OLD STORIES RE-TOLD. CULLODEN.

Every one who admires the works of Hogarth will remember his inimitable March to Finchley. That picture represents the rabble rear of King George the Second's Guards staggering past the Adam and Eve public house at the northwest corner of Tottenham-court-road, on their way to meet the Pretender at Culloden. They are encumbered with Moll Flaggons of the most disreputable character. Their costume is garish, clumsy, and ungainly; yet the hight and cumbrous uniform, with hideous white spatterdashes, those conical fool's caps with brass plates in front, have been under fire at Dettingen and Fontenoy. Before they taste the Adam and Eve gin and ale again, they will have let the breath out of many bagpipe, in spite of the greed of the Campbells, the ire of the Drummonds, the pride o the Grahams, and the flerceness of the Murrays. Even that smart, pretty boy, the fifer, will march straight at the gleaming claymores and the fluttering tartaus, as cool as if he were going to troop the colors in Palace-yard

on a quiet Sunday morning.

It was a cold February day in 1746 that Hogarth went slyly to watch the Guards march morth; for the Duke of Cumberland, recalled by the news of the defeat of Hawley's veteran cavalry by the rough rush of Charles Stuart's Highlanders, reached Edinburgh on the 30th of January, after four days' hot posting. There was quite a scene at a military leves in St. James' Palace the day before the gallant but rather tipsy Guards started to Sectland by the way of Finchley. King George had called together his officers, wishing to send on reinforcements; but was unwilling to order the Guarda because they had only recently returned from a harassing campaign against the French. The king was a "dull little man of low tastes" (Thackeray)-a little, dapper, choleric fellow, with a red face, white eyebrows, and goggling eyes; he was a bad husband, an un-English king, and a cruel father; he swore at his subjects; he smuggled away his father's will; he would kick his coat and wig about in his indecorous passions; he even injured Dr. Ward's shins; yet it must be confessed he was a high-spirited, bold little soldier, for he had fought stoutly at Ondenarde under those great captains, Eugène and Marlborough; and at Dettingen he had advanced on foot, and, amid a "feu d'enfer," shaken his swerd at the combined horse and foot of France. He was in earnest now, fully resolved to die King of Fugland, and, if his son, the Duke, was repulsed, to head Ligomier's and Pulteney's men, and have a last grapple for the crown. The Duke of Newcastle-fussy, false, and shambling; ridiouled by Smollet as the butt, yet the master of England-was of course at the levee.

The king spoke to his officers of the precarious state of the country, and asked all who were willing to meet the rebels to hold up their right hands, and those who would rather mot, to hold up their left. Up instantly went every right hand. The little red-faced man burst into tears, bowed, and retired. The next day the Guards marched, and at the corner of Tottenham-court-road, our little quick-eyed friend, William Hogarth, intercepted them with his sketch-book. Years afterwards, outside the gate of Calais, the painter saw some of the Highlanders the Guards met at Culloden. ragged, beggared exiles, lying on the stones muching stolen onions, dining on a pinch of snuff, and thinking of the distant lakes and mountains with that passionate homesickness

that seems peculiar to the mountaineer.

When Hogarth's picture was taken to the king, he grew very red and furious indeed over it. He did not like his Guards made

fun of. "I hate bainting and boetry," he spluttered. "What? A bainter burlesque my Guards! He deserves to be bicketed for his insolence. Away wid the trumpery." Bicketing was hoisting a soldier on the sharp back of a wooden horse out on the parade in St. James' Park, and was by no means a joke. Hogarth also effervesced when he heard this, and dedicated the picture at once to his Majesty's rival, the King of Prussia; by the same token, he put only one s to Prussia, and was much

The Young Pretender, according to the

bantered in consequence.

SE-STER

Whig accounts, though he looked a noble and a gentleman, was no hero. The Jacobites compared him to Robert Bruce, and were never weary of praising his kingly courtliness, his affability, his gallantry, and his handsome person. He was in reality a goodlooking young man, with bright complexion and fair hair. The Tories believed they saw in his not very scute and rather sensual face the hard lines and ill-omened expression of the Stuart race. eyes were small, but lively, his neck short, his chin inclined to double. He generally were a short tartan waistcoat and trews, his blue garter, at his button-hole a St. Andrew's cross hanging by a green ribbon, but no star. When marching with the army he donned a broad blue bonnet edged with gold lace. the Holyrood balls, when leading his fair partisans with the white breast-knots down the dance, he appeared either in a dress of fine silk tartan with crimson velvet breeches, or in the English court dress of the period, with a diamond star glittering on his breast.

On the 12th of April the Young Pretender being at Inverness, the Duke of Cumberlanda corpulent young man, with rough and arrogant manners-forded the Spey at the head of the English army. He reached Elgin on the Monday, and on Tuesday Nairn, only sixteen miles from the insurgents. On the 15th, being his birthday, the army lay at Nairn, and were feasted with brandy, cheese, and bisouit.

On the 14th, the Prince ordered his drums to beat and his pipes to "skirl" through Inverness to sollect his half-starved and undisciplined men, and the Highlanders shouted as he walked through their lines:-"We'll give Cumberland another Fontenoy. "That night he bivouseked in the park round Culloden House, four miles from Inverness. Orders were sent to collect the Frasers, the Keppoch-Macdonalds, the Macphersons, the Macgregors some of Glengarry's men, and the Earl of Cromarty's Mackenzies, who were scattered over the country in various predatory expeditions. The men that day had only a small husk bannock each, and many of them therefore retired to Inverness in search of food.

The only hope Charles had of success was to retreat to his best friends, the mountains, desoy the duke away from the sea and his victualling-ships, and lure him into defiles and ravines, where his cannon would be sacrificed and his dragoons useless; but the young man was eager for fighting, for his men were stary. ing, and their ardor was fast melting away. There was Inverness to protect, and the Irish and French officers were for holding out on the moor, which was in parts boggy and unsuited to eavairy. Lord George Murray, however, who had the true military instinct, disapproved of the ground, as many great authori-ties have since done. He was wisely for falling back to a high, undulating, and boggy tract on the south side

of the river Nairn, which would have been | hand. inaccessible to the duke's horse and guns; but about his colleagues were all against him. A night a re attack on Cumberland's camp was then unanimonsly agreed on, and seemed to promise some hopes of success. The duke's reveiling army was to be surprised and cut to pieces by the breadswords before it could recover from the first flerce and unexpected onslanght. The English camp was only nine miles distant across the moor, and it was hoped they would reach it at about midnight. The Pretender gave, as a watchword, his father's name,

"King James the Eighth." Then embracing Lord George Murray, who started at eight in the evening with the foremost column, he placed himself at the head of the rear guard. The order was to use no firearms, only dirk and broadsword, to cut down and overturn the Euglish tents, and stab at every bulging or projection in the canvas. But even "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera;" all went wrong. Many detours were necessary to avoid bogs and splashes. The van guard fell behind, the men dropped aside, and could not be kept together. It was 2 in the morning before Lord George reached the old house of Kilravock, three miles from the duke's camp. It would be daylight directly. A drum beat in the distance, or a horse neighed, and it was presumed the enemy was alarmed. Lord George reluctantly gave the order to retire. The Prince, in his first anger, accused his faithful and only sound adviser of treachery; but, when he cooled, he agreed in the

necessity of the measure, and exclaimed, "Tis no matter. We shall meet them, and behave like brave boys;" but the Highlanders, broken in spirits from want of food, were not like the men who at Preston had swept off arms with a single blow of their scythe-blades, or who, single-handed, had driven before them flocks of dismounted dragoons. Still they were at bay and in earnst, full of fight, and proud of their former successes against the king's troops.

And now let us describe the field of battle. Drummoissie Moor (Culloden) is a large heathy, mossy, melancholy moor, traversed longitudinally by a byroad, and sprinkled with a few shielings, each with its little tributary kail patch. is two miles inland from the south shore of the Moray Frith, five miles from Inverness, and ten or twelve from Nairn. Inverness was behind the rebels; on their right, a rolling range of blue Ross-shire mountains across the river Nairn; on their left, the sea, with the park of Culloden stretching downwards towards the shore of the Frith. To the east, says Robert Chambers, the moor spreads away like a shoreless sen, as far as the eye can reach.

The Prince's army, drawn up in two lines, consisted of only about 5000 men. The right was protected by the turf walls of a small farmstead. The left extended to a plashy morass, in the direction of Culloden House. In the front were the clan regiments of Atholl, Cameron, Appin, Fraser, Macintosh, Maclachlan, Maclean, John Roy Stuart, Farquharson, Clanronald, Keppoch, and Glengarry. The second scanty line comprised the low country, the French and Irish regiments, Lord Ogilvie's, Lord Lewis Gordon's, Glenbucket, the Duke of Perth. Four small cannon were placed at each wing, and four more in the centre. Lord George Murray commanded the right wing, Lord John Drummond the left, and General Stapleton the second line. Charles himself stood with a small body of guards upon a mound in the rear of the whole

The front ranks of the Highlanders were armed with muskets, broadswords, pistols, and dirks. They carried on their left arms a round wooden target covered with leather, and studded with nails. They had also small knives stuck into the garters of the right leg. Some of the rear rank man had no gons nor targate, and were shoeless and half naked. They carried their cartridges in pouches on their right side. Many of them wore the philabeg, or kilt, pulled through betwixt their legs, so as to leave the thigh almost naked. The artillerymen, also in kilts, had reared beside every gun cylindrical shields of wicker-work to protect themselves. Those of our readers who have seen a Highland regiment, can picture to themselves the large-limbed, stalwart swordsmen, in the prime of their manhood, looking as if they could not die; the white cockades of the Cragsmen gleaming, their dark-green, black, and scarlet tartans fluttering in the cold moor wind that shook the oak, yew, and boxtree badges in their bonnets.

About eleven in the foreneon, the dim grey line of the distant moor, bright with April sunshine, gloomed and darkened with the advancing lines of Cumberland's army, that gradually widened out, and glistened with steel points. The Prince went out to the moor, and ordered a cannon to be fired, to summon his stragglers.

The royal army was disposed in three lines the centres of all the regiments of the second line being behind the terminations of those of the first, and those of the third line occupying a similar position in regard to the second. Thus the various bodies of which the army consisted were in a manner indented into each other. Betwixt every two regiments of the first line were placed two cannon. The left flank was protected by Kerr's Dragoons (the 11th), under Colonel Lord Ancrum; the right by a oog; and Cobham's Dragoons (the 10th) stood in two detachments beside the third line. The Argyle Highlanders guarded the baggage. The disposition thus made was allowed by the best authorities to have been admirable; because it was impossible for the Highlanders to break one regiment without finding two ready to supply its place. The insurgent army was also allowed to be very well posted, upon a supposition that they were to be attacked.

There is a contemporary print which represents the English army as it now appeared. The burly, choleric young duke wears a star on the breast of his long, stiff, gold-laced coat, and is adorned with a close curied wig and a three cornered cocked hat. He is riding, and pointing out a regiment with his walking cane. The grenadiers have cocked-hats, long surtouts, sash-belts, swords, and long white gaiters. The fumes of the Adam and Eve ale have dispersed long ago in this keen Scotch air. The colors rise and blossom from thecentre of each regiment. The officers, with their spontoons (half-pikes), stand at the wings. The drummer-boys are a little in advance. The dragoons look solid, but clumsy; their skirts are long and loose, their massive boots squaretoed, their stirrup-leathers larger, their pistols bigger, their carbines more unwieldly than those our cavalry now use. Men of the Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim character are in those ranks side by side with young Wolfe (afterwards the here of Quebec), and officers of the Colonel Gardiner stamp-simple-hearted,

pious, and brave. Ever since the routs of Preston and Falkirk, the duke (who really had some head, though Fontency, like the Balaklava charge, was only a magnificent blunder) had been studying how to make the bayonet superior to the broadsword. Hitherto, when a Highlander came flying down at King George's grenadiers, winged with his stormy tartans, he caught the bayonet in his target, then turning aside with his brawny and hairy arm, leaped in on the defenceless soldier, dirk in one hand and swinging elaymere in the other, often killing two men at the same moment, one with each

t parades, remedy for had thought out this. He conceived that if each man, on coming within the proper distance of the enemy, should direct his thrust not at the man directly opposite to him, but against the one who fronted his right-hand comrade, the target would be rendered useless, and the Highlander would be wounded in the right side, under the sword-arm, before he could ward off the thrust. Accordingly, he had practised the men during the spring this new exercise. When they had taken their morning meal, they were marched forward from the camp, arranged in three parallel divisions of four regiments each, headed by Huske, Sempill, and Mordaunt, having column of artillery and baggage upon one hand, and a fith-borse upon the other.

Duke William's speech to his men betrayed ome anxiety as to the behavior of the seldiers we saw start to Finchley. They were to be firm and collected, and, forgetting all past failures, to remember the great object which had brought them to that Scotch moor. He represented the enemy to be merciless, and that hard fighting was the only chance of

He was grieved, he added, to suppose that there could be a person reluctant to fight in the British army. But if there were any there who would prefer to retire, whether from disinclination to the cause, or because they had relations in the rebe army, he begged them, in the name of God, to do so, as he would rather face the Highlanders with one thousand determined men at his back, than have ten thousand who were luke warm. The men, catching enthusiasm from his language, shouted, "Flanders! Flanders!" and impatiently desired to be led forward to battle. It was suggested to the duke at this juncture that he should permit the men to dine, as usual, at I o'clock, as they would not probably have another opportunity of satisfy ing their hunger for several hours. But he rejected the proposal. "The men," he said, 'will fight better and more actively with empty bellies; and, moreover, it would be a had omen. You remember what a dessert they got to their dinner at Falkirk!"

This was like the young hard martinet, who forgot that we English at least always fight best when well fed; but Duke William was a man who never had any The army advanced in formal military order, the hedges of bayonets glancing and flashing in the cold sunlight. crimson colors flaunted, and one hundred drums, rolled valiantly by little cocked hatted men, sounded a challenge to the angry Highlandmen. Lord Kilmarnock predicted defeat to the white cockades, when he observed the duke's cool, measused, determined advance. About six hundred yards from the rebel lines the marsh became so deep that the soldiers were up to their ankles in water, and the artillery horses floundering in the bog, some of the men slung their carbines and dragged the cumbrous guns through the brown swampy pools. As the moor was dry to the right, the watchful duke then ordered Pulteney's regiment to join the Scots Royals and another body of horse to cover the left wing. At five hundred paces from the embattled clansmen the duke halted his troops.

The day now, as if glooming for the catastrophe, became overcast; the sunshine faded away, and a drift of slanting snow began to beat sharp and cold from the northeast. This discouraged the Highlanders, and raised the spirits of the English and Hessian soldiers. Charles, feeling the disadvantage of this blindng rain, made some clumsy attempts to out flank and get to windward of the duke, but he was baffled in each attempt, and the two armies returned to their first positions.

ountermarches that a poor shock-headed mountaineer resolved, with the spirit of an old | forward till another bullet struck him dead. Roman, to sacrifice his life for his prince and his clan; he craftily approached the English lines, demanded quarter, and was sent to the He, however, contrived to lounge rear. through the lines, paying no regard to the rough ridicule of the soldiers. Lord Bury, son of the Duke of Albemarle, and aide-de camp to the duke, happening just then to pass by in a richly laced dress, the crafty Highlander suddenly snatched a musket from a soldier near him, discharged it at an officer whom he mistook for the duke, and stoically bore the shot from the ranks that instantly stretched him dead.

In most battles the struggle is which shall first gain the benefit of being the assailant. In this battle the effort was which should be the last to attack, and by this unwise delay the Prince wasted all the arder and fire of his impetuous irregular troops. The first shots were fired by the unhandy, reckless Highland artillerymen. They blazed away at a clump of horse, among whom they supposed the duke was stationed, but the shot passed high over

How many a heart far away was beating for the men of those two armies! The little, strutting, dapper, choleric king was thinking of his son; Fielding, perhaps, over his wine, was deriding the cattle-stealing Highlanders. In many an English cottage prayers were offering and tears shedding for humble Dick and Tom in the ranks. For those fierce men in the plaids, too, supplications were rising to heaven from many a grey-haired old shepherd on the mountains, many a fair-haired lassie by the lech-side, many a mother in the lonely

A few minutes after one, Colonel Bedford received orders from the duke to open a cannonade on the Pretender's army, to provoke the Highlanders to advance. Major-General Husk on the left, Lord Temple on the right and Brigadier Mordaunt in the centre, as well as Generals Bland and Hawley, who guarded the cannon at the wings, could see the "Young Italian," as they derisively called him. They discerned his womanly blue eyes, his long neck, and his blonde peruke, as he stood on an eminence. Colonel ford, indeed, levelling a gun, not only cut grooves and lanes through the enraged Highland ranks, but actually bespattered the Prince with earth, and killed a man who held a led horse near him. Presently the Prince mounted and rode along the lines of the Camerons and Frasers, urging men, who did not understand a word he said, to fight bravely against the Germans and the Whigs.

They answered him with shricks of devotion and blessings in guttural and senorous

The duke, too, did his part in his own domineering way—calling on Tom of Stepney, Dick of Highgate, and Joe of Whitechapel, to stand firm, to let the Highland savages feel the bayo net, and know what sort of men they had to deal with. He then ordered Wolfe's regiment to form en potence (gibbet F-shape) at the left wing, so as to lap around the clansmen when they attacked the left division. He also ordered up two more regiments from the reserve to strengthen the second line, for there were terrible reports of those broadsword men -how they lopped off arms as if they were only carrots, and could out a dragoon clean through to the waist at a single blow.

The duke was unwilling to attack the Prince while he had his turf walls to guard him, and the Prince was unwilling to surrender his valuable shelter. But if the duke had no

mere strutter | heart the Prince had no brains, for he allowed | men died like heroes. Golic Macbane, a man thought out | his Highlanders to be cowed by half an hour's | six foot four high, finding himself wounded, cannonade; although ever since the victory at Preston they had treated English artillery as mere popguns, always certain to be taken by a determined rush. In everything he showed incompetency to govern other men or to govern himself. At last he sent the order to charge, but young Maclachlan, his aide-de-camp, was killed by a cannon ball before he reached the front to convey it. Lord George Murray, in the mean time, had ordered the attack without waiting for the tardy Prince; but, even before he could pass the order round, the Mackintoshes, a brave clan never before in action, galled by the fire, their hot Celtic blood unable to tamely endure the slaughter of their friends, all in a glow with rage, had tightened their belts (scrugged), pulled down their bonnets over their brows, flashed out their claymores, and shouting the war-cry of the clau, rushed from the centre down upon Barrel's and Munro's men. A Lowland gentleman who saw that wild charge, and coked along the Highland lines, described the almost supernatural passion which lit every face and burned in every eye. After them, swift as deer through the steel and smoke, then rushed the Athole-men, the Camerons, Stuarts, Frasers, and Macleans, with Lord Murray chivalrously waving his George sword at their head. In two minutes a torrent of steel bore down all along the line on those firm masses that had marched from Finehley.

The storm had broken at last. The Duke's cannon on the wings moved them with "cartouche'' (grape?) shot. The front rank of Cumberland's army kept their firelocks steady at them, and swept and lashed them with fire, while Wolfe's regiment tormented them on the flank. It was musket against sword. The Highlanders first fired their pistols, then flung themselves like wild cats among the bayonets, slashing and stabbing like madmen. The duke must have looked anxiously through the hot smoke; but when it drifted off, the long lines of white gaiters were still firm in the rear, though the front had partly gone down, the few Highlanders left giving way before the shattering fire. Only three of the Macintosh officers escaped; a few still hewed at the bayonets, and died at the very feet of the Sassenach soldiers. One sinewy fellow, Major John Mor Macgilra, was seen a gun-shot past the enemy's cannon surrounded by grenadiers, of whom he struck down twelve before the halberts went home to his heart. The bodies of these fierce fighters were afterwards found in

swaths three and four deep.

But the charge was, unfortunately, not simultaneous. The pride of the Macdonalds was hurt by their being removed to the left wing. They had fought on the right of the Scottish army ever since Banneckburn, and they thought the change an insult and an illomen. The true Highlander is hot as a Welshman, and proud as a North American Indian. He would rather have the battle lost than acknowledge himself unworthy of the post of honor. In vain the Young Pretender promised to take the name of Macdonald, and ever hereafter, if they fought well, to place them in the van. No. They sullenly discharged their muskets, and slowly advanced, but they would not charge. They endured the English fire with soured and sullen faces, only hewing at the heath with their broadswords. When the other clans gave way, the Macdonalds turned, too, and fled. Heart-broken at this, their colonel, the Chieftain of Keppoch, an excellent and chivalrous man, exclaimed:-"My God, have the children of my tribe forsaken me?" and advanced upon the English alone. his sword in one hand, his pistol in the other. A devoted clansman following him with tears and prayers, reaching him just as he was struck down by a builet. Keppoch replied only, "Take care of yourself," then staggered

The young Chevalier's front line was now repulsed, but there was still a hope of the Lowland regiments; yet there was no time to head them, for Lord Ancrum's and Cobham's Dragoons were now pouring in on the flanks, through the inclosures that had been broken down by the Argyle Highlanders. Some Irish pickets kept up a spirited fire and checked the dragoons, who were sabring the unhappy Mac-donalds, and one of Lord Lewis Gordon's regiments stopped another squadron to the right; but when the English infantry moved forward to charge, the Highlanders fled in spite of all the entreaties of Charles, Lord George, Lochiel, Sheridan, Ogilvie, and Glenbucket. It was a rout, and the sabres were after the brave men, hot, fast, and wrathful. Yet the Euglish dragoons had been terribly handled. The Clan Chattan are said to have only left fifteen men of Barrel's regiment alive. The rear of the rebels broke into two masses, one proceeding by the open road for Inverness, the other fording the water of Nairn and taking to the hills.

Charles stood stunned, confounded, and in tears. As to his conduct, Whig and Tory historians differ, as they do upon almost every other subject connected with the Scotch rebel lion. The one party says O'Sullivan turned the head of his horse, and dragged him away, the other that Lord Elcho entreated the Prince to rally the men and charge again, and, on his refusing, rode off with contempt, vowing never

to see his face again. The official account of the battle was cold soldier-like, and matter of fact. It says of the

Highlanders, that they came running on in their wild manner upon the right, where his royal highness had placed himself, imagining the greatest push would be there. They came down there several times within a hundred yards of our men, firing their pistols and brandishing their swords; but the Royals and Pulteneys hardly took their firelocks from their shoulders, so that after these faint attempts they made eff, and the little squadrons on our right were sent to pursue them. General Hawley had, by the aid of our Highlanders, beat down two little stone walls, and came in upon the right flank of their second line. As their whole first line came down to attack at once, their right somewhat outflanked Barrel's regiment, which was our left,, and the greatest part of the little loss we sustained was there; but Blyth's and Sempill's, giving a fire upon those who had outflanked Barrel's, soon repulsed them, and Barrel's regiment and the left of Muuro's fairly beat them with their bayonets. There was scarce a soldier or officer of Barrel's, and of that part of Muuro's which engaged, who did not kill one or two men each with their bayonets and spontoens. 'Tis thought the rebels lost about two thousand men upon the field and in the pursuit. We have here two hundred and twenty-two French and three hundred and twenty-six rebel prisoners. Lieutenant-Colonel Howard killed an officer, who appeared to be Lord Strathallan, by the seal and different commissions from the Pretender found in his pocket. The killed, wounded, and missing of the king's troops amount to about three hundred. The French officers will be all sent to Carlisle till his majesty's pleasure shall be known. Four of their principal adies are in custody-namely, Lady Ogilvie, Lady Kintoch, Lady Gordon, and the Laird of M'Intosh's wife.

The pursuit was cruel and bloody. For four miles along the moor the Highlanders were hewn down. Some of these luckless

singled out, alone, and at bay, set his back to a wall, and with his target and claymore bore the onset of half a dozen dragoons who crowded at him with their long swords. officers cried, "Save that brave fellow;" but the soldiers cut his head through before he fell amid thirteen of his dead enemies. The right wing crossed the Nairn with unbroken resolu tion. The dragoons seemed afraid to touch them is their despair. One officer, who tried to seize a straggler, was out down with a single blow, and his slayer coolly stooping down over the body, removed the gold watch.

The cruelty after the battle was increased by a rumor that the Pretender had ordered his men to give no quarter. The himself was cold and unrelenting. men were ordered to go over the field and bayonet and cut down wounded. This work was down with brutal jocularity, splashing each other with blood, till they looked (as one of them has reported) like butchers. The duke is said to have ordered Wolfe to pistol a young colonel who lay wounded; but Wolfe refused, saying he would never consent to become an executioner. Unarmed men were cut down in the very streets of Inverness. The next day the reckless duke continued his cruelties. Seventy poor wretches were dragged from under the heaps of slain, and despatched by platoon firing. Seventy two fugitives, found in neighboring hovels were also butchered in cold blood. In one lint alone thirty-two blackened bodies were found amid the ashes. Nineteen wounded officers, sheltered in the court-yard of Culloden House were also carted out and shot against the park wall. Of one hundred and fifty-seven prisoners sent by vessel to London, only forty nine survived the cruelties of the eight months

The English soldiers were seen for days strutting about in the rich laced waistcoats and hats of the Pretender and his generals. The English only lost, in this battle of forty minutes, one officer of distinction-Lord Rober Kerr, the second son of the Marquis of Lothian. a captain in Barrel's regiment. He received the first Macintosh on his spontoon, but was instantly beat down by a dozen thirsty broadswords. The news of the important victory reached

London on the 24th of April. The dapper king rejoiced, Sam Johnson secretly lamented. The Park and Tower guns soon bellowed out the news over the red multitudinous roofs; at night there were bonfires throughout London, and every steeple clashed out rejoicings. The Duke received the thanks of the English Parliament, and twenty-five thousand pounds a year addition to his income, and the name of The Butcher from the Scotch. As for the poor Prince, he rambled about the Western Islands for five months, skulking in shielings and shepherds' and fishermen's huts. On the 20th of September, he escaped to France in a vessel fitted out by an adherent, who had been promised a baronetcy by the old Chevalier if he could rescue his unfortunate son.

When the Master of Lovat, that enormous scoundrel, who arrived too late for Culloden, came to London to end his bad life on Towerhill, Hogarth, remembering the march to Finchley, went out to see him at Highgate, and he drew the subtle old rogue counting up the Jacobite clans on his picking and stealing fingers .- All the Year Round.

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By order of the Court. T. O. WEBB, Pro-Prothonotary 10 24 tha 81

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With this machine a lady can alone stretch and tack down at the same time her carpets as easily as o sweep them, saving back aches, bruised fingers temper, time, and money. It will stretch all kinds of curpets without the least damage, better, quicker, and easier than any other Stretcher made, and drive from 2 to 20-oz, tacks with or without leather heads is simple, easily worked, and will last a lifetime

Agents wanted. Liberal terms given. It is a nice

TACH-DRIVER.

machine for ladies to sell. For Machines or Agencies mall on or address WILLIAM P. SCHEIBLE, No. 49 S. THIRD Street,

Philadelphia-8.271 fr HITLER, WEAVER & CO MANUFACTURERS OF Manilla and Tarred Cordage, Cords Twines Etc.

do. 28 North WATER Street, and FC. 11 Forth DELAWARE Avenue, PHILLIDELPRIA: MICHAEL WEAVER, MICHAEL WEAVER, CONDAD F CLOTHIES. \$14 DRIVY WELLS-OWNERS OF PROPERTY-

The only place to get Privy Wells cleaned and distolected at very law prices.

A. PHYSON,

Slot COLDEMITH'S MALL, LIBRARY Street.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, ETC. LEWIS LADOMUS & CO.,

DIAMOND DEALERS AND JEWELLERS, No. 802 CHESNUT STREET, Would invite the attention of purchasers to their arge stock of

GENTS' AND LADIES' WATCHES,

Just received, of the finest Enropean makers. Independent quarter, "econd, and self-winding, in gold and silver cases.

Also, AMERICAN WATCHES of all sizes,
Diamond Sets, Pins, Studs, Rings, etc.
Coral, Malachite, Garnet, and Etruscan Sets, in great variety. [51]49
SOLID SILVERWARE of all kinds, including a large assortment suitable for Bridal Presents.;

FINE WATCHES.

We keep always on hand an assortment of

LADIES' AND GENTS' "FINE WATCHES Of the best American and Foreign Makers, all war ranted to give complete satisfaction, and at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

FARR & BROTHER.

Importers of Watches, Jewelry, Musical Boxes, etc. D Hamthirp] No. 224 CHESNUT St., below Fourth. Especial attention given to repairing Watches and Musical Boxes by FIRST-CLASS workmen.

WATCHES, JEWELRY.

W. W. CASSIDY, NO. 12 SOUTH SECOND STREET, Offers an entirely new and most carefully selected

AMERICAN AND GENEVA WATCHES, SILVER-WARE, AND PANCY ARTICLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION suitable

FOR BRIDAL OR HOLIDAY PRESENTS An examination will show my stock to be unsur-passed in quality and cheapness.

Particular attention paid to repairing.

\$162

C. RUSSELL & CO., OFFER ONE OF THE LARGEST STOCKS

FINE FRENCH CLOCKS, OF THEIR OWN IMPORTATION, IN THE

AMERICAN WATCHES,
The best in the world, sold at Factory Prices, C. & A. PEQUICNOT.

MANUFACTURERS OF WATCH CASES, No. 18 South SIXTH Street, Manufactory, No. 22. S. FIFTH Street,

STERLING SILVERWARE MANUFACTORY NO. 414 LOCUST STREET.

GEORGE SHARP. Patentee of the Ball and Cube patterns, manufactures every description of fine STERLING SILVER-WARE, and offers for sale, wholesale and retail, a choice assortment of rich and beautiful goods of new styles at low prices. A. ROBERTS. J. M. SHARP.

GOVERNMENT SALES.

SALE OF METALS, NEW QUARTERMAS-

DEPOT QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 25, 1867.

Will be sold at public auction, on MONDAY, November 11, at Lincoln Depot, under the direction of Brevet Colonel A. P. BLUNT A. Q. M.:—

50 HORNES and 5: MULES, more or less, so AMBULANCES, worn.

7: SPRING do, do.

Several of these Spring Wagons are of very superior finish.

The Mules offered are a very select lot, well worthy

The Mules offered are a very select lot, well worthy
the attention of purchasers.

After which the following Metals and Quartermaster Steres, entirely new, to
1,150,000 lbs. Iron,
2,000 " Copper,
1,600 " Copper,
1,600 " Copper,
1,600 " Copper bot 1
0,000 " Chains, do,
1,000 Stove Feet,
1,000 Boits,
1,000 Stove Feet,
5,000 Broom Handles,
500,000 " Mule do,
600 Empty Botiles,
Tegether with a number of miscellaneous articles,
consisting in part of Carpenters' and Blacksmiths

Together with a number of miscellaneous articles, consisting in part of Carpenters' and Blacksmiths Tools, Stah Weights, Enives, Engines, Globe Valves, Fire Brick, etc. etc.

Also, the following Wagonmakers' Lumber:—
5,000 feet 13-1 inch Oak 5,000 feet 5-inch Oak Plank,

8,000 feet 24-inch do. do. Plank,

7,000 feet 24-inch do. do. Plank,

2000 feet 3-inch do. do. Plank,

2000 feet 3-inch do. do. Sizos.

Sale to commence at 10 A. M., and continue from day to day until all are sold.

Horses, Mules, and Wagons will be sold singly: other articles in lots.

The Metals will be delivered to purchasers at Sixth The Metals will be delivered to purchasers at Sixth

treet wharf, or at railroad depot.
Catalogues of sale can be had on application.
Terms—Cash in Government funds. By order of the Quartermaster-General, J. C. McFERRAN, Deputy Quartermaster-General, 10 28 12t Brevet Brigadier-Gen. U. S. Army,

GOVERNMENT SALE,

OFFICE OF ASST. QUART'R-GENERAL, No. 17 STATE STREET.

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 30, 1867.

Will be sold at Public Auction, to the highest bidder, on the 5th day of November, 1867, at 12 M., a lot of Machinery pertaining to Water Condensing Apparatus, afored on beard of the barge F. S. Ayres, now lying at Middle Pier, Atlantic Dock Basin, Brooklyn, The following articles are composed in the lot to be

ord:— 6 Cylindrical Bollers, 4 ft. 6 in. diameter 19 ft. long. 1 Steam Drum, 30 in. diameter, 13 ft. long. 1 Lot of Fire Tools. 3 Lighthail's Condensers. 3 Lighthail's Condensers. 550 ft, Wrought and Malleable Iron Pine, assorted

lies.

8 Woodward Steam Pumps, Nos. 2, 3, and 7.
10 Cast-Iron Globe Valves.
2 3-jt in. Brass Plug Cocks.
2 3-in. Cast-iron Safety Valves, with levers, weights,

23-in. Cast-iron Salety Valves, while evers, weights, etc.
22-in. Cast-iron Check Valves,
The sale will take place on board of the barge, at the hour and place above-named, and purchasers with he required to remove their property within three days from the time of purchase. The barge will be towed at the expense of the United States to any point in New York Harbor, where the successful hidder may deale to receive his property, which must be unlossed at his expense.

Terms—Cash, in United States-Treasury Notes.

11 1 W Byt. Maj. Gen, and Asst. Q. M. Gen.

STOVES, RANGES, ETC.

NOTICE.-THE UNDERSIGNED

NOTICE.—THE UNDERSIGNED
would call attention of the public to his
NEW GOLDEN EAGLE FURNACE.
This is an entirely new heater. It is seconatracted as to at once-commend their to general favor,
being a combination of wrought and cast tron. It is
very simple in its construction, and is perfectly airvery simple in its construction of pleas from the
same weight of coal than any furnace now in use,
same weight of coal than any furnace now in use,
The hyprometric condition of the air as produced by
my new arrangement of evaporation will at once demonetrate that it is the only flot air fornace that
would do well to call and examine the Golden Eagle.

Nos. 12st and 11st 4MARKET Street,
Philadelphia.

Plantage assortment of Cooking Runser.

Fire floard.

A large assortment of Cooking Ranges, Fire-Board Stoves, Low Down Grates, Ventilators, etc., always on hand. on hand.
N. Il.—Jobbing of all kinds promptly done. \$ 108

