were seated. She said to us ‘Now that you gentleman have finished pillaging for the day, I should like to know when the ravishing will begin.’ Have you ever heard the like of it? I have a broadsheet here that we found. It contains nothing but lies and calumnies. The English have painted us savages and cannibals. They say we steal and destroy everything in our path, that we rape the women and dash out the brains of their children. The Prince wished to continue on to London. Lord George advised that lacking recruits in our advance, we could not prevail against Wade and Cumberland. He and the chiefs insisted that we return to Scotland. Glencarnaig says that Lord George is now ignored by the Prince. He listens only to O’Sullivan and the other Irish.”

The fifth of January passed in uncertainty and confusion. On the sixth, Rob was asked to provide his men to assist in the digging of trenches for the siege of the castle. *Monsieur* Mirabelle, the French siege engineer, proved less than able. No sooner had Rob communicated to his men M. Mirabelle’s requirement to commence trenches at a particular point, than the order was countermanded.

Rob sought out Major Evan at the staff headquarters. “Evan,” he said. “This man Mirabelle is deluded and affected. He tells us to do this, and we do it and it is wrong. The clan is here to fight, not dig holes for a cockatrice! We are under bombardment from the Castle and have lost some of our number to no useful purpose. Would you have us deployed elsewhere, forthwith, where we can be used to better utility? Where is the Prince? I have not seen him.”

“I shall ask the Prince to deploy your men elsewhere.” Evan agreed. “The Prince spends his time at Bannockburn House. Sir

Hugh Patterson's niece, Clementina Walkinshaw is there. By all accounts she has set her cap at him. He is infatuated with her."

The days passed. Evan was as good as his word, but their alternative duty was foraging in force. The continuing necessity to find food was brutalising. No longer did the stock on the hill above Seton of Touch remain safe from the requisitions of the army.

General Hawley had arrived in Edinburgh. The forces under his command were increasing as the naval transports landed more and more men and supplies at Leith. So far, Hawley had not moved. Glencarnaig remained with Lord George Murray, holding the Edinburgh road at Falkirk.

On the 14th of January, the whole Jacobite army was drawn together leaving just twelve hundred in the trenches around Stirling. Lord George had retired from Falkirk to Bannockburn before Hawley's advance. The Jacobite army, eight thousand strong, stood in line of battle. They stood and stood. Foraging had been suspended, supplies were short and yet Hawley did not move.

Rob was in despair. The men wanted movement and action, not this standing in line like so many kyloes for the flesher's knife. Desertion had become a problem again. Clan Gregor suffered less than others, but when O'Sullivan ordered a recaptured deserter to be shot as an example, the feeling was ugly. The Highland officers of the staff protested. The order was countermanded.

Evan approached Rob at dawn on the seventeenth. "We are to advance on Hawley as he seems reluctant to move upon us. The order is to raise as many as possible from all our camps, excluding only those in the trenches. The Prince asked specifically about Glengyle and those presently at Doune. He appeared anxious that Glengyle should be present at the battle, following upon his great service at Gladsmuir."

So it was that Rob returned to Doune where he found Glengyle with almost a hundred of the Clan together with Ludovic Cameron of Torcastle, who had arrived with almost two hundred recruits for Lochiel.

“Did you meet with MacPharrie at the fords?” Glengyle asked Rob. “He came by here with seventeen men for Glencarnaig less than an hour since.

This time, they took almost every man with them, leaving just five to ward the prisoners.

Chapter 27

Falkirk - Friday January 17th, 1746

It was midday as the Clan Gregor regiment marched out of the Jacobite encampment at Plean, to the west of Falkirk. Rob, marching alongside Glengyle looked back at their regiment of two hundred men. Glengyle had his pipers playing and leading the march. Ahead was Cameron of Lochiel's regiment. Beside Glengyle marched Ludovic Cameron of Torcastle, with his officers. They had marched together from Doune.

Rob was looking out for Glencarnaig's regiment, so far without success. Glengyle's men had been late arriving at the Plean camp last night. Rob knew that Glencarnaig's were present in the line of March, but he knew not where. Glencarnaig had returned from England with his company only slightly diminished. However, Glengyle had more than doubled his force by fresh recruiting, despite the defeat in Cowal. He now had more men than Glencarnaig and he was, after all Colonel of the united regiment. It was Glencarnaig's duty to report to him.

Ahead were the Light Horse of the Prince's army, mainly drawn from the minor lairds of Angus, the Mearns and Buchan. Somewhere, in the distance ahead, through the drizzle of rain, were the battalions of Clan Donald, Keppoch, Clan Ranald and Glengarry. Their massed pipers made a stirring sound even if they could not be seen. Other regiments of the Prince's army, some nine thousand strong, were behind. The sight, despite the bitter cold, inspired Rob.

The advance halted. After some time, Lord George Murray rode up, accompanied by members of the army staff on horseback. Rob listened as Lord George advised that the march would shortly re-commence. It was intended to surprise Hawley and quietness was required. No pipers should play. The staff officers moved off down the column. The advance resumed.

Glengyle reluctantly ordered his piper, James Campbell MacGregor not to play. With the pipes silenced, only the wind continued. It was rising, bringing with it dark thunderclouds. The rain was increasing in intensity.

They advanced through the Torwood, from where Bruce's camp followers had issued more than four centuries before, deciding the outcome of Bannockburn. The woods hid the army from sight by the enemy. Lord George led them west of the heights of Dunipace and still they had surprise on their side. Stealthily they crossed the water of Lairburn. It was waist deep and freezing cold. They crossed the little mound of the Antonine Wall that had once marked the northern-most frontier of Rome.

They mounted the slope steadily. The hillside became more broken and rugged as they climbed. Thick tangles of bramble, twisted gorse and whin, hidden gullies, all conspired to trip and confound the advancing force. Ever higher they climbed. The wind rose in intensity, driving rain from the west, at their backs. Struggling through bog and thicket, the army approached the summit of Falkirk moor.

Lord George Murray began to deploy his forces on the crest of the hill. Glengyle's Gregarach halted to the left of the centre next to the Appin Stewarts with the Camerons beyond on the left wing. Only now would Hawley and his staff realise the advantage that the Jacobites had obtained. Rob observed movement of horsemen down the slope towards Falkirk. Somewhere down there Hawley's army was being deployed with the utmost speed. Lord George had achieved a significant advantage, Rob thought, the Jacobites had the height and the enemy would be hampered by the driving storm full in their faces.

There was still no sign of Glencarnaig. "Rob," his father urged. "Go along the line and find Glencarnaig. His place is here in the line, under my command."

Rob and Calum Og ran quickly behind the front line of the Jacobite army. To their right, in the second line, were the Lowland battalions, of Angus and Buchan, and the Light Horse companies. On they trotted, splashing through the mud, identifying the different formations of the Highland army. Soon they reached the Clan Donald regiments on the right of the front line and there, with Keppoch's, they found Glencarnaig.

“Glencarnaig,” Rob began. “I have a message from the Colonel, desiring your company to take up its proper place in the line, which was allocated to us by Lord George Murray.”

Glencarnaig answered. “Not so Rob, these men of Clan Gregor achieved the summit of the moor before any other unit. Colonel O’Sullivan agreed that we should remain here, with the honour of the right wing, accompanied by our friends of Keppoch. So here we remain and here you must remain for there is the enemy.”

Indeed through the curtains of driving rain could be seen the advancing mounted regiments of Hawley’s army. Rob realised that there was no time to return to Glengyle. He quickly took his place alongside Glencarnaig’s men. Rob stood with Calum Og on one side and Glencarnaig’s brother, Duncan, on the other. Ahead, he could clearly see the dragoons advancing at a trot towards them. The Clan had sheltered their muskets, nursing them like babies through the advance, so that the charges in their firing pans were protected against the rain.

Rob observed to Duncan, "They have let the dragoons advance well ahead of their infantry. They seek to ride us down and take the glory o't for themselves."

"Aye," responded Duncan. "We shall drop when they fire, then up and shoot for the horses when they charge. If we reverse them, they will ride down upon their own infantry"

The dragoons continued to climb the hill. Almost 800 horsemen faced the regiments of Clan Donald with the Glencarnaig’s Gregarach.

Finally the dragoons began their charge. They fired their horse pistols from too great a range. The rain caused many to misfire and most of the balls whistled harmlessly overhead. Rob had instinctively ducked, but just as quickly he rose up and levelled his musket. He quickly glanced along the line. None of his immediate neighbours appeared to have been hit. The dragoons were barely ten yards away. Their own volley began to crash out like thunder. Rob fired. Ahead, a dragoon, with his sword levelled, crashed to the ground. The trooper landed on his back, no more than a yard ahead.

Rob slashed with his broadsword. That one would play no more part in the fight. The dragoon next to him had remained in his saddle. He crashed into the line between Rob and Duncan with his sword raised high. Rob, holding his dirk in his left hand and protruding nine clear inches clear of the target on his left arm, swung round and hamstringed the horse. The dragoon came down. Calum Og dirked him unceremoniously. Rob could see no more threat in front. All around were unhorsed dragoons being clubbed and stabbed. Downed horses struggled to rise. Duncan dealt with a thrashing charger, whose iron-shod feet had cleared a space around itself.

Rob looked to his front. The remaining dragoons, though still many in number, were milling around on the moor in front of the Jacobite army. They seemed unwilling to attack again. Dead and dying dragoons and their horses lay all across the front. Many of the survivors turned and galloped off down the slope, not a few coming to grief in pot holes and rabbit burrows. Others rode straight through the ranks of the advancing infantry, tearing huge gaps in the lines as they did so.

Within minutes it was all over. There was a clear view in front of Rob, limited only by the afternoon gloom and driving rain and mist. "Stand." the command rang out. They, reluctantly, stood their ground. Beside them the men of Clan Donald resumed their formation. They each retrieved their firearms and reloaded as best they could. Ahead they could vaguely see through the rain a battalion of infantry drawn up and on its left a militia formation.

Rob raised his sword and called out, "that is the Glasgow militia ahead. I see their standard." Sure enough, they could see the standard raised, horizontal in the stiff wind, despite the driving rain. Glencarnaig drew in his breath and raised himself to his full height. "This is intolerable. Why is there no command to charge. We suffered a great insult from that city and they compound it by standing here against us." He looked across his front and signalled to Keppoch on the right, pointing to the front. Keppoch waved in response.

"Ard Choille," the long drawn out battle cry rang from his lips, chorused by the eager men alongside. Glencarnaig's Gregarach broke into a mad dash forward. From the crest of the hill they raced

down the slope. Keppoch and the remainder of Clan Donald followed them. Rob had only eyes for his front.

"Ard Choille," their slogan rang, as Rob dashed on with the Clan. Just a few yards now, they stopped to fire their pistols, throwing them into the wavering ranks ahead. Now, broadsword raised, Rob was on them. Slash and up, defend, cut, parry and thrust and the man was down. Up and slash to the left, back in a loop, the sword twisted in his hand as he slashed to the right. It bit into bone as it came down. Withdraw and thrust again. Rob met a determined assault from a militia lieutenant. Rob parried, again and again. The lieutenant slipped. Rob slashed and thrust. His opponent went down. Rob was through the enemy line. All around, the line had dissolved into knots of struggling men. The struggle was one-sided, for many of the militiamen were running away.

Rob, with Glencarnaig and his men ran on. Their pace outstripped the throng of fleeing artisans and traders of the Glasgow militia. Slash, cut, kill. Rob had a red film in front of his eyes. Man after man was hacked down in flight.

All around Rob, although he could not see the full picture, the Clan Donald regiments treated the battalions facing them in the same way. Wolfe's 8th regiment of foot and Cholmondeley's 34th regiment dissolved into a mass of fleeing men. In the second line of the left wing of Hawley's army, Blakeney's 27th and Munro's 37th regiments, with their formations broken by the rout ahead, turned and ran.

Madly dashing down hill, Rob ran in the forefront of the Jacobite right wing. He reached Hawley's camp at Falkirk. All around him, men of Clan Gregor and Clan Donald rushed in, screaming their slogans. Rear echelon troops and camp followers took to their heels. Tents, supply wagons and command headquarters were looted, smashed and set ablaze. Cannon and ammunition stores were captured.

Finally, Glencarnaig's piper sounded the recall. They were stood panting and dishevelled in the wreck of the Hanoverian camp. Darkness was falling but there appeared to have been no losses and only minor injuries among Glencarnaig's men. A messenger from

Lord George commanded their immediate return to the army line. Rob told Glencarnaig that he would return to his father.

Rob reported back to Glengyle, who had suffered some casualties, against the Hanoverian right wing. Lochiel and Lovat's in particular, had lost men in attempting to cross the shallow ravine in front of their positions and had been forced back towards the Jacobite second line. The Hanoverian regiments of Colonel Ligonier and Price opposite them had not broken. They had retreated in good order. Their musketry, though badly affected by the rain, had inflicted some losses on the Highland army.

Around the field the wounded were being tended. The dead were stripped and buried. Still the rain teemed down in the biting wind. Lord George and the Duke of Perth eventually succeeded in restoring the army to order.

Chapter 28

Stirling - Saturday January 18th, 1746

Hawley's defeated army had retreated to Edinburgh leaving the Prince in possession of Falkirk. The remnants of their camp were blackened by fire and sodden with rain, however, much of the materiel remained from its precipitate abandonment. Food lay on tables and kettles on fires. Plentiful supplies stood on wagons. Seven pieces of artillery, together with plentiful powder and ammunition, had been left in working condition. The artillery was quickly limbered up and removed to Stirling to augment the battery supplied from France.

The quartermasters did their utmost to secure the military supplies, but all around them was chaos as the Highland army dissolved into its constituent parts, pillaging the camp for any items of value and trash of none. The rain lashed down, the gale blew fragments of tent and clothing here and there. All night the looting continued.

It was Sunday morning before order began to be restored. A stream of Highlanders were making their independent ways back to the North. Their booty secured on their backs or on horseback. Rob knew that some of their own men had gone, but Clan Gregor had fared less badly than others. Glencarnaig and Glengyle had succeeded in retaining the bulk of their companies. Glencarnaig was ordered to proceed beyond Falkirk with Lord George to Linlithgow and beyond in pursuit. Glengyle was to return to Doune.

Burial parties were detailed to collect together and bury the dead. There were more than six hundred dead from Hawley's army but no more than forty of the Highlanders. Rob hated this task and many of his men refused. There was great superstition among the Highlanders regarding the handling of dead strangers. Especially as the army possessed sufficient low-countrymen more prepared to perform this duty.

Rob had been ordered to collect together the prisoners and identify them. Officers were to be taken to Doune, along with any captured militiaman from Glasgow and Edinburgh. Regular soldiers were to be handed over to other units. The surgeons treated the

injured on both sides. Doctor Stewart Thriepland worked through the night, setting bones, sawing off limbs and dressing sword cuts.

Rob noticed a large formation of Highlanders could be seen marching off the field. They were the men of Glengarry. He thought it seemed to be a large escort for the single stretcher that they carried. He approached to be told that the regiment was leaving for home. Their colonel, Aeneas MacDonald, second son to Glengarry, had been accidentally shot by another Highlander cleaning his musket. Aeneas had begged with his dying breath that his men should not exact revenge from the unfortunate Keppoch man. However, they had and then resolved to escort their colonel's body home.

Late on Sunday Rob was given the task of escorting prisoners to Doune. More than seven hundred of Hawley's army had been captured, but only the more important could be held. The gentlemen volunteers of the Edinburgh Company were those being convoyed by Rob as he rode once more the familiar road to the Fords of Frew.

The old fortress was bursting at the seams with prisoners who had refused their parole. Private men were in the cellars of the retainer's hall and officers in the chambers of the kitchen tower. In total they had more than one hundred and fifty. The sanitation of the castle was of a most primitive form. Mere holes in the floor of the garde-robe recesses that opened directly onto the castle walls. Glengyle had attempted to ease the lot of the prisoners by providing blankets. Firewood was available in plenty. Nevertheless, conditions were grim. Glengyle had removed his own lodging to the Bailiff's house.

Many Highlanders were passing through Doune on their way North, but Glengyle did not attempt to hold them. Many of Glengyle's own men had also gone home. So many that he had barely enough to garrison the castle.

On the night of the 25th January, Glengyle was away at army headquarters in Falkirk. Rob had the command at Doune. He was awakened from his sleep by one of the sentinels. Prisoners had escaped. The sentinel took Rob round the outer walls to the place below the kitchen tower where one of the Edinburgh volunteers lay

moaning. His legs were broken. Rob looked up the wall, stained with the effluent of the latrines. Hanging from the crenellation at the wall head was a rope. It had broken twenty feet from the ground. The rest of the rope lay beside the volunteer. It had been formed of twisted and knotted sheets. Rob commanded that the volunteer be taken back inside. He did not look as if he would live long. A roll-call revealed that three others had succeeded in making their escape.

Chapter 29
Falkirk - Wednesday January 29th, 1746

“Come, Glengyle,” Lochiel said, “put your signature to this declaration. We have argued sufficiently. It is time to inform the Prince of our opinion.”

Among the commanders of the Jacobite army stood most of the Colonels of the Highland regiments together with Lord George Murray. Cameron of Lochiel and Stewart of Ardsziel were there. Clan Donald was represented by Keppoch, Clanranald, Lochgarry and Scothouse. The Master of Lovat stood in place of *MacSimi*, chief of the Frasers.

Lord George read out the memorial once more. He intended to ensure that everyone present was in agreement.

“We think it our duty, in this critical juncture, to lay our opinions in the most respectful manner before your Royal Highness. We are certain that a vast number of the soldiers of your Royal Highnesses army are gone home since the battle of Falkirk, and as we are afraid that Stirling Castle cannot be take so soon as was expected, if the enemy should march before it fall into your Royal Highnesses hands, we can foresee nothing but utter destruction to the few that will remain, considering the inequality of our numbers to that of the enemy. For these reasons, we are humbly of opinion, that there is no way to extricate your Royal Highness, and those who remain with you, out of the most imminent danger, but by retiring immediately into the Highlands, where we can be usefully employed the remainder of the winter, by taking and mastering the forts of the North. And in spring, we doubt not but an army if 10,000 effective Highlanders can be brought together, and follow your Royal Highness wherever you think proper.”

“The hard marches which your army has undergone, the winter season, and now the inclemency of the weather, cannot fail of making this measure approved of by your Royal Highnesses allies abroad, as well as your faithful adherents at home. The greatest difficulty that occurs to us is the saving of the artillery, particularly the heavy cannon; but better that some of these were thrown into the River Forth as that your Royal Highness should risk the flower of your army, which we apprehend must inevitably be the case if this

retreat is not agreed to, and gone about without the loss of one moment.

“Nobody is privy to this address to your Royal Highness except your subscribers; and we beg leave to assure your Royal Highness, that it is with great concern and reluctance that we find ourselves obliged to declare our sentiments in so dangerous a situation, which nothing could have prevailed with us to have done, but the unhappy going off of so many men.”

Chapter 30
Doune and Dumbarton - Friday January 31, 1746

Thus it was that Glengyle and Rob watched the remains of the Prince's army pass by the Castle of Doune. The decision had been taken to retreat to the Highlands.

“Rob, we have an errand to perform, and then I desire you to go with Macpharrie and Ronald to Glen Ggyle and Balquhidder.” Glengyle said. “The army is to retreat to Crieff and from there I do not yet know. I shall inform you so soon as I know. Tho' I presume that the intention is to march to Inverness. Lovat and Clan Donald say that they can raise many more men if the army goes north.”

“What is to be done with the prisoners?” Rob queried.

“They are all to be released without condition or favour,” Glengyle answered. “We have no way of removing all these to Inverness, or of holding them once they are there. Remember that misuse of these, our prisoners, will be returned upon us a thousand fold should the position be reversed. I doubt that Hawley would need any justification from our conduct to make prisoners of Highlanders if a hempen rope was at hand. Already our patrols have found the corpses of some of our army who by misfortune were taken and hanged out of hand.”

By the following day, February 1st, the retreat had become almost a rout. The cannon had been spiked and heavy stores destroyed. Glengyle and Rob looked back at the Fortress that they had occupied for nineteen weeks. All weapons and useful supplies had been removed. The doors broken down.

The fifty Gregarach that remained with them were to be the rearguard of the Highland army. Glengyle ordered Ranald to take command with forty men on foot, while he and Rob had an errand of their own to perform with the remainder who were mounted.

Glengyle quickly issued his orders. Curtains of freezing rain fell on them as the party rode by the northern edge of Flanders Moss. Their only consolation was that the rain was driven by a

northeasterly wind from behind them. The Jacobite army had withdrawn from south of the Forth and Cumberland's dragoons had begun regular probing patrols to the north. There was no point in courting danger until they needed to. They skirted the clachan of Aberfoyle, anxious not to attract attention. Crossing the infant Forth they kept to the woodlands rather than approach too closely to the policies of the Montrose estate. [Cultivated fields and woodland around the castle] Night was falling as they descended the Kilpatrick Hills above Dumbarton, pausing at the Hill of Dumbuck. About a mile away, highlighted by the last glow of the short day but barely discernible through the mirky weather, rose the twin peaks of Dumbarton Rock, like fossil paps with a cleavage in between.

"We shall climb the wall on this side and release Cornour and the other men who were taken at Ardno on Loch Fyne," Glengyle announced.

"That wall is sheer. It has a parapet on top. Batteries of heavy cannon defend the fort. How can we take that place?" Rob exclaimed, "Inversnaid and Doune fell by luck and carelessness. That fortress is one of the strongest in Scotland and garrisoned by regulars! It is stronger than either Edinburgh or Stirling and we had no success whatever with them."

"There is a way," his father answered. "It has been done before and I intend the same ploy. I have had a man stationed here watching the Castle for me. He reported that most of the garrison has been withdrawn and sailed up the Clyde two days since to join Cumberland's army. There cannot be more than a handful of men of the garrison remaining inside. Almost two hundred years ago, the Castle was held for Queen Mary against the Regent Lennox. The garrison were careless in their watch, thinking the Castle invincible. A daring escalade of the walls by a small party succeeded in entering the Castle and disarming the garrison."

Glengyle ordered two men to ride to Balloch at the foot of Loch Lomond and ensure that the boats that he had commanded to meet them had arrived. If not they were to locate boats sufficient for thirty, but not to excite any interest that might result in their intentions being betrayed. Two others, himself included, were to

position themselves under cover of coppiced woodland, with the garrons, near the northern postern gate of the Castle.

“You do not intend to scale those rocks yourself, then? This whole scheme appears so foolhardy. I assumed that you would lead the assault!” Rob said.

“No, Rob, I am becoming an old man. I would gladly lead the assault, but I would hinder you and perhaps betray our approach. I shall be waiting for you at the northern gate. God be with you all.”

The spy that Glengyle had stationed here had obtained a ladder of sixty steps and lengths of rope for their attempt. They carried these through the dark, wet night towards the base of the rock. The wind remained at their back. The only consolation was that it would be in the face of the sentinels on the rampart high above them.

Rob looked up. “How in the name of all that is holy can we climb that?” he asked of nobody in particular.

“It is not so difficult,” Glengyle’s spy explained. He was a sailor, bynamed *Alasdair Sèoladair*. He had lived around Dumbarton for some years, when not at sea, although he was one of their own name. “There is a ledge about eight fathoms up that we can reach with the ladder. When we are all upon it. Then I shall climb up to a tree that grows from a cleft some five fathoms further. With the ropes I shall draw you all up and raise the ladder also. We shall use the ladder again to reach the base of the rampart, where the masonry is cracked and can easily be climbed. Once over the walls, it will be your task to surprise the guard and take the Castle.”

Rob peered up at the black basalt cliff, streaming with water as the easterly gale battered its charge of sleet against it. The darkness was almost total. *Sèoladair*’s description made it sound easy. This task was nearly impossible.

The ladder was placed in position. Two men steadied it while the sailor ran up as if it had been horizontal. They heard the double hoot of an owl, signifying that he had reached the ledge and was ready to receive the rest of them. Rob started up the ladder. His feet

found each wet rung in turn. The ladder, roughly fashioned from young birch trunks bound with cord shook alarmingly at every step. After what seemed an eternity *Sèoladair*'s hand gripped his upper arm, helping him onto the ledge. The ledge was barely a foot wide and slippery with moss and slime. *Sèoladair* told Rob, "edge along and keep your back to the wall. There is a wider section a few feet along."

Soon, Alasdair and Calum Og joined him, followed by the rest of the small band. *Sèoladair* and another began to drag the ladder up behind them. They passed the ladder from hand to hand along the ledge until Rob gripped it firmly, with his back to the wall. The ladder gave an illusion of security in his precarious stance. *Sèoladair* began to climb the sheer rockface with coils of heavy, wet rope hung around his neck. He moved slowly, searching for hand and footholds in the wet basalt. Two lengths of rope paid out behind him. Rob could hear him breathing heavily a few feet above. Pray God the sentinel was not directly above them.

After what seemed an eternity there was a triple jerk on the rope. *Sèoladair* had reached the tree and secured the rope ends. While Rob held the ladder, Calum Og climbed the ladder with one of the ropes in one hand, clutching grimly to a leg of the ladder with the other. The ash tree was some ten feet to the south of the ledge and almost thirty feet above where Rob stood, therefore it was necessary to secure the top of the ladder so that it could be hauled up to where *Sèoladair* had tied himself to the short, sturdy trunk. Calum Og climbed down again carefully, leaving the ladder secured to the rope at the top and held by Rob at the bottom. Then, wrapping the other length of rope around his waist Calum Og began to trace *Sèoladair*'s path up the cliff. Once he slipped and swung out from the rock face, but *Sèoladair* had a firm grip of the rope and hauled him up. Once securely on the ledge beside the tree, *Sèoladair* swung the rope so that the lower end reached the rest of the band, patiently waiting, freezing and dripping down below. In turn they each climbed or were hauled up the rock face until only Rob remained, still clutching the ladder.

Rob heard the owl hoots from above and pushed the ladder clear at the base from its footing on the rock. It swung away from him in the darkness. He heard the noise as the men above dragged it

up. It seemed to Rob that ages had passed. He was soaked through and through. The icy cold bit at his limbs as he tried, within the limits of his precarious stance to stamp his bare feet and shake his hands for some pretence of warmth.

The rope end swung just in front of Rob's face, he grabbed at it, nearly losing his footing. It steadied. He tied it securely round his waist and jerked it three times. The men above pulled it taut. He turned to face the rock and scabbled with his fingers and toes to find grip. He began his climb. His foot slipped, he was falling, but the rope held. He swung round to face the cliff again and found a crack with his fingers. The rope hauled him upwards, he only had to steady himself and avoid abrading his skin on the sharp rock edges. Soon he had joined the others beside the tree. They had already positioned the ladder and secured its base to some hardy whin.

Now it was Rob's turn to lead again. The rope remained secured around his waist. He climbed up the repositioned ladder to the base of the wall. True enough as Sèoladair had reported the rampart was cracked from the base. At this point the masonry wall was no more than ten feet high. He could feel hand and foot holds but the roughly dressed stones were loose. The mortar had eroded, leaving holes where facing stones had fallen. Carefully he clambered up the wall. He paused just below the parapet and listened. Where was the sentinel? The wind-blown sleet still came from the east. It would be difficult to see or hear anything in this howling gale. Hopefully, the guard was snug in his box, yards away from where Rob hung onto the face of the wall. Nothing for it, he thought as he heaved his tired and cold body up and through the embrasure of the rampart, slithering onto the wall-walk. He lay still and listened. He heard nothing above the sound of the wind and the rain. Nor did he detect movement along the wall or above towards the barrack block on the summit. Rob pulled twice on the rope. It instantly went taut as the next man began the climb. Rob braced himself, lying flat on his back with his feet against the wall. It was not long before Calum Og clambered through the embrasure to join him. The rope end was thrown down for the next, while Calum stood guard, dirk drawn in case they were surprised. It seemed like an eternity he lay there. Rob's aching limbs strained as each man of the party climbed up the parapet.

Finally, they were all inside and apparently unobserved. To the south was the bulk of the crane that the garrison used to lift supplies. To the north and above them was a barrack block for the ordinary men of the garrison. Along the wall to the north was a sentinel box built into the wall. The sentinel had to be the first objective for Rob and Calum. The remainder cautiously approached the barrack block.

Close by and even above the howl of the wind, Rob could hear the sentinel's snores. Rob removed the sentinel's musket before wakening him. Calum had his dirk at the sentinel's throat. Wisely, the man did not attempt to raise an alarm and answered Rob's questions.

Alasdair came over. "There are none in the barrack there."

Rob said. "The sentinel says that there are four in the Wallace Tower with the prisoners and a further four, including the Commander, in the Governor's House."

Rob quickly detailed a man to guard the prisoner while he took the remaining men along the rampart and down into the cleft where the four storey Wallace tower guarded the postern gate. They crept up to the door. Any noise they made was masked by the wind and rain that lashed the exposed rock with unremitting venom. There was no sentinel outside the Tower to guard the great guns that stood on their platform overlooking the River Leven on its final meander before it joined the River Clyde.

"*Sèoladair*," Rob said, "you remain here out of sight. As you will have to remain here in Dumbarton, it would be wise if your face was not seen by anyone."

Ever so carefully, Rob tried the latch on the heavy iron-studded oaken door. Amazingly, it was not locked. He opened it carefully and peered in. There was a torch burning smokily at the end of the stone entrance passage, casting enough light to confirm that there was nobody there. There was a portcullis gate with its lower end visible in its slot above his head. A great iron yett stood beyond, but it was securely fastened open against the wall. Along a cobbled passage, was the door to the guardroom. Rob eased himself

into the passageway. He stepped silently along the cobbles which were wet with water that dripped from cracks in the masonry of the gateway. He peered through the open guardroom door. By the light of the glowing brazier he could see the duty warder hunched over his fire, keeping himself warm. Three more after this one, Rob thought as he dunted the man over the head with the hilt of his dirk. Taking the bundle of keys from the unconscious guard's belt, Rob and Calum dragged him over to the entrance of the bottle dungeon in the corner of the room. A convenient rope with a corded hook on the end sufficed to lower the guard down into the dungeon. He pulled on the cord to release the hook leaving him in a heap on the cold floor of his own dungeon.

“Now for the rest of the guards,” Rob whispered as they climbed the turnpike stair. There was nothing below them apart from the bottle dungeon. The Tower was built directly on hard basaltic rock. It was likely that the remaining men of the garrison would have the best accommodation on the floor above, with the prisoners warded on the upper floors. From what they had found so far, all of these men were old and unfit. They had been left behind when Cumberland summoned as many as could be spared.

It had been pointless carrying pistols and powder up the wet rock face. They had carried only their dirks with them. However, several pistols and dry powder had been found in the guardroom. Rob and Calum sprang through the door into the hall, their pistols levelled. Many straw-filled palliases lay around the floor. Most were empty. Only three were occupied by the remainder of the garrison slept here. They woke to stare uncomprehendingly at the men who had captured their invincible fortress.

Rob detailed several men to guard their prisoners while he and Calum Og went up the circular stair to the upper chamber. They levelled their pistols as they entered the chamber. Would there be guards in here too?

“Rob, is that you?” greeted them as they entered the chamber above. Malcolm of Cornour lay on the paliasse closest to the door. “How did you get in here? You cannot be captive with those in your hand!”

After greeting Calum and the other Clan Gregor captives, Rob quickly explained how they had scaled the walls. "Are there any others?" he asked. "there appears to be only eight of you here."

Calum explained, "fifteen of us were taken by General Jack, but three of the men that we recruited on our route through the Cantyres claimed that they had been forced. They convinced the governor of this and were released. They were poor trash anyway. Patrick King was shot through the back, cannot walk and is likely to die. He is held in the infirmary below the Governor's House. The militia took the three that we recruited in Argyll away. We have not seen them since. It is likely that they have been shot."

Rob quickly agreed that it was pointless attempting to rescue a crippled man who would be unable to escape. He ordered that the sentinel held in the upper barrack should be brought down and dropped into the dungeon with the four who had been captured below. There were more, perhaps as many as a dozen, suggested Calum at the foot of the ravine walkway to the south. They would be secure in the Governor's House with the artillery positions that commanded the River Clyde. There could be no advantage in attempting that. Rob had achieved the sole objective that his father had set him. Now it was time for escape.

The sentinel's keys opened the massive lock in the gate of the North entry. They walked out into the wind, trotting down the track towards the woodland where Glengyle had promised to wait for them.

Glengyle and Cornour greeted each other warmly. Cornour was thinner and more care-worn than he had been in November but otherwise well. That description probably went for most of them. Glengyle warmly thanked *Sèoladair*. "Give my greetings to my sons when you next meet them. Their mother would be overjoyed to see them safely home again when our present troubles are over."

Only two men had to double up on the garrons that Glengyle guarded. They made quick progress along the River Leven to Balloch. It seemed an anticlimax to Rob when they found the boatmen waiting patiently for them on Loch Lomond. Despite the continuing rain, and the rocking of the boat, he dozed off.

Rob awoke even more cold and uncomfortable, despite the sheepskins that had been piled upon him as he slept. They were nearing Inversnaid. At last they would reach safety and somewhere to rest.

“Fare thee well for the present,” Glengyle said. “Gather up as many of our men as you can find and rejoin us at your earliest. In especial you should bring James Mòr. I would warrant that his leg is healed. I have been summoned to a council at Crieff on Monday to determine our strategy. Thereafter I shall join the remainder of our present company with Glencarnaig’s and travel with the Prince. Once I know the route, I shall send a messenger to advise you of our plan.”

After sleeping till midday at Inversnaid barracks, Rob’s small band separated to go to their homes. He commanded them to meet again at Lochearnhead in three days when Glengyle’s messenger would arrive with his orders. Ranald and Duncan Macpharrie went across to Balquhidder while Rob travelled east by Loch Arklet to Stronachlachar.

[Reunion with Jean here]

Jean flung herself into Rob’s arms when he entered his own house. “O, Rob, *mo chridhe*,” she sobbed. “So many have come home, and yet you had not. Can you remain? What is to become of us?”

“Steady, my heart,” he answered. “I cannot remain, I have to go with my father into the Highlands. The chiefs have advised the Prince that it is necessary to retreat into the North. There we will rebuild the army of the Gael in order to fall on the Saxon in the spring and drive him back “

“O Rob,” Jean said. “What is to become of us, the women and children and the old men you leave behind you? How can you desert us to the vengeance of the Saxon.?”

“Jean, my dear,” Rob answered, “we shall take valuables to the shielings. Leave little here where the redcoats can reach. The stock that we have left cannot be moved as there is no grazing for

them. The children and old people can be hidden. If danger comes, they must take the meal and other provisions with them. I doubt that you shall see any redcoats until the spring. However, if they do come, you must not resist them. Take to the hills. Allow them their way with the houses. They may burn the house but it can be rebuilt. I can never find another Jean. Be here for me when I return.”

Two days later Rob was travelling once more. Many of their men had returned with their booty from Falkirk but were easily found at their homes. Most were willing to come with Rob. Others had gone into hiding. He should have sought them out but there was no passion for the cause left in his heart. He still had his duty to his father and an obligation to the Prince.

[Cindy – I’ll come back to this.

At Glen Gyle House, his mother was pleased to see him, but looked strained. Her opposition to the whole venture had not altered. She knew that her house would be burned when the soldiers came, as it had been thirty years before. She knew better than to try to dissuade him, but reminded Rob of his duties to his wife and to his mother.

“Mother,” he told her, “I have my mother and my wife to respect and serve. But I have my honour also. I cannot desert the cause of my Prince even though it must bring disaster upon all.”

“You are no better than your father, with your sense of honour and dignity.” she said. “My father said I should not have married a Highland man, with a treasury of honour and no siller in his purse. He told me that I could have had a merchant with a fine house. Still, I would not have you and your father any other way. He has been a good man to me, despite his devotion to those undeserving Stewarts.”

Rob took his leave of his mother, promising help to move her possessions to safety in the hills. He had another duty to perform before he left to rejoin Glengyle. He made his way along to James Mòr’s house at Coire Arklet. James was in fine fettle after his enforced rest. His leg had healed well. Together they made their way back to the fort at Inversnaid. The clan garrison still held the fort. Although there were only five men, nobody had bothered them. Now

the fort had outlived its usefulness. Most of the supplies had been removed. Only a single barrel of gunpowder and slow fuse had been retained ready for this moment.

It did not take them long to lay the charges. They had the advantage of daylight and no risk of being disturbed. James Mòr had arranged for supplies of clay as tamping material. Holes had been cut into the foundations. This demolition would be thorough. They laid a trail of powder as a fuse. The few men with them moved away to a safe distance. Rob lit the fuse. He and James Mòr took cover behind an outcrop of rock. Time passed. The fuse was very slow! Rob thought that it must have been extinguished. James Mòr held him back. Then came the blast. Or rather four distinct blasts as each of the charges ignited. Pebbles and fragments of wood landed around them. They looked up. As the great cloud of smoke cleared the fort looked as it had before. Then as they walked towards it they could see the walls were leaning. The gable of the barrack block was split from top to bottom. The gates lay flat on the ground where the front wall had collapsed. As the smoke cleared it was obvious that major rebuilding would be needed before the enemy could use this place again.

“Do not be sure,” James Mòr said, “that they will not rebuild it again.”

“Well, “ Rob answered, “we shall just destroy it again,”

At Lochearnhead Rob learned that the tryst was to be at Coshieville on the road to Inverness. There were few dry eyes in Strath Gartney as he led his company north.

Chapter 31

Killin to Garvamore - Friday 14th February, 1746

The Gregarach war band trotted briskly along the side of Loch Earn. It had been thought possible that the Campbell militia at Finlarig might have sufficient strength to bar their route. To avoid this threat they took the hill pass from Dalveich at the northwestern end of Loch Earn, up through Glen Beich. The snow lay deep in the sheltered parts of the glen. Here, part way up the hill, the ground had been scoured almost bare of snow. The driving wind sent fragments of ice and snow through the air, penetrating and stinging at exposed flesh. The Gregarach held together in a compact group, taking it in turns to lead into the teeth of the gale. Those inside enjoyed comparative shelter until their turn came round again.

Near the head of the column strode Rob with James Mòr, Ranald and Duncan Macpharrie. Between them they had raised more than one hundred and fifty of the men who had returned to their homes after Falkirk. Added to the hundred still with Glengyle and Glencarnaig they would have a respectable regiment once more.

At last they began their descent to the comparative mildness of Ardeonaig by the waters of Loch Tay. Darkness was soon to be upon them for they had been late leaving Balquhidder. They took shelter for the night in a little corrie. The wind howled above them. They soaked their plaids to keep the penetrating wind out and huddled together for warmth. With no dry material to light a fire with, they dined, perforce, on oatmeal soaked in cold water. Otherwise the night was uneventful. The next day, just before dawn, they were on their way again along the southern shore of Loch Tay. Wet and cold, they broke into a fast trot, drying and warming themselves as they went.

At last they came to Taymouth Castle. Their route took them close by its walls. The castle was the principal seat of the Earl of Breadalbane, although two centuries earlier it had been a MacGregor house. Breadalbane was as wily as any of his ancestors and not to be trusted. Although some of his followers had not been discouraged from joining the Jacobite army, he had contributed others to militia companies in Government service. Now that it was becoming clearer that the rising would not succeed, it would be in Breadalbane's

interests to demonstrate his support for the government. The castle loomed menacingly but its sentinels must have been asleep. The Gregarach had passed by before they were seen. A cannon was discharged, but the ball flew wide. The next fell short. There was no pursuit.

They crossed the River Tay. Its cold waters were in spate. Then they forded the river Lyon. The tryst was appointed for Coshieville. For safety, while they waited they occupied nearby Garth castle. Its owner, William Stewart of Garth, had only recently abandoned the fourteenth century stronghold of the Wolf of Badenoch for more comfortable accommodation.

Next day, the Jacobite army arrived. Though not much more than three thousand strong, it was stretched out over several miles. Half of the army, led by Lord John Drummond had travelled by Coupar Angus to Aberdeen. Lord John's division escorted most of the baggage and artillery. Still, this division included lines of laden horses formed into columns that seemed interminable. They were accompanied by a detachment of the lightest artillery. The route of the Highland division had been via the military road from Crieff to Amulree and Aberfeldy.

Glengyle and Glencarnaig were close to the head of the column. Lochiel and his Camerons led the vanguard.

Once more together, Rob could look back on the Clan Gregor regiment in column of march. These were the strength of his people. His heart swelled. They were in retreat, but they had not been defeated. Although the regiment waxed and waned in numbers like the passage of the moon, they had suffered very few losses. Fortune could yet turn in their favour. The Prince might still come into his own.

The march continued by the new military bridge over the Tummel and to Dalnacardoch. They marched through the bleak midwinter gales. The Boar of Badenoch stood on one side and the Sow of Atholl on the other, their summits hidden in cloud.

Chapter 32

The rout of Moy - Monday February 17th, 1746

The men of Clan Gregor bivouacked for the night on the low ground near where the outfall of Loch Moy joins the Findhorn. It was late at night and Glengyle was telling Rob of the Gregarach families who had settled in these parts, one hundred and twenty years earlier at the invitation of the Earl of Moray. Rob Roy had visited these families when drumming up support during the Fifteen. They dined well, not on Lady Macintosh's kyloes, but on some that they had found 'wandering'. They probably belonged to the Laird of Grant who was in arms against them with the Earl of Loudoun.

In the distance they briefly heard musket fire, but thought little of it. Glengyle walked over to the sentinels to listen more carefully, but decided there was no cause for alarm.

A little later, a ghillie arrived in their encampment. "A message for the colonel of the Clan Gregor regiment," he had panted. Both Glencarnaig and Glengyle, followed by their officers, roused themselves and came over to hear it.

The messenger recounted that Lord Loudoun's regiment had attempted to surprise the Prince and his staff. Anne Farquharson, Lady Macintosh, was their hostess. Her husband, however, was not at home, for he held a commission as captain in Lord Loudoun's regiment. It was thought that Loudoun was now retreating back to Inverness. The Prince requested that a pursuit be mounted immediately. There were insufficient men available at any nearer encampment. Clan Gregor were nearest, although two miles to the South. Glengyle gave directions to the ghillie as to the location of the next encampment of the Highland army. Then he issued orders to raise the men.

So it was that Rob found himself on a night march again, beside his father with no certain knowledge of what lay ahead. Onwards the Gregarach marched through the hours of early morning darkness. They followed General Wades's new military road along which Loudoun's force had retreated shortly before. The glow of daylight increased in the East. The mysterious stone circles of the ancients were just visible. They crossed the final ridge of the

Monadhliadh range and the town of Inverness lay before them. They would not catch Loudoun on the road, but they might win an advantage before his officers' recovered control in the town.

The Clan Gregor officers stood upon the high ground of Hilton. They could see boats crossing the Kessock narrows into Ross. Glenyle decided to wait for the reinforcements that Clan Donald and Lochiel were bringing up the road behind.

Now, in clearer daylight, the combined regiments prepared to storm the defences of Inverness. As it turned out, there were no defences of Inverness, except for Fort George on its eminence above the tolbooth. Lord Loudoun and the Lord President, Duncan Forbes of Culloden, had abandoned the little town. Rob and his men stood on the escarpment of the Crown. They looked down at the corner of High Street and Doonside where the Town house stood. Opposite was the old Tolbooth. Beside it lay the new Coffee House, the fashionable resort of the gentry of the district. Beyond them, at the foot of Bridge Street, stood the seven-arched bridge over the Ness. As Rob watched, companies of the Highland army made their way across the bridge to secure the few cot-houses and isolated mansions, such as that of Balnain on the north side of the river. Other troops ran along Church Street searching the houses, down to the burial ground and the harbour. Loudoun had left a garrison in the Castle opposite them, with the ravine of Doonside between the Crown and Castle Hill. So far there had been no fire from the castle. Heads could be seen peering over the ramparts.

From their vantage on the Crown Hill, Rob and Glengyle watched the Jacobite light field guns being set up at Kessock. The Spanish and Irish gunners commenced firing on the last of Loudoun's force as they crossed the narrows into Ross. No hits were apparent. They looked further to the North, where Loudoun had retired. Rob spoke. "One of the townsmen called that 'The Black Isle', is it an island?"

"No," Glengyle responded. "It has the meaning of the 'territory of Duthac', an ancient missionary of the Celtic church. Ignorant people with poor knowledge of the Gaelic thought it sounded like Eilan dubh, which they translated into Black Isle."

Rob pondered. "if it is not an island, then why do we not go round by land to attack Loudoun?"

"Hold there, Rob," his father laughed. "There are those in the army here with better knowledge of this country than us. Lord Lovat in particular and Lord Cromartie also. This is a matter for the Prince's Council to consider. They will tell us soon enough, and we may well be on the road, or perhaps we can find an entertaining ploy of our own."

Rob and Glengyle turned their attention back to the barrack block of Fort George sheltering behind ramparts opposite. Soon the light cannon were being positioned ready for the assault on the Castle. French engineers were reconnoitring for suitable points from which to begin mining. A group of staff officers rode up. "There is the Prince," Glengyle indicated.

Soon enough, however, Glengyle was summoned to a council. Rob amused himself by touring the town. It was nothing by comparison to Edinburgh and Glasgow but still it was the largest in the Highlands. Along Church Street stands substantial, well built stone houses. A tacksman of the Macintoshes, ensign of the regiment that Lady Macintosh had raised, pointed them out to Rob. "This is Dalcross house," he said, indicating a fine mansion with a double storey set in the loft space, "and this Bow Court," pointing out another four storey building with a pend through the centre, through which lesser houses could be reached. "Next to that lies the Dunbar's Hospital which houses the Burgh Grammar School and opposite, through the pend, there is the House of Abertarff."

They walked on, past the ancient parish church to the burial ground and the meaner houses which were not very different, except in quantity and proximity, to others throughout the Highlands. Rob observed that the middens before the doors which would be of no great consequence before cottages each set on their own farms, ran into each other and were of great nuisance. "Man, have you been to Edinburgh?" Rob asked. On finding that his companion had not, he told him of the huge size and noxious nature of the middens in the High Street. They walked back to the Coffee House next to the Tolbooth where other officers of the Highland army had gathered.

Following the council, all was movement and purpose once more. Glengyle summoned his son and the rest of the Clan Gregor. "Lord Kilmarnock is to command a detachment after Loudoun, to travel around by Beaulieu. We are commanded to join him with Barrasdale, Clanranald and Lovat. The Prince has gone to stay at the House of Culloden, which Lord President Forbes has precipitately abandoned."

Once again they were on the road, accompanied by one of the best regiments of the Clan Donald. They trotted across the Ness Bridge. A couple of harmless cannon-shots from the castle saw them off. On they went, past the flat carseland of the Merkinch. Soon they were passing through Lord Lovat's lands. His regiment accompanied them and the people favoured their cause. They forded the Beaulieu River by the ruins of the ancient Priory. Here they left a detachment to guard the ford and from there they marched on to Dingwall. There, Lord Kilmarnock stopped, unsure of his next move.

Rob, frustrated by days of inaction and boredom interspersed with fruitless patrols, spent his time discussing affairs with other junior officers. There was an increasing food shortage. Last year's harvest had been poor and Loudoun had already requisitioned more of the common peoples scanty provisions than they could afford. Kilmarnock seemed to have no idea what he should do. Loudoun could not be found. It was said that he had moved into Sutherland. Desertion from the army began to be a problem once more, though few of the Clan Gregor had gone.

At the end of February, Glengyle was commanded to go to the house of Ross of Pitcairney, thought likely to join the Prince but in need of a little encouragement. Rob went with fifty men. Once again, it was an uneventful expedition. They trotted through the starving country, with barely a poke of meal to be found. Pitcairney, himself, would not come out after all, but allowed them to take a couple of recruits away with them.

Rob commanded a forage party. They arrived at a farmhouse. It resembled his own. In the parlour of the house, he read his warrant from the army command. "The Prince requires meal for his army, and forage for the horses. You shall be paid in his bills."

The farmer, obviously poverty stricken and blind in one eye, claimed that he had no provisions, beyond what would keep his family for the next week. After that they would be reduced to gathering shellfish on the mudflats and bleeding the few remaining cows, already barely strong enough to stand. Rob, aware of their plight, like most of the others in the area, moved on empty-handed.

Other foragers were less scrupulous. The Earl of Cromartie found it necessary to issue instructions to his forage parties to allow free movement of trade in Ross. Rob, on forage duties once more, stopped a farmer with meal loaded on to pannier bags of his packhorse. The farmer presented the Earl's pass, clearly marked with his seal. Rob read "These are requiring all officers of his Royal Highnesses army, and all others whom it concerns, to allow all and sundry the heritors, tenants, and possessors of the shire of Ross that are employ'd in carrying their farm meal, to pass to and return from Inverness to their respective homes, without any molestation to theirselves, servants, horses, etc., hereby certifying that such as countervene these, or give them disturbance of any kind, shall be highly culpable, and punish'd accordingly." Rob had no intention of countervailing the Earl's commands, particularly as the farmer was taking meal to the army in Inverness in any case.

The Duke of Perth arrived with a considerable extra force, including Cromartie's, MacKinnon's and Ardshiel's Appin Stewart regiments to relieve Lord Kilmarnock. Their force now two thousand strong, marched to Tain where they faced Lord Loudoun across the Dornoch Firth. Loudoun had withdrawn or destroyed all the boats. He defended likely landing sites on the Northern bank of the Firth in strength. Patrols reported back to the commanders that the overland passes by Bonar and Lairg were strongly defended by the Sutherland Militia. Once again Rob found himself waiting, inactive.

Glengyle read out to his men, a letter from the Prince's council in Inverness. "Information being got yesterday that about sixty Campbells and thirty of Kingston's horse were at Keith, and to stay there all night, Lord John Drummond order'd Major Glasgow, with about 200 foot picquets of the different corps, 14 of the guards and some Hussars, to march there in the night and attack them, which accordingly was done with success. They attack'd them about one of clock in the morning, and the whole are either killed or taken:

the exact number killed is not yet known; I believe about 20 or so: the rest are all in our camp. Only three of our side killed, and some wounded."

The listening men cheered at this news, there was little else to cheer about on this dismal March day.

While Rob waited, he could not know, but across on the Dornoch firth, Donald Polson also waited, even more bored than Rob. Captain Gunn's company had been detailed to guard the crossing of the River Oykel at Bonar. The affair at Moy, though a terrible panic at the time had at least enlivened Donald's life. Apart from that, since coming to Inverness, a town even less exciting than his father had related, they had drilled and marched about a bit. Then they had crossed to Ross, and marched about a bit more, to Cromarty, then Tain, across the firth to Dornoch, back to Tain, back yet again to Dornoch, and now here they sat. Donald was cold, hungry and miserable. More of the men had deserted. While they had been at Inverness, one of his Uncle's subtenants had gone. George Fraser had a cottage on Alasdair Polson's little farm at Lothbeg. George had taken himself home as his wife was ill, a perfectly reasonable thing to do, Donald thought. George had been arrested at the command of the Earl of Sutherland, confined for days in a dungeon, before being sent in manacles back to Inverness where he was given a lashing by one of Lord Loudoun's regular warrant officers. Poor George still could not understand that he had done anything wrong, but the example had made most of the others fearful of the same treatment.

Chapter 33
Tain - Thursday March 20th, 1746

With the words "Wake up, man," in his ear and Glengyle's hand on his shoulder, Rob opened his eyes. Little could he see for it was still dark and wraiths of mist hung around. He struggled to his feet, adjusting his plaid that had sheltered him from the chill of the night. Soon, surrounded by the bustle of the wakening Clan Gregor bivouacked around him, he had his broadsword, dirk, target pistols and other accoutrements arranged for the day.

For sure it was to be another day such as the last, and the one before it. No doubt there would be more enforced taxations. Although the Earl of Cromartie had brought his tenants out for the cause, most of the other gentleman hereabouts stayed close to their firesides, hoarding their sparse meal ginals and their purses even more tightly.

Yesterday Rob had levied the farmlands of Kilmuir. The houses of the better sort of tenant appeared almost prosperous. Rob and his men had escorted one of the Prince's clerks. Their duty was to levy the cess tax of five pounds on every hundred pounds of valued rent. It had been clerk's work sure enough, but the rental papers could not be found, for Lord Loudoun had removed them, and the farmers claimed that they had paid the cess to him also. The clerk had requested meal, but was told there was none to be had. At this the clerk, in exasperation, had called on Rob to set fire to some of the dwellings. Rob was only too conscious of his own little house and farm far away by Loch Katrine with Jean and the baby she carried. In the event, the threat was enough. Money was found, though not as much as had been demanded. They carried away several of the labourers off the farms as recruits.

The harshness of the levy and forced requisitions made Rob unhappy. This was not the reason he had followed the Prince. Some of their regiment had deserted again. The time for the spring ploughing was near and there would surely be dearth if the crops were not planted. From what he had heard Clan Gregor suffered less than most from desertion.

His father summoned him over to where he stood with Glencarnaig. "Action is in the offing, Rob. We are to be at them today."

Rob felt his spirits lift. At last there might be chance to strike a blow against an enemy of the Prince!

Glengyle continued. "There are boats, sailed across from Moray for want of any here, to take us over the firth."

Loudoun had commandeered almost every boat of any size between Dornoch and Nairn, either destroying them or taking them to Sutherland with his forces. Loudoun had the capability of launching assaults by sea, supported by the frigates and sloops of the Royal Navy. The Duke of Perth had been forced to maintain detachments to guard against surprise landings anywhere between Tain and Kessock.

The men of Clan Gregor walked down towards the sands of the Morrìch Mòr to the East of Tain. Other parties of the Highland army were also converging here. Rob recognised Barrasdale's men and Clanranald's. Many of the others were local men, serving with the Earl of Cromartie's regiment.

Day was dawning, although down below by the shore, there still hung a thick blanket of mist. As they moved through the whins, approaching the fog bank, the rising sun briefly caught them. Rob caught his breath. The whins were festooned with the webs of tiny spiders, their silken threads soaked with dew. They shone like diamond necklaces on a faery princess. Then the sun was gone. The princess sank back into her earthy den. All was dank and dreary.

Rob clambered over the last of the dunes that edged the shore. His own men, less than thirty now, followed close around as they waded through the stream that meandered over the sandflats. They could not see the sea, nor could they hear it. Nearby another party splashed through water. Seabirds called from the greyness. Rob continued to follow the guide who had been assigned to him. Surely he knew where he was?

At last they came to the boat. Its bow was beached on the sand while its stern bobbed in the gentle oily swell of the firth. Rob made to climb over the bulwark. "Hold sir, not so soon," the boatmand said in the harsh gutturals of the Moray coast. "You will need to shove off from this sand"

Rob ordered some of his men to push the boat out into the gentle swell. He climbed aboard. His men threw their muskets aboard. They clambered, one by one, over the gunnel and arranging themselves on either side of the hull. The last of the band, almost waist deep were finally hauled inboard.

The four crewmen unshipped the oars. Their passengers grumbled as they packed more tightly together to make room for the oarsmen. The heavily laden boat sat low in the water. The swell of the incoming tide occasionally broke over the hull and soon there was water slopping around their feet. The crew requested that their passengers bail the water out.

In the mist, thick and uninterrupted, nothing could be seen. The distant splash of oars, in the quiet as their own lifted clear of the water, told Rob that they were not alone. They could be half way to Norway for all Rob knew, but the cox'n seemed to know where they were. The oars splashed steadily into the water, haul back, and up, forward and splash again. The swell on the water was greater here, the boat rising and falling as it met the waves. Still nothing could be seen.

The cox'n leaned over, "We are thereabouts, sir," his voice jarred. Rob looked around, nothing but water and mist could he see. True enough, no more than seconds later, the stem of the boat grounded on sand. He leapt out on one side, while a crewman jumped on the other side to steady the boat. Quickly his men followed over the gunnels along the length of the boat.

At last they were all out of the water, back on firm sand. The crew returned to their element, with sweeps unshipped and pulled away into the mist. For a short time the splash of their oars could be heard. Glengyle had told Rob that there had been sufficient boats to transport barely five hundred men but the Duke of Perth had more than fifteen hundred prepared for the assault. These boatmen faced at

least three double crossings today. Rob had watched Government ketches and sloops cruising off shore during the past few days. If this mist cleared they might wreak slaughter should their crossing be observed.

Rob listened. There were noises from up ahead. Stealthily he led his men along the beach. The sand seemed to continue on forever. He heard the sounds of men ahead. He signalled his own men to be prepared. He called out the password, "Tarbat." Back came the response, set by the Earl of Cromartie without doubt, "Nigg." Rob rushed forward, almost tripping over a piece of driftwood as he did so.

Here was a party of Clanranald's men. They had been detailed to the same part of the assault as Rob. Their objective was Dornoch. Their lieutenant had a crude map in his hand, but was unsure quite where they were. It had been planned that they should land on the machair a mile to the south of Dornoch, from where they were to attack the garrison and capture the noble Lords Sutherland, Loudoun and Forbes. It seemed that they were somewhat to the west of their intended landfall.

They marched along the beach, keeping the noise of the tidal swell behind them, until it could no longer be heard. Now they paused. The light seemed stronger to the right so they were still moving northwards, but were they east or west of Dornoch Point? They continued, their bare feet padding along over the wet sand, splashing through stranded pools. At last, the sand was softer and drier. Marram grasses could be seen. The machair had been reached. They climbed the low dunes that fringed the beach. They ran now as silently as heavily armed men could run.

Although only a few feet above sealevel, the mist was thinner and visibility was improving. There was a low rise ahead. Rob held out his arm, calling a halt. Someone was ahead. Silently, belly down, they approached. Two sentinels lounged by a rocky outcrop. Most unwarlike they lay with their muskets cast aside, oatmeal bannocks half eaten. Rob levelled his pistols at them while his men collected the muskets. The sentinels were only too happy to direct Rob's party to Dornoch. Indeed, as they were of the Laird of Macintosh's

company, they had many friends serving with the Prince. They would guide them and thereafter gladly serve the Prince.

Now they met up with the rest of Clan Gregor, Barrasdale with his men and some of Mackinnon's, and mustered nearly five hundred strong.

A little later they discerned a body of men approaching. The Jacobites took cover behind whins and among the sand dunes of the machair. A regular company of troops were on the march with their officer leading. Rob ordered a group of his men to be ready to fire, but to aim high. From the testimony of deserters, he had heard that the fighting spirit of their opponents was not high.

"Now," Rob yelled. A brisk roll of musketry crackled. Several of the marching men fell. Many of the others took to their heels while the remainder cast their weapons down and held their hands high. Barrasdale took the surrender of their officer, who was Major MacKenzie of Loudoun's regiment. They had taken about sixty soldiers and several officers prisoner. Three or four were hurt from the musket fire but none killed.

Leaving a detachment to guard their prisoners, the remainder continued on their way. The sun had broken through the mist as they entered Dornoch. Running, whooping their slogans, firing their muskets, the assault on Loudoun's headquarters commenced.

There was no defence offered. Soldiers ran out from the ancient Cathedral, ruinous chapter house, tolbooth and lesser houses of the little town. They threw down their weapons, unprepared to fight. Their officers, only half-hearted in their support of King George quickly decided that discretion was the better part of valour and surrendered. Others, too many to capture, could be seen fleeing for the hills.

Rob arrested the Captain of an Independent Company. "Where is Loudoun?" he demanded.

"Gone, sir, these several days to inspect the Laird of MacLeod's men, and the Earl of Sutherland's companies at Oykel and Shin. With him is the Lord President."

"Your sword, sir, and your name withal. You are my prisoner." Rob held out his left arm for the sword, his right still held his own broadsword.

"I am Aeneas Macintosh of Macintosh, chief of Clan Chattan and Captain of a company of my clan, serving with the Lord Loudoun. To whom am I to surrender my sword?"

Rob declared himself. "Robert MacGregor, younger son to Glengyle and officer of the Clan Gregor regiment in the service of Charles, the Prince Regent."

"I yield my sword, sir. Now if you will forgive me, I retire to my quarters. Here are my officers. Yonder I see that Lord Fortrose and Captain Sutherland of Forse have also surrendered."

"Hold, sir. I require more information of thee. Where is my Lord of Sutherland? Is he with Loudoun or elsewhere?" Rob queried.

"I saw him last with his escort returning to Dunrobin, where he resides in comfort. He may still be there," Macintosh responded.

"Why do you serve with King George?" Rob asked. "Your people made bonny cause for the Prince at Moy."

"Aye, man, that was painful. I was visiting my own Hall to surprise my very wife, who they say is Colonel Anne to my Captain Aeneas! My Lord Loudoun had me stationed well down the column, for fear of my loyalty no doubt. Then we ran, by God, we ran! Tell me, which regiment put our brave forces to flight so soon?"

"That was no regiment, sir," replied Rob. "That was your blacksmith, Donald Fraser with five of your servants. They raised such a to do with torches and muskets and trumpets withal, that the brave Lords at the head of your column turned and fled."

Macintosh stared at him in amazement. Then he saw the funny side of it. His shoulders began to shake, his eyes watered. He collapsed helpless with laughter. At last, when he could speak once more, "Ah, well then," he said. "Donald of all people, a stout fellow

without doubt. One of those who came with the lady Anne, my wife, from Invercauld. You say there were just five others beside Donald?"

"Aye, sir," Rob answered. "I spoke with him in Inverness. He is Captain Fraser now in the Macintosh regiment. That is your lady wife's Macintosh regiment."

Macintosh looked at Rob. "Clan Gregor, thou art," he said. "Your people have been less than fortunate, but in this scrape they are, indeed, fortunate. You have little to lose and a great deal to gain by the success of the Prince. My case is different. I lead a party of my people to safeguard my estate. My wife and younger son do not have my responsibility. They follow their hearts. Sir, I have surrendered my sword to thee and I give thee my parole. Should any of my people wish to join your party then that is for their own conscience. I am for my quarters and, by your leave, I bid thee good day." So saying he turned on his heel and retired to his lodging.

Rob quickly found Glengyle and Glencarnaig who were with Barrasdale, Clanranald and Appin. "Father," he called as he approached. "I bring the sword of the Laird of Macintosh. Loudoun and Forbes are well away from here at Invershin and Sutherland is at Dunrobin."

The leaders, receiving reports from other lieutenants that confirmed these tidings, quickly made their dispositions. Barrasdale was to head west immediately to strike at the remainder of Loudoun's forces who were emplaced at Spinningdale, Bonar, Invershin and Lairg. The rest of the Duke of Perth's forces would attack these emplacements by land. Clan Gregor was to march straightaway for Dunrobin. Clanranald and Stewarts of Appin were to follow them when their parties arrived from Tain. As the waters of Loch Fleet at Ferry Oons had to be crossed, the MacGregors were to take with them boats that could be carried. Little boats, mere currachs they were, which Loudoun had collected and held at Dornoch.

Once more Rob was in the vanguard, alongside his father. Their tail, clad in the colours of Glengyle, trotted behind them. Other companies and gentlemen of the Clan were strung out behind. Along the machair they went as quickly as the pace of the four man relay

teams which ported the curraghs would permit. The mist still held firm over the sea, but was sparse here over the land. Past Embo they went, a hard pace that only men inured to the chase could stand. Finally they crossed the machair of Coul and on to the beach where the mist thickened once more.

Down they crouched at the edge of the dunes. The Gregarach spread out along the narrows where the ebb and flow of the tidal waters of Loch Fleet rushed by. There were four ships at anchor. The largest was of seventy tons or so, though they had no sailors with them to tell. Three were small merchantmen and there was one ketch armed with two four-pounders on each side. The ensign of St George hung at its Jack-staff. The ketch was anchored across the channel with its four-pounders facing up and downstream.

"They are not warned," Glengyle whispered to Rob. They conferred with Glencarnaig and Major Evan. Together they examined the boats floating at anchor in the narrows before them.

"There are lookouts on the seaward side but not on the landward" someone whispered.

"More, over there, at the point by the dunes, I think. Damn this mist!"

As far as could be seen, it appeared that no sentinels had been posted inland of the anchorage. Rob's company were quickly detailed to cross upstream and command a little eminence to the east of the pier.

These little curraghs were tricky to enter. It appeared all too easy to put a foot through the hide covering them. Gingerly, stepping on the framework, Rob climbed in. Clutching at an overhanging branch to hold the little boat steady in the water, he helped the next man aboard. Sitting on the shore, watching intently were the rest of his men. Their turn would come soon. Now three men had boarded and then the fourth. Ready. Shove off. Their paddles dipped as silently as possible and the little boat swung into the stream. Round and round they span as there was neither keel nor rudder. Soon, however, they were able to make progress across to the other bank. Rob gripped a clump of reed and carefully clambered out. He looked

back, two more boats were in the stream and the fourth ready to launch. Silently he detailed one man to take the boat back for a further load. Then, crouched down, keeping the dunes and whins as a shield, they hurried forward.

Now Rob had a clearer view. One of the boats was berthed. It appeared to be a collier. Carts were being loaded with coal, swung out in whicker baskets from a rope attached to the jib. Rob counted carefully. There were four men on board and four more on the pier. They were all working and there were no weapons in sight. More of his men lay beside him. He carefully examined the other boats. There was a lookout sitting by the bows of each. The ketch had two more armed men aboard. Rob sent four of his men scurrying, crouched low, round to a further vantage beyond the little track leading to Golspie. Now all of his men were in position. The signal for 'all clear' came from the other side. At least there did not appear to be a company of militia waiting there, out of sight.

Rob waved his the signal. His men discharged their muskets. They were chiefly aiming at the armed sentinels, although with only slight hope of hitting them. There came an answering volley from the men on the opposite bank. Then Rob was up, with broadsword drawn, "*Ard Choille!*" rang out as they sprinted the fifty paces or so down to the pier.

The unloading crew looked up in amazement. One man leapt into the water. The others held their hands high in surrender. It was all over so quickly. The captured men were seated on the pier under guard. The Gregarach aimed another volley from the pier at the ketch and its three sentinels. They fired back. Several more men came on deck. One fell, a lucky shot at this range. Two of the crew jumped into a dinghy tied alongside. Several casks were handed down by two more who also boarded. The dinghy cast off. Its crew pulled strongly on their oars, heading out to sea. Rob's men ran along the shingle beach, pausing to load and discharge their muskets but to no avail as the dinghy drew out of range. Steady musket fire enfiladed the remaining crewmen on the three uncaptured ships. There was no wind so they could not escape and the ketch's four pounders could not be brought to bear. Another defender fell. Soon white flags were hoisted and the fight was over.

More men quickly crossed in the currachs. Rob took a dinghy which had been tied to the pier out to the ketch. Several Gregarach, with broadswords in hand, held the crew prisoner. Rob swung down the companionway ladder into the little hold. Though deserted of crew it was hardly empty. There were many casks of muskets all marked with the TOWER seal, fresh from the factory. Barrels of gunpowder, cases of flints and bags of shot were stowed neatly around. Several barrels were lying disturbed. Rob examined them as more men came clattering down the ladder. Money! Bags of money, copper coin it seemed mostly. It was obvious that these were similar casks to those that had been taken by the escapees. Perhaps that had been gold and not copper. Rob looked further into the hold. Here were cannon, four pounders he thought, gun carriages, shot, wadding, ramrods, all manner of plenishing for an artillery battery. More cases contained clothing, uniforms, boots, military webbing. He returned to the deck and signalled Glengyle and Glencarnaig over to view the booty.

One of the other ships was also a collier, but the fourth was well stocked with food; oatmeal, pease meal, naval hard tack, salt beef and pork. *We will not starve here*, Rob thought.

Rob was summoned ashore. An hour had elapsed since they had reached Ferry Oons. Less than an hour ahead lay Dunrobin and Lord Sutherland, the prize that Perth had assigned to them. Clanranald's and the Appin Stewart regiments now arrived and the commanders discussed their next move. A detachment of each regiment was detailed to go on to Dunrobin.

Rob's company were on their way again, at a tireless lope, unhampered by the currachs. By now it was late afternoon. They went along the machair and shingle, through the little Kirkton of Golspie, splashing across the burn and up the slope towards the castle. At last they paused a little out of range of musket shot from the tower. The mist still hung over the sea like a great woolly blanket, nothing could be seen of it. The Jacobites spread out around the castle, taking care in case of a possible cannonade from within, although there were no signs of cannon on the walls.

Rob moved around to the North with some of his company. A small group of men ran out of the courtyard pend and turned down

the hill. Rob gave chase, accompanied by no more than six men. On, down the hill through the demesne gardens, they reached the seashore. Rob and his men were some two hundred paces behind, but scrambling over rocks and through pools, they gradually overhauled their quarry. A small single masted fishing boat rocked in the swell beside rocks that sheltered it and formed a crude pier.

Their quarry leapt aboard while one of them hastily slashed through the mooring ropes with a broadsword. The boat pushed off, with sweeps madly forcing it further out to sea. As Rob reached the pier, he and his men presented their muskets at almost hundred paces range and fired. At least one ball appeared to strike the hull. The crewmen continued to row. One man sat crouched low by the mast sheltered from the gunfire by the hull planking. "Reload," Rob commanded. They fired again, but the range had increased to some hundred and fifty paces. The boat had almost disappeared behind mist and musket smoke. More Gregarach arrived on the shore. There was still time for another volley. Muskets cracked, but the range had become too great.

Rob's men made their way back up the hillside to the besieging party around the castle of Dunrobin. A Jacobite officer was waving a flag of truce before the gate. A parley was being sought. As Rob arrived the gates opened. Clanranald talked earnestly to several of the occupants. He turned and walked back.

"They yield," he called. "They intended to defy our siege until I warned them of the cannon at the ferry. We would have a battery prepared by the morrow and that it would make short work of their fine house."

Into the courtyard they went. "Secure the walls and the tower," Clanranald commanded. Rob and Clanranald climbed the spiral staircase of the house, with several of their men behind. They entered the drawing room. There was a fine carpet on the floor and paintings on the wall. Lady Sutherland, dressed in a fine gown, stood stiffly to meet them. Her nephew, Lord Elcho wa

Clanranald as senior officer took control. "My Lady, where is your husband? I carry a warrant from Prince Charles for his arrest."

“He departed just as you arrived.” Lady Sutherland responded.

Rob had decided that it had been the Earl whom he had chased to the boat and fired upon. However, Clanranald refused to believe that the Earl was not hiding in the castle. "Search the place," he ordered.

Clanranald and Rob sat in the drawing room. Lady Sutherland attempted small talk while the search proceeded. Their men reported back their lack of success. Some of them carried items of loot. Clanranald, in a fury that their quarry had escaped, drew his dirk and held it at Lady Sutherland's throat. Rob clutched his arm. "Desist man. We do not make war on women. The quarry has flown so let there be an end to this."

Clanranald, his anger subsiding, withdrew the dirk. The Lady Sutherland, her danger past, summoned servitors and offered her guests wine. It was now quite dark.

Rob rose, "My lady," he said. "I am ordered to return to the Ferry Oons. I regret that our meeting was not in kinder circumstances."

Rob collected his men. One had a silver snuffbox, while others carried bottles of brandy and port. Rob took the snuff box and returned to the drawing room. "My lady," he said. "Your nephew, my Lord Elcho, is an officer with the Prince's army. We have been instructed to arrest my Lord of Sutherland but not to loot his house and yours. I would return this to you and suggest to my brother officer that he should order his men to do likewise."

Chapter 34
Dunrobin - Friday March 21, 1746

The next day, Rob accompanied his father up the spiral stair of the tower house of Dunrobin. They entered the Earl's study. Rob went to the window looking out over the mist bank that shrouded the sea. "A pity," he murmured "for 'twould be a fine prospect on a good day.'

His father, beside him, responded, "Had yesterday been a good day, we might have been chained in the hold of some stinking sloop today."

They turned into the room. Most of the Jacobite commanders in Sutherland were here already. Loudoun's forces had disappeared. A council had been called.

"My Lord Cromartie, gentlemen, your attention please." The Duke of Perth requested from Lord Sutherland's great chair.

Around the clerk's table, which had been dragged into the centre of the room, sat the Irishman, O'Sullivan, the Earl of Cromartie, MacKinnon, Barrasdale, Clanranald, the Master of Lovat, Stewart of Appin and Glengyle. Their aides, including Rob, stood around the walls.

"Gentlemen," the Duke said again. "We are here today to make our dispositions. As you are aware, My Lord Loudoun and the Lord President are fled beyond Loch Shin. They may continue to Skye, it is thought with MacLeod and Sleat. My Lord Sutherland is fled in a fishing boat, leaving his wife and children in this house. It seems that he has taken the public money with him."

"There is nought like a man with his priorities right." Barrasdale said, raising a laugh around the table.

"However," the Duke continued. "We have secured a thousand stand of Lochaber axes in this house and two hundred stand of muskets. At Ferry Oons, my friend of Glengyle, here, has discovered seven hundred stand of musket and a battery of four-pounder cannon. These are to be taken to Inverness. I shall return to

Inverness with Mr O'Sullivan. I intend to leave my Lord Cromartie to command in Sutherland. Barrasdale and Glengyle will support Lord Cromartie. The other regiments are to return to Inverness with me."

Cromartie interrupted at this point. "What of Caithness? Am I to proceed there to levy men and food?"

"Aye," responded the Duke. "I conceive that your son should lead the expedition. He is to collect the public money and to raise volunteers. There have been great protests of sympathy to our cause from the Prince's friends in Caithness, but no aid from that quarter. They claimed that they could rise for fear of my Lord Sutherland. Now they can rise. But first I wish that detachments of your regiment should continue the pursuit of my Lord Loudoun on which it is currently embarked. Thereafter, they shall proceed to Caithness, on our command from Inverness."

"Glengyle," the Duke continued. "It is my desire that your regiment continue at Ferry Oons. You have boats whereby you may control the crossing. It is therefore your duty to patrol from Dornoch to Golspie."

Glengyle responded, "My Lord, are we to remain aboard the ships? They are mighty well provisioned and defensible."

"Aye, I have inspected them. They are too large for us to risk a sea voyage, so they must remain at anchor there. If they are not well garrisoned then the sloops at sea may attempt to cut them out. Glengyle, you are required to despatch as much of the freight by packhorse as can be made use of by the army to Inverness "

"Barrasdale," the Duke went on, "it is my command that you remain here at Dunrobin. You should place detachments at Helmsdale and at Clynetradwell, in order that you may guard the passes into the hills."

"Now," the Duke motioned to the servitor at the door, "please summon my Lady Sutherland to our presence. We would have words with her."

Lady Sutherland entered the room and took the seat that was offered to her. "My Lord Duke," she said frostily, "you requested my presence?"

"Aye, my Lady," the Duke returned. "I trust that our occupation of your house did not disturb your rest this night."

"What if it did, would you depart?"

"Alas, my Lady, our cause demands sacrifices of us all in this scrape. You still have your feather bed, while your husband, the good Earl, may be at the bottom of yonder cold ocean, if I hear aright the appearance of his boat."

There was a general laugh from around the table at the Duke's words, the countess flushed.

"What is your desire of me?" she asked.

"My Lady, we understand that your husband's Militia Companies remain in arms in the hills. It is our desire only that all should live in peace. We give any who have borne arms against us free pardon and pass to return to their homes. They should surrender their arms to us and come down from the hills. I desire that you should pass messages to their Captains summoning them to meet my Lord Cromartie here in order to discuss terms."

"My Lord, I am under duress here. I can pass the messages that you demand, but I cannot force these Companies to surrender their arms."

"Very well, my Lady. Would you be so kind as to send the messages arranging a meeting with My Lord of Cromartie at this place three days hence. If you would now be so good as to leave us while we continue our conference."

The Duke and the other Highland officer stood as Lady Sutherland left the room.

"My Lord Cromartie, gentlemen. I conceive that our conference is almost over, except to inform you of an express that I

have lately received from the Prince's headquarters at Inverness. The bearer is Mr Petrie, who is sent to assist in the raising of the cess tax. He brings tidings which you will all be glad to hear off.

[Cindy – this is an authentic despatch]

The Duke lifted the despatch and read ‘... a few hours ago, there arrived a gentleman, dispatched by the Duke of York, who brings the strongest assurances of support from the Court of France. This gentleman, who sailed from the Brill on Friday last, assures us that the whole Irish Brigade had actually put to sea; that two ships only had been taken, and none of the rest put back into any of the ports of France. He adds, that there was certainly a fleet of 36 French and Spanish men of war, and 28 large privateers sailed from Brest; which agrees perfectly well with what has been already mentioned in some publick prints. I have the honour, etc, signed by Thomas Sheridan.’

“At last, the promised army from France has set sail,” the Duke said. “When they arrive we shall have a force capable of destroying the usurper’s army and restoring our rightful King. Gentlemen, God save the King! Now, to your duties, this conference is at a close.”

Chapter 35
Tarbat House, Cromarty - Friday March 28th, 1746

The Earl of Cromartie stood in the study of his house at Tarbat. A messenger had brought him a despatch from Colonel O'Sullivan. Rob had arrived from Sutherland at the same time.

[Cindy – this is an authentic despatch of O’Sullivan’s]

Cromartie read. "My Lord. His Royal Highness just now received advice that three men of war, three transports, and a small sloop, arrived yesterday into Cromartie bay, and that the first man of war sailed directly to Innerbrakie. It is thought that they had some information that part of the goods brought from Tain were deposed at the storehouse of Innergordon, and that their design is to seize upon them. If really the goods are left at the storehouse of Innergordon, it is necessary the Glengarry's regiment should be quartered near that place, and have a strong guard on the storehouse; and, to frustrate their designs, to loose no time to order the carriages of the country to send off as soon as possible, what effects are there to this town. We are informed whether grounded or no, that there are no troops aboard those transports, and that they came to transport Louden and his army to joyn at Aberdeen. Be it as it will, it is necessary to take right precautions and be very alerte. The common news here is that Duc William has burnt all the fourage that was in his neighbourhood, and is thought that he's retireing: we have no certainty of this. Nothing presses from the borders of Spey; so it expect you'll have time to reassemble the Caithness men, disarm the others, gather meal and as much money as possible. I found his Royal Highness in parfait good health, and mighty well satisfied with all your operations. I have the honour to be, most sincerely, my Lord, Your Lordship's most humble and most obedient servant, J. O'Sullivan"

The Earl finished reading. He turned to Rob. "Now," he began, "What news of the Sutherland militia. Have they surrendered their arms?"

"No, my Lord," Rob responded. "Captain Gordon of Carrol agreed to a meeting with us to discuss terms. He did not meet, and

we are reliably informed that he took a boat from Golspie and was picked up by a sloop."

"Very well," Cromartie said, striding to and fro across the floor. "If they will not treat with us then we burn their gear!"

"My Lord," Rob protested, "our policy is not to burn. My father will be exceeding disturbed if he is commanded so to do. We also have houses and bairns in them. Think you of the example we present to Duke William."

"My orders are clear," Cromartie announced. "Take them to Glengyle and have them carried out! But first I have a further duty for Glengyle. My Lord of Foulis is in arms against us, but I have a warm regard for his lady at the Castle of Foulis. My Lady has desired that I provide a protection for her as there is an enmity between Foulis and Glengarry. Therefore, I require that your regiment provide a detachment for the guarding of the Castle from depredation."

"My Lord," Rob replied. "Foulis is no great matter. However on behalf of Glengyle, I request your written command regarding the houses in your own hand."

Cromartie's face reddened. It appeared to Rob as if he would respond with anger. However, it seemed that he thought better of it. Cromartie took up a quill and paper at his desk and scribbled out the written order. "There sir," he said. "Gordon's house of Kintradwell and Clunes's of Cracaig. Your instructions are to burn them."

"My Lord," Rob said, withdrawing, "at your command. I bid you good day."

Later that day Rob met his father at the castle of Skelbo. Standing on its eminence the four captured ships were in clear view. "So Cromartie would have us burn their houses. Is that the way of it?" Glengyle mused.

"Aye," Rob answered. "I raised a protest with him, but he would have none of it. He is quite firm that Captain Gordon's house

should be burnt and also Captain Clunes's. Cracaig is the factor to the Earl of Sutherland."

"Does he think on the consequence? Does he know what it is like to have your house burnt before your very eyes?" Glengyle was angry. "I should post to Cromartie myself to remonstrate with him."

"I regret that he will not be budged in his resolve. We have no other course than to fulfil his orders. I have them here, written in his hand." Rob showed Glengyle the written command.

"Does he know that Cracaig's wife is unwell and that her children are in a fever? We cannot make her homeless." Glengyle paced up and down. Then he reached his reluctant decision. "We must obey the command. I would refuse it in other circumstances, but these men are in arms against us. I would wish that Cromartie set the fire himself and not us."

Early the next morning, Rob and his company surrounded the house of Cracaig. It was a pleasant stone and mortar house of two stories with its farm offices set a little distance behind it. Rob rapped the knocker. The door opened. "Madam, I have warrant from the Earl of Cromartie. As your husband has refused to treat with us, my Lord Earl commands me to set fire to this house. I will allow two hours for you to remove your possessions and valuables."

Mistress Clunes, visibly shocked, stepped back. A small child peered from behind her skirts. She collected herself and tried to be bold "You cannot make my bairns homeless. They are not well. They have had a fever this past week."

Rob, exceedingly unhappy in his task, responded. "Madam, I greatly regret this pass. My orders are to burn this house, not the offices. There is a good dry barn yonder. We shall leave that untouched."

"There are no men here to shift my gear," Mistress Clunes protested.

"I have sufficient. I give you my word that we will remove your gear to yonder barn. There are oats, bear and meal stored

therein. We shall levy food from your granary and ginals, but there will be sufficient left that your family and dependants will not starve before harvest. Now, mistress, we must to business. I shall allow you five minutes to secure your privy possessions. Thereafter my men will move your furniture and plenishings at your command."

So it went, the men of Clan Gregor carried the furniture and clothing from the house over to the barn. They were proud fighting men who would cheerfully shoot or dirk an opponent in arms. The centuries of oppression under which they had suffered could have made them callous and indifferent to the sufferings of others. It had not, or perhaps they were all conscious of the devastation that could so easily fall on their own houses in far away Glen Gyle, Balquhider and Rannoch. Rob thought particularly of the fate of Rob Roy's house at Craigostran when the Duke of Montrose had sent men to burn the house for a claimed debt. James Mòr had told of that grim day in early March when the snow lay on the ground. All the plenishings and stock had been stolen or wantonly destroyed. The house was committed to the flames, Mary MacGregor beaten. Rob could just remember, as a very small child, how the family had come to them for shelter and comfort. He had a clearer recollection of Glen Gyle House being destroyed after the Fifteen. He thought of Jean at home in Stronachlachar and shuddered at the thought of his own little house in flames, his wife and tiny baby, which he had not yet seen, cast out onto the hills.

The beds were carefully shifted into the driest part of the barn, and the sick children carried out of the house, into their beds.

At last the house was empty. Soon the flames were licking hungrily through the stone slates. Dry joists crackled as black clouds of smoke tumbled up into the sky. Red tongues of flame curled around the chimneys.

Rob and his men set off to the house of John Gordon of Carrol at Kintradwell. He did not know, but may have suspected, that Captain Clunes and his company lay in hiding near the summit of *Creag Riasgain* above Glen Loth. John Clunes watched in tears as his house burned. His lieutenant, Angus Morrison, lay beside him, preventing his mad intention of dashing down the hillside to stop the outrage. Their time would come. Servants at Dunrobin had smuggled

ammunition from under the noses of Barrasdale's men. Vital food had been carried to the hungry men in the hills. The militiamen burned with anger. The struggle had not been theirs when they sat at the Inverness barracks, or when they had shivered at Bonar. Now, with this outrage, they wanted vengeance.

Chapter 36
Ferry Oons, by Golspie - Sunday 13th April, 1746

It was well past midday when the messenger from Inverness arrived at Glengyle's outpost piquet at Skelbo Castle. His horse was lathered from the hard ride North.

"A message for Glengyle and my Lord Cromartie," he called out. "From the Prince at Inverness."

He was quickly taken by boat across to the ketch that had served as Clan Gregor's headquarters for three weeks.

Glengyle read the dispatch. "We are recalled immediately," he announced to his officers. "Cumberland has crossed the Spey in strength. It is expected that he intends to continue to Inverness and to offer battle."

At last there would be action, Rob thought. That would be far better than stealing meal from the ginals of widows or burning infants out of their homes.

Glengyle said, "Rob, go to Dunrobin with this message for My Lord Cromartie and Barrasdale. All our outposts are to be warned. It is too late to march today, but tomorrow I require the clan to be prepared for return. Take a strong escort with you."

Rob trotted his garron over the links to the south of Golspie. To his right, beyond the dunes, seals raised their heads from the grey sea, as if observing his passage. To his left lay the hills above the narrow coastal strip. *He knew the militia lay hidden up there. Eyes probably peered through telescopes at this very moment, he thought, observing his progress as they had all activity in the past weeks.*

Rob delivered the despatch. "Glengyle suggests that we march tomorrow with your consent, My Lord." Rob informed them. "He has appointed a tryst at Skelbo for tomorrow morning to allow our outpost garrisons to gather together."

Lord Cromartie did not seem concerned. Rob thought that Cromartie had made himself comfortable in Dunrobin Castle,

excusing his presence as being required to protect Lady Sutherland from Barrasdale's attentions. Lord Sutherland had left a fine cellar. Cromartie must have thought it too good for Barrasdale. Rob thought that Cromartie must have realised his miscalculation in bringing out his people. Lord Seaforth, chief of the MacKenzies, had been forfeited for his part the Fifteen. This time Seaforth had supplied a MacKenzie company for Lord Loudoun's regiment. A few volunteers may have joined the Prince. No doubt Cromartie's neighbours would be eyeing the spoils of his estate, the Earl of Sutherland in particular. More than the loss of land, the penalty for treason by a peer was death.

Unlike Cromartie, Rob's despatch had stimulated Barrasdale to immediate action. Pausing only to secure the accumulated loot, he was even now rounding up his forces.

By the time Rob returned from Dunrobin, Glengyle had scoured the area for as many garrons as he could get. During the rest of the day, they loaded up much useful booty from the ships at Ferry Oons. Most of the food and military supplies had previously been taken to Inverness and the coal was of little value. However, Rob thought it a shame to hand back so many useful things to King George. It was likely there would be hard times ahead high in the hilltop refuges.

Noon came on the 14th. Barrasdale had been impatient and passed the Ferry at dawn. MacKinnon had arrived with his regiment and was waiting for the company of Clan Gregor. Of Lord Cromartie's regiment there was no sign.

"Rob," Glengyle said, "take a few men and ride to Dunrobin. Ask My Lord Cromartie whether he has further orders. Does he require us to await his regiment or is it his intention that we should proceed to Inverness in advance of his arrival?"

At Dunrobin, it was apparent that Lord Cromartie was in no haste to depart. "Inform your father that he has my consent to proceed. My regiment will follow tomorrow. Cumberland is too frightened of the Highland army to be precipitate in this matter. There will be no battle for some days. We have time to spare."

On his way back, Rob was alarmed to see militiamen of the Earl of Sutherland's companies low down on the hillsides. Until now, he had known of their presence but they were rarely seen. He was glad of his escort. Twenty mounted Gregarach might cause them to think twice before attacking.

By the time he returned to Skelbo, almost five hundred men of the combined regiments of Glengyle's and MacKinnon's were waiting impatiently for his return. Some were mounted with strings of packhorses in tow, but most were on foot.

Glengyle ordered the march to begin. The Meikle ferry across the Dornoch firth was still controlled by the Jacobites and useful for small parties. However, it was too dangerous to attempt the crossing with this size of force. The ferry crew advised Glengyle that at least ten trips would be required for them all to cross. Naval vessels patrolled ceaselessly offshore and would be alert for any such activity. On the horizon, the white sails of a two masted sloop-of-war could be discerned. No doubt its captain would be carefully observing the land through his glass, for activity such as this.

So Glengyle and MacKinnon decided to take the long way around by the Kyle of Sutherland, with the intention of crossing the fords over the Oykel at Bonar. By the time they reached them, it was too dark to cross safely. Rob's unnecessary visit to Lord Cromartie at Dunrobin had cost too much time for their party to reach Inverness tomorrow. They settled for the night, commandeering shelter in the little clachan on the northern shore of the ford. Sentinels were posted, alert to possible hostile attention from the Sutherland militia that continued to shadow them.

The next day, the 15th of April, dawned. It took some time for the whole party to cross into Ross. The River Oykel was running high and it had been necessary to send strong swimmers across with ropes to establish safety barriers for the rest of the party and their horses. The combined regiments marched on through Ardgay. The march went eastward now, along the southern shore of the Dornoch Firth, before turning upward and southwards at Struie. Their route was by the drovers' road across the moor of Aultnamain. Thence by Alness, avoiding the ferries over the Cromarty firth, to Dingwall, where they camped again for the night. Several of Lord Sutherland's

fine chargers had thrown their shoes. Glengyle had not wanted to leave them behind. A farrier was encouraged to reshoe them.

[Cindy – the route is important as it brings in the effect of Naval forces. Also an explanation as to why the MacGregors did not reach Culloden in time for the battle]

Chapter 37
Inverness - Wednesday 16th April, 1746

Thus it was that when the fateful day, Wednesday the 16th April, dawned the MacGregors and MacKinnons were still at Dingwall. While their men broke camp a messenger arrived. Rob met him. "I bear an urgent despatch from Lord George Murray," he announced.

Rob escorted him to his father. The messenger presented the despatch. It was dated the previous day.

Glengyle read. "Our regiments are urgently required at Inverness. Cumberland is at Nairn and it is expected that the battle will be fought on the morrow."

"Are there naval vessels near Kessock?" Glengyle asked. "Is the ferry passable?"

"Cumberland's transports are anchored off Nairn and Ardersier. Sloops were patrolling inshore as far as Kessock when I left Inverness," the messenger replied.

"Then there is no alternative but to take the route by Beaully," Glengyle announced. MacKinnon agreed.

The route was across the base of the peninsula of the Black Isle by Muir of Ord to Beaully and then through the farmlands on the Southern shore of the Beaully Firth.

At Clachnaharry Glengyle halted the column. The sound of cannon fire could be heard. Continuously, the sound came, sometimes louder, sometimes barely distinguishable as the wind changed. Glengyle, MacKinnon and Rob climbed some way up the slope of Creag Phadruig to reach a vantage. The smoke of the battle was apparent on the high ground to the east of Inverness.

"That is Culloden muir," Glengyle remarked. "The Prince must have decided to give battle. We cannot reach them in time. The issue must already be decided. If the clans had charged successfully, the batteries would have been silenced."

They recommenced their march the last few miles into Inverness. It was mid afternoon as they reached the seven-arched stone bridge at Inverness. Survivors of the battle and refugees in flight from the town blocked their route.

They stopped a man on horseback as he crossed the bridge. He appeared to be a Buchan man from the sound of his English. "What news?" Rob asked.

"We are lost. Slaughtered. We stood up to their cannon but no order came to charge. The Highlanders on the right finally made their charge, but were thrown back. Then I ran. God help me," he sobbed. "I ran. The army broke. The dragoons rode down anyone standing. They sabred the wounded on the field. They killed bystanders who had no part in the battle. I found a garron, otherwise the dragoons would have ridden me down also. Let me past, they are not far behind. All must seek their own safety."

Beyond the bridge of Inverness, Rob perceived the scarlet coats of the dragoons who were already in the town. Glengyle agreed with MacKinnon that it was pointless to proceed further. A march along the western bank of the Ness was ordered. The dragoon detachment on the eastern bank observed them but prudently did not attempt to cross. The dragoons continued to shadow their march but did not attempt the fords. Onward their party continued, not halting until they came to Dochfour, where Loch Ness opened out and widened the gap. The dragoons turned and rode away.

"At last we are rid of our unfriends. They were cowards to the last." Glengyle announced. "Let us make our way to Lovat's house of Dounie."

That night at Dounie was subdued. Lovat, uncertain whether his son had survived the battle, was preparing for flight. If fly he could with his weight and gout! Other formations arrived, include Lochgarry's, most of them badly knocked about.

The next day, the 17th, the enlarged party continued down Loch Ness-side. They remained in strength for security. The MacGregors, with MacKinnon, Lochgarry and others mustered

seven or eight hundred men. That night was spent at Cullichie, Lochgarry's house. Their host knew what vengeance would follow in their footsteps, so the feast that night was not stinted.

"Drink up. Eat." Lochgarry commanded. "No Hessian dog shall enjoy my hospitality.

Dr Cameron, brother of Lochiel was there. He had not heard of his brother's fate, though it was known that the regiment had suffered considerable losses.

[Cindy – you are probably right about Donald – will check.]

Chapter 38

Ruthven - Saturday 18th April, 1746

The next day the MacGregors parted from MacKinnon and Lochgarry. The route was now by Glen Tarff and the Corrieyaraick pass. Descending into Badenoch they headed northeastwards to Ruthven. There had been messages that a tryst had been arranged there.

Other regiments had also survived intact. Several thousand Highlanders gathered at Ruthven. Some, like the Clan Gregor had not reached Culloden in time for the battle. Cluny MacPherson had 500 men unblooded. The Duke of Perth and his brother Lord John Drummond were there with Lord George Murray. Lord Ogilvie with most of his regiment and many other commanders had arrived. The Prince had an army still in being.

The men were tired and hungry, as they had been before Culloden. Foragers cast around in search of food. More survivors of Culloden arrived. By nightfall the army was at least five thousand strong. They were well armed and still able to fight.

Detachments held the Slochd and other passes between Inverness and Badenoch against Cumberland. More survivors arrived from the North. There was no sign however, of the Prince and his escort. News came that Cromartie's regiment had been cut to pieces by the Sutherland militia. It had happened while they were preparing to cross Ferry Oons, on the 15th. Many had been killed, few escaped capture.

The 19th dawned with still no decision. No sign of the Prince and his staff. The Jacobite Dukes were indecisive. They did not have orders from the Prince. Indeed it was not known whether the Prince had been captured. He had not been seen since leaving the battlefield along Strath-Nairn with his Irish favourites.

Finally, the order came on the 20th. The advocate Alexander MacLeod, Lord George's aide, had located the Prince and returned with his command. 'Let every man seek his safety in the best way he can.'

The order was clear, though heartbreaking. Everyone should fend for themselves. Return to their homes, however they may, and trust in Providence. The Prince had resolved to return to France.

[Cindy – you may have gathered this is a contemporary quote from the ‘Lyon in Mourning’. I’d like to use it if possible.]

The separation of the clan regiments at Ruthven was truly affecting. We bade one another an eternal adieu. No one could tell whether the scaffold would not be their fate. The Highlanders gave vent to their feelings in wild howling and lamentations. The tears flowed down their cheeks when they realised that their country ‘*Duthaich nan Gaidheal*’ was now at the discretion of the Duke of Cumberland, and on the point of being plundered, while they and their children would be reduced to slavery and plunged without resource into a state of remediless distress.

Glengyle and Glencarnaig rode silently side by side along the military road at Tummel Bridge. Rob and the other officers were close behind. Their force trailed dejectedly behind them. There remained almost three hundred men under their command. They had more men and better equipment than they had when they joined the army at Crieff, seven months earlier. There had been few losses during the campaign, although their numbers had waned through desertion, and waxed periodically by fresh recruiting.

At Dalnacardoch the regiment took their route to Kinloch Rannoch and along the southern shore of Loch Rannoch. Then they struck southwards over the hill pass leading to Meggernie in Glen Lyon. Having forded the Lyon they continued over the hills to Morenish on Loch Tay. Scorning precautions, for one last time, they marched past Finlarig Castle with their colours proudly aloft. Glengyle ordered the pipers to strike up. There was a garrison of the Argyll militia stationed in the castle. They did not dare emerge to challenge the march nor to follow. A few rounds of inaccurate cannon shot was all that they dared venture.

At Balquhidder, the regiment finally disbanded, with tears in every eye as they hugged and bade each other farewell.

Rob finally arrived back at his home at Stronachlachar. Jean fell into his arms and sobbed without restraint. “*O, mo chridhe,*” she wept, “It is glad that I am that you are returned. I had feared that we would not be together again in this world.”

“My dearest one,” Rob said, “the thought of you has borne me up. Now I am sure that it is you and this dear one in the crib that are of the greatest importance. I have pursued a dream of honour and pride and I have been obedient to the commands of my father, the chief, and to the Prince. That honour and the golden dreams have turned to ashes in my mouth. The Prince has deserted us. Only you, my dearest, and this infant matter to me from this time onwards.”
[More passion needed – definitely!]

Together they looked on the tiny infant boy in his crib, who had been born since Rob had left for the North three months earlier.

“My dear,” Rob continued. “It will not be possible to remain here. Glengyle expects that the red soldiers will descend upon us like locusts, stripping us of our valuables and driving the cattle. All else they will destroy. He wishes us to move up to the shielings immediately with everything that can be carried. There are garrons aplenty to carry burdens.”

“Can we have but one night in our home, together, before we have to leave, my love?” Jean asked.

“Of course,” Rob replied as the baby woke.

Chapter 39
Stronachlachar – 1746/1789

“Well then, Alasdair.” Rob said to his grandson. “I did say that it was a long story. I trust that it has not tired you to hear of it.”

“No, *seanair*. I am not tired. Father told me nothing of this. Does he not know?”

“It was all a long time ago now, but when your father was young things were different. Jean and I did not tell your father very much because we were trying to put what had happened behind us. The factor to the Duke of Montrose introduced some new tenants who were really spies searching for Jacobite disaffection. Everyone was watched. We were frightened that if we told Duncan anything, he might tell his friends and it would be heard by the factor’s spies. Jean and I were able to come back to Stronachlachar before the winter with our baby. That was your father of course. Your father grew up so quickly and then when he was your age, my brother Donald took him away to sea.”

“What did happen after the rising – when you came home. You stopped telling the story then.”

“Well, Alasdair, there is not much more to tell. Most of the families around Loch Katrine took to the hills. The shielings were busy that summer. In most years only the young people went up to the high pastures with the animals, the older folk would stay in their houses, down in the glen to watch the crops. In 1746 almost everyone went up to the shielings. We built more of them wherever there was a hollow or a corner that could not be spied from the low ground. They had turf walls and heather thatched roofs that blended into the secret corries and hollows of the hills. Over in Balquhidder, too, Glencarnaig and Ronald moved their people up to the heights where they hoped the *saighdearan dearg* would never come.”

“Glengyle kept some of his band of men together for a while, but near to their families. We remained defiant for most of that summer. We all had fear for our homes and loved ones in our hearts. In May, Glengyle and James Mòr attempted to intercept the collection of the cess tax in Atholl. They took a band of men, even

although I protested that it was foolhardy. Glengyle said that he wished to prove that the Whigs could not sack his patrimony with impunity. He failed to collect the money and detachments of redcoats pursued him most of the way back from Atholl. They gave up, probably fearing that we would ambush them.”

“It was June before the redcoats came in strength. A whole regiment of 700 Hessian mercenaries swept through Strath Gartney, by Loch Katrine to Glen Gyle. They turned at the head of the Loch and went through Stronachlachar and Corrie Arklet to Inversnaid. Then they went on down Loch Lomond-side to Drymen. Smoke billowed from every thatch. The roof timbers were burned. Walls were overthrown. Ploughs and implements were smashed. Mills and granaries destroyed. They found little in the way of livestock or moveables. Indeed it was the families who had remained at home, confident in their innocence since they had taken no part in the rising that suffered most. In Buchanan the factor was apoplectic at the wanton and indiscriminate destruction meted out to the Duke of Montrose’s loyal tenants.”

“By October, the autumn was advancing and the weather turning cold and wet. Glengyle knew that there was no further hope. His people needed peace. I went with him to Glen Lyon. We had an interview with the ‘Black Colonel’, John Campbell of the Glen Lyon family. He was a second cousin of Glengyle. Though devoted to the Whig cause, he was a humane man too. Everyone knew by then that the Prince had escaped to France. Cumberland and the most brutal of his henchmen had left and taken the German regiments away. In much of the Highlands security was back in the hands of the Whigs such as Argyll and Atholl. Colonel Campbell demanded that we surrender our weapons in return for an end to the active hostility. He promised that women and children and most of the men who had been out would be secure from persecution.”

“However, the leaders would not be so fortunate. The Act of Indemnity was a blanket pardon to those who had played small parts in the rising, but it specified a list of people who would not be pardoned. Glengyle, Glencarnaig and Balhaldie had been included on the list. The Colonel said that there had been good reports of Glengyle’s humanity in the care of the prisoners at Doune. Glengyle would, therefore not be pursued with full rigour, although he would

have to keep very quite and avoid attention. The Colonel suggested that clemency might be available if he agreed to surrender voluntarily. He said that John, my brother, would be released if Glengyle surrendered.”

“I was not exempted in the Act, so I was able to bring Jean and young Duncan down from the shielings. It took only a few days to rebuild the walls of the old house. I salvaged timbers for the roof and rethatched it. We had hidden most of our furniture and other plenishing. We had two milking cows and some money, thanks to Glengyle’s prudence. Duncan, your father, was a fine strong baby. He had thrived on the simple life in the shielings.”

“Glengyle did surrender most of the weapons. He and I argued for a long time over that. I believed that we should disarm, but for my father, disarming meant that we would have to trust our enemies. Never before had the enemies of Clan Gregor honoured such a trust. Glengyle himself did not surrender and was not captured. He had to move around a lot between 1746 and 1749. He lurked in the hills much of the time, but took shelter either here or at Corrie Arclet when the weather was bad. It did him little harm as he had reached the ripe old age of 88 when he eventually died in 1777. At least the old man lived long enough to see the proscription of our name end in 1774.”

“Mary Hamilton, my mother, had been confirmed in her fore-knowledge of the certain outcome of the rising. It was years before she ceased telling us how right she had been. She was happy, though, that we had lived through it all to finally come home. Her home was in ruins and it was the mid fifties before it could be rebuilt. John was released before the end of 1746. Edinburgh castle and the other state prisons were too congested to hold him any longer without grounds. She knew that Glengyle had kept some weapons back from the Colonel, but she also knew that in his heart, the ‘auld sang’ was at an end. John died in 1774.”

“Glencarnaig surrendered to General Jack Campbell in September 1746. He spent three years as a prisoner in Edinburgh. His property in Balquhidder had been ravaged and his fortunes never recovered. He went bankrupt in 1752 and died in 1758. Duncan his brother succeeded him and lived until 1787. Evan, the Major, died in

1778 but Evan's son John made a fortune in India. He bought all of his uncle's former land and a lot more beside. Then he persuaded many MacGregors to elect him as clan chief in 1782. I did not vote for him. My father would have been apoplectic if he had been alive to see it."

"James Mòr and Robin Oig escaped punishment for their part, although the Jean Keay affair a few years later took Robin to the gallows and James Mòr to a lonely death in exile. Ranald went back to his farm and alehouse at the Kirkton of Balquhidder. Though the Perth Estate passed under the administration of the Commission for Forfeited Estates he was able to continue his tenancy and died, aged 80, in 1786."

"Buchanan of Arnprior, though he had not come out after the death of Glenbuckie was nevertheless executed for his part in the rising. He had been imprudent enough to write a number of pro-Jacobite letters that came into the hands of the authorities. There have been suggestions that Arnprior shot Glenbuckie during the course of an argument as to who should have the post of major in the Duke of Perth's regiment. Arnprior then pretended that Glenbuckie had taken his own life."

"So that was the story of my time as His Majesty's rebel."
Rob concluded.

Author's Note

First and foremost, this is a work of fiction. Most of the dialogue is invented, except where contemporary narrative has been incorporated. Some of the scenes are portrayed as I imagined them based on other contemporary material for want of eye-witness accounts. Some events are inserted as highly probable. Having made that statement, I can claim that I have stuck to historical fact as closely as I possibly could. If anything, I may have erred towards portraying the history as it was rather than creating a good story. I have read historical novels in which one is left wondering 'how much of that is history, and how much fantasy?' Usually one ends up assuming that almost all the novel has been invented. All of the major events described in this book took place, to the best of my knowledge as I described them. The involvement of Clan Gregor though obscure and contradictory in some accounts, was as described. For the benefit of the reader who may be interested in the true story, or as close to it as the obscurity of two hundred and fifty years allows, I have set out below chapter notes explaining the background of the book. It has to be remembered that most of the eye-witness accounts on the Jacobite side were written many years after the event. On the Hanoverian or winning side there is more material dating from the time. The statements taken from the MacGregors in Buchanan were compiled in 1746 by the factor with a view to obtaining compensation for the estate, and of course for the tenants to deny or minimise their involvement.

Some say that the '45 has been done to death as a theme for historical novels and that less well known subjects are of more interest. I have chosen a neglected aspect of the rising, the role of Clan Gregor. Indeed "Bonnie Prince Charlie" barely features in this book, except as an incidental character. Although never numbering more than three hundred or so, the clan were involved throughout. The march into England and the battle of Culloden have been mentioned only incidentally because Glengyle was not involved in either.

The main theme of the book is the life of Robert, or Rob MacGregor. The book begins with Rob, aged 79, receiving his son Duncan home after many years, and meeting his grandson Alexander for the first time. This chapter, although placed first, gives a hint of

the aftermath of the rising and the consequence of it for the Highlands.

Concerning Rob's father, Gregor Glun Dubh, I quote from "The History of Clan Gregor" by Amelia Murray MacGregor, page 448 and 449.

[Cindy – published 1898 and 1901. I am currently looking at republishing for the Clan Gregor Society. There are no copyright issues.]

"Gregor was a distinguished man, 'fond of arms, and well educated,' he had adopted the name of James Grahame, and his Gaelic "twoname" was Glun Dubh, in reference to a black mole on his knee. He commanded bodies of the clan in 1715 and 1745, when he was appointed Colonel. In gratitude to his Uncle Rob Roy he took part in some of his quarrels, and befriended his sons. After the '45 he suffered hostility from the government, like other Loyalists, but he left a reputation for upright conduct, and 'his memory was held in great respect by friend and foe.' He married when still quite young Mary, daughter of Hamilton of Bardowie, by whom he had five sons and three daughters. Gregor of Glengyle died on 21st August 1777, aged 89, at Portnellan, a farm a little to the east of Glengyle, in the house of his daughter Mrs Campbell, then a widow." His sons:

- 1: John, younger of Glengyle born 1708 ... "early in 1745 the Hanoverian government secured him, and he was kept prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh until the trouble was over. The family estate was happily preserved by being vested in the person of John several years before 1745. He predeceased his father, dying in 1774."
- 2: Robert, second son (and hero of this book), "he married; 1st a daughter of Graham of Drunkie, by whom he had a son who died young; and 2nd a daughter of ... Stewart of Balquhidder, by whom he had a son, Duncan, a sailor " .
- 3: James, a sailor who died in the King's service.
- 4: Malcolm, died at Port Glasgow
- 5: Donald who went to sea with his Uncle, Captain Hamilton of Bardowie

My research into my own family origins led me to a Duncan MacGregor, married to Grissel MacGregor. They had a son Alexander in 1776 who was my great-great-great-grandfather. Duncan, father of Alexander, was almost certainly a sailor. His son Alexander obtained an extremely well paid post (for the time) as

factor on the Duke of Westminster's estates in Cheshire. Alex's son John became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, while another son, also Alexander, became a sailor. There is also a family tradition of Rob Roy descent.

As far as Duncan, son of Robert is concerned, there is a very articulate letter written by him in 1820 that is held in the John MacGregor, WS papers at the Scottish Record Office in Edinburgh. He was sole heir to his uncle Donald, a shipmaster of Glasgow in 1789, for his estate valued at £3300 sterling. He was admitted to the Naval hospital at Greenwich as an in-pensioner in 1820, dying there at the age of 79 in 1826, having served 7 years in the Royal navy, ending in 1808. Duncan's father, Robert married Isabel Graham in 1743. I cannot find the second marriage, or the birth of Duncan in the parish records. That omission does not, however, count for much as the local parish record has a gap of a few years covering the period of the second marriage. The genealogy of the Stewarts of Glenbuckie has Jean born, about 1710, sister to the Glenbuckie who died at Leny House, who married a "Graham in Menteith." "Menteith" gave me some problems because modern maps do not put the northern part of Buchanan parish in Menteith. However in the *Scots Magazine* for 1746, "Brigadier Mordaunt with 700 men burnt all the houses belonging to the MacGregors in the Braes of Monteith" - meaning Glengyle and his dependants.

So, after years of research, I have some confidence that I can include Robert among my ancestors. As far as his role in the '45 is concerned, there is no mention of the involvement of any of Gregor's sons. The statement by him recorded in the Montrose papers at the Scottish Record Office, deny that he had any involvement in the rising. He was at home when Glengyle and James Mòr were still in hiding. However, the Clan Gregor were very good at covering their tracks - they had a lot of practice. Only the names of officers who served in the '45 have survived, and there is dispute and uncertainty about these. Rob possibly did not take part in the '45, though the evidence of the Montrose papers may not be conclusive. His personal involvement in the events described in this book is quite imaginary. I have used him to carry the narrative of the very real history. In so doing I have been able to 'place' him so as to be a central character in the narration of known events, at the expense perhaps of those, such as Major Evan, James Mòr, Glengyle and so on, who were involved. I have begun the book with an imaginary

account of Duncan and his son visiting his father Robert at Stronachlachar. There is no record of when Robert died, nor whether he ended his days at Stronachlachar.

Other contemporary documents are included, as quoted for instance, in *History of Clan Gregor*, or from eye-witnesses of eighteenth century Scotland such as Defoe, Burt, Pennant, Home and Ray.

Finally I have run through the chapters, explaining in detail, what is culled from historical sources and contemporary documents and what is fantasy.

Glengyle 1719. This is a curtain opener, featuring little Rob, in a place of safety, in case of disaster following Rob Roy's trip to Glen Shiel in the 1719 rising. These events actually happened as Rob describes them, though I cannot tell how and where the Clan disposed of their children and cattle, but something like this probably happened. I made considerable play on the education. Rob Roy was fluent in English as well as his native Gaelic. He possessed a good written hand, and he made sure that all of his children received a good education. He appears to have been a very astute businessman in the cattle trade. One of his associates absconded with a considerable amount of capital, part of which belonged to the Duke of Montrose, an investor in Rob's speculations. Montrose then treated the missing money not as an investment that had gone wrong, even though he had quite happily shared in previous profits, but as a debt to be pursued by the full rigour of the law. Rob Roy became a Catholic later in life, hence the inclusion of Father O'Brien. Gregor was also reckoned to be well educated and certainly would have ensured that his sons received an education. This was not unusual at this time. Travellers remarked on how literate very ordinary people in the Highlands were. Also included in this chapter is a description of a typical set of Highland weapons and a description of traditional farming.

Glen Finnan August 19. The merest taste here, for completeness, of the raising of the standard. It has been dealt with so often elsewhere that it needs no further comment. Note however, that James Mòr was at Glen Finnan and subsequently reported to James Craigie, Lord Advocate, what had occurred. Blackwood states that

he did this with the knowledge and approval of the Jacobite leadership, and that he used the opportunity of his visit to Edinburgh to distribute Jacobite broadsheets. This was much to the annoyance of the authorities who offered a reward for the capture of the persons responsible.

Balquhider, August 30th. From *History of Clan Gregor*, Duncan MacPharrie was an officer of Glencarnaig during the rising and left an account from which I have drawn much of my story. His account:

"The Duke of Perth, Glencarnaig, Glengyle, Glenbuckie and Arnprior had a meeting in the Kirkton of Balquhider upon the 30th of August and the resolution of this Council of war was to raise their men with all expedition against that day eight days..."

The balance of the chapter describes the Brown Bess musket that features quite significantly throughout the book. I briefly mentioned the position of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland that was strongly anti-Jacobite. After the rising Cumberland's troops burned every Episcopal Meeting-house they could find. The priests were hounded and had to go into hiding.

Inversnaid, September 4th. From MacPharrie: "James Mòr MacGregor as Captain, joined Glencarnaig at Callander with forty men from Glengyle, and forty five soldiers that Glengyle apprehended at the roads on Loch Lomond side, and he took the garrison of Inversnaid and demolished it" The 255 men with which Glengyle joined the army at Dunagan, by Crieff (Dunnachan) is taken from John Home. I assumed that this probably includes the 45 prisoners, as other accounts allow the Clan less than two hundred all told at Gladsmuir. Most of the detail and action in this chapter is imaginary. I did read an account that Inversnaid was captured by James Mòr piling timber against the gate and setting fire to it. He then walked through the remains of the gate and captured the occupants. As it was twelve against twelve, I decided to introduce a surprise scaling of the ramparts. I do not know where Glengyle surprised the road-building party or how. Nor do I know exactly how many men were captured, how many gave their parole and how many joined Glengyle. Several sources mention that Glengyle brought forty-five prisoners with him, who were later imprisoned at Doune. Ardgartan was a small Campbell tacksman, taking his name from an estate in Cowal, but I have no grounds for saying that he

commanded here or that he behaved in this way. The use of parole and the honourable treatment of their prisoners by the Jacobites was widespread, and in marked contrast with the attitude of the Hanoverian forces later.

Doone September 12th. This chapter is largely a work of imagination. I used published descriptions of the building and my own visits to the castle to devise it. Doone was certainly occupied by the Jacobites about this date. They may have just walked through the open gate. The government garrisoned it as a fortress against the Jacobites in 1715, but I cannot determine what the situation was in 1745. The castle as it is today was partially restored and reroofed by the Earl of Moray, its hereditary keeper in 1883. Although the roof had collapsed by 1800, it had been repaired in 1738 and I have described the place as it may have been in 1745. There certainly was a troop of Gardiner's dragoons in the area, it would have been a sensible strong point for them to base their operations and watch the Fords of Frew; the Jacobites certainly thought so. Nowadays the cause of the Forth, from Alloa upstream to Aberfoyle, presents a peaceful prospect of firm farmland, certainly no obstacle to progress between North and South. Up until 1800, this was most certainly not the case. Apart from the causeway closely controlled by Stirling Castle, the morass of the Forth created an almost impenetrable barrier, hence the many battles which were fought in the area. The Fords of Frew, due South of Doone, were one of the few possible crossing points.

Frew to Edinburgh. The advance of Edinburgh is taken from several sources. Terry is quite good and MacPharrie (*History of Clan Gregor*) gives some detail.

Gladsmuir September 21st. This was the contemporary name for the Battle known today as Prestonpans. The battle was actually fought on the muir some distance from Preston village. It apparently changed due to some sort of eighteenth century tourist gimmick when the villagers realised that they could cash in on the tourist potential if they had the battle renamed! The events are as described by Duncan MacPharrie, including the dispositions of the forces, the injuries, the behaviour of Perth's regiment and the Prince's congratulation afterwards. I also used *Battles in Britain* by William Seymour and several published accounts of the '45. The

dramatisation is my own version of the fighting tactics of the Highlander, with Rob in the thick of it. James Mòr did break his thigh and after treatment in Edinburgh, retired to Corrie Arklet. The Montrose papers mentions that a surgeon named Macintyre treated him at Inversnaid fort. I presume that he rejoined the army when the Prince returned from England but I cannot be sure. Craigruidhe died of his wounds.

Lord Reay's men were captured and gave their parole. The Earl of Sutherland and Lord Reay later persuaded them that it was an invalid oath and soon had them back in arms against the Jacobites. One of the tragedies of the '45, which partly explains the behaviour of the English but certainly does not excuse it, is the significant difference in attitude to the rising of the two sides. In this modern age of total war and mass death, it is difficult to conceive of a civilised attitude to war, but in the eighteenth century there was such an attitude and recognised standards of conduct between gentlemen engaged in war. This often did not extend as far as the private soldier, but in many ways the convention of the knight, the fighting gentleman, of earlier centuries survived. The Jacobites believed that they were fighting such a gentlemanly conflict. James Stuart had a better claim to the throne of his ancestors than did the German George of Hanover. This hereditary right counted for far more with Highland gentlemen than almost any other factor in the conflict. They might kill and maim in battle but war was an extension of politics and their humane policy was an aspect of this. The Whigs did not accept that the Highlander as an anachronistic survival of a medieval way of life or the Jacobite as a spent irrelevant force had any right to the civilised approach to warfare that would be suitable in the war against France. Note the wide difference between the butchery and savagery meted out to the Highlander and the civilised exchange of French and Spanish soldiers captured in the same conflict, even when many of these were, in fact, Scots and Irish serving under Continental colours.

Glasgow September 26th. From *Itinerary of Prince Charles*, page 18 - footnote. "Declaration on oath by Andrew Cochrane, Provost of Glasgow at the bar of the House of Commons - 'That soon after the battle of Preston - viz. 26th Sepr - John Hay, writer to the signet, came to Glasgow with a party of horse, and was met there by Glengyll, chief of the M'Gregors, with a great part of that Clan.' An additional remark in the same source states that a demand for £15000

was compromised to £5000 in cash and £500 in goods. The scene which I set in this chapter was taken from Fullartons *Gazetteer of Scotland*, published in 1845.

I also make the point of John Hamilton of Bardowie being in business in Glasgow. This is imagination, but the men who made Glasgow the commercial and industrial centre that it became were largely drawn from the gentlemen farmers of the hinterland during the eighteenth century. Glasgow's fortune was made from the Tobacco, cotton and slave trade. Bardowie's son was a ship-master and ship-owner of Greenock in the 1780s.

Edinburgh. October 2nd. The description of Edinburgh is almost word for word from Defoe in 1727. James Hamilton was a poet in Edinburgh, and a noted Jacobite, who had to go into hiding after the rising. MacPharrie's account mentions the meeting in David Murray's in Cougal, somewhere in Edinburgh, where the officers were named.

Crieff October 8th. The Annual Crieff tryst took place on the second Tuesday in October. I have no evidence that Glengyle sold cattle that year, but it has to be highly likely. The tryst did take place in 1745 despite the rising. Thirty thousand head of cattle were sold each year at Crieff in the 1740s. Thereafter the trade declined with the growth of the Falkirk tryst. Much of the trade was financed by bills of exchange due to the shortage of cash in circulation. In effect these were post dated cheques. Their value depended on people's view of the solvency of the issuer. They would pass from hand to hand, often being discounted in the process. In a sense this is like modern Government or Commercial bonds, although less assured. The Royal Bank tellers did attend the tryst in order to facilitate credit.

Doone October 26th. This chapter was written because Glengyle must have taken over his command at some point, I used it in order to quote his commission and two letters (actually dated 23rd and 26th October) to him at Doone. All three are given in *History of Clan Gregor* page 378 and 379.

Doone November 1st. Rob brings recruits which the *History of Clan Gregor* mentions Glengyle bringing in about this time. I do not know whether Robert married Jean Stewart before or after the

'45, or when Duncan was actually born, (somewhere between 1746 and 1750) so why not put it here. I was personally charmed by the chamber at the top of the gate tower when I visited Doune, hence the words I put in Jean's mouth. Anderson states in *The Scottish Nation* that the Stewarts of Balquhidder are descended from the Dukes of Albany who built Doune.

The Gaelic poem, for which I give a full English translation, is typical of the bardic tradition of the Highlands. Heroic poetry of this nature would have been declaimed around the fire at night for many centuries before the '45, although the tradition had largely died out by the end of the century. This particular one is the eulogy for John Dubh MacPhadruig of Glenstrae 1440-1519, chief of Clan Gregor, which is included in the *Book of the Dean of Lismore*, compiled in the early sixteenth century.

Cowal November 6th. Fergusson of Kilkerran states on page 42 of *Argyll in the '45* that "Gregor MacGregor of Glengyle, a tall, handsome, elderly man who was On 6 November he marched into Cowal with a small force of MacGregors to raise recruits for the Jacobite army. His proposed route was across Cowal by the head of Glen Daruel to Castle Lachlan, where, no doubt, Auchinbreck was to join him; but he was of too romantic a nature to keep his plans to himself, and at Lochgoilhead he talked of them freely to one Duncan Campbell, who on 7 November wrote details of them to a friend in Inveraray. Glengyle had airily affirmed that his intentions were to 'midle in nothing noe further than to wait upon certain gentlemen in this country', but Jack Campbell anticipated that civility. With his three companies of Loudoun's regiment he crossed Loch Fyne, intercepted Glengyle on 10 November, and drove him back eastwards. One private of Loudoun's was killed, but Glengyle lost two killed, fourteen wounded, and twenty-one taken prisoner. This tiny action was the first success of the Government troops since Prestonpans."

Seamus Campbell MacGregor was Glengyle's piper. He was arrested after the rising and executed at Carlisle. The pipe tunes and slogans that I quote in various places are taken from Adam and Learney, *The Clans, Septs and Regiments of the Scottish Highlands*. The pinsel is a triangular banner also described by Adam & Learney.

The route which I chose, apart from the factual visit to Lochgoilhead on the seventh, and the site of the fight at Ardno across Loch Fyne from Dunderave Castle, are imaginary. There is no source I know of, which states the route Glengyle took, how far he went, how many men he had, or how many recruits he actually obtained. The names which I quote in this chapter are among the actual names of Glengyle's men captured at Ardno on the 10th as listed in *Prisoners of the '45*. I later came across a Gaelic poem, published in *Bho Chluaidh gu Calasraid (From Clyde to Callendar)* by Michael Newton – which includes a ‘Song of Praise to Gregor Glundubh’ in which he is praised for rescuing Malcolm MacGregor from ‘The township which is above you from which the powerful lead pellets came’ – a very Gaelic way of describing a fortress. Malcolm of Cornour and eight others, captured at Ardno are known to have escaped from Dumbarton Castle on 2nd February 1746. As I have not been able to corroborate the possibility that Glengyle rescued them, I have dramatised an account of the actual capture of Dumbarton Castle by Captain Crawford in 1571. The Castle was altered somewhat between 1571 and 1746. Substantial alterations took place later in the 18th century leaving it appears today. The Jacobite prisoners were accommodated in the Wallace tower on the North side as described. This semi-ruinous structure was demolished not long after and the postern gate walled up.

Falkirk January 17th. This account of the battle is my dramatisation of the actual course of the Battle of Falkirk. I have followed the account as exactly as I can, from the point of view of a man in the right of the Jacobite front line. There is a contradiction in accounts. Macpharrie has the MacGregors on the right with Clan Donald facing the dragoons with the Glasgow militia behind them. Every other account has them on the left of the line with Lochiel and Ardshiel. I explained this by assuming that the clan were in two separate divisions at Falkirk. An account in *Falkirk or Paradise*, p109, by G Bailey suggests that Glencarnaig’s men were the first to the stream marking the limit of the moor, preventing the dragoons obtaining an advantage. Lord George Murray gave the MacGregors the honour of the right of the line.

Route of Moy. February 16th. I am not quite sure where the Clan Gregor figured in the pursuit, although I would not expect them to be far behind the leaders. MacPharrie does not mention this

episode. Apart from that this certainly took place. Loudoun intended to capture the Prince who was at Moy Hall with only a small escort. His men took to their heels when alarmed by Donald Fraser with just six men.

Loudoun did not stop at Inverness. He left two companies to garrison the castle of Fort George which only held out until 20th February. I do not know what Clan Gregor did here. Certainly they were despatched shortly afterwards with the Earl of Kilmarnock by Beaulieu and Dingwall after Loudoun. Loudoun played cat and mouse with the Jacobites until 20 March. He was outnumbered and dared not fight, but he did cause them difficulties with their foraging.

Tain. March 20th. MacPharrie's account: "The Prince and Colonel O'Sullivan voted to send the MacGregors with Coll Ban Barrasdale his regiment and the Earl of Cromartie his regiment, in pursuit of Lord Loudoun which was a task as Lord Loudoun had taken all the boats within ten miles of him. We had to gather boats, twenty miles down the sea side, but got them at last. Then were ferried and we pursued Lord Loudoun, we came to the next ferry, Major Evan MacGregor got private information that there was a company of Lord Loudoun's men under Major MacKenzie at a village called Dornoch; The major made the regiment halt, and he picked a hundred good men, and marched before us to that village, and by the time the regiment came up to that place, Major MacGregor had Major Mackenzie prisoner and seventy men. We advanced on till we came to another ferry; it happened to be in that bay there were four small ships going with provisions to supply the forts, one with clothes, arms and ammunition, another with beef, pork, &c, and the other two with coals. The wind was against them and they could not move to the eastward; we began to fire on them with our small arms and we cut a good deal of their cords and as they foresaw that they could not make it better, and hoisted a white flag and ordered their small boats to carry us into the ship." There are other accounts which fill in further details about who was at Dornoch and so forth. Loudoun and Forbes had left on a tour up country and so escaped. Lord Sutherland cruised around in his little boat before being picked up by a sloop and taken to Aberdeen.

Macintosh was actually delivered to his wife at Moy Hall, when paroled. She was honorary colonel and he a captain. There is

probably a lot of truth in the belief that he would far rather have led a regiment on the Jacobite side. The same certainly went for MacLeod of Dunvegan who raised four of Loudoun's companies. The dirk at Lady Sutherland's breast is from an account in the *Sutherland Book*.

Sutherland 20-25 March. This paragraph is inserted to demonstrate that ordinary men in the Highlands who found themselves caught up in the rising, took sides entirely according to the politics of their Lords. The Earl of Sutherland was a strong supporter of Hanover and raised 6 companies. The men who served in these companies are listed in the Sutherland papers. I have no idea where Lieutenant Gunn's company was actually based, however, Dun Creich, a strong iron-age fortification that commanded wide views of the firth was used at this time. The two companies which Sutherland sent to Loudoun did end up at Culloden, with the Earl attending Cumberland. Three of his militia companies did take part in the battle at Golspie. I have not been able to find where the fourth, Clunes's company, was.

From the *Sutherland book* 'Of the four ships taken at the Ferry Oons, in Captain Inglis's ship were a number of arms, which were taken out and sent in fifteen boats to Tain. The money in the ship was saved, for Captain Inglis escaped with it in a boat; only about £70 was left.'

Tarbat/Craçaig March 28/29. I am not sure of the exact date but the MacGregors were ordered to burn these two houses when the militia captains did not surrender their weapons according to an agreement that the Jacobites thought had been made with them. To quote from MacPharrie again. "There came an express to the MacGregors and MacDonalds to burn the factor's house and barn and put them to ashes; we were not pleased with this work, we would fight rather than burn his house, his Lady and children were in the fever at the time. We were ordered to carry out all the plenishings and furniture and set them in the close, the beds and bedclothes in the middle of the plenishing, we moved the lady and children and set them in their beds and kept a guard that nothing should be stolen or carried away This factor lay on the hill, himself and his men looking on all the time'

There is a statement in *Prisoners of the '45* that Glengyle - John MacGregor alias Graham was captured at Dunrobin. This is untrue. There was a John MacGregor listed among the captives on the 'Hawk' sloop. He was not transferred to the 'Hound' sloop with the other officers. MacPharrie clearly states that Glengyle returned to Balquhiddy with his men. Also the *History of Clan Gregor* indicates that John MacGregor, son to Gregor, who actually was Glengyle at this time, had been arrested before the rising and was not released until afterwards. Gregor was exempted from amnesty, but does not appear to have been captured or otherwise punished. Glencarnaig surrendered himself in September 1746 and was released in 1749.

The route that the MacGregors took on their way home is taken from Macpharrie.

Appendix
SRO Ref GD 220/6/1661/1
Depositions in July 1746 from tenants in Buchanan

11 July Duncan Graham in Auchrie declares that sometime in October last when Glengyle went to Doun, he saw Glengyle at the Bridgend of Aberfoile with about 50 or so men that were going along with him to the Castle of Doun, amongst whom was Alex Graham in Caillness. This was upon a Sunday. And upon the Wednesday or Thursday thereafter he saw him at his own house in Inchrie. And asking him how it came that he staid so short a time at Doun and how his Colonel was He answered that he did not know for that he had left him the night before without taking leave. And further declares that having asked him if he was going back again, He answered that he would never go back but by force.

(signed Du Grahame)

Eo: die Alexander Graham in Auchrie Declares that he was present with the above Duncan Graham his father on the Sunday when Glengyle was at the Bridgend of Aberfoill. And likewise at Inchrie upon the Wednesday or Thursday thereafter, When the said Alex Graham came back from Doun and heard what pass'd betwixt him and his father which he declares was conform to what his said father has declared.

(signed Alexr Grahame)

Eo: die Alexander McNicle in Wester Frenich Declares that the day when Glengyle was carrying the sogers, who had been taken upon the boats, to Perth, James Graham in Ashlan came to the Declarants house in Wester Ffrenich early in the morning and told him that having been along with the party that was conducting the said sogers he had diverted from them that night at Achray; Does not remember that he had any arms with him. And told him that he had been press'd against his will and that he raither gave all that he had as be oblig'd to go again with them. Declares further that James McKeoch in Clachbuie came to the declarant's house about twenty four hours after the other who told him that he had likewise been upon the same party. And had deserted them at Achray. That he had no arms. And that he told him that he had been press'd against his will and would never go with them again unless they bound him. Declares further that he knows nothing particular as to any other

persons beside the two beforementioned. Yet it was generally talk'd and believed that such of those persons as were any ways concerned with Glengyle were press'd against their will to his service. And that as he lives in the neighbourhood of that country, He knows that none of them went with him to the North Country.

(signed Alexr Mcnicle)

Eo: die Andrew Mcfarlan in Sallachy Declares that about the beginning of September about night falling, observing a man in the wood whom he suspected of some bad design, he went and apprehended him. And being a person unknown to him he brought him into his house and examin'd him. Who inform'd him that having beeb press'd to go along with the sogers who had been made prisoners on the other side of Lochlomond he had deserted them at Achray a little before day and was hyding himself in the wood for fear of being taken again. Thereupon the declarant hid him in his own house till towards the morning that he went homewards, telling him at the same time that if he got safe home he would defy them to get hold of him again for a month. And that he told him, and was afterwards inform'd that his name was John McDonald in Ashlan. The decalarant further says that as he lives not far from Craigroystan it was the general opinion of him and all his neighbours that such of the township of Craigroystan as had been any ways accessory in the late rebellion had been forc'd to it by Threats in sofar as they durst not keep their own houses but for the most part were oblig'd to conceal and hide themselves.

(signed Andrew M'farlen)

Eo: die John McMurrich in Ruskenoch Declares that he was present when Glengyle threaten'd Duncan Blair in Ruskoish to go along with him over the Loch but that he declar'd he had rather be shot as go and so staid at home. That he was not present when he was (Duncan Blair) taken to go to Doun. But that he knows that not only the said Duncan Blair but all the rest of his neighbours in Craigroistan were forced by threats to do as they did. And at several times were taken from their own houses by partys for that purpose. And that he himself was obliged for a long time to conceal himself in the hills and leave his own work at home undone. And at last was obliged to pay money to get liberty to stay at home in peace.

Declares as to John McNeill, Robert Mcfarlan and John McMurrich in Knockoild. That he does not remember that he was

present at any time to see the force that was put upon them. But they being in the town next to himself he was informed and believes it for a truth that they were threatened to have the doors of their house built up with stones, then burnt, and their cattle carry'd off, which were the threats commonly us'd against all the rest as well as them if they did not rise. And that he was witness that as oft as they were carry'd away they all desert'd and came back.

As to John and Duncan McMurrich in Easter Ruchoish and Hew Mcgrigor in Wester Ruchoish. Declares that he saw partys who were sent to raise the men but that he was not present to hear what threats were us'd. But in general he was perswaded that they were compell'd to go, they and their neighbours having told him so.

(signed John Mcurich)

Eo: die Dougall Campbell in Stukintibert. Declares that about Christmas last he was in the house of Duncan Mcfarlan in Knockoild, father to Robert Mcfarlan when a party came and us'd such severe threats of burning the house and carrying off the father's cattle if the Rob saidert did not go along with them. That the declarant verily believed he would see the same put in execution. Notwithstanding of which the Rob saidert positively refused to go and at that time staid at home, his father being an old man was not fit for service and therefore was not desired to go. The declarant afterward was engaged in the Argyleshire militia and so had not occasion to be an eye-witness to any more in that country. But was told that the Rob saidert was afterwards apprehended and obliged to find Baill to appear again; And appearing was carry'd to Doun from whence he deserted in about three days.

(Dougal X Campbells mark)

Eo: die Malcolm Mcfarlan in Fferkin Declares that about the beginning of November he was in the house of Duncan McMurrich in Easter Rouchoish when a party of Rebels came to the said Duncan's house and threatn'd to build up the door of his house with stones and carry away his Cattle unless he would go along with them - which he refus'd and did not go with them.

(Malcolm Mcfarlane)

Eo: die Alex Mcneill in Letterinsken Declares that as to Findlay McCallum in Stronalachar he saw him after he had deserted

- going home without arms. But can say nothing further with his own knowledge.

Declares that Duncan McCallum in Clachbuy came to his house and staid with him a night after deserting from the rebels and then told him that he had been forced out.

(Declares he cannot write)

Eo: die John Mcfarlan in Inversnait Declares that as to Duncan Blair in Wester Rouchoish he was never present to hear any threats or force us'd against him but heard that all the country said so.

Declares that as to James Graham alias Gregor Mcgregor in Rouchoish he knows no more but by the General Report of the Countrey and his own belief That he and all the rest of the Countrey were under force and compulsion.

Declares that as to James Mckeoch in Clachbuy and James Graham in Ashlan he saw them after they deserted and that he saw a letter from James Moir MgGregor adressed to Glengyle desireing him to use them very roughly for their said desertion.

(signed John Mcfarlan)

Eo: die Malcolm Mcfarlan in Knockoild Declares that in October last a party of the rebels came to Knockoild and threatn'd to burn the house of John McNeill John McMurrich and Duncan Mcfarlan, tenants there and drive away their cattle unless they went along with them. That the said John McNeill, John McMurrich and Robert Mcfarlan, son to the said Duncan Mcfarlan, were taken out of their own houses under cloud of night and carried prisoners to Inversnait and from thence to Doun from whence after staying two nights, they deserted and returned home.

(And he declares he cannot write)

Eo: die Malcolm Mcfarlan in Over Gartencaber Declares that about the beginning of Decem'r last he happened to be in Rowchoish when James Moir McGregor sent two men in arms from the garison to Rowchoish threatening to take from James Graham alias McGregor and John McMurrich tenants there, all that they had unless they went that night or early next morning to the Garison of Inversnait. But that they refused.

(signed Malcom Mcfarln)

Eo: die Robert Graham in Stronachlachar Declares that Ffinlay Mccallum his subtenant there, was several times threaten;d by the rebells to have the door of his house built up with stones and his cattle carried off unless he would join them and that he was at length obliged to go with them over the loch when the sogers were surprized. But returned to his own house that same night when they came back to Inversnait. That he was afterwards carried to Doun but did not stay above two or three nights when he again came home. And was never further concerned in the Rebellion to the Declarant's knowledge.

And as to Donald Mcrimmon, Miller in Stronachlachar Declares he was forced against his will to go to Doun with the Rebells. But deserted the second night he was there and returned to his own house. That he was never further concerned in the Rebellion to his knowledge.

(signed Ro: Grahame)

Eo: die Duncan Graham in Wester Portnellan Declares that Malcolm McCallum, John Mackeich & Donald Murray, tenants in Easter Portnellan and John Graham, cotter there were threatn'd by James Moir McGregor to have the doors of their houses built up, then burnt, themselves ty'd and their cattle carried off unless they joint him with the rebells. That when they were carrying the sogers from Inversnait to Perth, the above named tenants and their said cotter went out of the way and hid themselves least they had been taken up. But were got and carry'd along that same day. and keep'd with the rebells till four days before the Battle of Preston when they all deserted and came home.

(signed Duncan Graham)

Eo: die John McCallum in Wester Portnellan Declares that the hail tenants in Easter Portnellan above named, their cotter and his son were all threaten'd to rise as mentioned in the above declaration and deserted before Preston.

J M

Eo: die William Mcfarlan in Glashart Declares that Duncan Graham in Easter Corriearclet having been in arms with the rebells against his will as he was informed. The said Duncan deserted from them and stay'd a night in the declarants house as he was returning home.

(mark of William Mcfarlan)

16 July Donald McQueen in Kinlewood, the duties officer whose business it is to collect the cess. Declares that being at Inversnait for that purpose when the rebels had just returned from the other side of the Loch att surprizing the sogers who were working upon the roads. he saw Duncan Blair in Wester Ruchoish at the gate of the barrack, and heard James moir Mcgregor threatening him, if he would not stay in the barrack, which the said Duncan refused to do; and that the said James at last consented to let him go home; if he would leave his sword as a pledge that he would return again, which he refus'd to do.

(signed Donald McQueen)

Att Buchanan this twenty sixth day of June One thousand
Seven hundred and forty six years.

Wester Rowchoish

Duncan Blair in Wester

Rowchoish Declares that when the rebels first took possession of the castle of Doun. He was forced against his will to go along with them where he staid two or three days at most and then got leave to come home, and never returned again. Nor was ever desired. That he got no money, nor arms but went all the while with a staff in his hand; and this is all the part that he had in the late rebellion.

Donald McQueen can testify how the declarant was threatened at the garrison of Inversnait when he went there to get himself excused from joining. John McMurrich in Ruskenoch and John Mcfarlan in Inversnait can witness for him.

Rowchoish

James Graham, alias Gregor

McGregor, tenant in Rowchoish Declares that at the time when Glengyle went over the Loch to apprehend the sogers - who were upon the roads. he having occasion to carry all the spare men along with him and came down to Craigroystan and forced him and several others of the inhabitants there to go to the Barracks to supply the place of the men he had taken from thence, where the declarant remained for one night only and came away when Glengyle left it next day.

Declares that about Hallowmas last there was a party sent to him and the neighbourhood threatening to burn their houses and he was then obliged to go alongst with them to Doun and there was with the rest of them who keep'd garrison in the Castle for about fourteen days when he came away without leave leaving behind him a sword which was all the arms that was given him.

Declares that besides those instances he was never further concerned. And that at no time ever any guns or other arms were given him. And that he has no arms of his own at present, But that he had a gun of his own which the rebels took from him and he knows not where it is.

The declarant appeals to Duncan McMurrich in Stuknarey and John Mcfarlan in Inversnait for the truth of what he declares, as likewise Malcolm Mcfarlan in Knockoild and Duncan Mcfarlan in Knockoild.

Cailness Alexander Graham tenant in Cailliness Declares that on the morning of the day on which Glengyle went over the Loch and surprized the sogers on the roads. He was sent for by Glengyle as he judged to speak to him concerning some of their own private affairs. And meeting him at Letteray he was forced along with him to the port of Inversnait where he and several others were put on board two several boats and carry'd down the Loch and landed a little below Inveruglas.

Declares that he and several of the men had no arms with them at all; only had their staffes in their hand. That they went from the shoar to Cantires (**Note:** Kintyre = Cowal peninsula) where the sogers submitted without any opposition. That they made no stay on the other side of the Loch but came away immediately next morning. So that the declarant was out on that expedition only about 16 or 18 hours, having returned to his own house immediately after their landing on this side of the Loch.

Declares afterwards there were several messages and threatenings sent for him and his neighbours to join Glengyle and put themselves under his command. That having had occasion about that time to come down the Countrey about his private affairs he came to Buchanan and informed Gorthy of the distress and apprehensions he and his neighbours were under from those threats. That Gorthy advised him (as well as some others whom he had then occasion to speak with) to take no notice of those threats but to keep at home and by no means to engage with Glengyle and that accordingly he did stay at home till about Hallowmas when a party was sent for him under night and carry'd him from his own house straight to the Castle of Doun where he remained three days and the fourth night he made his escape and came straight home and was never any further concerned except the two above particulars.

Declares that he never had money, hyre or arms delivered to him. And that even while in the Castle of Doun where there was provisions laid in for the Garison there, he refused to be subsisted by those provisions but rather choos'd to buy provisions for himself, as several others did.

The declarant appeals to Duncan and Alexander Graham in Inchrie for further proof of his being compelled & carry'd prisoner to Doun having told them so as he was carry'd thither, and all his neighbours can testify that he and they were several nights that they did not go to bed for fear of being taken away.

Knockoild John McNeill Robert Mcfarlan and John Mvmurich all in Knockoild Declare, all three, that they were taken prisoners in their own houses under cloud of night and carry'd in a boat to Inversnait and from thence to the Castle of Doun, about three or four days before Hallowday last where the above Robert Mcfarlan staid two nights and the other two persons three nights, and then made their escape and came home. And were no further concern'd at any time.

They all declare that they went to Doun without any arms but when there had arms delivered them, which arms when they made their escape they left there.

Declare that they received no money nor hyre, for their service. That one day the serjeand maintain'd them, and for the next they bought victuall for themselves. And it was told them that next day they were to receive pay But the night before, finding an opportunity they made their escape and so never got any pay.

They appeal to John Mvmurich in Ruskennoch and Duncan Mcfarlan in Knockoild for the truth of what they declare. And Robert Mcfarland condescends on one Dougal Campbell in Stuckintibert, who was in the house when the party apprehended him which Dougal was since one of the Argyleshire militia. And they say that Pat. Mcfarlan at Miln of Arrochy, Duncan Hunter in Sallachy saw the declarants in hiding for fear of being apprehended by the rebels.

Rowchoish. John and Duncan Mvmurichs in Easter Rowchoish and Hew McGregor in Wester Rowchoish Declares that a party under the command of Glengyle came and seized the boat of Rowchoish and carry'd the declarants along with him prisoners to the other side of the Loch without letting them know upon what account he did so. That the said Duncan was left at the loch side to take care of the Boat which belong'd to himself, When Glengyle went to the Cantire, And after the men were surprized he was ordered by Glengyle to carry some things which belong'd to the sogers such as meall and spirits which he did, And return'd in the same boat to Inversnait, and was no sooner there than he returned to his own house. Where he staid till he was brought by another party of Glengyle's men about two days thereafter to assist in carrying the sogers to an Jile in Loch Katrine, which done he returned again to his own house. That having occasion to be up the Loch with his boat sometime thereafter he was compelled by Glengyle to carry him and a party of his men to the Tarbat. And was

obliged when there to go with them to Castle Lachlan, (**Note:** head of Glendaruel in Cowal, seat of Campbell of Auchinbreck - a Jacobite sympathiser who Glengyle hoped to persuade to come out) and made his escape from him there before Glengyle returned. And was not with him when Glengyle was attacked. (**Note:** attack by General John Campbell & Argyle militia at Ardnò 15/11/45) . Since which time he was no ways concerned in the rebellion. Declares he never received any money or hyre nor had any arms given him. That he had nothing but his own sword when he went to Castle Lachlan, happening to have it with him when he was taken, which sword being all the arms he has, is now deliverd up to Mr Robert Mcfarlan, minister in Buchanan. Conform to his declaration in the Declarants custody. Andrew Mcfarlan in Tarbat and George Mcfarlan in Ardvorlich were present at Tarbat and saw the declarant threaten'd and compelled by Glengyle to go along with him as above said.

The first and third declare that when they were brought to the other side of the Loch, they were marched to the Cantires and were ordered to guard the door while Glengyle was within with the Sogers. That one of the sogers guns was given to the said Hugh, which he brought to Inversnait and left it there and went home to his own house that same night. John McMurrich having returned to his house as the boat touched at Rowchoish on the way to Inversnait.

That a little before Hallowday a party came to the houses of the said Hew and John, and threatn'd to burn them unless they went instantly with them. That they were carried first to Inversnait (where Hew had a gun given him) and from there to the Castle of Doun where they remained three nights and then found menas to escape. That they received no pay nor arms except the said gun which was left in the Castle of Doun. But had victualls given them by a sergeant while they staid there.

They appeall to John McMurrich in Ruskenoch, Duncan Mcfarlan in Knockoild, That not only the declarants but the whole tenants in Craigroystan had the above threatenings given them.

Ashlan James Graham and John McDonnald in Ashlan Declare that as Glengyle came down the Loch with his boats in order to apprehend the sogers on the roads, He sent a party down by land who forced the two declarants into a boat at Rowchoish, and carried them to the Cantines where they remain'd till the party with the prisoners return'd. And came home to their own houses that same night. That some days after as Glengyle was

carrying the prisoners to Perth they were again apprehended and obliged to go as far as Achray with them where they deserted.

That about the middle of October they were carry'd prisoners to Doun where they remained two or three days and then made their escape.

That when Glengyle went to Argyleshire he forced them again to go alongst with him and return'd with him, were present when Glengyle was attacked and at that time made the best of their way home. And in all those different events they had no arms neither of their own nor given them. Never received pay nor had any further concern that what is mentioned above.

They severally appeal to Alexr McNeill in Wester Ffrench and Andrew Mcfarlan in Sallachy for the truth of what they declare and which is notour to all their neighbours.

Rowkoish

Andrew Blair in Rowchoish

Declares that about the middle of October last he was servant with Donald Blair in Claichvraick his brother when Glengyle sent a party to apprehend his said brother who hapning to be much indisposed at the time they took the declarant in his stead and carry'd him prisoner to Doun where he staid five days but took neither money nor arms from them and then deserted.

That when Glengyle went to Argyleshire the Declarant was compelled to go with him but neither received arms or money and made his escape when Glengyle return'd. Staying with his brother till about Christmas when he was again taken prisoner and brought back to Doun and detained about twenty days. And having nothing to subsist himself was necessitated to take money from the rebels and do duty within the castle but finding an opportunity made his elopement in the night time, and keep'd out of their reach ever since. He appeals for the truth of this to the whole neighbourhood.

Glackbuy.

Pat. Mcintyre in Glackbuy James

Mckeoch and Duncan Mccallum there Declare that the same day on which Glengyle surprized the garrison at Inversnait he sent a party and apprehended the declarants and carried them to the barracks where the said Duncan Mccallum and Patrick Mcintyre were left till his return and they staid there till the sogers were brought to Lochcatrin. That James Mckeoch was carry'd over the Loch with him when the sogers on the roads were taken, but had no arms, and returned to his own house that same night.

That they were threatn'd to be hang'd and have their houses burnt unless they went with Glengyle to Argyleshire. And when they were compelled to go, Duncan Mccallum having run off by the way was fired at afterwards taken. That all the three were forced to go with them, without arms, and on their return Mckeoch returned home and never joined them more. And Mcintyre and Mccallum after being detained about eight days in the garrison did likewise.

That before they were ferried to Argyleshire as above, they were apprehended and brought to Doun where Duncan Mccallum staid two night, Mckeoch seven and Mcintyre the like nights they having deserted separatly, how soon they found the means to escape.

That they never received either money or arms from the rebels, only were maintained by them while they were detained in Inversnait and Doun.

They appeal to Alexr. McNeill in Wester Ffrenich, John Mcfarlan in Inversnait, Robt. Graham in Cloichvraik and all their loyall neighbours for the truth of what the declare.

Stronachlachar Findlay Mccallum in
Stronaclachar Declares that he was several times importuned by Glengyle to join him on his taking up arms against the Government, but positively refused. Whereupon a party was sent for him and by which he was carry'd along with Glengyle when he surprized the sogers on the Roads. That he had no arms, neither in going or returning. And on coming back to Inversnait he deserted and went to his own house.

That a little before Hallowday he was again taken by another party and carry'd to Doun, but found means to make his escape the second night, and never after had the least accession to the Rebellion. That he never had money nor arms given him. And having his whole cattle taken from him, was advised he could get them back upon delivering up his arms to the minister of the parish and submitting himself to the King's mercy.. He bought a gun, having no arms of his own, and delivered it to Mr Robt. Mcfarlan, minister of Buchanan. conform to his declaration thereanent. He appeals for the truth of what he Declares to Alexr. McNeill in Wester Ffrenich, Alexr McNeill in Letterinshen and Robert Graham in Stronachlachar.

Stronachlachar Donald Mackrimmon, miller in
Stronachlachar Declares that a little before Hallowday last a party of

the Rebels apprehended him at his own house and brought him prisoner to the Castle of Doun. That he found means to escape upon the second night after he came there. Never received either money or arms and had no other accession to the rebellion than the above. And yet his house and whole plenishing was burnt and all his cattle was carry'd away by the military.

E. Portnellan John Mckeoch Malcolm Mccallum and Donald Murray all in Easter Portnellan Declare that the were forced by a party of Glengyle's men to join them, when the carry'd the sogers from Lochcatrine to Crieff and were detained there till the rebells come to that town two days thereafter.

That they were forc'd and compell'd by James mor Mcgregor to go along with the rebels till they came to Corstorphin where they deserted, there leaving the guns they had got by the way, and returned and lurked near their own houses lest they had been brought back again.

That a few days before Glengyle went to Argyleshire they were again taken by a party of his men and carry'd to Doun. And compelled to go with him in that expedition. And afterwards returned to Doun. And found means to desert the night immediately before the Battle of Falkirk when the likeways left their arms and returned home.

They appeal to Duncan Graham and John Mccallum in Wester Portnellan and all their neighbours for the truth of what they declare. They acknowledge they received subsistence from the Rebels.

NB The Declarants had their houses burnt and all their Cattle taken away by the military.

Clachbuy Gregor McGregor in Clachbuy Declares that he never had accession to the Rebellion except in the two following instances. The first was when Glengyle first took possession of the Castle of Doun when he stay'd about eight days. The next was about the middle of November but does not remember how long he staid. That the first time they met him accidentally upon the way, forced him along with them and made him carry a gun. The second time he was forced out of his own house and carry'd to Doun. That at both times he made his escape and came home. That while he was there provisions were given him but got no pay.

He appeals to Alexr. McNeill in Wester Ffrenich with whom he staid a night each time he deserted, and told him the distress he was in; Because he did not know where to go for fear of being apprehended in the country as he passed by reason of the service he has been in.

And the said Alex Mcneill being present at the time of emitting this declaration, He attests the verity thereof insofar as is appealed to him.

Stucknarey Duncan McMurrich in Stucknarey Declares that at the beginning when Glengyle went over the Loch to apprehend the sogers on the roads he was forced to go along with them and stay with them about four days and then deserted. And that afterwards he might stay peacably at home he compounded and paid five pounds Stg. and was never troubled after that.

He appeals to Andrew Mcfarlan for the truth of this who was present when he paid the five pounds. As likeways to Jo. Mcfarlan in Inversnait, and the said John Mcfarlan being present Declares the same to be true.

Inversnait Robert Mcfarlan in Inversnait Declares that he was compelled tp go with Glengyle to surprize the sogers on the roads. And afterwards to go with him to Argyleshire. But had never any other accession to the Rebellion save thes two particulars nor did he ever receive any arms or pay from them.

He appeals to William Mcqueen in Kittlewood and Robert Mckeoch in Caller for the truth of what he alledges. Who being both present declare that they were present at the garison when they heard Glengyle give very hard words to the Rob saidert because he refused to go with them. And both witnesses declare that they were afraid from the words that past of the Rob saidert's coming to some mischief.

Easter Corriearclet Duncan Graham subtenant in Easter Corriearclet Declares that he weas subtenant to Glengyle and was employed by him as a watchman for keeping the countrey and being in that connection with Glengyle it was not easy for him to resist his orders of whatever kind. And therefore the most he can do for proof of his unwillingness to go into the rebellion is to adduce evidence that he deserted. And in evidence of what is above, he appeals to William Mcfarlan in In Glashart and Alex Mcneill in

Wester Ffrench and Alex Graham in Brachorn and Thomas Graham officer in Menteith.

Stuckavick Neill Mcneill in Stuckavick Declares that he was forced by Glengyle to go with him to Doun where after a week's stay he deserted and returned home. That he got victuales while there but received no pay. That afterwards he was taken by Glengyle and carry'd with him to Argyleshire and on his return deserted again. And except those two instances he never had the least accession to the rebellion. And declares that many nights before he was forced out, he fled from place to place that he might not fall into Glengyle's hands and hid himself.

Appeals for the truth of what is above to John Graham in Dunvery John Drummond and John Graham both in Backborland of Drummond and all the neighbourhood.

Claddock Malcolm Mcfarlan in Claddock Declares that he was forced by Glengyle to go with him to the other side of the Loch when the sogers were taken on the roads. And in a few days after as they were carrying them to Perth. He deserted at the west end of Lochcatrin and returned home till he was afterwards forced to go with Glengyle to Argyleshire. Which two instances was all the accession that he had to the rebellion. Except that he was keep'd about eight days against his will in the barracks at Inversnait.

He appeals to John Mcfarlan in Inversnait and the haill neighbourhood for the truth of what is above. And the said John Mcfarlan being present declares that the next day after the sogers were taken he heard the said Malcolm Mcfarlan positively refuse to be concerned in the rebellion.

West Corriearclet. Findlay Mccallum Declares that he was Glengyle's subtennat in the fourth part of Wester Corriearclet And that he was threatn'd to have his house burnt and all he had taken from him unless joined the rebells. That he was afterwards taken by a party when the sogers were carried to Crieff and keep'd with them for about twenty days till Glengyle took possession of the Castle of Doun. And then he found means to make his escape and come home where he staid till he was again taken by a party and carry'd into Argyleshire and upon their return deserted a second time and was never more concerned in the rebellion.

He appeals to Dougal Keir in Letteray and the hail neighbourhood for the truth of what is above. And the said Dougal Keir being present, Declares he heard Glengyle threaten the said Findlay as above.

Dow of Glengyle. Patk. Mccallum Declares that he was herd to John Graham younger of Glengyle in the Dow of Glengyle last summer. And having gone to Glenfalloch in search of one of his masters stotts was returning to Inversnait and not having heard taht the barracks was taken by the rebells went there to buy some tobacco as he was in used to do. And immediately upon his entry he was made prisoner by them and detained that night, he deserted in the morning and returned to his service. But the lady Glengyle hearing he had been a night with the rebells turned him out of her service and so he became quite idle. And was afterwards taken up by Glengyle and keep'd by him for about twenty days against his will after which time he left them and was never further concerned except that he was brought to the Castle of Doun and deserted the third day.

He appeals to Dougal Keir in Letteray and all the neighbourhood for the truth of what is above. And the said Dougal Keir being present, acknowledges the same to be true.

Wester Corriearclet Donald Mccallum and John Mccallum Declare that they were subtenants to Glengyle in Wester Corriearclet. That they were forced by him to go over the Loch when the sogers were taken but deserted that night an their return to Inversnait. That they were afterwards taken by a party and carried to Crieff and staid with the rebells about twenty days when they deserted and came home. That they were again taken and brought to Doun and deserted the sixth day. Since which they have lived peacably at home and were no further concerned in the rebellion.

They appeal to all the neighbours for the truth of what is above.

Letteray John Mccree cottar in Letteray Declares he was forced and compelled by Glengyle to go with him over the loch when the sogers were taken but deserted when they came to Inversnait. That he was afterwards taken and brought to Doun where he staid ten days and then made his escape. But was

afterwards taken and carry'd to Argyleshire, on his return he was made prisoner in Inversnait, fed on bread and water, and had guns tied to his feet because he would not go to Doun. And at last at the sollicitation of one McIntyre, a surgeon, who attended James mor McGregor there, he was dismissed. And was never further concerned. Nor was he at any of the battles.

He appeals to Dougal Keir in Letteray and all the neighbourhood for the truth of what is above. And the said Dougal Keir being present, declares it to be true.

George Mcfarlan in Ardvorlich Declares that he was at Tarbat when Glengyle went with a party to Castle Lachlan, and at that time Duncan McMurrich in Easter Rowchoish was with Glengyle, but being forced out as the declarant then heard and believed. He the said Duncan fell behind the party designing to make his escape, but being discovered he was threatn'd and compelled by Glengyle to go along with them in that expedition. And further declares that as he lives in the neighbourhood and had occasion to be in heads of Menteith and Buchanan at the time of the late rebellion, he was credibly informed and believes it to be true that such of the Duke of Montrose's tenants there as were in arms were forced out by Glengyle very much contrary to their own inclinations.

List of McGregors on Montrose Estate in 1745

List of the families of the name Mcgregor who lived in the Duke of Montrose's Highland estate, at the time of the breaking out of the Rebellion. Distinguishing, 1), such as never were accessory to the rebellion; 2), such as by constraint were accessory to some act of rebellion and have since submitted to the Kings mercy; 3), such as join'd and marched out of the country with the army of the rebels or were present in any battle, but have since submitted; 4), such as joined and marched as aforesaid and have not submitted.

1 These who were never accessory to the rebellion

John Graham, younger of Glengyle
Robert Graham, his brother
Alex Mcgregor a cottar in Ruskenoch
John Mcgregor a cottar in Ruskenoch
Gregor Mcgreor a cottar in Clachbuy
Pat Mcgregor a subtenant in Innerald
Robt Mcgregor cottar in Corriearclet
Malcolm Mcgregor herd in Ashlan
Duncan Mcgregor subtenant in Wester Portnellan
Gregor Mcgregor a cottar in Comer

2 These who by constraint were accessory to some acts of the rebellion and have since submitted

Gregor Mcgregor tenant in Ruchoish
Alexr Mcgregor tenant in Caillness
James Mcgregor subtenant in Ashlane
Dougal Mcgregor tenant in Letteray
Duncan Mcgregor cottar in Corriearclet
John Mcgregor cottar in Easter Portnellan
Alexr Mcgregor cottar in Cloichvraik

3 These who joined and march'd out of the country with the rebell army and have since submitted

Hugh Mcgregor subtenant in Rouchoish
Malcolm Mcgregor in Corriearclet
Donald Mcgregor subtenant in Easter Portnellan

4 These who joined the rebell army and have not submitted

Robert Mcgregor subtenant in Corriearclet

John Mcgregor in Corriearclet
James Graham elder of Glengyle
James Drummond subtenant in Corriearclet

We dont remember of above five more of that name in all the rest of
the Duke of Montrose's estate.

The Prisoners

The Scottish History Society publication "Prisoners of the '45," while it includes errors regarding the MacGregors (such as the capture of Glengyle at Dunrobin as previously mentioned) is an invaluable source. I have changed the entry for Glengyle to read "Cromartie's." Obviously, only those involved in the Rising who came to the notice of the authorities are included, therefore the presence of only 19 MacGregors could be viewed as a success in their avoiding the consequences of involvement. However, as many would have used an alias such as Murray, Graham, Campbell or Drummond it is difficult to estimate actual numbers. "Prisoners of the '45" lists only two as "Glencarnaig's" and all the rest are "Glengyle's" although if they were from Balquhidder, they probably followed Glencarnaig. It is noteworthy how varied the origins of some of Glengyle's men are.

NAME	REGIMENT	CAPTURED/PRISON	DISPOSAL
ORIGIN			
Ens.Mungo Campbell	Glengyle's	Perth 23/3/47	
Discharged	Crieff		
James Cook	Glengyle's	Ardno 15/11/45	Escaped 2/46
Capt.John Drummond	Glengyle's	Taken	
10/8/46	Transported Balquhidder		
	(nephew of Balhaldie)		
Donald Ferguson	Glengyle's	Ardno	Escaped 2/46
John Ferguson snr	Glengyle's	Ardno	Escaped 2/46
	Dunblane		
John Ferguson jnr	Glengyle's	Ardno	Escaped 2/46
	Dunblane		
Peter King	Glengyle's	Ardno	Died 22/5/46
John Livingston	Glengyle's	Ardno	Freed 21/8/47
	Ardnamurchan		
Donald M'Grigor	Glengyle's	Ardno	Escaped -
Grigor M'Grigor	Glengyle's	Ardno	Freed 47
	Argyll		
Piper James M'Gregor	Glengyle's	Carlisle	Transported -

John M'Grigor	Glengyle's	Ardno	Escaped 2/46 -	
Capt Malcolm M'G	Glengyle's		Leny 19/7/46	
Discharged	Cornour			
(of Cornour - died?)				
Malcolm M'Grigor	Glengyle's	Ardno	Escaped 2/46 -	
Pat. M'G (Murray)	Glengyle's		Perth 5/46	
Acquitted	Perthshire			
John M'Callum	Glengyle's	Ardno	Discharged	
	Inverness			
John M'Ighaill	Glengyle's	Ardno	Discharged	
	Torosay			
Robert Mackay	Glengyle's	Inverness	Discharged	
	Sutherland			
Duncan M'Lachlan	Glengyle's		Dumbarton 3/46	
Escaped	Dumbarton			
John M'Lellan	Glengyle's	Ardno	Freed 47	
	Inverness			
Duncan M'Neill	Glengyle's	Ardno	Escaped 2/46	
	Lochaber			
Ronald M'Nicol	Glengyle's	Ardno	Freed 47	Glen
	Orchy			
Duncan M'G (Murray)	Glengyle's	8/46	Acquitted	
	Perthshire			
Pat. M'G (Murray)	Glengyle's		Aberdeen 8/46	
Transported	Perthshire			
John Stewart	Glengyle's	Perth 7/46	Discharged	
	Balquhidder			
Robert M'G (Murray)	Glencarnaig's	Inverary 1747	Released 49	
	GlenCarnaig			
(of Glencarnaig)				
John M'Gregor	Glencarnaig's	Edin Infmy	Died Balquhidder	
Maj. Evan M'Gregor	Glencarnaig's		Balquhidder	
Mary M'Gregor	Keppoch's	Carlisle	Discharged Balquhidder	
John M'Gregor	Perth's	Carlisle 12/45	Transported Perthshire	
John M'Gregor	Perth's	Br.Allan 10/45	Transported	
	Perthshire			
John M'Gregor	Perth's	Perth	Execut. York	
	Perthshire			
Duncan M'Gregor		Lord J Murray's Perth 24/6/46	Acquitted	
	Breadalbane			

Ens. Duncan M'Gregor Farquharson's Culloden Transported
 Tarland
 Gregor M'Gregor- Inverness Escaped Glen Moriston
 John M'Gregor Barrisdale's Caithness Discharged
 Caithness
 Mark M'Gregor Baggots Hussars Perth 2/46 Transported
 Balgowan
 John M'Gregor Cromartie's Dunrobin - -
 William M'Gregor Cromartie's Dunrobin 4/46 Died
 Caithness
 (there were two Wm M'Griggers on the "Hawk" sloop of
 Cromartie's)

The Muster Roll

"The Muster Roll of Prince Charles Edward Stuart's Army," AUP
 1984 only lists the MacGregor officers. I have reproduced that list
 here with some slight corrections and also the names of other
 MacGregors who appear with other formations. Obviously some of
 these names may occur in the list of Prisoners above.

Colonel Gregor McGregor (Graham) of Glengyle
 Lt-Col John McGregor (Drummond) of Balnacuib Transported
 Lt-Col Robert McGregor (Murray) of Glencarnaig Surrendered -
 Released
 Maj. Evan McGregor (Murray) (bro. Glencarnaig Taken - Pardoned
 Capt. Duncan McGregor (Murray) (bro. Glencarnaig Taken
 - Acquitted
 Capt. James Mor McGregor (Drummond) Escaped
 Capt. Malcolm McGregor of Cornour Taken -
 Discharged
 Capt. Malcolm McGregor (Drummond) of Craigruidhe Died
 Prestonpans
 Capt. Robt Og McGregor (Campbell?) Escaped
 Capt. Ranald McGregor (Campbell?) of Kirktown
 Std Bearer Duncan Mcpharrie Pardoned

Ogilvy's

Donald McGregor, Town Officer, Coupar

Glengarry's

Donald McGregor, Dalchuirn Surrendered 5/5/46
Gregor McGregor, (one of 7 men of Glen Moriston) Taken, escaped
1747

John McGregor, Caithness Taken, discharged

Keppoch's (Volunteers - all joined Glengyle later)

Duncan McGregor (Murray), West Drumlich

John McGregor (Murray), Monachyl

Patrick McGregor (Murray), East Drumlich Taken, acquitted

Monaltrie's

John McGregor of Inverenzie Killed Culloden

Duncan McGregor, Tarland (bro. Inverenzie) Taken, transported

SRO Ref 220/6/1662/12**MacGregors in '45 on Montrose Estate**

Wester Mains

1 John McGregor no ways concerned

2 James no ways concerned

Arochliny

3 Gregor young man living with his mother - had a house & yard
from tenant but no land no ways concerned

Ruskenoch

4 Alex cottar, about 2 years, old, not concerned

East Rouchoish

5 Gregor tacksman, never joined rebels, submitted

6 Alex no fixed residence, joined Rebell army

West Rouchoish

7 Hew cottar, joined rebell army, submitted

8 John Cailness	cottar, old, no ways concerned
9 Alex Ashlane	tacksman, never joined army, but submitted
10 James submitted Clachbuy	subtenant, never joined army, but
11 Gregor Letteray	wright & cottar, old & not concerned
12 Dougall concerned in rebellion but afterwards delivered up what arms he had Innerald	Tacksman, had a cert. from minister not
13 Patrick Corriearclet	subtenant, old, no ways concerned
14 Duncan	subtenant, old, but has submitted
15 Robert	subtenant, joined rebell army
16 Robert	cottar and shoemaker, no ways concerned
17 John	lived with mother, joined army
18 Malcolm Stronachlachar	bro of 17, joined army, has submitted
19 James(Glengyle)	tacksman, joined rebell army
20 Robert(son of G) Oselane	no ways concerned
21 Malcolm West Portnellan	a herd, no ways concerned
22 Duncan East Portnellan	subtenant, no ways concerned
23 Donald submitted	subtenant, joined rebell army, has
24 John Comer	cottar, old, never joined army, submitted
25 Gregor Clachvraik	cottar, old, no ways concerned
26 Alex Corriearclet	cottar, never joined army, has submitted
27 James Mor Lednish	joined rebell army
28 Duncan E Gartnabradnich	cottar, no ways concerned
29 Malcolm	noways concerned

List of houses burnt in 1746

Easter Portnellan

Coll Campbell

Donald Murray, house, barn, sheephouse

Malcolm Mccallum, house, barn, sheephouse

John mckeoch house & barn

John Graham house & barn

Wester Correrlet

Donald Mccallum house, barn, sheephouse

Findlay Mccallum house & barn

John Mccallum jr house & barn

John Mccallum srhouse

Katharin Mcintyre house

Patk Mccallum house, barn, sheephouse

James Mcgregor house & barn

Easter Correrlet

Duncan Mcgregor house & barn

Duncan Graham house & sheephouse

John Ferguson house & barn

Katharin Mcfarlan house barn & sheephouse

Arch Mcintyre house barn & sheephouse

Robt Graham(blind) house

Stronura

Malcolm Mcfarlan

Duncan Mccallum house & barn

Letteray

Dougall Keir in his right house barn & sheephouse

John Mcneill house

Hew Mccallum house

Stronachlachar

J Graham Glengyle

Robert Graham the miln
Donald Mccrimmon house & barn
Patk Mccallum house
Dond Mcintyre(old) house
Malc Mccallum(weav) house

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Note: There is no general text which logically explains the role of the Clan Gregor in the '45. However, the most comprehensive source, although it is heavy going for the general reader, is the "History of The Clan Gregor," Volume II, by Amelia Murray MacGregor, originally published in 1901 and possibly available in good reference libraries. Most of the information in this paper has been gleaned from a variety of general histories of the Jacobite Rising and on the Clan. Some of these sources which I have consulted are listed below although not all of the books listed below may actually refer to Clan Gregor. In addition, there are unpublished estate papers and government records from which more information may yet come to light. I have consulted the Montrose Papers, the MacGregor Papers, and also a tiny fraction of the available military records covering the period at the Public Record Office at Kew. Papers relating to the garrisons of Stirling and Edinburgh, and the subsequent occupation forces are at the PRO and may contain useful information though I have not been able to consult them. Estate papers relating to the Argyll, Breadalbane and Atholl estates could also be useful.

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If you are interested in, or care about, your Scottish and MacGregor heritage then The Clan Gregor Society would be pleased to hear from you. The Secretary is always happy to receive enquiries and, for a small fee, you can become a **member** of the Society. Please write for further details to

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