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General Editor: LawRENCE Weaver, F.S.A.

THE ROYAL SCOTS
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PRIVATE: THE ROYAL SCOTS, 1742.
The Story of
THE ROYAL SCOTS
(The Lothian Regiment)
Formerly The First or The Royal Regiment of Foot

BY
LAWRENCE WEAVER

WITH A PREFACE BY
THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G., K.T.

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The Royal Scots

PREFACE

By the Earl of Rosebery and Midlothian, K.G., K.T.

It is well at this time to be reminded of the history of The Royal Scots, for we in the Lothians think that it is not sufficiently borne in mind. There are so many famous regiments in Scotland that ours, though the senior, stands some chance of being overlooked.

Those who read this excellent book will not be likely to commit this fault. There they may read the long pedigree of The Royal Scots, who date, so to speak, their legal existence to 1662, but who may be traced long before then, and indeed earned from their antiquity the playful nickname of "Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard." They will see how ineffaceably The Royal Scots have stamped their name on almost every battlefield in which our army has been engaged; how they have been commanded and trusted by such consummate captains as Turenne, Marlborough and Wellington. It has, indeed, been their habit to fight all over the world; there is scarcely a region where they have not left their mark. That is the way now with all our regiments, but The Royal Scots have been longer at it. And now they are marching gallantly into the burning fiery furnace of this world conflagration.

Just now we can think of nothing but this war which is to make or mar the world. Each soldier of the King, great or small, who is fighting in this campaign, fights that we may breathe freely once more and be relieved from the nightmare of a brutal and odious tyranny. Each
sider and sailor, then, is the champion of civilization and liberty as well as of his country. He will conquer, as he did the less barbarous armies of the Zulus and the Mahdists, forces trained, like the Prussian, for the injury and domination of their neighbours. He is fighting for as sacred and vital a cause as any Crusader, against venomous gases, poisoned wells, the piratical submerging of innocent vessels, the trampling underfoot of the law of nations, and the other abominations of Prussian culture. And those who cannot serve strain anxious eyes to discern all that we can of our champions and their deeds.

But in a closer fashion we are concerned with our neighbours who have left their homes in our province of Lothian, be they mansions or cottages, to fight for us. For them even more than for ourselves this Story is written. We wish them to know the full splendour of the tradition which they carry like their colours. Nothing surely to them or to us can be more inspiriting than the record of the centuries of valour which they represent. They have in this war proved already that they yield nothing to their forbears in achievement, yet they may well wish to know the details of the traditions that they inherit and emulate.

We at any rate, men, women and children of the Lothians, Edinburgh and Peebles, the romantic county with the unromantic name, desire to know all about our famous regiment, and so we welcome this book. There will need to be another volume added to it when this war is over.

Honour, then, to The Royal Scots, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, among the choicest of our fighting men, whose record is in this book, as on the field of battle. We who cannot stand with them must at least try all we can to sustain them and fill their ranks.
**The Royal Scots**

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INTRODUCTION

The title of this book, The Story of The Royal Scots, indicates its scope and purpose. It does not pretend to take the place of the Regimental Records of The Royal Scots, a portly volume of which a limited edition has been prepared by a Committee of the Regiment for issue to subscribers only. If any reader would know such details as the names of officers written in the Blenheim Bounty Roll, or by how many men the regiment was augmented in 1734, or the state of the colours and accoutrements in 1830, he must betake himself to the Records. I have passed such matters by. Important as they may be to the student of regimental development, they have little human significance. A regiment such as The Royal Scots is a continuing entity, made up indeed of so many officers and men, but presenting itself to the world as a fighting unit which has dyed its name on the Roll of History in pursuit of its proper business of war.

It is therefore as a fighting regiment that it appears in the following pages, crowned with the glories of long and arduous services given wherever the country needed them. No one will forget that it is during times of peace that the army fits itself for its great function, but they are times of preparation rather than of achievement. It is, however, on the field of battle that the strong spirit of the fighting Scot has moved the First or Royal Regiment of Foot to achieve so much for its own undying honour and for the safety of the Kingdom and Empire.

The writer of a recent military book has referred to The Black Watch as "Scotland's oldest and best beloved
"Introduction"

regiment." This is characteristic of the prevailing ignorance, which regards no regiment as Scottish unless it wears the kilt. Splendid as are the records of the Black Watch, the oldest of the Highland regiments, it was not in being as a unit of the British army until nearly eighty years after Charles II bestowed the title of Royal on his First Regiment of Foot, or until more than a century after The Royal Scots were constituted a British regiment by warrant of Charles I.

With the single exception of another Lowland regiment, the Royal Scots Fusiliers (Twenty-first) raised in 1678, The Royal Scots was the only regiment of North Britons to fight in the British service during the wars of William III and the Marlborough campaigns.

So it happens that the story of The Royal Scots covers a wider field of British military history than that of any other regiment, the Guards not excepted. I must here make warm acknowledgment to the Regimental Committee, which has not only placed at my disposal the literary matter of the Records, which include much new material, but also permits me to reproduce many illustrations from rare prints, drawings by Mr. J. C. Leask, etc. To Captain McCance I owe an especial debt for much help and counsel, for reading my proofs and making many helpful suggestions.

Without the assistance which many officers at the Front and at home have given in preparing the chapters on the present war I could not have attempted writing them, and I owe thanks to so many that I may be pardoned omitting the long list of their names. I shall be grateful for further information, so that when we are once more at peace I may attempt a complete narrative.

Mr. Campbell Smith, who has worked so strenuously on

1 Other Scots regiments were raised abroad for service with the Dutch and other Allies of Great Britain, but they did not survive as units of the British army.
behalf of all Lowland causes and for The Royal Scots in particular, has also put me in his lasting debt.

It may be asked why a civilian and a Southerner should venture to write the story of the oldest Scots regiment. The reasons are, in the main, two. The book is in some sort a memorial to my gallant kinsman, Captain Charles Lemprière Price, D.S.O., who distinguished himself so notably in the South African War and fell fighting in September 1914 at the Battle of the Aisne. It is also a result of my long delight in reading Scottish history, and of much writing about the delightful fabric presented by the building of that history into the walls of Scottish castles.

I make no claim to be a military expert, and have followed the path of pleasure and safety in relying on the Hon. John Fortescue’s monumental History of the British Army, Professor Oman’s History of the Peninsular War, and other standard authorities. Regimental histories in plenty have been written since Richard Cannon brought out his long row of volumes in the eighteen-forties. Most of them are over-charged with details of no interest to any but the military expert, and few of them endeavour to connect the life of the regiments with the political history of the country. The idea at which I have aimed has been to show The Royal Scots moving gallantly in the pageant of the war story of Great Britain during three centuries. The series of which this volume forms a part is designed to satisfy the grateful interest which the country feels in the history of the great military units, by whose efforts, under God and the British Navy, our shores have been kept inviolate and the Empire built on foundations of honour and liberty.

Lawrence Weaver.

Reform Club,
Pall Mall.
The Badge of the Royal Scots.

Since 1881 it has been the custom of the regiment to use the Glengarry cap badge as a device for note-paper, etc., but for more than a century the correct badge has appeared on the colours, "The Royal Cypher within the Collar of the Order of the Thistle with the Badge appendant," as figured above.
The Royal Scots

THE STORY OF
THE ROYAL SCOTS

CHAPTER I

THE FIGHTING SCOTS ABROAD, 1421–1632


It is not for nothing that The Royal Scots have pride of place in the Army List at the head of the roster of infantry regiments. The old First Foot may trace their origin, as a military unit, dimly but with authentic truth, to the year 1421, when a large Scots force first took a permanent place in the service of France, and so made a fateful entry into European politics.¹

Six years after the battle of Agincourt, while Henry V was still fighting France, the Duke of Clarence was defeated at Beaugé. The victorious general owed his success not so much to the French soldiers as to a body of Scotsmen serving under the Earl of Buchan, hardy fellows, inured to desperate encounters by continual forays in their own country. The true date of the foundation of the Garde Ecossais of the French kings has not been established, but there are legends in plenty. They relate that Charles III had twenty-four armed Scots about his person in 882, and

that the life of Saint Louis was preserved in the Crusade by a Scots bodyguard. In 1254 it is said that Louis formally constituted them into a corps of Guards, but there is no authentic evidence as to this, or as to when the Gendarmes Ecossais were established.

From 1421 onward Scots men-at-arms of both these corps filled a prominent place in the French service, and they did notable service at Verneuil in 1424. Other bands of Scots irregulars served with them from 1484 until 1515, the date of the battle of Pavia, but we reach more definite ground in 1590.

Some companies of foot were then recruited in Scotland for the service in France of Henri IV in his war against the League. Daniel says that these men were trained and officered by men of the Garde du Corps Ecossais and the Gendarmes Ecossais, but he does not say when the Captain of the Scottish Archer Guard first won the proud title of "the first gentleman of France." However that may be, the men who crossed to France in 1590 do not seem to have formed a single regiment, and were probably used as separate companies wherever they were most needed.

Meanwhile the swords of adventurous Scotsmen were not placed solely at the disposal of the French. Despite the hereditary sympathy between the two nations, which is shown by similarities in architecture and law as well as by the alliances between the reigning families, war-making was a matter of money, and these professional fighters were apt to place themselves at the disposal of the highest bidder. Before the union of the Scottish and English crowns, a Scots regiment under Sir William Edmunds was fighting in 1600 by the side of English and Dutch about Ostend and Nieu-

1 Histoire de la Milice Française, par le Père Daniel, 174.
Fighting for Gustavus Adolphus

port and over the sandy dunes of the Yser, but the Spaniards were too strong, and it did not anticipate the successes of our Scottish regiments against the Germans on the same terrain.

It was in the struggle for the Protestant cause, headed by Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, that the Scots played a far greater and more successful part. As early as 1612 the "Lion of the North" had two Scots regiments, and they did well in 1620 at the siege of Riga. At the same time Scots Catholics were helping the Austrians, and a Lindsay fought for them while seven of his kinsmen were with Gustavus. We must pass over the great services of Sir Alexander Leslie, afterwards Lord Leven, and of Sir Alexander Hamilton, the artilleryman, and the men who fought with them, because they were not the ancestors of The Royal Scots. In 1626 King Christian of Denmark, the ally of Sweden, suffered a severe defeat at Lutter. Our Charles I had promised help, but gave it in very meagre fashion. A big regiment of Scotsmen, partly Lowlanders, but including many of the clan Mackay, sailed in 1626 for the Elbe under the leadership of Sir Donald Mackay, and on the death of Count Mansfield, who had guaranteed their pay, they were sworn in as part of the Danish army.1

A year later they were fighting for King Christian under Major Dunbar, and eight hundred of them held Boitzenburg against Tilly's Imperial army of ten thousand. When their ammunition failed, and Tilly, who had already lost about one thousand men, essayed to storm the ramparts, the Scots fell upon them with butt-end and pike, slew five hundred more and sent the whole army packing, marching out afterwards in

brave order. It is sad to have to tell that, shortly afterwards, a similar defiance of Tilly's army by four of Dunbar's companies resulted in all but seven or eight men being annihilated.

In October of the same year, 1627, the regiment withstood Tilly's onslaught with immensely larger forces, and drove them back despite the defection of the Danes and Germans. Half the regiment fought for two hours and then was relieved by the other, and so they alternated for nine hours. Officers and men alike, fresh and comparatively untrained though they were, fought with a contemptuous valour which is shown by their casualties, sixteen officers and four hundred in the ranks. They did not forgive the Danes for leaving them in the lurch by their retreat that night, and when next they met them in quarters seven or eight men lost their lives in the scuffle. For all that, they fought on in the Danish service until 1630, by which time Mackay's and Lord Spynie's regiments had been almost wholly destroyed. After their ranks had been refilled by recruiting in Scotland, they entered the service of Gustavus Adolphus.

But we must go back a few years and follow the Scots in Bohemia. A daughter of James VI of Scotland and I of England had married the Count Palatine, King of Bohemia, who had a Scots regiment fighting for him against Austria and the Hapsburgs. Colonel Sir Andrew Gray was in command and John Hepburn an officer in 1620, when the regiment was formed at Monkrig. They were doubtless turbulent fellows, for the Lords of the Scottish Council handed over to Gray one hundred and twenty moss-troopers who had been arrested for violent doings. Hepburn was a cadet of the Hepburns of Athelstaneford, where he was born
about 1600, and descended from the Hepburns of 1620 Hailes and Bothwell. The entry of this young man on a military career was to have far-reaching results, for he was the Father of The Royal Scots. Fischer¹ says of him: "Whenever an enterprise of a particularly daring character was to be undertaken, it was mostly Hepburn who was chosen for it, and thanks to his eminent gifts of strategy and his equally great courage, he generally succeeded in bringing the matter to a victorious issue." The flight of the Bohemian king to Holland caused the Scots regiment to move into the Palatinate, and after some fighting in Germany it withdrew to Holland and was disbanded. It would appear from a reference to engagements in which "Sir James Ramsay and Colonels Hepburn and Hume highly distinguished themselves," that Hepburn had been promoted to the command of half the regiment, but on April 7, 1625, after the disbandment, he accepted 1625 service with his company as a captain in the army of Gustavus Adolphus. The company must soon have grown into a regiment, and Hepburn's military genius clearly developed very rapidly, for in the same year we find "Colonel Hepburn's regiment" doing tremendous service for the Swedes in Poland.* In 1627 Gustavus knighted him, and by 1631, at the age of thirty-one, he 1631 was in command of the whole Scots, or Green Brigade. This consisted of his own regiment (still called Hepburn's), Mackay's Highlanders, the earlier exploits of which have been sketched, Stargate's Corps and Sir James Lumsden's musketeers.³ After the Brandenburg campaign, in which the Scots did well and revenged at

¹ Fischer's The Scots in Germany.
² James Grant's Memoirs of Sir John Hepburn.
Frankfort the slaughter of their countrymen at New Brandenburg, they found themselves facing their old enemy, Tilly, in Saxony. They met on the plain of Leipzig on September 7, 1631. On the Protestant side the Saxons were on the left, and the Swedes with the Scots on the right. When Tilly attacked, the Saxons ran like hares, but the Imperialists were hurled back on the right, and to such good purpose that the Saxon failure did not compromise the issue.

There is a curiously modern ring about the records of this battle, in which the Scots did the lion’s share. Tilly’s failure was due in the main to the Imperial habit of close formation. The superior mobility of Swede and Scot enabled Gustavus to cover the failure of his Saxon Allies and to turn his repulse of Tilly’s left wing into a rout. The Imperial mantle of 1631 still covers Imperial shoulders in 1915, with results in casualties which all will appreciate.

Sir John Hepburn’s own part in this great battle was so great that, if we may believe an old Scots writer,¹ “Unto him, in so far as praise is due to man, was attributed the honour of the day.” It is at least true that after the flight of the Saxons—their Elector was the first to run—it was the platoon firing of Hepburn’s men which stemmed the Imperialist rush and saved the unprotected left flank of Gustavus’ line. Harte says ² that this was the first time that platoon firing had been done, and that it utterly confounded Tilly’s army. If this is true the Scots must be credited with a notable tactical invention. The dust of battle was so dense that the enemy were able to retreat under cover of its cloud, and Hepburn’s Brigade could distinguish neither friend nor enemy, whereupon, as

¹ Sir T. Urquhart. ² *Life of Gustavus Adolphus*.
Munro relates, "having a drummer by me, I caused him beat The Scots March till it cleared up, which re-collected our friends unto us."

During the next year Hepburn and his devoted friend Munro earned fresh laurels at the storming of Marienburg, at the sconce on the Rhine, at Donauwörth, and during all Gustavus' victorious march through Bavaria. On May 7, 1632, they entered Munich, of which Hepburn was made governor, about a dozen years only after his first visit to that city as a subaltern under Gray.

But this good fortune was not to be lasting. The Swedish king's generalship did not save his smaller forces from heavy disaster in 1632 at Nuremberg, where Wallenstein, with seventy thousand, held the Protestant forces of less than half that number in an iron grip.

In a tragic effort to break through, the Scots suffered hideous losses. In twenty-four hours one detachment of five hundred was reduced to thirty, and, when the retreat to Neustadt followed, the Brigade had become only a handful.

Matters had not been bettered by a quarrel between Hepburn and Gustavus. The King made some scoffing remarks about Hepburn's splendid armour, of which he was inordinately proud, and still worse about his faith, which was Catholic, and Sir John resigned his command, which devolved on Colonel Munro of Foulis. Still, Hepburn could not leave the beleaguered city, where he remained as spectator, and he rode near the King in the great assault on the Alta Feste. At a critical moment he went on a desperate mission at the King's desire and saved several regiments.

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1 Munro his Expedition with the worthy Scots Regiment called Mackeyes. (London, 1637.)
Gustavus fell at Lutzen in 1632, a month after Hepburn left him, and in the first great action into which he had gone without Scots regiments at his back; and though Munro fought on into next year with so rigid a devotion that the regiment became reduced to one company, that chapter in the history of the fighting Scots was nearly closed. All this time they had been called either the Scots Brigade, or the Green Brigade, because Hepburn's was the Green regiment and his
command gave the name to the Brigade. The colours of the regiment were shown in the men's clothing simply by scarves or armlets, for military dress was not yet uniform. The drawing, based on contemporary prints and reproduced in Fig. 1, shows the musketeers and pikemen of the regiment at this period. Among the contributions of Gustavus to military science were his establishment of regiments of one thousand men, which has remained the number for a battalion until now, the brigading of four regiments together and the invention of cartridges. Each regiment consisted partly of pikemen, who formed the centre division in action, and partly of musketeers, who fought on the wings. The musketeers had so heavy a weapon with its four-foot barrel and forked rest and cartridges in bandoliers (an equipment almost as cumbersome as a modern machine gun), that they wore no body armour. The pikemen were protected by headpiece and gorget, a corselet with taces and sometimes armpipes. It is a tribute to their physical hardiness that with all this hamper they could win battles by their mobility.

We left Sir John Hepburn quitting the Swedish service, but it was not to take rest. He spent the autumn of 1632 in London, and about the turn of the year crossed to France. Louis XIII was alive to the splendid qualities of the Scots mercenaries, and gladly received Hepburn into his service. A new regiment was formed, doubtless from the fragments of old Scots companies, and was called after its colonel. As, however, Hepburn was an awkward vocable for French

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1 The whole question of the development of the regiment's uniform and equipment is discussed exhaustively in an appendix to *The Records*, and illustrated by drawings by Mr. Leask, some of which are reproduced by permission in this book.
tongues, it was corrupted, and the colonel came to be called Le Chevalier d'Hebron, and his Regiment the Régiment d'Hebron. The next incident in Hepburn's career is so important that it must be narrated in a new chapter.
CHAPTER II

ROYAL WARRANT FOR HEPBURN'S REGIMENT, 1633-6

Charles the First's Order—Arguments as to Seniority—Serving Louis XIII against Germany—Death of Sir John Hepburn in 1636.

The story of Hepburn's valorous campaigns with the 1633 Green Brigade in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus forms a great chapter in the record of the Scots abroad, but so far it has not been the story of a British regiment. Hepburn and his men, like all the Scots who fought on the great Swede's side, were soldiers of fortune. Mercenary is an ugly name, but in its simple meaning, robbed of unpleasant implications, it expresses their status. They owed no patriotic allegiance to the "Lion of the North," and Hepburn himself was of the same religion as his foes. The spurs to their gallantry were their love of adventure and the lure of military glory: we do not hear that they grew very rich in that hard employment. "Irregulars" is a fairer sounding and truer name, but this was soon to be changed.

On January 26, 1633, Sir John Hepburn received his new commission from Louis XIII. Now comes a new and important fact which has but lately 1 emerged.

1 Regimental Records of the Royal Scots, p. 2.
Hepburn's Regiment, 1633–6

After an audience with the French king, Hepburn went to Scotland to collect recruits, but no longer in the old fashion under his own name and relying only on his great reputation as a successful leader.

Presumably as the result of negotiations between Charles I and Louis XIII, the Privy Council of Scotland, by warrant dated Edinburgh, April 24, 1633, and given under the King’s Authority at Whitehall on the March 25th of March, gave order to raise twelve hundred men in Scotland. It is fair, therefore, to regard the regiment as henceforth British, and no less British because it was for many years to fight in the French service.

Mr. Fortescue has said that “the British standing army dates not from 1661, but from 1645, not from Monk’s regiment, but from the famous New Model which was established by Act of the Long Parliament.” That is true, and the Coldstreams are the British foot regiment with the longest continuous Parliamentary sanction. It is none the less true that the King's order of March 1633 establishes The Royal Scots as the regiment with the longest continuous Royal sanction, and their continuity did not suffer even the same technical break as the Coldstreams, when on February 14, 1661, the latter ceased to be Monk’s regiment and straightway became the Lord General's Foot Guards.

Hepburn’s recruiting in 1633 was swift and beyond the King’s warrant. On August 8 “two thousand men, good soldiers and mostly gentlemen” landed at Boulogne, and “Le Sieur Douglas” followed with a hundred more later in the month. The old Scots companies, which had been serving in France since

1 Original in the Register Office, Edinburgh.
2 Fortescue, Vol. I. p. 3.
3 Suzanne's Histoire de l'ancienne infanterie Française, VIII. 119.
Green Brigade Incorporated

1590 and were now incorporated in the Régiment d'Hébron, had greatly dwindled, but by 1635 the number was made up to three thousand, mostly new men from Scotland. The new corps was thus the junior Scots regiment in France. Senior not only to them but even to every French regiment was the Scottish Guard, a survival from the Crusades, all gentlemen of the first Scots families, commanded by the Marquess of Huntly.

The Gendarmes Ecossais was also a distinguished old corps and the senior troop of the old gendarmerie. There were also in the French service two regiments of Scots Guards and the regiments of Colonels Leslie and Ramsay. Hepburn's new command, junior to them all, was destined to survive them all as a unit. The colonel himself was promoted to be Maréchal de Camp, a rank junior only to the Marshals of France, and he had not long to wait before active service began. In 1634 he fought alongside Turenne at the siege of La Mothe, and it was due to their combined skill that the fortress fell in July 1634.

After the death of Gustavus, the Protestant cause had fallen on evil times, and the French, not for love of the Reformed Religion but to suit their own purposes, went to their help. Richelieu declared war against the Holy Roman Empire.

Hepburn crossed the Rhine—a happy augury for Royal Scots—and broke the blockade of Mannheim and Heidelberg in December. Pushing on to Landau, the Marshal de la Force and Hepburn, now united, joined up with the Swedes, with whom were the battered remnants of the old Green Brigade. The joy of Hepburn's comrade in arms, Colonel Munro, and indeed of all his war-worn veterans, may well be
imagined. As the relieving force approached, deafening shouts were raised, the Scottish March was played, and the sole surviving piper, last of the thirty-six who had gone to Gustavus with Mackay’s Highlanders, skirled a welcome on the great war-pipes of the north.

The reunion was more than temporary, for the veterans were at once absorbed into the Régiment d’Hébron, which then boasted a grand total of eight thousand three hundred and sixteen men, the finest regiment in Europe. It is not true that at this time all the older Scots regiments in France were incorporated into Hepburn’s. According to Père Daniel, two regiments of Scots Guards were continuing as independent units in 1643, and were not absorbed into the Régiment d’Hébron until the Earl of Dumbarton was in command.

During the campaign against Germany of 1635, when Cardinal de la Valette was in supreme command of the French forces, there were quarrels between Hepburn’s regiment and the regiment of Picardy. The latter was the oldest French line regiment, raised in 1562, and was irritated that Hepburn’s, by reason of having in its ranks some of the Old Scottish Archer Guard, claimed pride of place in military dispositions. It was then that the Scots were nicknamed Pontius Pilate’s Guards, a sardonic quip at their claim to immemorial antiquity which has not lost its freshness.

At the end of this luckless campaign Hepburn’s men were, as usual, in the post of danger, bringing up the rear during a difficult retreat. One good story of his resource must be told. He had the ill luck to be taken prisoner by the Imperial forces while directing an encampment. By pretending to be a German and by giving his captors orders in German with infinite
assurance, they were deceived so perfectly that "they felt it quite an honour to let him go." Hepburn's kindly and helpful treatment of the broken French troops was as marked as the skill with which his own regiment extricated itself from countless tight corners. The gallantry of the Scots, moreover, saved the remnant of the Cardinal's forces by their desperate resistance to Gallas' nine thousand fresh cavalry, whom they broke in a defile in the mountains of Lorraine. The next year, 1636, brought some relief to Louis' harassed forces, which were then supported by the army of the Duke of Weimar. Hepburn's skill and valour in this campaign earned for him the supreme honour of being appointed a Marshal of France. But the sands were running out. He was the life of the campaign which began in May with the siege of Saverne, better known to-day as Zabern. Cardinal de la Valette and Hepburn attacked on one side, Bernard of Saxe-Weimar on the other. Above the town, which was set amongst chestnut woods, stood a strong castle, crowning the summit of a steep and lofty rock. There was no approach to it, save by a rock-hewn pathway, narrow and swept by the guns on the frowning ramparts above. On June 9 a breach was made in the walls of the town and a general assault was ordered. Hepburn, Turenne and Jean d'Hunau were in the forefront of the fight. The last of these was left dead with hundreds of his men when night fell and the French forces fell back exhausted and unsuccessful. Two weeks went by, and further assaults alike failed. On July 21 the artillery attack was redoubled to prepare for a final effort. Hepburn decided to examine the principal breach. With his usual cool courage he advanced too near. The batteries of town and castle
Death of Hepburn

1636 were firing into the French lines with greater fury than ever. A ball from the ramparts struck him; he fell and was carried away by his faithful Scots.

Stung with grief and anger, Turenne led a fourth assault by the same breach which had led Hepburn to his death. It was the last. The walls were stormed. Saverne was won, but Hepburn did not live to hear the news. As the sun set behind the mountains of Alsace on that brilliant July evening, this gallant Scottish gentleman breathed his last amongst the comrades whom he had led so brilliantly and loved so well. By a trick of Fate, his Marshal's baton did not reach the camp from the King until Hepburn had fallen.¹ But they laid it on his coffin when they bore him to his grave in the south transept of the cathedral of Toul.

Two Hepburns, his kinsmen, were aided by the greatest soldiers of France in the last offices, and the Bishop sang solemn mass amidst universal grief; but the last words of the first colonel of The Royal Scots had been of sorrow that he could not lie by his old home in the shadow of the green hills of Dirleton.

The great Cardinal Richelieu mourned for his blunt-spoken friend, and thought Saverne dearly purchased by his death. It had been a great career for a man not more than thirty-six when he died. Years went by, and Louis XIV set up a noble monument in the cathedral to his gallant memory. It did not survive the havoc of the Revolution, but his grave slab can still be deciphered, and not long since the regiment placed above it a wreath of bronze.

¹ A full record of Hepburn's life and death is given in James Grant's Memoirs of Sir John Hepburn.
CHAPTER III

MINGLED FRENCH AND ENGLISH SERVICE, 1636–1683


Not long before the death of Sir John Hepburn he had 1636 "shared with Cardinal de la Valette the credit of re-victualling Hagenau" and "not unconscious of his own merit [this is a pretty touch], he asked that Metternich might be considered his prisoner, as the four thousand crowns ransom would be of service to him." At the same time he made the modest claim that Le Régiment d'Hébron should take precedence of all others—hence the irritation of the Picardy regiment. Louis XIII was faced with the risk of losing this powerful and successful Scot unless his requests were granted, and gave in, but when the Saverne musketeer fired his fatal bullet, the ransom had not been paid over. As Hepburn lay a-dying he found strength to ask that the four thousand crowns should go to his kinsman, George Hepburn. It has been said ¹ that the leadership of the regiment devolved on Sir John's brother, Lieut.-

¹ Cannon's Historical Record of the First Foot.
Colonel James Hepburn, but he was killed shortly before in the same campaign.

It is probable therefore that the second colonel was George, an unpopular appointment, for the men wanted Lord James Douglas, a Catholic like Sir John, whereas George was a Huguenot. The second Hepburn, however, fell in action in 1637 as he was leading a storming party at Chatillon, and Lord James succeeded him as third colonel. He was the third son of the first Marquess of Douglas, and re-named the old corps “le Régiment de Douglas.” In the following two years, 1638–1639, the Scots were fighting against the Spaniards and took part in the siege of St. Omer and other operations in Picardy and the Spanish Netherlands. The bond between the regiment and its national head, Charles I, cannot have been very strong, because the King’s attempt to force the English Liturgy on Scotland in 1640 and the Civil War which began in England in the following year did not result in the recall of Douglas’s men to their own country.

Indeed, the wars of Louis XIV against Austria and Spain (Louis XIII had died in 1643) resulted in a new Scots regiment going to France under the command of Colonel Andrew Rutherford, afterwards Earl of Teviot. They were called the Regiment of Scots Guards—a mere civility, for they never served near the royal person. Their doings must here be recorded briefly, because in 1660 they were incorporated into Douglas’s regiment, and thus are part of the ancestry of The Royal Scots. Their first duty was to aid in the relief of Roucroy, a town in the Ardennes which was under siege by the Spaniards, and soon afterwards they joined in the siege of Thionville on the Moselle, which fell on August 10, 1643.
PLATE I.—TOMB OF LORD JAMES DOUGLAS
In the Chapel of St. Michael, Abbey of St. Germain-des-Prés, Paris.
THIRD COLONEL, 1637-1645.
Douglas's Regiment

Meanwhile Douglas's regiment had gone to Piedmont in 1643 and was serving under the Prince of Savoy. They were at the siege of Turin, which began August 14, 1643, and closed with the surrender of the city on September 27, a success in which Rutherford's Scots Guards also took part. Douglas remained in garrison for a time, but was back in Picardy the next year, serving under the Duke of Orleans, and helped in the successful siege of Gravelines. In 1645 Lord James Douglas fell in a skirmish near Douai, and was succeeded in the colonelcy by his eldest brother, Archibald, later created Earl of Angus and Ormond. His command was never more than formal, and in 1653 he resigned in favour of his half-brother, Lord George Douglas, afterwards Earl of Dumbarton. But this is an anticipation.

Although the Treaty of Munster in 1648 brought peace to most of Europe, France and Spain were still at loggerheads, and Louis XIV had a quarrel with his own Parliament on hand as well.

Douglas's regiment took part in the King's siege of Paris, but in 1650 it was in parlous case, for Louis' treasury was empty and the Scots went without their pay. Meanwhile Charles I had been martyred and Charles II had signed the Scottish Covenant. A campaign in their native land looked promising, and Douglas's and the other Scots regiments proposed to leave Louis. The Grand Monarch declined to lose their services, and promised them regular pay. Had they been released, Charles the Second's campaign might have gone to a very different issue, and the battle of Worcester (1651) might have ended in the defeat of the Parliament, instead of being the "crowning mercy." But there was ample active service for them in France. The old relationship between the
1652 regiment in Hepburn’s day and Turenne, then little more than a lad, was renewed. The Scots served under the great marshal in 1652 in the struggles against the Prince de Condé and his Spanish Allies. They had their fill of street fighting against barricades in the suburbs of Paris, and would have overcome the insurgents if the city had not opened its gates and given sanctuary to them. During the winter the Douglas regiment lay siege to Bar-le-Duc, and, when the town surrendered, an Irish corps in the Spanish service came over to the French and joined the regiment of the Duke of York, afterwards James II. There was no resting in winter quarters for the Scots in 1652. Supported by their late foes, the Irish of the York regiment, they attacked Ligny, but a mine operation failed, and when they crossed the ice-covered moat and failed to mount the breach the ice broke and both regiments had heavy losses. However, a day later they took the town.

The development of military costume at this period is shown in Fig. 2, which is based on a series of plates published at Paris in 1647. The musketeer still carries a rest for his weapon. The breeches are not so full as in 1633, and feathers are profusely used both in the broad-brimmed hat and the helmet. The pikemen were still an important branch, but the proportionate number of pikes to muskets steadily diminished during the last half of the seventeenth century, and the pike finally disappeared about 1705, when the ring-socket bayonet became established. Thereafter infantry battalions consisted of musketeers only. We know from the State Papers that in 1667 the uniform of the regiment was red and white.

The years 1653–1655 passed with casual fighting,
Military Costume

and 1656–1658 in service in remote garrisons, for good and practical reasons on King Louis’ part. In 1655 he had made peace with the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell, and this drove Charles II to join with

Louis’ enemy, Spain. After the battle of Worcester, many cavaliers, to the total of several regiments, had gone into the French service, and these now transferred their swords to Spain.

Louis XIV feared that his old Scots regiments,
Douglas's, Rutherford's and others, would follow their example, so he marooned them where they could do no mischief. There is no record of their taking any part in the joint operations carried out by Sir John Reynolds for Cromwell and by Turenne for Louis about St. Venant and Mardyk in 1657, when the Spaniards had somewhat the worst of it. Cannon says that Douglas's regiment took no part in this or in the fighting of 1658, but there is ample evidence that they were at the last and most important of the battles, that of Dunkirk Dunes. It seems that Cromwell gave Lord George Douglas permission to recruit for his regiment in Scotland, and Mr. Fortescue\(^1\) says that the old Garde Ecossais fought alongside Douglas's. He gives no authority, and it is possible that the guard regiment was Rutherford's, already mentioned (p. 22).

However that may be, Douglas's regiment lined up with Turenne's French troops on the sandy dunes facing the Spaniards, commanded by Don John of Austria, Condé's Frenchmen and five regiments, Irish, Scots and English mingled, under the command of James, Duke of York. The old guard of English Royalism had turned out for its last stroke at Cromwell and his policy, but it did not avail. After Turenne had driven the Spaniards and their Allies like chaff before the wind, one group of three hundred among the dunes refused to surrender. The French officer assured them that resistance was hopeless, but it was only when they saw the Spaniards in full retreat that these last men of Charles the First's Guard regiments laid down their arms. Dunkirk fell soon after, and the English and Scots went on victoriously to the taking of Bruges, Dixmude, Furnes, and, last of all, Ypres. The assault

\(^1\) Fortescue, Vol. I. p. 270.
With Turenne on Dunkirk Dunes

there was so brilliant that Turenne embraced Morgan, 1658
the English leader, and "called him one of the bravest
captains of the time." ¹ Unhappily, there is no record
as to the precise part taken by Douglas’s regiment in
this final effort of Cromwell’s military career. The
great Protector’s death threw everything into confusion,
and the regiment was left kicking its heels in Dunkirk.

The negotiations leading up to the Restoration
and Condé’s submission to Louis XIV brought a
peace which must have been very galling to this hardy
body of Scots, who had lived by the sword as a distin-
guished fighting unit since Hepburn reconstituted
them as a regiment in 1633. King Louis reduced them
to eight companies as part of a general policy of peace
retrenchment, and they went to garrison Avennes in
1660. It was doubtless at this time that Rutherford’s
corps of Scottish Guards, first raised in 1643, was
incorporated into the Douglas regiment, which had
only a year to wait for a striking change in fortune.

The placing of the Douglas regiment, or, as we
may by some anticipation call them, The Royal
Scots, on the English establishment was the result of
a rising of the Fifth-Monarchy men in January 1661,
the last flicker of defeated fanaticism. Monk’s regi-
ment broke it up, and the incident ensured their con-
tinuance as Guards (afterwards Coldstreams) in the
new standing army. The Grenadiers were raised, and
Douglas’s regiment was called to England. Mr.
Fortescue uses the words, "Louis the Fourteenth was
requested to restore to him (i. e. to Charles II), the regi-
ment of Douglas . . . and this famous corps, having
duly arrived in the year 1662, became The Royal or Scots
regiment, and took the place which it still occupies

at the head of the infantry of the line.” 1 If The Royal Scots had not been a British regiment since 1633, how could Charles have asked Louis to restore them? If they were regarded merely as a corps of Scotsmen serving France to suit their own purposes, Charles might have asked for them as a loan or a gift, but not as a restoration. The whole incident goes far to prove that The Royal Scots are in fact senior to all the Foot Guards, as well as to all line regiments.

And there is further evidence. In 1661, on the breaking out of the Fifth-Monarchy trouble, the Queen’s regiment (the old Second) was embodied. If at that time The Royal Scots had not been regarded as British, the Queen’s are unlikely to have resigned to them the proud title of First Foot.

It seems safe to assume that Douglas’s regiment arrived in England in 1661, 2 but as the new standing army 3 was more than sufficient without it for all purposes which the King dared avow, it was ordered back to the service of France in 1662.

During its short stay in England it seems to have been raised to two thousand three hundred, but in 1663 it was reduced again to eight hundred.

In 1665 England declared war against Holland, and Louis XIV went to the aid of the Dutch. Charles recalled the regiment once more, and Colonel Lord George Douglas, on March 1, 1666, was in Paris demanding liberty for his regiment to return to England. Apparently there was no interning of potential enemies

2 Cannon says 1661, Mr. Fortescue 1662, but the former seems the more likely date.
3 i. e. First and Second Life Guards, the Blues, The First Dragoons, Grenadier and Coldstream Guards, The First Foot (Royal Scots), The Second Foot (Queen’s).
PLATE II.—LORD GEORGE DOUGLAS, EARL OF DUMBARTON,
FIFTH COLONEL, 1653-1688.
Born circa 1636. Died 1692.
From a painting in the possession of the Duke of Buccleuch, at Drumlanrig.
Pepys meets the Colonel

in the seventeenth century, for in the following June 1666 the regiment landed in Rye, eight hundred strong. The English Government gave them back-pay from June 10, which was doubtless the day on which they gave up King Louis' service. Four hundred men were added to the regiment's establishment, and it was quartered at Chatham until about July of 1667.¹

Pepys gives us a dramatic, and it must be confessed an uncomplimentary, sketch of the Scots' behaviour when the Dutch fleet fired on Chatham. On June 30 1667 he met Lord George Douglas² with Lord Brouncker, and afterwards heard that the Scots, like the English, had run at Sheerness.

"... but it is excused that there was no defence for them towards the sea, that so the very beach did fly in their faces as the bullets come, and annoyed them. ... It seems very remarkable to me, and of great honour to the Dutch, that those of them that did go on shore at Gillingham, though they went in fear of their lives, and were some of them killed; and notwithstanding their provocation at Schelling, yet killed none of our people nor plundered their houses ... and, which is to our eternal disgrace, that what my Lord Douglas's men, who came after them, found there, they plundered and took all away ... our own soldiers are far more terrible to those people of the country-towns than the Dutch themselves.³

It would seem that the long habit of freebooting in the foreign wars had somewhat dulled their sense of the difference between meum and tuum, and that civilians, whether friends or enemies, had come to be regarded mainly as providers of pleasant gear. Later on that day Pepys "did hear the Scotch march beat

¹ I can find no evidence that they were suppressing Roman Catholics in Ireland in 1666, as Cannon states.
² Pepys calls him Lord Douglas, and Lord Braybrooke's note identifies him wrongly with James, Second Marquess of Douglas.
³ Pepys' Diary, June 30, 1667.
by the drums before the soldiers, which is very odde.’’ Their last station in England seems to have been Rye, whence they disembarked for France on October 12, and went to Lille. It is evident that Charles and Louis had patched things up before the Peace of Breda in 1668, for the evidence of the State Papers makes it quite clear that the regiment left in ’67, though Douglas did not follow until April 1668.

When Charles joined Louis in 1672 in the war against Holland, the regiment was increased to two battalions—Douglas and his officers had been recruiting in Scotland from 1669—and they fought once more under their old friend Turenne. The Duke of Monmouth was possibly in command of the contingent from England, for he spoke before Sedgemoor of the Scots having served under him. They did well at the siege of Grave, and when the town surrendered many English who had been fighting for the Dutch gladly entered Douglas’s service. In 1673 they were at the siege of Maestricht, and when later in the year Charles II made peace with the Dutch he left some of his regiments, including Douglas’s, at the disposal of Louis, although Douglas’s was at that time on the English (which was not the same as the Scottish) establishment. This was not popular with those most concerned, Douglas’s men, and desertions were frequent. However, once more under Turenne, they fought splendidly in 1674 over the old ground where Hepburn had campaigned so well—Heidelberg, Landau, Mannheim, Molsheim and Saverne. It is interesting to note that they were brigaded with Hamilton’s Scots and the English regiments of Monmouth and of Churchill. The latter, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, was learning his warfare in a brilliant school. Once more
the regiment was denied the comfort of resting in 1675 winter quarters, and took part in the siege of Dachstein in January 1675, when the senior major, whose name has not survived, was killed the day before the town surrendered.

On March 9, Lord George Douglas was created Earl of Dumbarton, but the regiment continued bearing its old name of Le Régiment de Douglas while it served in France. There must have been great sorrow in the ranks on July 27 when they were at Trèves. On that day the veteran Marshal Turenne, who had so often led the Scots to victory, was killed by a cannon ball as he was reconnoitring the enemy's position. The regiment especially distinguished itself in the siege of Trèves that followed. The Marshal de Crequi had succeeded to the supreme command, and was unable to keep his French troops in hand. They wanted to surrender, but the Scots, more Roman than the Romans, stood by their leader and put up a most desperate defence. Trèves fell in September, but Louis XIV sent them his especial thanks for their loyalty. It is probable that during all this year of 1675 there had been friction between French and Scots, for a report brought to London as early as January told of a fracas "about their quarters, and a great deal of mischief was done on both sides." It may well be that Douglas's men were gey ill to live wi'.

In 1676 they were fighting again alongside Hamilton's men on the Rhine, with the French in much inferior force. The Germans were too many for them, and falling on the French rearguard near that town of ill omen, Saverne, where Hepburn had fallen, drove them through the Alsace pass in great confusion.

1 State Papers, Domestic, Vol. 101a.
Once more the Scots stayed a débâcle. Two battalions (whether Douglas’s or Hamilton’s does not appear) poured such a withering fire into the German horse that they drove them back and annihilated several squadrons, but Sir George Hamilton paid for the success with his life.

The next year, 1677, was a crucial period in the history of Douglas’s regiment, for it was its last in the service of France, but this final campaign has its especial interest. Once more the British troops were under the command of Marshal de Crequi and included two squadrons of Royal English Horse, a battalion of Monmouth’s, and Douglas’s drawn up in two battalions.\(^1\) This is the second definite reference to two battalions, but does not mean that the regiment was yet formally separated into two in its organization. This followed in 1686, and is a unique distinction for the First Foot, which alone of all English infantry regiments has never had less than two battalions. If we take a long view of this event, it may be regarded as foreshadowing the ultimate military system established during last century, viz. that of linked battalions.

We need not follow the regiment in its last fighting near the Rhine, which ended in November 1677.

The year 1677 marked a turning-point in the policy of England, too long a cat’s-paw of Louis XIV. Charles II, much as he had relied on the secret pension from the French king, was driven by national feeling to range himself with the Dutch against Louis’ pretensions. The British troops were recalled, and on January 29, 1678, Lord Dumbarton went to France “to bring away his regiment.” Louis raised a

\(^1\) *Histoire Militaire de Louis le Grand*, which gives the line of battle in the 1677 campaign.
Dumbarton's Regiment

punctilio about their departure, and the first companies 1678 seem not to have reached England until March 11, or the last until September, on the first of which month they mustered in Hertfordshire, twenty-one companies strong. Incorporated in Dumbarton's regiment—as it was now called—were the remains of another Scots regiment which had been raised for the French service by Lord James Douglas,¹ brother of Lord Dumbarton.

It is, as Pepys would say, pretty to see how the old regiment went on from strength to strength, absorbing weaker elements continually, and always strengthening its own personality in the process.

This year of return was also marked by a change in organization and equipment. A company of Grenadiers was added under the command of Captain Robert Hodges. As John Evelyn said with truth, this was "a new kind of soldier," begotten by new methods of warfare and the increasing use of field fortifications. They were strong picked men armed like other musketeers, with the addition of a pouch suspended from a broad buff belt which passed over the left shoulder, and containing three hand grenades.

The ordinary broad-brimmed hat of the period was replaced (in the Grenadier company) by the high conical cap, which looks so imposing in old pictures. Its practical merit was that it enabled the musket to be unslung rather more readily, but its aesthetic merit no doubt counted a good deal in days when the pomp and circumstance of war gave abiding pleasure. Even so, its height must have made undue difficulty in unslinging the musket, for it gave way not long after to a cloth cap.

Nathan Brooks' Army List of 1684 says that the

¹ Not to be confounded with the Lord James, who was colonel from 1637 to 1645. They were half-brothers.
French and English Service, 1636—1683

1678 regiment was "distinguished by red coats lined with white; sashes white, with a white fringe; breeches and stockings light grey; grenadiers distinguished by caps lined white, the lion's face proper crowned," etc. (see Fig. 3).

It is worth noting that our regiments in the trenches

![Fig. 3.—Private in Grenadier Company, 1684.](image)

in France have lately renewed the Grenadier tradition by the use of hand-thrown bombs to an extent not previously known in modern warfare.

1679 In 1679 the regiment was transferred to the Irish establishment and landed at Kinsale in April. It then consisted, when at full strength, of twenty-one companies, each including three sergeants, three corporals, two drummers, and fifty privates. There were eighty-two officers, excluding the staff officers, i.e. adjutant,
Expedition to Tangier

chaplain, chirurgeon and his mate, quarter-master, 1679
drum major and piper major. The colonel was a
Roman Catholic, and his commission was therefore in
abeyance; meanwhile he was appointed to the
command in Scotland.

Nothing interesting happened in Ireland, and in 1680
the siege of Tangier by the Moors led to sixteen
companies being shipped thither. Those who sailed
in H.M.S. Phænx were pursued by a "Turk's mann
of war of about 22 or 24 gunnes," but a shot from
the Ruby and the sight of the English ensign caused
her to haul off. Tangier had been a troublesome
possession since it came to the English crown as part of
the dowry of Charles the Second's Portuguese consort,
as readers of Pepys' Diary well know. The Moors
were not only brave but scientific soldiers, and their
siege works were skilfully contrived. Eighty-four of
the veteran Scots made a brilliant sally on May 12 to
rescue the garrison of an outlying fort which was to
be blown up. The Moorish army lay between. The
men from the fort lost a captain and one hundred and
twenty men, and only forty-four succeeded in joining
the rescuing Scots, who themselves lost fifteen killed,
and their gallant leader, Captain Hume, was wounded.

After four months' peace the struggle began again
in September, when the Grenadier company in par-
ticular behaved themselves "very bravely." Their
hatchets were pretty weapons in a hand-to-hand fight.
Major Hackett was then in command of the regiment,
and the struggle continued with little intermission
until October 27,¹ when a general sally against the
Moorish lines was crowned with success. It was a
desperate business. The story is long and lively,

¹ Not of September, as Cannon says.
French and English Service, 1636—1683

but it has been told by Colonel Davis and retold in the Records, so it need not be repeated here. Dumbarton's bore the brunt of the fighting, and the casualties were very heavy.

The Moors were glad to make terms, and peace continued until the British ended their occupation of Tangier in 1683. Meanwhile the King had no quarrel for his faithful Scots to prosecute, so they enlivened the weariness of garrison duty by private bickerings. There were duels between officers and bloody fracas between men: also questions of precedence between the governor and the officers of Dumbarton's, which led to lively argument.

After the demolition of the Mole, the forts and the town, a long and laborious business, the garrison sailed for England, Dumbarton's crowned with glory gained by fighting under new conditions in a new continent. The regiment reached England in the winter of 1683-1684, and the five companies which had remained in Ireland since 1680 came over to join the sixteen from foreign service.

In 1678 the regiment was in some danger of disbandment. In the Proceedings of the House of Lords, December 16, 1678, upon a Bill for disbanding some of the Forces, there appears in the list the Regiment of Foot of George, Earl of Dumbarton. Happily the Lords did not use the besom of destruction.

1 In his History of the Second Foot.
2 Clifford Walton, p. 11, note.
CHAPTER IV

THE ROYAL REGIMENT OF FOOT AND JAMES II,
1684–1689


The brilliant work of the regiment at Tangier brought them into the sunshine of royal favour.

In June of 1684 four companies were chosen to attend the Duchess of York (soon to be Queen) at Tunbridge Wells, and soon afterwards "Dumbarton's" Regiment became officially, by Charles the Second's command, "The Royal Regiment of Foot," though the older name was not at once forgotten. Nathan Brooks' Army List, published in 1684, gives particulars of the establishment and uniform of the regiment, from which we find that the colours, thus early, bore St. Andrew's Cross with Thistle and Crown and the motto, "Nemo me impune laceressit"—a warning the regiment has always supported with consistent pugnacity and success. When King Charles died in 1685

1 Not yet, be it noted, the "First Foot." A marching order of Sept. 20, 1684, first uses the title "Royal Regiment of Foot." An order of August refers to "Our Scotch Regiment of Foot."
The Regiment and James II

In 1685 the regiment was scattered over four stations, and, as the political situation was obscure and precarious at the accession of King James, seventeen companies were concentrated for a time in or near London, and only four remained so far away as Chester. The new reign began peacefully, but the regiment was soon to betake itself to its business of fighting. James, Duke of Monmouth, one of Charles the Second's natural children, had long claimed more or less privately that Lucy Walters had been in fact the King's true wife, and he soon put his demand for the throne to the arbitrament of war. He sailed from Holland with a trivial force and landed at Lyme in Dorsetshire, hoping to raise the south in his favour. His chief asset was the unpopularity into which James had fallen by declaring himself a Roman Catholic, and by working against the established religion. Had Monmouth been a man of character, his claim to be the champion of the Protestant cause might have led him to victory, but he was known at Court as a rather dissolute weakling, and few men of substance joined his banner.

Moreover, the great Civil War was not dead in men's remembrance, and James was recognized not only as a competent if narrow-minded ruler, under whose guidance peace and prosperity were more likely to be preserved, but as an able military leader. This is no place to tell again the rather sordid narrative of a rising which was foredoomed to failure ere it was begun, but the part played by the regiment belongs to our story. Immediately news had come of the Duke's landing, the companies were brought up to full strength. Five of them, with a troop of the King's Life Guards, all under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Archibald Douglas, of the Royals, were detailed to escort a team of artillery
then moving to join the King's main army under the 1685 supreme command of the Earl of Feversham. This they did, marching by way of Newbury, Marlborough and Devizes.

After some marching and counter-marching by Monmouth's troops they were located not far from Bridgewater by Feversham, who drew up the King's forces on Sedgemoor, and camped there. Despite the fact that the little army included twelve hundred of the King's Foot Guards and six hundred of the Coldstreams, and only five hundred of the Royal regiment, the latter's seniority was emphasized by their being placed on the extreme right wing, always the post of honour.

Monmouth was much distressed to observe, from the tower of Bridgewater Church, that The Royals were against him on the right, where he had intended to make his chief assault. They had fought under him in the French wars and he knew their mettle. "I know these men will fight. If I had them, I would not doubt of success." With the Scots against him, he already took a gloomy view of the result. However, his tactics were not ill conceived. At midnight of July 5, 1685, his force, gallant enough but unseasoned, made a wide détour with a view to taking Feversham's right on flank, but his scouts had served him ill and there were two fords to cross, which caused loss of time. A chance pistol shot gave the alarm; The Royals, tough campaigners from the Moorish war, stood to arms and repelled the surprise. John Churchill, afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough, was Feversham's

1 Not more than about four thousand at the most; perhaps if King James is to be believed, only two thousand seven hundred.
The Regiment and James II

brigadier, and his generalship helped to turn the scale against Monmouth. After a stiff engagement, in which The Royals suffered heavy casualties, the rebels gave way and ran. Monmouth's own standard, embroidered "Fear none but God," was taken by Captain Robert Hackett, of the Royal regiment. That was the end of the little Duke's military career. He was soon a prisoner, and it was no long step to the scaffold.

It would seem from a warrant of 1686 directing bounties to be paid to the wounded of The Royal regiment, that the Scots suffered more severely than any of the King's regiments engaged, and twelve disabled men were admitted to the new charity of Chelsea Hospital.

A few days after the Sedgemoor fight, the recruits enlisted for the Monmouth rebellion were discharged, including all Englishmen, a significant witness to the determination of the Scots to maintain the northern purity of the regiment. The peace establishment was about half the war strength, but yielded men enough to aid in the work of hunting down, in the west, the unfortunate rebels who were tried at the Bloody Assize. It is at least pleasant to record that it is not alleged that the Scots showed any zeal in finding food for Jeffreys's gallows, nor were many employed on that ungodly business.

In August 1685 Lord Dumbarton, nominally removed by Charles II from the colonelcy because he was a Roman Catholic, was formally restored to his post by James, and in November he received a commission as Lieut.-General.

Reference has already been made to the fact that the regiment was drawn up in line of battle as two battalions when in the French service. In 1686 this
Organized in Two Battalions

became the formal organization of the regiment, no doubt as a preliminary to the second battalion, consisting of ten companies, being sent to Scotland. This move was ordered on March 20, 1686, in order that the Scots Guards might for the first time serve with the King’s (or Grenadiers) and the Coldstreams in attendance on the King in London. For the men of the Royal regiment it was a new experience, for during over half a century of service in most of the countries of Europe and in North Africa, they had never paraded as a military unit in their own land, and few probably had seen it since they were recruited. They remained on the English establishment, but their Muster Rolls, beginning in May 1686, are preserved in the Register House, Edinburgh. With the exception of some of Sir John Hepburn’s letters, dealing with the Gustavus Adolphus campaigns, and to be seen only at Stockholm, these rolls are the earliest written records of the regiment. They reveal one or two entertaining facts.

Lord George Hamilton, afterwards colonel and a Field-Marshal, was a captain at eighteen. The Earl of Dumbarton put his son George, Lord Ettrick, aged six months, on the muster roll as captain, a canny device enabling the lusty infant to draw the King’s pay. The life of a grown captain may have been a jolly one, but it was not too lucrative. One way out of the difficulty, quite recognized then, was for captains to enter fictitious names on the roll of privates, and draw pay for them. These shadowy warriors were called warrant-men, also hautbois, hoboys or hobos.

1 This was strictly unofficial, and still more amusing was the Captain’s Commission given to this precocious officer on Oct. 23, 1688, when he was two. A year later passes were issued for him and his attendants, Jane Bell and Elizabeth Scott (doubtless nurses), to embark for France.
Meanwhile the first battalion, consisting of ten ordinary companies and one of Grenadiers, was moved in June 1686 from the west country to Hounslow Heath. The assemblage there of about fifteen thousand troops was a novel arrangement, for it was one of the first training camps organized in times of peace. No doubt James II also had it in mind to overawe London, for the citizens were somewhat restive under his anti-Protestant measures. However, such competent soldiers as The Royals were in small need of training camps, and they soon gave place to new regiments and went to do garrison duty at Portsmouth.

In August 1687 the first battalion left there on being relieved by Colonel Buchan's regiment (now the Royal Scots Fusiliers, with whom The Royal Scots are sometimes confused by the careless), and were next stationed in Yorkshire, being billeted at eightpence a man per week—a pretty contrast with modern rates.

In those days the rates of pay per annum were, Colonel, £210, Lieut.-Colonel, £127 15s., Major, £91 5s. (and these officers also drew captain's pay of £146), Captains, £146, Lieutenants, £73, Ensigns £54 15s. When such extras as "hobos" yielded are added in, the pay, taking account of the change in the purchasing power of money, was probably better than it is to-day.

The year 1688 opened ominously. King James was flouting English opinion by drafting Irish Catholics into English regiments, and by bringing over complete regiments of them to overawe the Protestant population. At that time the Irish were hated far more than any foreigners, and the soberest Englishmen regarded the Protestant cause as seriously endangered.
The Royals stand by King James

William of Orange, son-in-law of the King, was invited to invade England and save the situation. On November 5 he landed at Torbay with a small but very efficient force. Meanwhile, the second battalion of The Royals had returned to England and was at Ware, Herts, in August. The first was manning the Thames defences. They joined once more at Gravesend in September.

By the end of November they were both at Andover, once more, as at Sedgemoor, under the supreme command of the Earl of Feversham, and were brigaded soon after with others at Warminster, the most advanced post of James's army. Lord Dumbarton was with his old regiment, and when Kirke, the brigadier, refused to obey the King's order to retire on London, Dumbarton asked to be allowed to attack the Prince of Orange with his regiment alone, then nearly two thousand strong. But James had lost heart, and the whole brigade fell back on Windsor. It is difficult to sympathize with James's misfortunes, which he had brought on himself by the old Stewart disregard of popular liberties, but the superb loyalty of The Royal regiment to their master stands out in the clearer relief. Most of the men were doubtless of the Kirk, though Dumbarton was a Catholic, and the Protestants of the north had suffered much at the hands of James's Ministers of State, infatuated, like him, with the Stewart idea of unfettered autocracy. Nevertheless the soldier's oath of allegiance was sacred, and outweighed all private judgment.

The Royals had eaten the King's salt, and though all others turned against James, they stood by him. This example of unflinching loyalty in a time of extreme difficulty crowns the history of The Royals with a dignity
The Regiment and James II

and honour which has been surpassed by none of their exploits on the stricken field, glorious though they have been during nigh three centuries. And none recognized this more than William of Orange himself, a keen judge of great military qualities.

On December 23, James left England for France, and the Earl of Dumbarton, Colonel of The Royals, soon followed him. On January 5, 1689, the regiment was ordered by King William to march from Oxford to various stations in Suffolk. Soon after, Frederic, Count Schomberg, was appointed colonel. The regiment might well have been proud of having at its head the greatest soldier in Europe, the more so as they had fought by his side in the French campaigns. But they had known no colonels but Hepburns and Douglasses, and Count though Schomberg were—he was Duke four months later—they had no stomach for a Dutch leader. Moreover, the Scottish Estates had not yet declared for William, and the allegiance of The Royals was not to be transferred lightly. The muster in Suffolk was to be the prelude to their embarkation for Holland, whither William was sending an English army to help the Dutch in the new war against Louis of France. The flame burst out at Ipswich. Lieutenant Gawen was ringleader in revolt against William and for James. The story can be continued in Macaulay's words: "The market-place was soon filled with pikemen and musketeers running to and fro. Gunshots were wildly fired in all directions. Those officers who attempted to restrain the rioters were overpowered and disarmed. At length the chiefs of the insurrection established some order and marched out of Ipswich at the head of their adherents. The little army consisted of about

1 History of England, Chap. XI.
PLATE III.—FREDERICK, DUKE OF SCHOMBERG, SIXTH COLONEL, 1689-1690.

Born 1616, killed at the Battle of the Boyne 1690. He was son of a Palatine noble, who married Anne Sutton, daughter of Lord Southwell. He served in turn under Frederick of Orange, Bernhard of Weimar, Louis XIV., the House of Braganza, the Elector of Brandenburg, and William III.
The Ipswich Meeting

eight hundred men. The mutineers resolved that they would hasten back to their native country, and would live and die with their rightful king. They instantly proceeded northward by forced marches."

The Government was justly alarmed. As Halifax said: "If these Scots are unsupported, they are lost. But if they are acting in concert with others, the danger is serious indeed."

Parliament moved William to immediate action, which he had in fact already taken. The brave Ginkell was on his way north with several regiments of horse. He caught the Scots near Sleaford, in Lincolnshire, where they were drawn up amidst marshes, through which they had by superhuman efforts dragged their cannon. Brave as they were, they saw that they were hopelessly outnumbered, and surrendered. Narcissus Luttrell says that five hundred men and twenty officers were taken prisoners. If he is right, Macaulay must be wrong with his figure of eight hundred. Be that as it may, Ginkell marched them south again. They were tried at Bury Assizes; the ringleaders were convicted of high treason and the bulk of the men ordered to return to duty. William in his wisdom did no more than cashier Lieutenant Gawen, and is said to have often expressed a strong admiration for the men who alone remained faithful to their old sovereign when all others had deserted him.

The rising had one far-reaching effect. Until then,

1 If Macaulay's figure is right, about two hundred and fifty men must have declared for William, or perhaps were at some other station.
2 There is nothing to show whether the discontented men belonged to the first or the second battalion, or to both.
3 This from Cannon. With his usual sloppiness he gives no reference to the source of this story. But it is likely enough, and in accord with the King's clemency.
The Regiment and James II

1689 "mutiny" was not an offence under military law. A mutineer was merely guilty of high treason and subject to all its penalties. The Government doubtless realized that mutiny needed differential treatment, and this led to the passing of the Mutiny Act, which has since played an important part in our military development. The Royal Scots have made history in more ways than one.

The Ipswich trouble ended, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Robert Douglas, who had quarrelled early 1 with the Schomberg colonelcy and lost his commission for a time, was placed in command 2 of the first battalion, which then sailed for the Netherlands, reconciled so completely to the new régime that they were now more loyal to William than the English regiments. 3

1 And thus apparently escaped being in the Ipswich imbroglio.
2 March 9, 1689.
3 Jacobite emissaries, seeking to make William's troops desert, had much less success with The Royals than with other regiments.
CHAPTER V

THE REGIMENT'S SERVICE UNDER WILLIAM III—1689-1702


The first battalion joined the allied army near Tirlemont on June 10, 1689, and meanwhile the second battalion was recruiting in Scotland.

In mid-August the French moved against the Allies near Walcourt, which was held by German troops. The Royals formed part of a foraging party of six hundred British troops, which, with two hundred Dutch horse, was commanded by an old officer of the Scots, Colonel Hodges, then promoted to the command of the Sixteenth, and a brilliant soldier. The engagement began as a skirmish but ended in a serious action, in which the Allies inflicted immense losses on the French, and "Colonel Hotges," as a letter to King William called him, "and the English who were with him performed marvels." The old curse of English army mismanagement showed itself in the sufferings of the troops from lack of clothing and no
doubt preventable sickness, which sent all the British regiments into quarters, where the first battalion was then joined by the second from Scotland.

The next year was quieter abroad, and the main energies of Great Britain were concentrated on the Irish campaign. The Royals took no part in it, but they lost their colonel by the death of Schomberg at the battle of the Boyne on July 1.

A threatened reduction of the regiment to a single battalion was not carried out.

In 1691 Sir Robert Douglas, who had been lieutenant-colonel for some time, was promoted full colonel, and thus the regiment returned to its old name of Douglas's. The experience of 1614 has given Mons a bitter, albeit a glorious sound, to Royal Scots, and therein history has repeated itself. The town had been in the hands of the Allies, but fell in 1691 after a feeble defence, and during the rest of the year the position was one of stalemate. A foolish blunder was made when Marlborough was removed from the command-in-chief in favour of Count Solmes of the Dutch Foot, an old soldier and a stupid one.

It is worth noting that a list of that year describes the regiment as "Sir Robert Douglas's Scots Foot (not, be it observed, called "Royal"). An attempt by King William to recapture Mons in the following year failed, but the incident marks the dignified customs of seventeenth-century war. Sir Robert Douglas and Colonel O'Farrell, of the Twenty-first, walked into the arms of a French patrol as they were returning from a council of war. Carried prisoners into Mons, they were soon after released on payment of ransoms. These were arranged on a regular scale varying with gradations of rank, and Douglas
was back with his regiment by June 29. The idea of imprisonment for the term of a war was not then established. It would, indeed, have been a great hardship, because hostilities of a sort continued often for a dozen years at a stretch without formal peace being made. The release of Douglas was his undoing, for on July 23 William moved against the French. The Duke of Wurtemberg was in command of the advance guard consisting of six regiments, one of them The Royal Scots, as usual, on the right.

They were facing Steenkirk, and Luxembourg had got out of his bed to command the French, as yet unsuspicious of the allied advance. The British opened with artillery, a Royal Scot, Captain M'Cracken, directing the fire with consummate skill. D'Auvergne credits him with enfilading a French battalion so that nearly every man in one rank of it fell. M'Cracken did not himself live through the engagement. The six regiments had to wait two hours before they were allowed to advance, and this delay destroyed the advantage which surprise would have given them. However, they flung themselves on the greatly superior French forces, The Royal Scots with the colonel at their head. It was not until Luxembourg brought up his fourth line, the French and Swiss Guards, that the twelve British battalions, reduced by heavy casualties, were forced back, and then only inch by inch. In a violent dash through a hedge by the French, The Royal Scots lost one of their colours. Sir Robert Douglas followed the captor and retook the colour, but was struck on the instant by a bullet. “Feeling himself sinking, the last thought of his life was for the honour of his regiment; with all his remaining strength he flung the colour over to his men, and fell
The Regiment and William III

1692 dead.’’ ¹ The story of the colonel’s gallantry has something of the flavour of the heroic sea-fight in Westward Ho! when Michael Hurd slew the captain of the Madre Dolorosa and then hewed down the Spanish colour and flung it far from the sinking ship.

Superb as the British had been, they could not perform miracles unsupported. Royal Scots, Scots Fusiliers, Grenadiers and Cameronians all alike had done well and could have won if William III, or rather his general, Count Solmes, had sent reinforcements, but not a man came. “Damn the English,” said Solmes, “if they are so fond of fighting let them have a bellyful.”

They had it, and when the King saw the shattered regiments falling back, “repulsed,” as Mr. Fortescue says, “but unbeaten,” he could not repress a cry of anguish.

It was no victory for the French, and the British made their way back to camp after the heaviest infantry battle that history had yet recorded. The Royal Fusiliers helped to cover the retreat. One of their officers was Lord George Hamilton, afterwards Earl of Orkney, fifth son of the third Duke of Hamilton. So gallantly had he fought that he was promoted to the colonelcy of The Royal Scots, in which he had been a company officer in 1684, when his uncle, the Earl of Dumbarton, was in command, and it was from him he learnt the art of war. He continued colonel until his death in 1737. The total British losses were over eight thousand, and the French not many less, so the regiment had big gaps to fill when it went into winter quarters at Bruges, and recruiting

¹ Colonel Clifford Walton, History of the British Standing Army.
PLATE IV.—LORD GEORGE HAMILTON, EARL OF ORKNEY. EIGHTH COLONEL, 1692-1737.

From an Engraving by Taylor, after Maingaud.
parties were busy in Scotland at the end of 1692. In 1692 this year also died the Earl of Dumbarton, who had been colonel until the fall of James II, whom he followed into exile.

The next summer saw William III and Luxembourg facing each other once more, and the King was again out-generalled. At Landen 1 on July 19, fifty thousand of the Allies had to stand up to eighty thousand French. They lost the battle, but the superiority of the Allies, man for man, was well established. Both battalions of the Scots were, unusually for them, on the British left, and the Grenadier company occupied a house in the village of Neer Landen. Four French brigades attacked the four Allies' battalions at this point, 2 but they were beaten back. The Grenadier company showered their missiles on the attackers to very good purpose, and the Scots battalion and the Queen's—old comrades of theirs in the Tangier campaigns—cleared the French out of the village after two hours of struggle. The Allies' failure elsewhere on the line caused them to yield their advantage, and Landen, indeed, was a worse defeat than Steenkirk. October saw the regiment again in Bruges. It is worth noting that the precedence lists of this period give the regiment the name of "Royall," and put it first of the Line.

In May of the next year the British army was concentrated at Louvain, and our first battalion with it, but the second remained in the Bruges winter quarters until June, and the year's campaign presents

1 "The poor fellow (Corporal Trim) had been disabled for the service by a wound on his left knee by a musket-bullet, at the battle of Landen."—Tristram Shandy.
2 The four were, Royal Scots, Second Queen's and Two Danish.
The Regiment and William III

1694 little of interest. In the winter the true Scots character of the regiment was emphasized by orders not to recruit for it in England.

1695 The spring of 1695 brings the story to the great siege of Namur, and all those memories of Uncle Toby which have enchanted generations of lovers of *Tristram Shandy*. The town, with its castle, occupied by sixteen thousand of the flower of the French army under Boufflers, was thought to be impregnable, but King William himself set about its siege. The importance of reducing it was obvious. The place was as important to the French in 1695 (protecting one end of their fortifications which extended to the sea), as it was in 1914 as a point of resistance to the German advance. In the former as in the latter case the fortress fell, and on both occasions because the means of defence had not been developed with the same success ¹ as the means of attack. Nineteen-fourteen plagiarized sixteen-ninety-five. But in the early siege the British were on the attacking side. The assault was opened on July 6 by the Brigade of Guards, who forced their way to the gates of the town. Cannon gives the date July 8 for The Royals' assault on the suburb of Bouge to the north-east of the town, a position defended by heavily manned outworks. It seems more likely, however, that the two attacks were related and on the same day, the 6th.² The Bouge attack

¹ Despite the fact that the outworks were to the design of Vauban.
² There are many discrepancies in the dates of the siege operations given by various authorities. Cannon has been followed in this chapter. In his casual way he does not say whether his dates are Old Style or New Style. *An Exact Journal of the Siege of Namur*, an anonymous pamphlet published in the same year (1695), gives New Style dates which conflict with Mr. Fortescue and with Cannon. They
was pretty work. Some Royal Fusiliers and the First Grenadiers led it and cleared the way for the pioneers with gabions and woolsacks: the Dutch Guards attacked on the left. The assault was followed up by The Royal Scots and more of the Fusiliers, and despite their heavy losses during the advance over exposed ground, the French were driven by the irresistible onslaught to the gates of the town. It was then that the colonel was wounded. On July 10 he was promoted Brigadier-General for his good services. Trench fighting and storming parties continued until the supreme moment of the siege. *Tristram Shandy* can relate the rest as he had it from Uncle Toby, who there received his wound in the groin:

"One of the most memorable attacks in that siege was that which was made by the English and Dutch upon the point of the advanced counterscarp, between the gate of St. Nicholas, which inclosed the great sluice or water-stop, where the English were terribly exposed to the shot of the counter-guard and demi-bastion of St. Roch: the issue of which hot dispute, in three words, was this: that the Dutch lodged themselves upon the counter-guard and that the English made themselves masters of the covered-way before St. Nicholas-gate, notwithstanding the gallantry of the French officers, who exposed themselves upon the glacis sword in hand."

In this immortal assault The Royal Scots played a distinguished part, and the town fell to King William on July 24, when the French retired across the river Sambre to the Citadel.

Our regiment did not see the next stages of the

are as follows: Ground broken, July 4; Outworks stormed, July 15; Storming of Bouge, July 18; Attack on counterscarp by St. Nicholas' Gate, July 27; Last assault on town, Aug. 1; Surrender of town, Aug. 3; Fall of Citadel, Sept. 2. Even if we take Cannon's dates as being Old Style, there remain many discrepancies, but the point is not of great importance except to Dr. Dryasdust.
The Regiment and William III

1695 siege because it was moved to Genappe, but two of their officers remained to do engineer service, and both battalions were in at the death on August 26.

Six days earlier the Grenadier company joined with other Grenadiers in a violent attack under Lord Cutts, by which several lodgments were effected, though the castle itself remained intact. The French garrison did not wait for a further assault, and marched out with the honours of war on the 26th.

1696 Early in 1696 Lord George Hamilton was made Earl of Orkney. This and the next year were comparatively uneventful, and after the Treaty of Ryswick, September 10, 1697, the Royals returned to England. The companies were reduced to a peace footing of forty-two men apiece, and the "reduced" men were shipped off to Scotland.

1698 The only sort of fighting in 1698 was a duel between two officers of the regiment, Colonel Seymour and Captain Sinclair, in which the former was badly hurt. A warrant of precedence once more fixed The Royals as the first after the Guards.

After the colonel's elevation to the peerage the regiment was generally known as "My Lord Orkney's," and it is so described in the orders relating to its stations in Ireland during 1699.

1700 In the following year it is called "The Royall Regiment of Orkney." This year is notable only for giving the earliest reference to a regimental court-martial, when two men were tried for desertion and one for forgery. Their crimes are uninteresting, but the punishment "running the Gauntlope" (gauntlet)

1 Murray's New English Dictionary gives no earlier English use of the phrase than 1661, but the punishment, known in Spain as the Strappado, was invented long before.
may be described because few who use the phrase in proverbial fashion have any idea of what an unpleasant business it was. This is the record of the sentence:

"All plead guilty and are sentenced, the former to run the Gauntlope through both battalions of the regiment, three several days, and afterwards to be stripped and disgracefully chased away with drums; and the latter, in consideration that his crime was greater than the others, to run the Gauntlope four times through the said battalions, and afterwards to be chased away with drums, and disgracefully stripped of the King's Livery, and turned out of the regiment."

No details of this drastic penalty are given in the Records, but we may go to Colonel Clifford Walton for a description.

"The regiment or company paraded with open ranks, each man being furnished with a willow wand or other stout switch; the ranks were then faced inwards so as to form so many lanes of men. The prisoner, stripped to the waist, was then brought out and marched down the lanes or ranks; as he passed along each soldier struck him on his naked back, breast, arms or where his cudgel should light. The Provost-Marshal attended the parade to regulate the details of the punishment, and he gave the signal to begin it by inflicting the first stroke. It was the business of the officers to see that no favour was shown. In order to drown the cries of the patient, drums were beaten during the punishment."

It is easy to imagine what this would mean for an unpopular man. The convicted forger must have received something like six hundred stripes (at a modest estimate) not once, but on four days. We may be thankful that such organized savagery has long been forgotten in Great Britain, even if the German drill-sergeant has not wholly lost the hideous tradition.

If 1700 was uneventful for the regiment, European

The death of Charles II of Spain and the accession of Louis the Fourteenth's grandson, Philip of Anjou, as Philip V, raised once more the threatening spectre of a French hegemony over Europe. Incidentally it was a flagrant violation of all treaties, and the Protestant powers, with King William at their head, prepared to resist. Louis, by a sudden coup, surrounded and captured fifteen thousand of the flower of the Dutch army, and preparations went forward in England to resist the aggression.

Lord Orkney's regiment was brought up to war strength, and both battalions sailed from Ireland for Holland, each twelve companies strong, some eighteen hundred men in all, but there was no fighting during 1701. The close of the year saw the British people close their ranks against France, when Louis, on the death of the exiled James II, recognized the old Pretender as King of England.

In the following spring Orkney and his officers were ordered to rejoin their regiment abroad. William III had died in March and The Royals had renewed their oath to Queen Anne, who decided to prosecute the active campaign set on foot by William.
CHAPTER VI

MARLBOROUGH'S CAMPAIGNS, 1702-1713


The War of the Spanish Succession was the 1702 opportunity for the military genius of Marlborough. It does not come within the scope of a regimental chronicle to set out again the long and splendid story of his campaigns. We must restrict the narrative to the part played in them by The Royal Scots, who had fought alongside him from his subaltern days on many a stricken field.

In April 1702 the fortress of Kayserswerth, on the Lower Rhine, occupied by the French, was besieged by the Allies, and The Royals formed part of an army under the Earl of Athlone encamped not far off at Cranenberg. The Royals knew Athlone, better remembered as King William's Ginkell, for it was he who rounded them up in the Fens after their mutiny at Ipswich. They did well in the skirmishes which preceded the fall of Kayserswerth, and were soon transferred to Marlborough's command. The great
Marlborough's Campaigns

1702 general was then about fifty, and at the height of his powers. The situation demanded not only the utmost strategical genius, but also the high diplomatic skill in which he had never been wanting. The French were in possession of the whole line of the Meuse from Namur in the south to Venloo in the north, with the exception of Maestricht. On the side of the Allies the Dutch held their fortified positions of Nimeguen, Grave, and Fort Schenk, commanding the waters of the Rhine. At the moment when Marlborough took the field, the French, under Marshal Boufflers, had only just failed to capture these important posts, and the Dutch were desperately nervous. Marlborough's military difficulties were greatly increased by the awkwardness of the combined team which he had to drive. The Dutch interfered continually in his plans and dispositions, and owing to their timidity and ignorance the Duke lost several opportunities of destroying Boufflers' army. Nevertheless, the campaign of 1702 proved successful, and The Royal Scots did their part. They formed part of the covering army during the siege of Venloo, and one battalion was detached for the attack on Stevenswart (also called Fort St. Etienne). This operation was commanded by their own colonel, the Earl of Orkney, then acting as general of brigade. The garrison soon surrendered, and this success was followed by the fall of Ruremonde, in which the other battalion took part. There is no record of the doings of the regiment in the siege of the citadel of Liége, with which the campaign of 1702 closed, and we find that The Royal Scots passed the winter in garrison at Breda.

In the spring of the next year, 1703, The Royals
The March to Bavaria

marched from their winter quarters to Maestricht, 1703 but took no part in the successful siege of Bonn, which was carried through by the Dutch and Germans. Nor does it appear that they took a prominent part in the reduction of Huy or Limburg, two successes which freed Holland from the fear of invasion, and enabled Marlborough to plan his campaign for delivering Germany from the French and their Bavarian allies.

The year 1704 is brilliant in the records of The 1704 Royals. Marlborough’s march on Bavaria did not begin until early in May, but the spring had been well occupied in elaborate preparations, which proved their value in the transfer of a great army over more than two hundred and fifty miles. By the middle of June the English troops had joined forces with their allies of the German Empire, and Marlborough met his brilliant coadjutor, Prince Eugène, for the first time at Mondelsheim, north-east of Stuttgart. Meanwhile the Dutch, with their usual timidity, began to fear that Holland would be attacked in the absence of so many of their troops. They begged Marlborough to send their own men back, but he pursued his original plan without alteration. Ulm was reached by the end of the month, and Marlborough’s next objective was Donauwörth, which would give him a bridge over the Danube and a convenient place from which he could invade his final objective, Bavaria. The Elector of Bavaria divined his plan and sent an army under Count d’Arco to occupy the Schellenberg, a height which commands the crossing of the river. This hill was a serious obstacle, but Marlborough determined to storm it before the Bavarians could receive reinforcements. Sixteen battalions, of which
1704 five only were British, were sent to the attack. Two of the five were The Royal Scots, and there was one battalion of Guards, and one of the Twenty-third (Welsh Fusiliers). They pressed vigorously up the hill, with Grenadier companies at their head, the enemy firing not only from their camp on the hill, but also from the walls of Donauwörth. The British were mowed down by scores, and the situation looked desperate. The force included some Dutch regiments, and the Dutch general, Goor, was killed, while the colonel of The Royals was severely wounded. The attackers were heavily checked by the difficult line of entrenchments, and the Bavarians, thinking the day

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FIG. 4.—MARLBOROUGH'S MARCH TO BLenheim, JUNE TO AUGUST, 1704.
The Schellenberg

was theirs, counter-attacked with the bayonet, but without avail. Attack and counter-attack continued with the greatest violence, but the Allies held their ground until reinforcements from the Imperial army came up on the right, and the French and Bavarians at last gave way. Once the tide of battle had turned, the defeat speedily became a rout. The Bavarians, their spirit broken by the vigorous attack of the British infantry, were in no humour to resist the Scots Greys, who thundered after them. Of the twelve thousand men of the Elector's army who had sought to hold the Schellenberg, some nine thousand were put out of action, but the Allies had quite five thousand casualties themselves. The Guards, The Royal Scots, and the Welsh Fusiliers lost about two hundred men from each battalion. This was not the first time that The Royals had been victorious on this ground, for over seventy years before they had distinguished themselves near by when fighting for Gustavus Adolphus.

The way was now clear for the entry into Bavaria. The enemy evacuated Donauwörth and retreated across the Danube to Augsburg, whither the British—The Royal Scots with them—followed promptly. Augsburg, however, was too strong to be attacked, and Marlborough proceeded to the siege of Ingoldstadt. By way of counter-move, the Elector of Bavaria left his camp at Augsburg, joined up with the reinforcements which Louis XIV had sent him, and prepared for battle in the valley of the Danube near the village of Blenheim. Marlborough and Prince Eugène advanced to Munster, just north of the Danube, which protected their left flank, and continued their lines to Kessel—Ostheim on the right. At three o'clock in the morning of August 13 they advanced against the
Marlborough's Campaigns

1704 enemy, and by seven o'clock they were in touch. In accordance with the splendid custom—it sounds strangely enough in our days—the chaplains held services at the head of their regiments. It was not until midday that a British column, headed by the brilliant Lord Cutts, whose indifference to fire had earned for him the nickname of the Salamander, led a column of two brigades, including one battalion of The Royal Scots, against the village of Blenheim, held by the French under Marshal Tallard. The British held their fire until Row, one of the brigadiers, had
Battle of Blenheim

stuck his sword in the palisade protecting the village, 1704 but they failed to force the entrenchments, and were several times repulsed by the French. Meanwhile Marlborough attacked at the centre, and the other battalion of The Royals then came into play. After a stubborn conflict the French centre was heavily battered, but the village of Blenheim remained un- taken, and the enemy's artillery posted there harassed the Allies extremely. All this time Eugène, whose men held the right of the allied front, had been doing little more than hold his own against the Bavarian troops. It was now three o'clock, and Marlborough made his dispositions for the final attack. By this time he had brought his troops across the river Nebel, which formed the main boundary between the opposing forces. His strenuous assault on Tallard's infantry was not to be withstood. The English horse broke their centre, and Tallard could neither obtain reinforcements from his left nor withdraw his infantry, who still held Blenheim. The front lines broke and fled. The Allies' cavalry drove them helter-skelter down the hill into the Danube, where many were drowned, and the rest either slaughtered or taken prisoners. The Bavarians on the left saw that the game was up, and retired in fair order with Eugène in pursuit. Meanwhile, the flower of the French infantry had remained in the village of Blenheim, as Mr. Fortescue describes them, "without orders of any kind, helpless and in- active, and too much crowded together for effective action." Attempts to break away from their prison house were repulsed by the Scots Greys and the Irish Dragoons. The British were about to overwhelm them when the French proposed a parley, but nothing would be accepted but unconditional surrender, and

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Marlborough's Campaigns

1704 twenty-four battalions of infantry and four regiments of dragoons laid down their arms. Many of them had taken no part in the battle—a fine commentary on the brilliant generalship of Marlborough. But Blenheim was not won without heavy cost, and those regiments which had done so magnificently at the Schellenberg suffered no less heavily on the greater field of Blenheim. The Royal Scots lost thirty officers in the earlier encounter, and twelve at Blenheim. To quote Mr. Fortescue again: "Troops which will stand such punishment as this within a few weeks are not to be found in every army."

The huge capture of French and Bavarians was incidentally the cause of separating for a time the two battalions of The Royals. A brigade of six battalions was needed to escort the prisoners to Holland, and the Second Royals took part in this service and remained there until the end of 1704, to be followed by the First after it had finished the year's campaign in Swabia.

The names of the officers of both are set out in the Blenheim Bounty Roll,1 which gives the list of killed and wounded and the bounties paid to each. A wounded officer was paid double rate.

1705 It would appear from certain difficulties met by the recruiting officer of The Royal Scots at Maidstone early in 1705 that the Blenheim losses were made good to some extent by Englishmen, but most of the recruits came from Scotland. The colonel embarked with the Duke of Marlborough for Holland on March 8. By the beginning of June the Allies had moved as far as Trèves on the Moselle, on the eastern border of

1 See Dalton's Army List and Commission Register, Vol. V. part ii.
Action on the Little Geete

Luxemburg, but owing to the failure of the Imperial troops to join Marlborough he had to return to the Netherlands instead of engaging the superior French forces. The first battalion was concerned in the operations about the Meuse (whither Marlborough had retired), and was at the successful siege of Huy in July.

At this moment the situation was as follows: The French and Bavarians retired to their fortified line, which reached from Antwerp to Namur, and took up the defensive facing the Allies, who were approaching from the east. The first battalion played a part in Marlborough's attack, which began with a feint against the French right and developed into a serious blow against their left about Helixhem (or Elixheim) on the Little Geete river. Fog aided this secret assault on what seemed an impassable barrier of fortifications, and on the night of July 17 the French were overpowered and fled. It was a fitting revenge for the battle of Landen fought exactly twelve years before, when William III was worsted by Marshal Luxembourgh on exactly the same ground. The Royal Scots were in the later as in the former battle, and as they advanced over the graves of their comrades of a dozen years gone, must have rejoiced at the chance to wipe out a memory of defeat. The Allies took two thousand prisoners and good store of colours and guns. Eight of the pieces were triple-barrelled, and the Duke sent them home to have them copied. Of his men's behaviour he wrote: "It is impossible to say too much good of the troops that were with me, for men never fought better." This engagement came near to being Marlborough's last. In the hurly-burly of the fight,

1 See p. 51.
Marlborough’s Campaigns

1705 a French counter-attack, successful for the moment, had left him isolated with none but trumpeter and groom to defend this precious life. A Frenchman galloped up and aimed a blow at him so violent that it failed to strike, and he overbalanced from his horse and was made prisoner by the Duke's trumpeter.

The day was won, and the French fell back from the Little Geete to behind the Dyle. Heavy rains checked Marlborough in his design of following up his success, and on July 21 the French adventured in small numbers across the Dyle. The First Royals were there to meet them, and after a skirmish, in which the enemy retired, the Scots followed up too far and lost a captain. By the 29th all was ready for the main advance, which had indeed begun well by the forcing of the river, when the Dutch generals refused to move their men forward. Once more Marlborough's strategy and British heroism were made useless by the Dutch lack of imagination and pusillanimity, and the forward movement failed to a chorus of joy from the French. Nothing more could be done than to destroy the enemy's fortifications between the river Demer and the river Meaigne, i.e. from about Diest southwards to Meffle, and the year's campaigning ended in October, with the retirement to winter quarters in Holland. This year for the first time the British divisions took the post of honour on the extreme right in the Allies' line of battle. In the right brigade of the British right wing the first battalion of the First Guards had the post of honour, and next to them were the First Royals. The second battalion was on the right of the brigade, which was placed on the extreme right of the centre of the second line.
Some consolation for the failure caused by Dutch imbecility was found in England in consequence of the successes in Portugal under Peterborough, but as The Royal Scots took no part in them, they find no place in this chronicle.

Despite his disappointments, Marlborough got to work again in May of the following year, and both battalions mustered with the British forces at Bilsen, north-west of Maestricht. Villeroy had wintered behind his lines on the Dyle, where Marlborough had driven him after the battle of the Little Geete (also spelt Gheet), and seemed likely to stay there. The Duke succeeded in enticing him into an advance, and Villeroy set out for Tirlemont on the Great Geete, and crossed that river. Marlborough advanced to meet him at Ramillies, his left guarded by the Mehaigne, his centre facing the village, and his right separated from Villeroy's left by the marshy course of the Little Geete. It was the 23rd of May. Villeroy's weak point was his right at the village of Taviers, which filled somewhat the same place in the fight as Blenheim village did in the battle of Blenheim. Marlborough began by a feint with his right with Meredith's brigade, which included the second battalion of The Royal Scots. They took a conspicuous position on a hill facing the French left. Villeroy supposed the whole of the British force faced him there, but Marlborough, unknown to him, had manoeuvred part of his force round to his (Marlborough's) left flank, and so held a larger French force inactive while the fighting went forward in the centre and on the south of the line. For a time the fortunes of the battle wavered. Marlborough was, with the cavalry on his right, in great personal danger, and was borne to the ground by the weight of the charge of the
Marlborough's Campaigns

1706 French dragoons. His equerry was killed as he was helping the Duke to mount his charger, but the British rallied, and meanwhile the infantry attack on the village of Ramillies eased the situation. The Dutch

![Battle of Ramillies, May 23, 1706.](image)

A, First position of the Allies; B, Second position of the Allies; C, First position of the French.

and Danish did well, and the French were trampled to pieces by the reinforcements of the Allies' cavalry. The first battalion of The Royals was on the right

1 Colonel Bringfield, who is commemorated in Westminster Abbey by an interesting monument.
Battle of Ramillies

wing just north of the village, and crossed the Little Geete to clear the French out of the next village of Offus. The day was won, and the enemy broke and fled. The defeat became a rout. The British brigade which had stood so long inactive on Marlborough's right was now flung into the mêlée, and the Second Royal Scots, veterans of Blenheim and the Schellenberg, joined in the relentless pursuit. The captures of prisoners and material were enormous, and the victory, decisive as it was, had been achieved in less than three hours. The political effect was great. The French retreated to Louvain and abandoned it, to Brussels and abandoned it, and not until Marlborough's exhausted troops had reached Grimberg, after a week's incessant marching, did he allow them a rest. The French, a cowed army, had taken refuge in Ghent, weaker by fifteen thousand men than when the battle began. The British losses were small, for the Dutch and Danes had borne the brunt of the fighting, but it was Marlborough's generalship which won Ramillies, and his tempestuous energy which garnered the fruit of victory. Fortress after fortress surrendered to the Allies, and within a fortnight Flanders and Brabant were almost clear of the French, who fell back to their own frontier. The Royals were employed in the sieges of Dendermond, Ostend and Menin, and one battalion was engaged in the final move of the 1706 campaign, the siege of Aeth (or Ath) on the Dender, half-way between Mons and Oudenarde, which fell on the third of October. The regiment wintered in Ghent.

The following year is more notable in the history of diplomacy than of soldiering, and the stars were fighting against Marlborough, who could not follow
Marlborough's Campaigns

1707 up the military ascendency which Ramillies had given him.

The French showed no readiness to engage, and Marlborough's allies played an imbecile game. The year 1707, however, marks an incident of regimental interest, for the union of Scotland with England changed the national flag, which henceforward incorporated the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew. The Royal Scots received a new regimental badge, the royal cipher within the circle of St. Andrew surmounted by a crown.

The battle of Almanza had so broken the British forces serving in Spain that fifteen regiments, including The Royal Scots, were ordered each to spare a senior lieutenant and an ensign to help the shattered regiments to get up to strength, and no doubt The Royals lent of their best.

1708 The even tenor of life in winter quarters was broken for The Royal Scots early in 1708. Louis XIV sought to make a diversion against Great Britain by supporting an attack on our coast in aid of the Old Pretender. Ten regiments, including The Royals, were recalled from Flanders in March in order to strengthen resistance to the feared invasion, which, however, ended with the French expeditionary force being chased back into Dunkirk without effecting a landing.

The troops from Flanders came to Tynemouth, but never disembarked, and were back in Ostend by April 20 and in their quarters at Ghent soon after. On May 22 active operations began again, at first with ill luck for the Allies, who lost Ghent and Bruges through the treachery of the townsmen bribed by French gold. The day after, July 5, Marlborough
set his army in motion and was joined by Prince Eugène, alone and without his army, which could not move fast enough to join with the British.

Marlborough was ill and the situation perilous. He was at Asch and the French at Alost, threatening Oudenarde. The French marshal, Vendôme, marched thither, or rather towards Lessines, south-east of his objective, intending to conduct the siege from there. But the Duke and his brilliant and indefatigable lieutenant, Cadogan, were too quick for him. Vendôme found Cadogan at Lessines in force and Oudenarde held well by the Allies. He turned his army accordingly to put the Scheldt between himself and the too-mobile Marlborough, but the latter wanted to come to grips. The tireless Cadogan moved to the river with eleven thousand men to cut off Vendôme, and Marlborough followed as fast as he could. The Duke of Burgundy was joint commander of the French with Vendôme, and gave some foolish and contradictory orders. The clash between the two forces came just by Oudenarde. The Hanoverian cavalry, with Prince George (afterwards our George I) at their head, did splendidly and cut up several French regiments. The main battle was fought on ground north-west of the Scheldt and the fortress of Oudenarde. The regiment was in a division of twenty battalions, commanded by the Duke of Argyll, on which the brunt of the fighting fell. But all the Allies fought splendidly, and Prince Eugène’s leadership on the right was a great support to Marlborough. Through the Duke of Burgundy’s stupidity the French left took hardly any part in the action, and meanwhile their right was enveloped. Had darkness not fallen, giving the French the chance of extricating their
Fig. 7.—Battle of Oudenarde, July 11, 1708.

A, Marlborough with the left; B, Eugene and Cadogan with the right; C, English cavalry holding the French in check; D, Overkirk and the Prince of Orange marching round Oycke to attack the French rear; E, First position of Cadogan; F, French troops destroyed by Cadogan; G, French troops in position before the battle; H, French right enveloped in the valley.
Siege of Lille

broken battalions, the enemy’s army would have been almost wiped out. But the danger that, in the failing light, the Allies would be firing into each other’s ranks brought a stay in the conflict. As it was, nine thousand were taken prisoners, and the rest fled to Ghent. The English losses were trifling when compared with those of their Allies. Marlborough desired to follow up the success by penetrating into the heart of France, leaving a masking force to cover the great fortress of Lille, but the Dutch thought the plan too speculative, and it was decided to besiege Lille. Its fortifications had been designed by Vauban himself, and fifteen thousand men, under Boufflers, defended it. So serious an operation demanded great supplies of munitions, and a huge convoy of stores from Brussels to the besieging army gave the French an opportunity to strike a shrewd blow at Marlborough’s plans. They failed, however, and not a wagon was lost. The siege and its subsidiary engagements wore on, and during September Boufflers defended Lille with notable skill. The Allies’ line of supplies was very vulnerable, and the French used every effort to harass the convoys. In particular, one great column which set out from Ostend was in great danger. Vendôme sent twenty-two thousand men to attack it, and Marlborough arranged his scheme of defence on equally large lines. The huge string of wagons left Ostend on September 27, and amongst other corps one battalion of The Royals, under Lieut.-Colonel Hamilton, was detailed to aid in its protection. At Wynendale, Major-General Webb gave the Frenchmen battle in the open, but left two battalions of Germans in ambush in a wood on either side of a defile. On the retirement of the Allies’ advance guard under Lottum, the French, after a
fierce cannonade, advanced into the defile. The men in the wood held their fire until the French filled the defile and then loosed a murderous fusillade. At the same time Webb's men in front of the French poured volley after volley into the enemy, who fought with the utmost gallantry, but were driven eventually to retire from such a hell of cross fire. It was a brilliant action, which resulted in the convoy reaching its destination in perfect safety.

Mr. Fortescue says of it: "I have failed, in spite of much search, to identify the regiments present, except one battalion of the First Royals." A contemporary poem,\(^1\) by a soldier in Lord Portmore's regiment, shows that The Royals took a prominent part:

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Our command throu the pass began to advance
With courage conduct and skille.
The French brigade stronglie canonaded
And some of our men they did kill
Our regiments that day advanced in array
And brisklie cleared the pass
The Royal Scots marching in the front
They dear enough payed for the sausse.''
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The regiment also took a vigorous part in the operations before the fortress, as appears in a record\(^2\) of what happened on October 4:

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"Yesterday a little after noon we carry'd sword in hand the rest of the two Tenailles and the Ravelin. A Sergeant of the Royal Regiment of Scots advancing the foremost, observed that the French were not on their guard, as not expecting to be attacked and called to our Ingeniers and Workmen to hasten to him, upon which the Grenadiers advanced and found little resistance from the French, who
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\(^2\) From the *Amsterdam Gazette* of Oct. 9, 1708.
A Year of Sieges

were surprized, part of them were put to the sword and several of them who attempted to escape by swimming, were drowned so that very few of 'em got into the town. The Captain and forty men who were in the Tenaille, was made Prisoners. We found in these works 5 pieces of cannon, 100 pounds of powder, 2,000 weight of Ball, 250 Rations of Bread and other provision. We immediately attempted to make a Lodgement but before we could cover ourselves, the enemy fired so terribly from the Ramparts, that we had 50 men killed and 100 wounded, among the latter are Lieut.-General Wilkins, Brigadier Wassemaar, and Colonel Zeden but neither dangerously. This brave action of the Sergeant who was also slightly wounded, was seen by the Prince of Nassau and other generals, and the Prince recommended him to the Duke of Marlborough, who made him a Lieutenant that same day and has since made him a Captain.”

Altogether a pretty exploit, which showed what The Royals were made of. In November the Elector of Bavaria attempted a diversion by besieging Brussels, and The Royals were amongst the regiments sent to its relief, which was achieved by the end of the month.

Meanwhile the resistance of Lille was slowly weakening, and it surrendered on December 9 after some vigorous assaults, in which Captain Howe of The Royals was wounded. They went on to the siege of Ghent—a rare operation for the winter months, but Marlborough was not a commander who observed useless traditions. There they did splendidly, lost several men in a forlorn hope, but had the satisfaction of seeing the city surrender on January 2. Bruges capitulated soon after to the Allies, who went into the well-deserved repose of winter quarters, The Royal Scots at their favourite Ghent.

The exhaustion following this long year’s campaign prevented fighting being begun again in 1709 until midsummer. Marlborough’s first move was the siege of Tournay, in which both battalions of The Royals took part, until the surrender of the town on July 29.
The trench warfare of those days was so like that to which we have now grown newly accustomed that it is worth while to give an extract from a contemporary newspaper, the *Daily Courant* of August 20, 1709:

“Now as to our fighting underground, blowing up like kites in the air, not being sure of a foot of ground we stood on while in the trenches. Our miners and the enemy very often meet each other, when they have sharp combats till one side gives way. We have got into three or four of the enemy’s great galleries, which are thirty or forty feet underground and lead to several of their chambers; *and in these we fight in armour by lanthorn and candle, they disputing every inch of the gallery with us* ¹ to hinder our finding out their great mines. Yesternight we found one which was placed just under our bomb batteries, . . . and if we had not been so lucky as to find it, in a very few hours our batteries and some hundreds of men had taken a flight into the air.”

The Royal Scots did not join in the further operations against the citadel of Tournay, which still held out, but went back to the main covering army, and the Grenadier companies (with those of other regiments) moved under the command of their colonel, Lord Orkney (now a lieutenant-general), to begin the investment of Mons. Tournay citadel fell on September 3, and the rest of the army then joined the advanced Grenadiers before Mons. The position at this time

¹ I cannot forbear to add that five minutes after I had transcribed the above, I opened *The Times* to find the Eyewitness’ report dated April 23, 1915, about the fighting at Hill 60, near Ypres. “On the night of the 20th an encounter reminiscent of the siege of Port Arthur took place in a quarter where much mining and counter-mining had been proceeding. A party of British and Germans met underground, and in the darkness and confined space of a gallery there ensued a fierce but confused scuffle. Eventually the Germans blew up the gallery, which was thus closed to both sides.” Eyewitness need not have gone back such a modest distance as to Port Arthur, when Tournay gave as exact a parallel two hundred and six years ago. The present re-introduction of elements of armour makes the correspondence complete.
The La Bassée Lines

was as follows: The French, in fear of an allied march on Paris, had fortified a long line from the River Lys south-eastwards to Douai, called by the again familiar name of the La Bassée lines, because the French Marshal, Villars, had his headquarters there. Behind him was Arras, then, as now, regarded as one of the main gateways of France. But Villars had counted without Marlborough's strategical genius. The La Bassée lines might be impregnable to frontal attack, but the French entrenchments from Mons to the Sambre were slight and poorly guarded. Marlborough retired from the investment of Mons on the arrival, to aid Villars, of the veteran French Marshal, Boufflers, and drew up the allied forces in battle array south of the fortress and north-east of Malplaquet. West of the plain of Mons was a forest running roughly north and south and with two main gaps practicable for the movement of troops, the Trouée, or Gap of Aulnois, to the south, and the Gap of Bossut to the north. The latter was seized by the Allies, and Villars occupied and strongly entrenched the Gap of Aulnois (and the less important neighbouring Gap of Louvière). Behind these strong works—made the stronger in the time which Villars gained while the Dutch were wrangling with Marlborough—was the village of Malplaquet. It was a formidable task to turn Villars and ninety-five thousand men out of a position naturally strong and cunningly fortified. At three in the morning of September 11, the Allies were under arms. Both battalions of The Royals were in Orkney's division, but in different brigades, the first under Brevet-Colonel Andrew Hamilton, the second under Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Cockburn, and divine service was performed by the chaplain in the early light.
Fog concealed the opposed armies until half-past seven, when the sun came out and their dispositions were revealed. A fierce artillery fire was opened, and attacks and counter-attacks were made with the
Battle of Malplaquet

utmost gallantry by the infantry. "It is impossible to express the violence of the fire on either side. Besides the enemy's advantageous situation, they defended themselves like brave men, and made all the resistance that could be expected from the best of troops; but then nothing could be a finer sight than to see our foot surmount so many obstacles, resist so great a fire, force the enemy's entrenchments, beat them from thence, and drive them quite out of the wood and, after all, to draw up in good order of battle on the plain, in sight of our enemies, and before their third entrenchments."¹

Fortunately one of the officers of The Royals, Archibald Cockburn, an eyewitness who also participated in the fight, has set down his story of what took place (the spelling is his own):

"The next morning at an half hour after 7, the cannon upon both sides began to play, and an hour after, from right to left we made a general attak upon the wood, the Imperialists upon the right, the Dutch upon the left, and the English, some upon that part of the wood that was nearest the plain upon our right, the rest were desin'd for their trench upon the plain, in case they desin'd to dispute it after we were Masters of the wood. Our two battalions were of these. The English were the first that carry'd their attak, and helped the Germans to beat the enemy quit out of the side of the wood. Immediately we, that were desin'd for it, march'd to the plain, but they abandon'd their trench least they should be flank'd by our troup's that now had lin'd the skirts of the wood that faced the plain but here we were oblig'd to wait till our horse should come up, for theirs cover'd all the opposite side of the plain.

"In the meantime, in the plain, I was witnesst to the noblest sheau that ever was act'd. At last we carry'd it upon the left to. And Villars, from whom we were expect- ing something very rash, seems to have made his principall disposition for a handsome retreat, which he has done, an carry's of several of his wound'd. The action lasted 7 hours. Judge from that the strenth of their ground, besides that they

¹ Milner's Journal.

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Marlborough’s Campaigns

1709 had 30 battalions in the field more than we had. If we get a pass upon the Scheld we shall beseege Douay, if not, we must continue before Mons. Our loss cannot be under 15,000 men, a great many generalls and field Officers: we have several regiments so shatter’d they must goe to garrison. My Lord tillibarden is killed. Our battalion has lost an Officer and 70 and one wounded. We have taken 22 peace of cannon.”

Cockburn’s estimate of the casualties was too low; they amounted to nearer twenty thousand on the Allies’ side, more than at Blenheim, Ramillies and Oudenarde put together. This was more than the French lost, for, defeated as they were, there was no rout, and the Allies had no strength to pursue them to Bavay, whither Boufflers retired. The Allies would not have fared so ill had not the Prince of Orange, in defiance of Marlborough’s plan, made a headlong rush against a withering fire. Tullibardine’s Highlanders in the Dutch service were slaughtered with the Dutchmen, and of Orange’s sixteen thousand men over eight thousand were killed or wounded. Amongst the British infantry battalions The Royal Scots suffered lightly compared with the Coldstreams and Buffs, although they were in the forefront of the battle. Malplaquet was the bloodiest major engagement in the history of European warfare, not to be matched in slaughter until the Great War of two centuries later, fought over the same ground but with the high contending parties happily re-grouped.

1710 After the battle, Mons did not long hold out, and the campaign of 1709 closed with its capitulation.

By April of the following year the armies of the Allies were once more assembled near Tournay and invested Douai. The regiment was engaged in this siege and likewise in the taking of Bethune and Aire. At Aire in particular they saw sharp fighting and
The Dukes Last Fights

suffered heavy losses, as appears from a petition to 1710 the Queen in the following year begging for a grant to help complete their companies. Many had died in hospital, more probably from disease than from wounds, but it would appear that only the second battalion was at Aire. The Queen allowed them and other regiments £30 a company to meet their necessities.

It is impossible to read the history of this year and of 1711 without depression and shame. By a series of campaigns scarcely to be matched in modern history save by those of Napoleon, Marlborough had established a military and moral ascendancy over a powerful enemy which needed only a modest support from the nation and its Allies to be brought to final fruition and success. The army was splendid, the subordinate commanders, like Orkney and Cadogan, brilliant in resource and unsparing of themselves, the men inured to hardship, brave as lions, and devoted to Marlborough’s leadership. Yet the Great Duke was near to his undoing, the outcome of shameless political faction and an outburst of national stupidity.

The campaign of 1711 opened ominously for him, for 1711 Eugène could not join him, and his Home Government had sent five of his battalions on a foolhardy expedition to Newfoundland. Despite all, and he was greatly outnumbered by the French under Villars, he achieved an amazing success. By an elaborate strategical plan which puzzled his own army beyond measure, and by stratagems which showed a mastery of psychological tactics never surpassed in the history of generalship, he fooled Villars out of his superiority of numbers and position and closed the campaign by capturing Bouchain, south-east of Douai, on September 13. His faithful Royals were in the thick
of the siege, and we may well believe that when on
the last day of the year the Duke’s enemies at home
won their inglorious campaign by securing his dis-
missal from the public service, none were more sorry
or angry than the First Foot, who had learnt his worth
in so many campaigns.

But they were the Queen’s soldiers, and took the
field under Marlborough’s successor, the Duke of
Ormond, in the following spring. There was little
fighting between May and July, when Ormond re-
ceived orders to proclaim a suspension of arms, pre-
paratory to a treaty of peace. The British troops
parted from their Allies and marched to Ghent. Let
Mr. Fortescue tell of what followed:

"The British fell in silent, shamefaced and miserable;
the auxiliaries gathered in knots opposite to them, and both
parties gazed at each other mournfully without saying a
word. Then the drums beat the march, and regiment after
regiment tramped away with full hearts and downcast eyes,
till at length the whole column was under way, and the mass
of scarlet grew slowly less and less till it vanished out of
sight. At the end of the first day’s march, Ormond an-
nounced the suspension of hostilities with France, at the
head of each regiment. He had expected the news to be
received with cheers: to his infinite disgust it was greeted
with one continuous storm of hisses and groans. Finally
when the men were dismissed, they lost all self-control. They
tore their hair and rent their clothes with impotent rage,
cursing Ormond with an energy only possible in an army
that had learned to swear in the heat of fifty actions. The
officers retired to their tents, ashamed to show themselves
to their men. Many transferred themselves to foreign
regiments, many more resigned their commissions; and it
is said, doubtless with truth, that they fairly cried when they
thought of ‘Corporal John.’"

Part of the bargain made with the French king
provided that Britain should hold Dunkirk as a
hostage city until peace should be finally signed. Lord
Orkney and his Royals, with four other regiments,
The Treaty of Utrecht

arrived there on August 4, and remained nearly two 1712 years in garrison.

So it happened that, as they had gone abroad to fight at the opening of the Marlborough campaigns and had taken part in nearly every battle and siege, so they remained abroad to the bitter end and heard of the final infamy of the Treaty of Utrecht while still on French soil.

A word may be added about the uniform of the regiment during this period. It had changed little from that worn during William III's reign, but active
service had simplified it somewhat. The broad-brimmed beaver hat gave way to the three-cornered cocked hat (see Fig. 9). The coat was longer, and as its skirts impeded the legs in marching, it became the fashion to button back the corners.
CHAPTER VII

PIPING TIMES OF PEACE, 1713–1740

Police Duty in Ireland—Irish Recruits—Sergeant MacLeod—Death of Colonel the Earl of Orkney.

The close of the War of the Spanish Succession gave The Royal Scots their first long period of repose since they were a regiment. In 1712 commissions (all of them brevets) were issued appointing Lieut.-Colonel Charles Cockburn to be colonel, and Sir James Abercrombie, Bart., and Major Alex. Irwin, lieut.-colonels, all to date from 1711. The Earl of Orkney had been promoted full general on January 31, 1711. Charles Cockburn appears as captain and brevet-lieut.-colonel in The Blenheim Bounty Roll, and was lieut.-colonel in command of the second battalion at Malplaquet.

The regiment was described in an official list of 1713 April 23, 1713, as the "Royal Regiment of Foot, commanded by the Earl of Orkney," and took precedence there after three regiments of Guards.

In 1713 the regiment was reduced to peace strength but did not return to England from Nieuport, near Dunkirk, until a fortnight after the accession of George I. In the following year, it was moved to Ireland, where large forces were kept to overawe the
Peace Service, 1713—1740

1714-5 Roman Catholics, who favoured the Old Pretender. From March 1715 and for many years it was on the Irish establishment. The service in Ireland was of a demoralizing character and no more than police work. The companies were split up into little units occupying redoubts scattered over the disaffected districts "in places infested by Torys,¹ Rapparees, Robbers, and other wicked and evil disposed persons."

The records of the next few years make very dull reading, for they describe only changes of station, details of equipment, etc. In 1721 it was ordered

¹ The political employment of this word came later.
A Soldier's Pay

that all N.C.O.s and men should wear swords, which 1721 gives the impression that, following on the introduction of the ring-socket bayonet, the sword had fallen into disuse among the infantry. Fig. 10 shows a man of the Grenadier company equipped with both. In 1722 the Irish Parliament added a penny a day to the 1722 private soldier's pay, making it sevenpence, because there was so much leakage by desertion, the English rate being eightpence.

The Earl of Balcarres appears as a major in a paper 1725 of 1725, and one of his men is found accusing Captain Innes of embezzling a barrel of gunpowder, with what result it doth not appear.

There was a little excitement in 1727-1728, when 1727-8 war with Spain appeared likely, and the establishment was increased. This brought trouble, because, in defiance of explicit orders, Irishmen were enlisted. Seven officers were found guilty of sending them to Scotland to be sworn and then back to Ireland in Scotch bonnets, "that they might then the better pass as North British recruits on the General Officer who reviewed them." It is to be regretted that such ingenuity was rewarded by five of the officers being "broken," and two suspended.

A good standard of height was kept, as is shown by a regulation stipulating that Foot Guards should be 5 ft. 9 in., and the Foot 5 ft. 8 in.

It is characteristic of early records of the army that the doings of "private men" and non-commissioned officers are rarely noted. As Mr. Fortescue remarks: "We remain still without a picture of the typical soldier of Marlborough." During the long peace the state of the army was unspeakably bad. It was recruited from men of the lowest class, often criminals,
Peace Service, 1713—1740

and the indiscipline of the officers was reflected in the gross behaviour and desertion of the men, punished with hideous severity. The Civil Government feared and disliked the army, and the refusal to vote proper sums for its upkeep led to every sort of corruption amongst officers, to false pay sheets and to scandals without end. Rottenness in the commissioned branch naturally led to infinite evils amongst the men, who took the bad examples they saw, and followed them after their own fashion.

George I fought strenuously against all these abuses, and took a vivid interest in securing a higher standard of efficiency. He concerned himself with every detail, such as the substitution of steel ramrods for wooden ones. Now and again an outstanding personality emerges, and such was Sergeant Donald MacLeod, a famous swordsman. In 1730 he obtained his discharge from The Royal Scots for the purpose of joining, as drill-sergeant, the independent companies in the Highlands which formed The Black Watch. He started life as a stonemason, and finding this work uncongenial enlisted in The Royals, at Perth. His promotion was rapid, for he was a sergeant at seventeen. He was present at Schellenberg, Blenheim, Ramillies and several minor affairs, and was at this time considered by his comrades as champion swordsman in the regiment. He fought duels with a French officer, a French sergeant, and a German officer, all of whom he overcame. After the Peace of Utrecht, when quartered in Dublin, he fought a duel with an Irish giant, named MacLean, who, when shaking hands before the encounter, squeezed MacLeod's hand so tightly that he roared with pain, and vowed the Irishman should lose his right arm, which he did. During the rising of
Sergeant MacLeod

1715, he fought Captain MacDonald, of Knoydart, from the Highland army. MacDonald acknowledged himself as beaten when MacLeod skilfully severed his sporran strap. MacLeod distinguished himself at Sheriffmuir, and towards the close of the action was engaged with two Frenchmen, both of whom he killed, being dangerously wounded himself.

The ninety years of fighting which The Royal Scots had seen doubtless bred many another like MacLeod, but their doughty exploits have found no memorial.

Nothing interesting happened until 1737, when the Earl of Orkney died. A year before he had been

1 MacLeod must have got leave from the regiment for this Scottish adventure, for The Royal Scots took no part in quelling the 'Fifteen. Lord George Murray, a son of the Duke of Atholl and nephew of Lord Orkney, who joined The Royals as ensign in 1711 and fought with them in Flanders, went over to the Jacobites and commanded a regiment of Athollmen until the rising failed and he had to escape to France. The English Government was wise not to employ The Royals on anti-Jacobite service in Scotland, for many of them no doubt had Stewart sympathies. Sergeant MacLeod's career after he joined the Black Watch may be read in McInnes' Brave Sons of Skye, but is so notable that its outline may be indicated here. He was at Fontenoy, where he distinguished himself and was again wounded. He transferred to Fraser's Highlanders, and served at Louisburg and Quebec, and it was in his plaid that General Wolfe was carried off the field. He was wounded in two places in this action, and had the honour of being appointed one of the guard over General Wolfe's body on the journey to Britain in 1759. He was admitted an out-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital in December 1759, being then in his seventy-first year, the only official recognition of his bravery and service. Having recovered from his wounds, he served in Campbell's Highlanders in Germany, where he was twice wounded. He remained in the army till 1776 (he was then eighty-eight!), and then returned to the Highlands to settle down. He was shipwrecked and lost his money and his trusty sword, but notwithstanding all the hardships he had gone through lived to be one hundred and three.
Fig. 11.—An Officer in The Royals, circa 1739.
created a Field-Marshal, a fit crown to forty-five years of service in The Royals. In June, the King conferred the colonelcy on the Hon. James St. Clair. He had been gazetted to The Royals as an ensign in 1694, when he was six years old, but had exchanged into the Third Guards as captain when he was sixteen. The regiment was now known as St. Clair's, and as The Royal Regiment of Foot.

As the next chapter returns to the narrative of war, we may here anticipate a little and refer to an order of George II with regard to uniform. He had brought German thoroughness to bear on all questions of equipment, and in 1742 was published by Royal command "A Representation of the Cloathing of His Majesty's Household and all the Forces upon the Establishment of Great Britain and Ireland," which had no doubt been some time in preparation. It gives a coloured drawing of the uniform of every regiment, and the picture which forms the frontispiece of this book has been based on it. The facings are blue, as becomes a Royal regiment, but it is not known when they were changed to blue from white. It certainly was not effected when the title Royal was given, but had probably been made long before 1742. Fig. 11 shows what a brave figure was presented by an officer in The Royals.

1 Copies can be seen in the Libraries of the British Museum and War Office.
2 A little point may be noted by the precisian in the history of uniforms. It will be seen that the loops of the braid are not arranged at regular intervals, but in groups. The original drawing has been followed in this respect, but it is doubtful whether the grouping was intentional or due to the licence of the artist of 1742. It is at all events clear that later dress orders make no mention of this grouping, and later practice certainly provided for the even spacing of the loops.
CHAPTER VIII

THE SPANISH MAIN; THE SEVEN YEARS WAR; THE 'FORTY-FIVE; 1740–1755


In the spring of 1738 it was clear that the long reign of peace, during which Walpole had directed British policy, was coming to an end. The Spaniards had been guilty of depredations in the South American seas, and English opinion was rising to fever heat. War was declared, and a minor naval success by Admiral Vernon's squadron in the attack on Porto Bello, in the Spanish West Indies, inflamed enthusiasm for a vigorous policy. The admiral attempted to seize Carthagena, but failed, and asked for eight thousand troops to help him.

Six thousand were embarked on August 14 under Lord Cathcart, with Wentworth as second in command. Everything went wrong from the first. An infectious fever raged in the convoying fleet, and the men died like flies even before they set sail.

By March 1741, however, the troops had landed
near Carthagena under the guns of Vernon's fleet. Cathcart had meanwhile died of dysentery, and Wentworth, an amazingly incompetent general, bungled everything. The assault on Carthagena failed miserably. The British force had dwindled from six thousand six hundred effectives to three thousand two hundred by battle and sickness; the attempt was given up. Still they did not sail away, and when they did, the nominally fit were only seventeen hundred, and those actually ready to fight a bare thousand.

Returned to Jamaica, the commanders conceived a descent on Santiago de Cuba. Arrived at the island at the end of August, they quarrelled until December, by which time three hundred men were left fit for duty. It is a miserable story, and the reader may well be spared all the sickening details of bungling and suffering. But some reference is necessary because in February a reinforcement of three thousand men arrived, and amongst them a battalion of The Royal Scots. Hitherto, except on rare occasions, both battalions had served together, but it seems that both now contributed men to a service battalion which in the Irish Orders is referred to as a battalion, but in the English Orders appears as the first. Probably what happened was that the second battalion was brought up to strength for foreign service from the first, of which ten companies, doubtless skeletons, remained in Ireland.

When the first battalion reached Jamaica, the men were healthy, but yellow fever soon got to work. Wentworth's army buried fifteen men a day, but by March they set sail for Porto Bello on a new expedition. In the nineteen days' voyage nearly a thousand men were sick or dead, and the ill-fated convoy returned
to Jamaica to find that five hundred sick, whom Wentworth had left in hospital, had been moved to the graveyard.

There is no need to elaborate the melancholy record or to examine the culpability of Vernon or Wentworth, or the people at home. Suffice it to say that nine men out of ten who sailed on this fantastic expedition left their bones in the Spanish Main. The survivors of The Royal Scots reached Plymouth in December, and from this year onwards this second battalion was on the establishment of "The Kingdom of Great Britain." ^

Greater matters than the Spanish expedition were, however, afoot in 1740. Charles VI, Emperor of Germany, died in October, leaving his daughter Maria Theresa sole heiress to the crowns of Bohemia and Hungary. The Hungarian crown was claimed by the Elector of Bavaria, and France supported him. This was in direct defiance of the Pragmatic Sanction, by which, before the Emperor's death, all Europe had recognized Maria Theresa's succession. Frederick of Prussia, who had not yet won the title of "The Great," attacked the Austrians at Mollwitz, and all Europe was summoned to the fray.

England, Holland, and Hanover were for the Queen, Prussia, Saxony, Spain, and France for Bavaria. France moved so quickly against Hanover that the Elector, our George II, had miserably to proclaim Hanover's neutrality for a year. The British Parliament was aflame with anger, and voted £500,000 as a subsidy to Maria Theresa, and sixteen thousand men and five millions for a campaign in Flanders. On John, Earl of Stair, fell the responsibility of following in the footsteps of Marlborough, whose pupil in

^ Previously it had been on the Irish establishment.
The Seven Years War

war he had been. The Dutch were very half-hearted in their support of the Hapsburgs and indisposed to help even by allowing their port of Ostend to be used as a British base, but they met Stair’s wishes eventually. The French were not such serious antagonists. In 1742, as in 1914–1915, Prussia was the real enemy. Maria Theresa had to buy off Frederick with Silesia, which has ever since been a valuable appanage of the Prussian crown. The Austrians, freed from the Prussian menace, were able to turn on the French in Bohemia, and the British were free to assail France through Flanders, on which frontier she was weak. It was a fine strategical plan, but King George and his home advisers forbade it, nor were the Austrian allies more intelligent; and Stair was forced into a German campaign to frighten some German princelets into joining Austria.

In May 1743 Stair joined forces with Austrian and Hanoverian armies on the north bank of the Main near Frankfort, covering the junction of the Rhine and Main. With the manoeuvring which led up to the battle of Dettingen, and the futile way in which George II refused to be guided by Stair, we are not here concerned.

The first battalion of The Royals was not moved from Ireland to Ostend until June, and only arrived at Mainz in July. Thus they did not reach George’s main camp at Hanau until a few days after he made the last appearance of a British monarch as Commander-in-Chief on the field of battle at Dettingen on June 27. This engagement, with its series of blunders on both sides, but with the happy issue of victory for the Allies, marked the true end of the year’s campaigning, but The Royals took part in the wind-up of the fighting in
1743 The west of Germany, and afterwards went into winter quarters at Ghent.

Meanwhile the second battalion was placed on the Irish establishment. An idea of the slow promotion of those days may be gained from a petition of Captain Patrick Wood, who had served for thirty-seven years and desired to sell his commission. A warrant dealing with regimental colours ordered that the Union colour was to be the first stand of colours in all regiments save the Foot Guards, and for the first time provided that the regimental number should appear on the private's equipment. It also denied to colonels the right to put their coat-of-arms or crest on any part of the soldier's uniform, and so marked the slow change in the internal economy of regiments. Hitherto the colonel had stood rather in the position of a patriarchal commander who gave his name to the regiment and ruled it as a chiefain ruled his clan. The idea that he was the nominee of the State grew with an increasing centralization of army control.

1744 The following year provided little fighting of interest in Flanders for the first battalion, but in 1745 the Duke of Cumberland followed Wade in the chief command and displayed greater activity. The French were besieging Tournay, and the Allies, with only fifty thousand men against fifty-six thousand under Marshal Saxe, resolved on an attempt to raise the siege.

Saxe was at Fontenoy in a good position, strengthened by elaborate field-works. On May 11 the British took the right, the Dutch, under Waldeck, the centre opposite the village of Fontenoy, and the Austrians, under Konigseck, the left. Opposite the British redcoats was the flower of the French army, based on a powerful fort, the Redoubt d'Eu. Brigadier Ingoldsby
Battle of Fontenoy was ordered to take this position with the bayonet. The French artillery was well posted at the Redoubt and in Fontenoy, and vigorously served. As the British advanced, the enemy's guns ploughed through the scarlet ranks with incessant round shot. General Campbell, a veteran of Malplaquet and nearly eighty years old, was carried from the field dying. Ingoldsby on the British right failed to attack the Redoubt, not from cowardice, but stupidity. Cumberland would not wait till this dangerous vantage point of the enemy's artillery was made harmless, and ordered the advance. The Dutch had utterly failed in their assault on Fontenoy, and thus both flanks of the advancing British infantry were exposed to a murderous enfilading fire. Nevertheless, the British marched forward unconcerned.
The Royal Scots were in the first line with nine other battalions, including three of Guards and one of the Twenty-first. Behind was the second line of seven British battalions and some Hanoverians. All alike moved as though they were at a review. The trenches a thousand yards ahead vomited fire, but the British made no reply. The ground was dotted with scarlet forms, dead and dying, but as each man fell the ranks closed up and marched forward imperturbably.

Not until they were fifty yards from the trenches did they cease their measured tread. Lord Charles Hay, of the First Guards, stepped forward, drank from his flask to the enemy, and hoped they would wait and not swim the Scheldt as they had swum the Main at Dettingen. It was a superb piece of bravura. Twenty yards more and the time for attack had come. The order came to fire, and fire they did by battalions, two loading as one fired. The French withered under the hail of lead; and as the British marched on three hundred yards into the French camp nothing could withstand them. The cavalry of the enemy hurled themselves on the British ranks only to stagger back broken to shivers. In a Frenchman's words, "it was like charging two flaming fortresses rather than two columns of infantry."

But even such extravagant heroism in one part of the field could not redeem the utter failure of the Dutch, and the British infantry had to fall back to relieve their left flank from the incessant attack and a murderous cross fire. The French had six battalions of Irish fighting for them—it was in the bad old days when the Irish, harried at home, were always with the King's enemies—and they fought like tigers. A British retirement was inevitable, but it was unhurried.
Every hundred yards the shattered but steady battalions faced about, fired a volley, and resumed their steady march, until the French ceased to pursue and retired into their own lines.

The British had not won, but they had not been defeated. Their losses were hideous, and the Hanoverians, who had fought no whit less steadily, were no less shattered in numbers though unbroken in spirit. The Royal Scots came off no more lightly than other regiments, for they lost thirty per cent. of their effectives, two hundred and eighty-six in all. The worst sufferers of all, the Twelfth and Twenty-first, only lost a few over three hundred each, and the Guards not as many as The Royals.

For all that, the French came out of the struggle no better, though they never confessed their losses. Fontenoy was the greatest test to which the discipline and courage of British infantry had yet been put, nor has the grandeur of their conduct been surpassed since. There is no battle honour on a regimental colour which represents a more deathless story of cool valour, but the historian is obliged to confess that its military effect was slight, owing to the muddled generalship which robbed so much heroism of the success to which it was entitled.

Cumberland had to retreat north-eastwards to Lessines: Tournay fell and released a big French army. The Duke's generalship faltered, and he tried to do too much. He had men enough to defend Ghent or Brussels, but not both, yet he attempted to save both. The main army was before Brussels, and on July 8 he sent The Royals with the Thirty-first (Handasyde's) and Twentieth Foot and some cavalry to reinforce the garrison of Ghent. On the way they encamped at
Alost, but the French were at hand and they moved on again. The first brush was in favour of the British, but a larger body of the enemy attacked them three miles further on.

“Their fire (the enemy’s) broke the Hussars. Rich’s Dragoons (4th H.) followed notwithstanding the fire from the Nunnery, for The Royal Scotch, marching close to 'em, drew on themselves the fire from the Nunnery, which favoured the passage of the Dragoons beyond the Nunnery; but they soon found the causeway lined with the enemy’s foot, whose fire would have destroyed them all if The Royal Scotch had not moved forwards to their assistance and engaged that fire of the enemy whilst the cavalry that had passed made the best of their way to Ghent.”

Moltke, writing to Cumberland of this incident, said that The Royals “behaved like lions” and covered the passage of the cavalry by their fire. They captured an enemy battery and held it for a time under a murderous fire, but the other regiments could not make headway, and though The Royals fought their way through to Ghent, half the force fell back on Alost. Unhappily their sacrifices were only of temporary value. No sooner were they in Ghent than the garrison was surprised by the French, and The Royals shared their fate of imprisonment in France. In September they were exchanged, and arrived in the Thames on October 25. A descent by the French on the south coast was then threatened, so The Royals were quartered in Kent until the following May.

Meanwhile the second battalion was engaged in a less glorious campaign. Prince Charles had landed in

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1 Report of Colonel Pechell (commanding the Thirty-first) to Cumberland, dated July 19, 1745.
The "Forty-Five"

the west of Scotland on July 28, 1745, and the Highlands were rallied to his banner. The Second Royals moved from Dublin to England at the end of September, but saw no fighting. Two companies of the first battalion, additional to the ordinary establishment and raised only in 1744, had been in garrison at Perth, and were moved with the Sixth Foot to defend the forts on the line of Loch Lochy and Loch Ness. After serving at Fort Augustus they were sent to Fort William, then in considerable danger. It was a disastrous enterprise. On the route they were ambushed by a greatly superior force of the Prince's Highlanders, and exhausted as they were by the long march, Captain Scott, already wounded, surrendered to Keppoch with two other officers and about eighty men. They were brought before the Prince and released on giving their parole, which Scott was one of the few to keep.

However, it was a small success for the Jacobites, and even after the Prince's notable victory at Prestonpans and his winning almost all Scotland to his side, the raid on England failed hopelessly. The Second Royals took part in the chase of the Prince back into Scotland, and were placed under Lieut.-General Hawley's command at Edinburgh. Meanwhile the Prince had been joined by a battalion of the Royal Ecossais with battering guns from France, occupied Stirling Town, and began a siege of the castle.

By January 27, 1746, King George's troops, The Second Royals amongst them, had moved on Falkirk with a view to relieving Stirling. Prince Charles moved out to the field of Bannockburn to invite battle, but General Hawley remained in camp near Falkirk, and the Prince decided to attack him, marching by way of Falkirk Muir. Hawley was surprised, but
The Campaigns of 1740—1755

charged with three regiments of dragoons, only to be repelled by the fire of the Highlanders. The rain was in the faces of the English, and many of their muskets missed fire. The Royals were broken and ran at first, but rallied with the Buffs and made a steady retreat. Hawley retired on Linlithgow and wrote of his misfortune to Cumberland, "my heart is broke" by the cowardice of some of the troops. He hanged thirty-two of the Foot, but at that time none of The Royals. Indeed, one of their sergeants, Henson by name, so distinguished himself in the action that he was given a commission in Sempill's regiment.

A curious incident took place in Falkirk the day after the battle, which shows that even amongst The Royal Scots the ties of clanship sometimes overcame the demands of loyalty to the King's uniform.

"Lord Kilmarnock had come to Falkirk with a party of his men, who had in their custody some Edinburgh volunteers, who, having fallen behind Hawley's army in its march to Linlithgow, had been taken and carried to Callander House. Leaving the prisoners and their guard standing in the street, opposite to the house where the prince lodged, his lordship went upstairs and presented to him a list of the prisoners. Charles opened the window to survey the prisoners, and while engaged in conversation with Lord Kilmarnock about them, a soldier in the uniform of The Scots Royals, carrying a musket and wearing a black cockade, appeared in the street, and approached towards the prince. The volunteers were extremely surprised, and, thinking that his intention was to shoot the prince, expected every moment to see him raise his piece and fire. Observing the volunteers all looking in one direction, Charles also looked the same way, and seeing the soldier approach appeared amazed, and, calling Lord Kilmarnock, pointed towards the soldier. His lordship instantly descended into the street, and finding the soldier immediately opposite to the window where Charles stood, the earl went

1 Only four of The Royals deserted during the whole campaign: the Cameron (the story of whom is given below) and three others. The latter were captured at Inverness and executed.
Battle of Culloden

up then to him, and striking the hat off the soldier's head, 1746 trampled the black cockade under his feet. At that instant a Highlander rushed from the opposite side of the street, and laying hands on Lord Kilmarnock, pushed him violently back. Kilmarnock immediately pulled out a pistol, and presented it at the Highlander's head; and the Highlander in his turn drew his dirk, and held it close to the earl's breast. They stood in this position about half a minute, when a crowd of Highlanders rushed in and drove Lord Kilmarnock away. The man with the dirk in his hand then took up the hat, put it on the soldier's head, and the Highlanders marched off with him in triumph.

"This extraordinary scene surprised the prisoners, and they solicited an explanation from a Highland officer who stood near them. The officer told them that the soldier in the royal uniform was a Cameron: 'yesterday,' continued he, 'when your army was defeated, he joined his clan; the Camerons received him with joy, and told him that he should wear his arms, his clothes, and everything else, till he was provided with other clothes and other arms. The Highlander who first interposed and drew his dirk on Lord Kilmarnock is the soldier's brother; the crowd who rushed in are the Camerons, many of them his near relations; and, in my opinion,' continued the officer, 'no Colonel nor General in the prince's army can take that cockade out of his hat, except Lochiel himself.'" ¹

The successes of Prince Charles were, however, nearing their end. The Duke of Cumberland arrived in Scotland to take command: the Highlanders raised the siege of Stirling Castle and retreated to Inverness. Cumberland moved north to Aberdeen, where The Second Royals were brigaded in the First Division under Lord Albemarle, and marched to Inverness, which they reached on April 15.

Prince Charles tried to surprise them by a forced march, but failed, and halted on Culloden Moor. The next day the King's army advanced in order of battle, The Royals at the post of honour on the right of the first line. In an hour Cumberland had marched over

¹ This account is given (somewhat abbreviated) from Browne's History of the Highlands, Home's Works, Vol. III. p. 162.
The Campaigns of 1740—1755

1746 the Highlanders and their French allies, and the cause of the Stewarts was finally broken. But the fight was not won without great efforts on Prince Charles's side at first, as we learn from a full account of the engagement written by Alexander Taylor, a private in The Royal Scots, to his wife.

"It was a very cold morning, and nothing to buy or comfort us; but we had the Ammunition-loaf, thank God; but not a Dram of Brandy or Spirits, had you give a Crown for a Gill, nor nothing but the Loaf and Water. We had also the greatest difficulty in keeping the Locks of our Fire-locks dry, for the Rain was violent. . . . The Battle began by Cannonading, and continued for Half an Hour or more with Great Guns. But our Gunners galling their Lines, they betook themselves to their small Arms, Sword and Pistol, and came running on our Front Line like Troops of hungry Wolves, and fought with Intrepidity." ¹

Once the Jacobite lines were broken, the pursuing troops had their fill of slaughter. There is no need to enlarge on the work of the Butcher of Culloden, in which, no doubt, The Royals had to play their part.

The battalion remained in Scotland for the rest of the year, and it is odd to note in a return of its strength that Lieutenant Forbes and Ensign Lord Strathnaver were absent, being at school at Winchester!

We must now turn to the year's doings of the first battalion in a very different field. The old colonel of the regiment, the Hon. James St. Clair, had become a lieut.-general, and was put in command of an expedition which was designed to attack the French possessions in Canada. The first battalion was to go with the force, but after many delays it embarked at Plymouth with five other regiments under secret orders for the coast of France. The French East India Company had its chief depot at Port L'Orient, near

¹ Records of The Royal Scots, p. 149.
Sandberg Fort

Quimperlé Bay, and the fleet dropped anchor in the bay on September 20. Next day the soldiers were landed and began the march on L'Orient, but the plan was ill conceived and had to be abandoned in favour of an attack on Quiberon in Morbihan, which offered better anchorage for the supporting fleet. Some fortifications were stormed and destroyed and the countryside laid waste, but nothing of military importance was achieved, and the end of October saw The Royals back in England, whence they returned to their Irish quarters.

In the following year the first battalion was ordered to the Netherlands, where a new campaign of the Seven Years War was opening. The French had overrun the Austrian Netherlands and had carried the war into Dutch Flanders. It may be suspected that The Royals were none too comfortable on this service, for much of their equipment had been destroyed by "ratts" on the transports which brought them back from the Quimperlé expedition; the tent poles had been lost and their camp kettles rusted by the salt water. It does not appear whether these deficiencies had been made good, but anyhow their spirits were not damped. Soon after their arrival in Zealand, they marched with the Twenty-eighth and Forty-second to the relief of Hulst, then besieged by the French, and cut up an enemy force which was attempting to break the allied communications, with a loss to the French of over a thousand men.

A French attack on the fort of Sandberg, near Hulst, was beaten off by the Dutch with the aid of the British Brigade, and a later assault on May 5 found The Royals helping to defend the fort. The French advanced in the evening with their usual élan, and the Dutch were
They then came to The Royals, who were of tougher stuff. It was a musketry fight in a confined space, which did not allow the usual manœuvring in volley firing, and continued until dawn. Platoon after platoon of The Royals advanced, fired, filed back man by man to reload and so again, without any disorder, despite hideous losses. Between three and four hundred of The Royals had fallen, but the survivors continued to fight on over the bodies of their comrades until a battalion of Highlanders relieved them. The French, who had suffered no less heavily, then retreated, dismayed by so fine an example of Scots tenacity. Sir Charles Erskine was killed, and the following footnote in the Alva Baptismal Register shows in how serious a spirit the British fought.

"The Hon. Sir Charles Erskine of Alva, Bart., Major in the 1st Battalion of The Royal Scots, fell in a battle near Hulst in the county of Axel in defence of Liberty and Property and all that is dear and valuable to us as men and Christians, on Friday the 24th April, 1747, betwixt 9 and 10 at night."

Unhappily the sacrifice of nearly half the battalion proved unavailing, for the French batteries dominated the position, and after a fighting retreat the British went into cantonments on the island of South Beveland and did no more that year. The Royals’ losses were made up by drafts from the second battalion, which remained in Scotland.

It thus happened that none of The Royals took any part in the main struggle of 1747 between Cumberland and Marshal Saxe, which culminated in the battle of Lauffeld, a defeat for the Allies caused by the feebleness of the Dutch and Austrians, for the British fought nobly.

The new year opened with bad omens, and, as the nation was sick of the war and the enemy was
Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle

exhausted, the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was signed, 1748, which left everything as it was before save only that Prussia had stolen Silesia. The main feature of the peace as it affected France and England was that each nation agreed to surrender its captures and to return to the status quo ante. Thus ended the Seven Years War, which was followed by seven years during which 1749-55 the regiment was reduced to peace establishment. In 1751 the Clothing Warrant was issued, which, for the first time, duly regularized the uniforms of all regiments.
CHAPTER IX

CANADA AND THE WEST INDIES, 1756–1792

Early Days of North America—Canada and the French—The Royals at Louisburg—Fighting the Cherokees—Cuba and the Assault on the Moro—Newfoundland—Brimstone Hill, St. Christopher—Big Sam.

Up to the middle of the eighteenth century The Royal Scots had fought far and wide on the European continent, but outside it only at Tangier for Charles II and in the tragic blunder of the Spanish Main Expedition of 1741. They were now to extend their experience to the New World, but they took no part in the campaigns which established the British Raj in India. Clive and Lawrence had none of the First Foot under their command, and no Indian honour earlier than Nagpore finds a place on the regimental colours.

We therefore turn our attention to North America. The French were the pioneers in the early explorations of Canada, and their first serious settlements were at Port Royal, Nova Scotia, in 1603, and at Quebec and Montreal in 1608. The latter year saw the British established in Virginia.

The discovery of America by Cabot, who sailed
French and British in N. America

from Bristol, was the basis of the British claim to the whole continent, and in 1613 the English Governor of Virginia destroyed the Jesuit settlement at Port Royal by way of emphasizing that contention.

Eight years later a Scottish colony was planted at Port Royal, and the territory was named Nova Scotia.

This was followed by a more vigorous act of aggression in 1627, when some London merchants sent an expedition which captured Quebec and so made Canada British. After the peace of 1632 Charles I restored the new colony to France, but Cromwell retook it in 1654, and it did not go back into Louis the Fourteenth's possession until 1667.

Concurrently with the foundation of Nova Scotia, the colony of New England was established at New Plymouth in what is now Massachusetts in 1628, and Connecticut and Rhode Island had taken British shape by 1638. So much we owe to the Pilgrim Fathers. By 1664 the Dutch had been turned out of New Amsterdam, which became New York, and by 1680 Pennsylvania was in being. All this time the French Jesuits and adventurers were tightening their hold on the Indians north and west of these eastern seaboard possessions, and by 1680 France claimed everything from the Alleghanies to the Rockies. It took some time before Britain saw what this meant in the strangling of the new-born oversea trade and in the destruction by the French of the Iroquois Indians who were friendly to Great Britain. Colonel Dongan was Governor of New York and organized the Indians against the French Canadians, but the military efficiency of the French was high; they were well led, and King William at home had his hands too full to send help. Fortunately Louis XIV was likewise fully
occupied, as New York could have been captured easily by a French fleet.

1697 The Peace of Ryswick brought an end to a bloody campaign in which French unity scored heavily against the divided counsels of the English colonies.

From then until the Seven Years War, there was sporadic fighting between French and British, the latter now alive to the importance of securing Canada.

1741 The outbreak of the Seven Years War renewed hostilities in the New World, and the French of Cape Breton Island seized Nova Scotia.

1745 The New Yorkers retaliated by taking Louisburg, and Shirley, Governor of Massachusetts, sought English aid to clear the French out of Canada.

1746 Three British regiments arrived to garrison Louisburg, but the expedition led by General St. Clair got no further than Quimperlé on the French coast (as narrated in the last chapter), and the colonists had to work out their own salvation, which they did as much by good luck as good management.

1748 Their disgust with the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle may be imagined. Without being consulted they found that Louisburg, so brilliantly won and so laboriously retained, had been handed back to France.

1749 The peace in Europe threw many soldiers out of the ranks, and four thousand veterans were sent to Nova Scotia as settlers, and two regiments to garrison Halifax as a counterpoise to the French fortress of Louisburg.

Between 1749 and 1754 there was incessant trouble, and some fighting between the colonists and the French; Dinwiddie, the Governor of Virginia, was the strong man on the British side, and with him a young fellow of twenty-one, George Washington.
Forest Warfare

Fighting against the apathy of the colonies not immediately threatened, as well as against the skill of the French and the savagery of the natives who had been won over to the French side, the situation looked desperate.

Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburg) was lost, and the Ohio River became a French stream. Washington himself was driven to capitulate with his little force to the French on May 27. The Home Government moved at last, and sent two regiments in January 1755 under the command of General Braddock. Washington joined his staff in May, and the force marched on Fort Duquesne. By July 8 Braddock was near his objective on the Monongahela river. The French and their Indian allies were carefully hidden, and the British redcoats marched to their death. They had no knowledge of this forest warfare, and when they fell back—a broken rabble—they carried with them Braddock in his death agony. He was a man of the Cumberland mould, a brutal martinet, but of a courage which his blunders only throw into greater relief. Five hundred men alone returned of fourteen hundred, and the French loss was trifling. Nor were the forces of the Colonials more successful in their attacks on Crown Point and Niagara: they achieved nothing in this year of disaster but the taking of Fort Beauséjour; and the opening weeks of 1756 saw France and England in open warfare both in North America and Europe. Parliament was now alive to the significance of the struggle, after long blindness, and new regiments were raised, the Fiftieth to the Fifty-ninth. In March the Sixtieth began to be recruited. By June the war had so far developed in the Mediterranean that Minorca was lost to us, and things went
Canada and the West Indies

1756 no less disastrously in America. The only good thing to record was the resignation of the incompetent Newcastle, and the accession to power of William Pitt, under the Duke of Devonshire, at the end of the year. His policy rapidly developed; two regiments of Highlanders were raised; the artillery and marines were augmented; the Militia Bill was introduced; in the new year a new spirit was abroad.

Thus much it has been necessary to set out, in order to make clear the nature of the quarrel in which The Royals were to take a hand.

The first battalion remained this year in Ireland, but the second sailed for Halifax with seven others and arrived there in July. They came under the command of the Earl of Loudoun, with five other battalions, and were detached for the capture of Cape Breton Island and its capital, the fort of Louisburg, but nothing was done during 1757 but exercise the troops and instruct them in the growing of vegetables!

1758 In the following May, they sailed with Amherst and effected a brilliant landing under General James Wolfe. By July Louisburg surrendered, but not without an arduous siege, in which The Royals lost two officers. From then until now Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island have never been out of British possession. Meanwhile Abercrombie’s attack on Ticonderoga Fort, Lake Champlain, had failed badly, and Amherst shipped five regiments, including The Second Royals, to Boston in September and joined up with Abercrombie on Lake George.

1759 It was not until the following summer that a new move was made against the French positions on Lake Champlain. Fort Ticonderoga was blown up by the French on July 25, and Crown Point, to which they
PLATE V.—SIR HENRY ERSKINE, BART., OF ALVA,  
TENTH COLONEL, 1762-1765.

Against the Cherokees

retreated, was abandoned soon after. The enemy had 1759 armed vessels on the lake, and Amherst could do no more until he had built ships to attack them. They were ready by October, but the season was too late for further operations with Montreal as objective, and The Royals went into winter quarters at New Jersey.

In September Quebec had fallen to Wolfe, a victory purchased at the price of that heroic soldier's death.

During this and the previous years the Cherokee Indians had been harrying settlers in the southern provinces, and it became necessary to deal with this local danger. A punitive force of thirteen hundred 1760 men, including four hundred Royals, was detached under Colonel Montgomery for South Carolina, and annihilated several Indian bands. The British had now learnt the ways of forest warfare and were undismayed by the fierce whoops and deadly sniping of the redmen. The casualties were heavy, but the slaughtered settlers were avenged. Meanwhile the other four companies had returned to Crown Point and were present when the French Governor of Montreal surrendered the city in September. Amherst's deliberate strategy and able organization had at length wrung from France her Canadian Empire, and the work had been done in face of inconceivable difficulties.

But the American service of The Royals was not 1761 ended. The Cherokees again proved intractable, and a new campaign against them was opened. The four companies, with some few others, marched up country in South Carolina and laid waste the Indian villages until the redmen sued for peace.

Meanwhile the two flank companies remained in
Canada and the West Indies

1761 garrison in New York, and the four which had been at Montreal embarked for Guadeloupe, whence they sailed to Dominica and took part in the capture of that island. There is some doubt whether they were engaged in the later attack on Martinique.

1762 The following year saw the four companies, which had been in the Cherokee expedition, shipped from Charleston to the Barbadoes, whence they joined the expedition against Havannah, in Cuba, an outcome of the new war with Spain. The main feature of these operations was the siege of the Moro Fort, and The Royals were with the force detailed for the assault. It was largely an affair of sappers and miners, but when a breach was blown in the fortifications more than half The Royals were engaged with the storming party, and did their part to admiration. The Spaniards were driven from the walls and fell back on Havannah, which capitulated on August 13, much to the comfort of Albemarle, the British commander, for his men were dying like flies from disease.

In this year the two companies which had been left in New York took part in the operations which turned the French out of St. John's, Newfoundland.

1763 On peace being declared, the Havannah companies returned home in September and the rest followed later in the year, so that the whole of the second battalion was reunited at Carlisle by the last day of December. The service of The Royals had been as varied as successful.

During the seven years some events of regimental interest had taken place. Sir Henry Erskine, who had been colonel since 1762, died in 1765, and was succeeded by John, Marquess of Lorne, afterwards Duke of Argyll. The regiment was for a time described as
Lorne's, but by 1767 the practice of designating a regiment by its colonel's name fell into disuse, and the number was marked on buttons, as it had been on colours, drums, and on the caps of the Grenadier companies since 1747. In 1768 the first battalion went into garrison at Gibraltar.

In the following year the regiment petitioned for the re-establishment of the ranks of drum major and piper, which had lapsed for some years, but without success, and in 1770–1771 both battalions were authorized to add a Light company. In 1771 the second
1771 battalion took up garrison duty in Minorca, and there remained until 1776.

In 1780 it took its share in suppressing the Gordon Riots, and the first battalion went in 1781 to the Dutch Island of St. Eustatia, which surrendered without serious fighting. It was moved later to St. Christopher.

In the following January a French fleet appeared before the island, and the little British force was besieged in an old fort on Brimstone Hill by greatly superior forces. Admiral Hood's arrival with his fleet and some troops did not help them, and the French slowly closed around the devoted garrison. The enemy's batteries had disabled nearly all the guns on the hill, and the local militia had deserted in large numbers, but still The Royals and a few odd companies of other units held to their post.

Eventually the situation became hopeless, and surrender was inevitable. However, they marched out with all the honours of war, and were allowed to return to England on parole until exchanged, a formality which was completed by May. In this year Lord Adam Gordon became colonel.

In 1783 there joined the first battalion a man named Samuel M'Donald, or Big Sam, who rejoiced not only in a height of 6 ft. 10 in., but also in extra-ordinary strength. Some anecdotes told about him are worth repeating:

"Being placed sentry over a piece of ordnance, he suddenly appeared in the guard room with it over his shoulder, remarking: 'What's the use of standing out on a cold night, watching that bit of iron? I can watch it as well in here.'"

"Asked by a comrade to fetch a loaf down off a high shelf, he took the man by the neck and, holding him up at arm's length, said: 'Tak it down yersel.'"
PLATE VI.—JOHN, MARQUESS OF LORNE, FIFTH DUKE OF ARGYLL.
ELEVENTH COLONEL, 1765-1782.
Big Sam

"In Dublin, being twitted by a butcher about his strength, in 1783 he made no reply till the butcher, pointing to a large carcass, said: 'It is yours if you could carry it home.' Sam, thinking of his comrades, shouldered it, and carried it two miles back to Richmond Barracks."

The next few years yield nothing of interest, and in 1792 we may bring this chapter to a close with the end of 1792, which found the first battalion in garrison at Jamaica, and the second in Ireland.
CHAPTER X

THE FRINGE OF THE GREAT FRENCH WAR, 1793–1799

A Brief Sketch of Causes—The Second Battalion at Toulon, Corsica and Elba—The First Battalion in St. Domingo—Ireland and the 'Ninety-eight.

We have seen that The Royals took a successful part in wrestling Canada from the French, but none will regret that they had no share in the long campaigns against the American colonists, forced on them by the stupidity of George III and his advisers, and culminating in the Declaration of Independence. The story fills the least attractive pages in our annals, and as The Royals were on service at home or in the West Indies all the time, this bare reference to the American War of Independence is enough for our purposes. For a like reason we pass over the Indian campaigns under Eyre Coote and Cornwallis, and proceed to the war of the French Revolution.

1789 In 1789 the long and grievous misgovernment of France, the ineptitude of Louis XVI, the corruption of the aristocracy, the exactions of a horde of officials, a year of terrible famine, the disorganization of the army and impending bankruptcy, brought things to a crisis.
The French Revolution

The three Estates of the Realm met amidst a whirl of rioting, and in June the Commons House declared itself a National Assembly. Power had passed from the King to the people. Lafayette, who had fought on the side of the American colonists and was full of windy notions of the Rights of Man, found himself at the head of a new army of National Guards, but without the solid genius of a Washington to control the storm.

The state of France went from bad to worse, the wise counsels of Mirabeau were disregarded, and the extremists, with their doctrines of blood and violence, gained an increasing influence.

In June 1791 the King made his ineffectual attempt to escape from Paris. By November the Girondists were threatening death to all émigrés who did not return, and sought for a foreign war to divert attention from their follies at home.

Meanwhile, the rest of the monarchs of Europe were profoundly uneasy at the success of the revolution and were assisting the Royalists as far as they could. Leopold of Austria was prominent in this movement, and proposed a European Concert to re-establish the position of the French king and to crush the revolution. By March 1792 he had died, and his successor, Francis, failed to secure immediate aid in pursuing his father's schemes. The Empress Catherine of Russia and Frederick William of Prussia found it a convenient time to begin a scheme for the partition of Poland, and to leave Austria to fight it out with France. England, under Pitt's guidance, remained watchfully neutral.

On April 20 France declared war on Austria, but her armies effected nothing. The failure embittered
The Fringe of the French War

1792

the situation in Paris; the Girondists were succeeded in power by the more violent Jacobins, and King Louis was thrown into prison. By July, Prussia, sufficiently bribed by Austria to join in the war against France, was marching on Paris, but the Allies were soon quarrelling, and by October France was freed from her peril, and began to dream of retaliatory conquest and plunder. Preparations were made to attack in turn the Austrian Netherlands, Spain, Sardinia, and Naples. Meanwhile Pitt was considering the probable outcome of French operations in Flanders, viz. the absorption of Belgium into France and an attack on Holland, whose safety we had guaranteed. Then, as to-day, it was an imperative feature of British policy that Holland’s ports should not be at the service of a naval enemy of England, and that Belgium should be a buffer state between France and Germany. The only difference was that the danger then was from the west frontier of Belgium, whereas now it is from the east. He was watchful, too, of the French attempt to spread revolutionary doctrines in England, fostered as they were by Fox.

1793

On January 21, 1793, Louis XVI was executed, and the news filled England with horror. Pitt expelled the French ambassador, and on February 1 the Convention declared war against England and Holland.

The French had their hands full, for they had also to deal with the Prussians and Austrians. England sent a Brigade of Guards to Holland, but the defeat of the French under Dumouriez was the work of the Austrians under Coburg, and the first round ended with their being driven helter-skelter out of the Austrian Netherlands and back within their own
Second Battalion at Toulon

borders. With the following campaigns in the Low Countries we are not concerned, and can only note that the Duke of York proved unequal to the thankless task as commander of the British contingent of the allied armies. The War Secretary, Dundas, exceeded all precedents in ineptitude and administration, and Pitt's war policy was hopelessly wrong. By the beginning of 1795 he saw the folly of continuing the effort, and the Expeditionary Force returned to England in April.

We must now look back to the starting-point of 1793 the war early in 1793. In France the Jacobins did not hold sway undisputed. The revolt of La Vendée gathered all the elements which still held to Church and King, but by the end of the year it had been crushed. In the south of France the movement promised to do better, the more so because Admiral Hood, with the British fleet in the Mediterranean, was available to help the monarchists. Marseilles, Lyons, and Toulon declared for Louis XVII. The Republicans soon dealt with Marseilles, and marched on Toulon. In August, Hood took possession of the port, and a motley mixture of troops was gathered to defend it. Spaniards, Sardinians, Neapolitans, Piedmontese and French Royalists were reinforced from Gibraltar in October by fifteen hundred British, including The Second Royals, only four hundred and twenty strong. The battalion was engaged in the defence of Fort Mulgrave with a detachment of artillery, and beat back a strong body of Republicans, getting little help from their various allies. A later assault on a battery on the heights of Arenes was so impetuously done that it carried the attackers into the arms of strong enemy supports, and they lost heavily. By December the
The difficulty of holding fifteen miles of defences with so motley a collection of forces became too great; the Republicans broke through, and Hood decided to destroy the shipping and arsenal and to embark his troops to a pleasanter climate. The Royals covered the evacuation, and Lieut. Ironmonger was the last officer to quit the dockyard gates. An extra aide-de-camp to Lord Mulgrave, who commanded the British land forces, was Mr. Thomas Graham, of Balgowan, a gentleman of over forty, who had taken to soldiering at that ripe age to assuage a private grief. He afterwards became Lord Lynedoch and Colonel of The Royals, with whom he thus made acquaintance at the outset of his remarkable career.

With the besieging army was a young lieutenant-colonel of artillery, Napoleon Bonaparte by name, to whose brilliant capacity the Republican success was mainly due.

From Toulon the fleet moved to Hyères Bay with its burden of disheartened troops, and by February 7 had begun an assault on the French in Corsica destined to prove of rather more military value than the bungle at Toulon. The Corsicans under Paoli had already invited British protection, and Lieut.-Colonel (afterwards Sir John) Moore had surveyed the French strength, not very accurately as events proved. The first task for the landing party, which included The Second Royals, was to secure the shores of the Gulf of San Fiorenzo, so that the fleet might ride there safely. On a promontory commanding the entrance to the inlet stood a strong masonry tower called Martello,¹ and another like it, called Fornali,² stood by the shore.

¹ Correctly Mortella.
² Often but incorrectly called Farinole or Fornelli.
to the south of Martello. Behind Fornali was the 1794 powerful Convention Redoubt. David Dundas, who was in command of the military arm, failed in his first attack on the Martello, and Moore found the Convention Redoubt (which he hoped to take from the rear) altogether too strong for an assault. Two days later Dundas so damaged the Martello by artillery fire that it surrendered, and Moore begged that the guns should be taken up the rocks to batter down the Redoubt. It was a desperate labour, and the sailors and The Royals between them carried the heavy pieces up the almost perpendicular heights on their shoulders. After a heavy cannonade, Moore, with The Royals and the Fifty-first, moved on the night of February 17 to the assault. The Fiftieth, with the Twenty-fifth and some Corsicans, attacked from other points. The Royals were the first to rush the French works, and the Redoubt was captured.

Bastia, an important fortified town across the mountains on the eastern shore, and Calvi were next besieged and taken, and the Corsicans then solemnly declared themselves subjects of King George. The French were no longer masters of Corsica, and The Royals were garrisoned at Bastia and Calvi for nearly two years, John Drinkwater, a major of the battalion, being Secretary of the Military Department of the Kingdom of Corsica.

But the island was not long a British possession. The French threatened Elba, and The Royals were detached to hold it. The Corsicans began to be proud of their compatriot Bonaparte, and plotted against the British; so Corsica was evacuated and the rest of

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1 Full details of the operations are given in Moore's "Diary," printed in the Records.
The Fringe of the French War

the troops joined The Royals at Elba. Then Elba was given up, and the British regiments went by way of Gibraltar to Lisbon. There they remained until June of 1799, when they returned to England.

We must now return to the doings of the first battalion, which had sailed for Jamaica in January 1790. One of the results of the French Revolution was to spread republican principles to the French West Indies, and particularly to the Island of St. Domingo (now the black Republic of Hayti). Paris set going an organization called the "Negro's Friends," which preached the equality of black and white. Commissioners were sent out by the Revolutionary Government to establish the rights of man, and they supported the blacks against the whites, with the result that a bloody rising followed. The white planters appealed for help to the British Governor of Jamaica.

The Home Government delayed action, but sent more troops to Jamaica.

When war broke out between France and England, the unhappy French Royalists in St. Domingo again pleaded for help, and in September some battalions were sent from Jamaica to seize Jeremie and the Mole of St. Nicholas in St. Domingo.

It was not until the next February that The Royals were sent to join them at Jeremie and to help in the operations against the French republican troops. They made a spirited and successful attack on the fortress at L'Acal, and did heroic things in other small engagements. Yellow fever proved a far more terrible foe than the French and the negroes. Only four hundred strong when it landed in February, the battalion shrank until there were only one hundred and twenty-three in September, and though drafts
Death and St. Domingo

from home brought the number up to two hundred 1794 and forty-seven by December only one hundred and forty-eight were returned as fit for duty.

When the new year opened the seven battalions 1795 on the island could muster only eleven hundred men in condition to fight. Despite all this the troops managed to hold most of their positions in St. Domingo until the end of 1796. Some idea of the horrible 1796 conditions may be gathered from a report dated July, which tells of one hundred and twenty-nine officers and five thousand seven hundred and twenty men (of all regiments) lost between October 1793 and March 1796, whereas only one hundred fell in action. Of this grim total The Royals contributed five officers and four hundred men. It is difficult in these days of preventive medicine to realize what campaigning in tropical countries meant during the eighteenth century. But this terrible test of the regiment’s constancy came to an end in the following year, when 1797 the stricken remnant of The Royals returned to England—ten officers, forty-five (!) sergeants, twelve drummers, eighty-eight rank and file fit and a few sick. The next year the battalion went to Ireland, 1798 but it does not appear that it took any direct part in the unhappy task of stamping out the Irish Rebellion of ’ninety-eight.

In the last year of the century the ranks of the first 1799 battalion were filled by recruits from the Irish Militia, and two hundred and twenty-three joined The First Royals.

In order that we may round off the century in this chapter, reference may be made to the part taken by the second battalion in the campaign in North Holland of 1799.
The Dutch had been under French dominion since 1794, and as Napoleon was busy in Egypt, the British and Russian Governments determined to release Holland from her servitude and re-establish the Prince of Orange. The Royals were included in Major-General John Moore's Brigade of the force which landed in the north of Holland at the Helder. The disembarkation was fiercely resisted by the French and Dutch, but was effected successfully, and the menacing batteries of the Helder Fort were evacuated the same night. The Dutch fleet hoisted the Orange flag and was transferred to Great Britain. But the heart of the Dutch nation was not in the movement for its own emancipation from the French yoke, and the campaign dragged on to an inconclusive end. In one action however, that of Egmont-op-Zee, a struggle amongst sandhills, The Royals did good service, and the name appears amongst their battle honours. For all that, their losses were so trifling when compared with those of the other regiments of the brigade that it is difficult to think that they played a prominent part in that very inconclusive battle. The brigade was not engaged in the heavy action which took place four days later. An armistice soon followed, and a foolish campaign was closed with the return of the whole army to England at the end of the month.

So far the war of the French Revolution had given The Royals work in various small and inglorious campaigns, but the dawn of the new century was to see them on larger fields.
CHAPTER XI

THE NAPOLEONIC WAR, EGYPT: 1801–1803

The Mediterranean Situation—Second Battalion in Egypt—
The Landing in Aboukir Bay—Battles of March 13 and March 21, 1801—The end of French rule in Egypt—
Troubles at Gibraltar.

The story of the service of The Royal Scots in Egypt will not be intelligible without a brief outline of the events which led to the great operations in the eastern Mediterranean. The regiment had met the young Bonaparte at Toulon, but had not yet been concerned in any of the campaigns which he had led as general. The early part of the war had witnessed England wasting her strength in futile operations in the West Indies, where, as we have seen, sickness slew fifty times more than the enemy's steel and bullet. In 1795, England, Russia, and Austria had agreed to join forces against France, but our two allies behaved in a most unsatisfactory, not to say treacherous fashion. This year saw the Directory as the governing power in Paris, and Bonaparte as General of the Interior. The Treasury was empty, and successful war the only hope of France. In 1796 Carnot, Minister of War, sent Bonaparte to command the French army operating
The Campaign in Egypt

1796 against the Austrians in Italy: his success was immediate. Sardinia and Naples collapsed at once and broke away from their Austrian allies. Lombardy and the Papal States were plundered.

The Italian peninsula, with its welter of jealous little powers, was at the mercy of Bonaparte if the British navy could be enticed or driven from the Mediterranean. Spain went over to the French side, and the British fleet evacuated the inland sea. Never had things looked blacker. Pitt and his associates had bungled in every direction at home and abroad: in domestic affairs, in foreign policy, and in the conduct of the war. Ireland was aflame with just discontent, and invasion threatened. Lazare Hoche tried a descent on Ireland at the end of 1796 but failed.

The year 1797 saw the mutiny at the Nore. Austria ceased fighting with France, and Britain was isolated. Pitt tried to make peace but failed. The foolish operations in the West Indies kept the bulk of British troops tied there.

Bonaparte began to dream of the Mediterranean as a French sea, of a French Egypt, of a final and successful invasion of England, and of himself as supreme Governor of France.

1798 In 1798 he committed the Directory to the seizing of Malta and the invasion of Egypt, but it was a blunder. He sailed from Toulon in May, but he counted without British sea-power. A fleet under Nelson returned to the Mediterranean at the end of the same month, but at first was very unlucky in the search for the French expedition and its convoying force of warships. Bonaparte took Malta easily on June 9, but passing round Crete on his way to Egypt got to Alexandria after Nelson had reached there and
Bonaparte's Conquest of Egypt

had sailed away again on his search. On July 25, 1798 Bonaparte entered Cairo, and on August 7 proceeded to the conquest of Lower Egypt.

Meanwhile Nelson came back and annihilated the Aug. 1 French fleet at the battle of the Nile.

Bonaparte and his army were tied to the soil they had so easily conquered, but Nelson left only a small blockading fleet and sailed to Naples. There Lady Hamilton nursed his Nile wound and committed her patient and lover to his fantastic policy in help of Naples. So it happened that by October 1799 Bonaparte had eluded the British cruisers off the coast of Egypt and returned to France, after his Syrian campaign, which was broken by Sydney Smith and the British fleet at Acre. He left his army under Kléber's command, and found France ready to acclaim his picturesque campaigns in the East as the work of one who could solve their domestic disorders. By Nov. 9 the Directory had been superseded by a Consulate of Three based on an elaborate and quite unworkable constitution, and by Christmas Day he was First Consul with despotic powers.

This very rapid sketch has been necessary in order to show Bonaparte's position at the beginning of 1800. Henceforward he was the pivot on which swung the world's activities until his final fall at Waterloo.

His first task was a complete reorganization and unification of the civil government of France, and very swiftly and thoroughly was it done.

The Allies on their side were poorly organized for successful war. Russia had broken with England and Austria as the result mainly of the incredible follies and treacheries of the Austrians; the British army was scattered and disorganized. A scheme was worked
The Campaign in Egypt

out in 1799 for a Mediterranean campaign directed from Minorca, which was well garrisoned by the British, against Malta and the French army posted between Toulon and Genoa, but it was abandoned. By May 1800, however, Abercromby was appointed Commander-in-Chief of all our forces in the Mediterranean, and reached Leghorn on July 1. The King and Queen of Naples were there with Nelson and the Hamiltons, and besought him to land his troops to defend Naples, but he resisted their entreaties and sailed for Malta. His army of 5000 was useless to resist the French, flushed as they were with the success of Marengo, and he sailed for Port Mahon, Minorca, then a British base. Meanwhile Bonaparte had detached Russia from England by promising Malta to the Tsar, and had brought Spain within his influence. Abercromby was then ordered to harry the Spanish arsenals at Ferrol, Vigo, and Cadiz, and, on his way, to pick up reinforcements at Gibraltar. We may now return to the private concerns of the regiment.

Early in the year 1800 the first battalion moved from Ireland to Scotland and later to England, where it remained till the end of the year, and the second was also in England until August. The seniority of the regiment gave it the privilege earlier in the year of organizing a famous experiment, which later was to produce great results. It was decided to form a battalion of riflemen, and a squad of two sergeants, two corporals, and thirty privates was drafted into this new unit from each of fourteen regiments, including The Second Royals. The men were chosen by officers of The Royals. After a period of training all these squads

1 See Badges and Records of the British Army, by Chichester and Short.
The Royals organize The Rifle Brigade

returned to their own regiments, except the three from 1800 The Royals, the Twenty-seventh and Seventy-ninth. These were ordered to join the force under Lieut.-General Pulteney which landed in August on the coast of Spain to attack the fortress of Ferrol, as part of the operations conducted by Sir Ralph Abercromby.

The second battalion as well as the experimental Rifle Corps was with Pulteney. After some skirmishes which revealed the strength of the position, the general decided that an assault would not be successful and re-embarked his force to join Abercromby, then about to attack Cadiz. The Rifle Corps, however, had eight wounded, a baptism of fire for the unit which was afterwards to develop into the Rifle Brigade. The operations against Cadiz were also ineffective, and Abercromby's force, considerably depressed, moved to Gibraltar. Included in it were The Second Royals and three companies of the First in the new guise of riflemen.

Meanwhile Malta had fallen to the British arms on September 5, and by the end of October Abercromby was launched by orders from home on a campaign against the French in Egypt. A month later his two divisions were assembled at Malta, but did not sail for his objective until December. It was not until the 30th that his fleet and transports cast anchor in Marmorice Bay, Asia Minor, not far from Rhodes, in order to get in touch with his Turkish allies.

The latter proved to be hopelessly unprepared and 1801 inefficient, and Abercromby had to trust to himself. The French general, Kléber, who succeeded Bonaparte in the command in Egypt, had been killed, and General Menou was in charge. On March 1, 1801, the British fleet anchored in Aboukir Bay, but heavy weather delayed the disembarkation until the 8th.
In the dead of night a first line of fifty-eight flat boats, each holding some fifty soldiers, rowed silently from the fleet to their appointed stations near the shore. Behind them came a second line of eighty-four cutters loaded with soldiers, a third line of thirty-seven launches with the field-guns, and some sailors behind these again in fourteen more. By nine o'clock the order was given to land, and the boats pulled in under cover of fire from the escorting gunboats. The French, who had been watching from the sand dunes, disappeared, but as the British neared the shore a tempest of shot and shell burst on them from the castle of Aboukir. One boat was sunk outright, and the enemy's musketry did much execution. The landing was made on a front of about a mile, south of a big sandhill, and until the boats grounded the invaders made no answer. The men leaped ashore, formed rapidly, and broke through the Frenchmen, who still fired volleys into the boats and stabbed at the waders with their bayonets. Major-General Moore was in command; the first three regiments to land on the right followed him up the great sandhill, the summit of which was held by a half-brigade of French. It was a wild scramble, followed by some bloody work with the bayonet at the top, and the French broke and fled, leaving four guns. Meanwhile the rest of the troops had done almost as well, and The Royals, with the Fifty-fourth, drove back the French infantry in brilliant fashion on the left.

In twenty minutes the British had secured their landing, as accomplished a tactical adventure as the records of the army can show. It is comparable with the superb exploits of the British in 1915 at Gallipoli,

The Landing at Aboukir Bay

where The Royals renewed the glories of their fore-runners of 1801. Abercromby's troops were now eleven miles from Alexandria, on the strip of land, averaging about two miles in width, which divides the sea from the salt lake of Aboukir, or Maadieh. Abercromby's front faced west and his flanks rested on the two shores, and as his gunboats had entered the salt lake, he had naval aid on both flanks, and a water line of supply. The French main army was at Cairo, under Menou, and the garrison of Alexandria,

under Friant, moved out about five miles from the city to meet Abercromby. There was a garrison at Aboukir Castle, but this was contained by two British brigades. Friant's position covered the point where the Aboukir lake ended, and was divided from the adjacent lake of Mareotis by a dyke. It was called the Roman Camp, and, as it stood high, commanded Abercromby's force as it approached from the east. Friant's guns were posted there.

On March 12 the British had moved to within a mile and a half of this position, and early on the 13th Abercromby attacked in three parallel columns, The Royal Scots in the centre.
After strenuous fighting the French fell back on a line of fortifications known as the Heights of Nicopolis. The honours of this engagement were with two Highland regiments, the Ninetieth and Ninety-second, which were the advanced guard. Between them they had nearly four hundred casualties, whereas The Royals only lost twenty-five. The defective eyesight of Abercromby prevented him appreciating the strength of the French positions, and made the success more costly than perhaps it need have been. However, he had captured five guns and secured the Roman Camp, which was forthwith entrenched. But the unwholesome climate played havoc with the British, already inferior in numbers, and Menou was bringing up his Cairo troops to Alexandria. On the other hand Abercromby was awaiting reinforcements from India as well as some Turkish allies, and Menou decided to advance against him. This was on March 21. The attack failed, but The Royals had a severe ordeal when both the French sharpshooters and their artillery poured in a hail of lead. The action lasted from dawn until ten o’clock in the morning, and the regiment lost nine killed and seventy-three wounded. Next came the capture of Rosetta city and the siege of the fort of St. Julian, during which The Royals were posted with a covering force at Hamed, on the Nile. After St. Julian surrendered, the regiment moved with General Hutchinson’s force towards Cairo, and arrived within sight of the Pyramids on June 1.

The French surrendered Cairo soon afterwards, and the British, with their Turkish allies, reduced Alexandria by September.

So it was that The Royals played their part in destroying Bonaparte’s dream of a French Empire in
The French Expelled

the east. His army evacuated Egypt, and for the first time for many years British arms had achieved a real success not only worthy of the military effort, but notable in its effect on international politics. The Sphinx and the word "Egypt" on their colours record these doings. The second battalion was back at Gibraltar in December, and remained there during the whole of the following year, 1802. There is nothing pleasant to record of this period of garrison duty.

"Immorality, laxity of all military rule and insubordination among the men prevailed to an alarming extent. The troops on parade presented a slovenly appearance and want of uniformity in their dress and appointments, while inaccuracy in their movements was apparent to every observer. Discipline was at the lowest ebb; the men were often in a disgraceful state of intoxication, and no unprotected female could walk the streets, even in the daytime, without being subject to insult, and sometimes brutal violence."¹ When matters were at their worst, H.R.H. Edward, Duke of Kent, Colonel of the regiment, came out as Governor, with instructions to correct the state of affairs which existed.

The Duke gripped the nettle firmly, and despite lukewarm aid from his subordinates, set about disciplinary measures of adequate severity.

This sudden change, and the severe punishment meted out in those days to offenders, produced the inevitable results amongst the bad characters to be found in every garrison and battalion. A party of the battalion got drunk on Christmas Eve, forced open the barrack gates and rushed to the barracks of another regiment, with a view to inducing them to join. Having failed in this attempt, another

¹ History of the Fifty-fourth Foot.

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barracks was visited, but the alarm had been given. The Grenadier company of the battalion, stationed there, was formed under arms, and received the mutineers with a volley, killing and wounding several of them. This brought the remainder to their senses, and order was restored. On the next night, a party of another corps broke barracks, and attacked the barracks of The Royals. A party of the battalion being under arms, and coming up to assist in quelling the disturbance, received some of the fire which had been directed on this corps, one man being killed and five wounded. This acted as a cold douche on the disorderly spirits, and discipline was soon restored. It is not a pretty picture, but the blame is to be laid at the door not so much of The Royals, but of the army system then prevailing, which alternated between gross slackness and arbitrary severity. In April 1803 the second battalion returned to England, but re-embarked for the West Indies in May.

Fig. 15.—Grenadier's Bearskin and Cap Plâte, 1768–1802.
CHAPTER XII

ST. LUCIA, WEST INDIES, INDIA, AMERICA, 1801-1816

Seizure of Island of St. Martin—Life in the West Indies—Demerara and Berbice—St. Lucia—Depleted ranks—Service in India—Campaign against the United States—Changes in uniform.

We must now return to the doings of the first battalion.

In February 1801 it sailed for the West Indies to take part in the expedition against the Swedish and Danish islands. Sweden and Denmark had joined with Russia in an armed neutrality in the interests of France and against England. Lt.-General Thomas Trigge was in chief command, and on March 24 a landing on the Danish island of St. Martin was made successfully. The Royals were to the fore, but the Governor showed more discretion than valour, and after his surrender the battalion was divided. Six companies remained there in garrison, and four went on to the capture of St. Thomas and Santa Cruz. A home letter of this time from St. Martin's, written by Lieut. John Gordon of the regiment, gives a picture of life on these colonial expeditions and shows that fighting was tempered by occasional diversions—

"I intended to have written to you by last Packet, but a sudden call to leave the island on business prevented me. I
In the West Indies

1801 have now been near three months in this country, and tho’ I cannot say I am much in love with it, I think I shall stand the climate. We are fortunate in being stationed in this island, which is one of the healthiest in the West Indies. Some of the captured islands are quite the reverse, particularly St. Croix, where the 64th Regiment, which came out along with us, has already lost three officers, and upwards of 150 men. There is four companies of the Royal detached at St. Thomas, and we have lost there two officers and 50 men; our loss here is one officer and seventeen men. The officer we lost here went to St. Thomas to pass a few days with his friends, and only lived one day after his return. Tho’ this island be healthy, it is one of the hottest in the country. The heat is so excessive, that we can scarcely stir out of the house from nine o’clock in the morning till three in the afternoon. The inhabitants here like the British Government and pay us every attention. Colonel Nicholson of ours is Commandant of the Island, and the Council have voted him £2,000 Sterling a year for his table. He gave a Ball and Supper on the 4th inst., in honour of His Majesty’s birthday which cost him 300 guineas. It was known in the Island for several weeks that he was to give a Ball on that day, and the Ladies, who are excessively fond of finery, were at uncommon pains on this grand occasion. There was many dresses which I was told (and from their appearance I don’t doubt it) cost upwards of £150 Sterling.”

In August 1801 General Lord Adam Gordon died, and was succeeded in the Colonelcy of The Royal Regiment by his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, from the 7th Royal Fusiliers.

A return dated 1802 shows that of 1290 men in the battalion 223 were “convicts, culprits, and deserters.” Many of these, doubtless, were Irish rebels, good fighting material, but an awkward team to drive. The West Indian captures did not long remain British, for by the Treaty of Amiens they were restored to their original owners. Some of The Royals were moved to Antigua. Others were quartered at St. Kitts in 1803, when war broke out again in July.

In September, 650 of The Royals, with other troops, went on an expedition against the Batavian Republic in South America. There was no fighting, for
PLATE VII.—LORD ADAM GORDON,
TWELFTH COLONEL, 1782-1801.

Born about 1726, youngest son of the second Duke of Gordon. Colonel of the 66th, 1763; Major-General 1772; Colonel of the Cameronians 1775; Lieut.-General 1777; Commander of the Forces in Scotland 1789; General 1793. Died 1801.
Essequibo, Demerara, and Berbice surrendered, and in 1803 Major Hardyman was complimented on his skill in getting the Dutch prisoners to enlist on the British side. From 1805 to 1812 the first battalion was on garrison duty at various West Indian stations and at Demerara and Berbice, varied by occasional fighting, but not of sufficient importance to merit detailed description.

Meanwhile, the second battalion had gone, in 1803, to the West Indies with the expedition against the French island of St. Lucia. The Royals led a gallant assault with the Sixty-fourth against the strong post of Morne Fortunée, and carried it with the bayonet. The pluck of one officer deserves especial mention. Captain Johnstone, who had already been wounded in Holland and in Egypt, owing to his lameness from the last-mentioned wound, was carried at the head of the light company and literally thrown into the fort, which he was the second man to enter. The Royals altogether did so well that the King added "St. Lucia" to the Colours. The island of Tobago surrendered without fighting in July. They remained on garrison duty in Tobago and Dominica during 1804, and there and in other islands in 1805, where they met some of the first battalion.

They were back in England by January of 1806, their ranks tragically depleted; indeed the strength was returned as "1 rank and file fit, 53 sick, 30 on command, 704 wanting." The deficiencies were partly made up
In British India

1806 during 1806 from their own third and fourth battalions (of which more hereafter), and from other regiments. The latter source shows that the First Foot were popular.

1807 Early in 1807 grave difficulty arose with the Sepoys in the service of the East India Company, and the spirit of insubordination was rife throughout India. The second battalion was ordered to embark, and filled its ranks from the third and fourth battalions. The voyage was long and trying, and the story is set out in a journal kept by the Fife-Major of the regiment, who was on board the transport Coutts. There was great scarcity of water, and in consequence much sickness. They had been five months afloat when The Royals landed at Penang, or Prince of Wales Island, on September 18, for their first Indian service. The barracks were temporary sheds, lightly built of stakes covered with cocoanut leaves. As the diarist picturesquely says: "When it came to blow hard, the barracks had the appearance of waving corn in harvest." Beds there were none, and the buffalo beef and rice was very sorry fare, which made the soldiers "long for the flesh pots of that land we had left."

The Grenadier company, which had sailed in the Surat Castle, had an even longer and more eventful voyage. The ship was so leaky that she parted with the main fleet, and if the Grenadiers had not worked the pumps night and day as she made for Rio Janeiro she would certainly have gone down. Presumably the exercise was useful, for they had little sickness, but one was struck down by a thunderbolt, and another killed by the natives of an island where they touched for soft water. On this latter adventure, the landing party
only got back to the boat by the skin of its teeth. Many of them were a good deal battered in the retreat, and some remained on shore as prisoners of the natives. This did not please The Royal Scots, so they landed again fully armed and marched to the town where the King lived. The natives did not like the look of them, and there was no opposition until they got into the presence of his Majesty. One of them, named John Love, then took the trembling Nabob by the neck and shook him like a rat. At this point the royal suite made prudent haste to restore the prisoners to their angry messmates, and so all returned on board in great content. By the end of the year, six hundred and thirty-one of the regiment were at Madras, and three hundred and forty-one at Penang, where many died of disease. By the following February, the adventurous Grenadiers arrived and joined the rest of the battalion at Wallajahabad, but the climate started to make short work of the whole regiment, and they sought salvation by going to the sea at Sadoras. By that time they could only muster five hundred effectives, and in the first day’s march three hundred of these fell sick, chiefly of brain fever. This was going from bad to worse, so they turned tail and marched back to Wallajahabad, carrying with them a hundred and fifty men who were unable to march.
The sergeant who has already been quoted was also careful to set down how the spiritual needs of the battalion were met. "We had prayers read for the first time since we came to this country, by the Adjutant, who had fifty pagados a month for doing the duty of chaplain. But this was, I think, little short of making a mock of the divine ordinance, for here was truly 'like people, like priest.'"

It is to be hoped that the Adjutant was, in a more recent phrase, "an ecclesiastically-minded layman," because the return of births shows it was part of his duty to baptize all the children born in the regiment. In any case, it is clear that the adjutancy of The Royal Scots was no sinecure.

The battalion was in garrison and on campaign at various places in India from 1809 to 1816, but saw very little active service during this period. That does not mean that they had an easy time. The constant moves were trying work, as the roads through the jungles were no more than rough tracks, and rations were very irregular both in quality and quantity. The troops always travelled barefoot, because no shoes were obtainable and the tracks were sand or puddles, and a march of sixteen miles would often take nine hours.

There was some excitement during 1811, when the battalion was quartered at Masulipatam. There were murders and suicides by men who had run amok, and a still less pleasant incident was a plot engineered by the Roman Catholic privates against their Protestant comrades, which, however, was discovered before mischief was done. At this time only about thirty per cent. of the men were Scots as against about fifty per cent. Irish, and the rest English. The year 1812 brought
Garrison Duty

a slight diversion, when four companies were sent 1812 to Quilon, in Travancore, to suppress a mutiny amongst the Company's native troops. The year 1816

Fig. 19.—Chaco Plate, 1813-1816.

was the last of comparative quiet, but the second 1816 battalion's exploits in 1817 must be dealt with in chapter XV.

We now return to the doings of the first battalion. The strong sympathy between France and the United
The American Campaign

States, and the help which the States rendered to Napoleon in carrying out his policy of destroying British commerce, led to a state of war between Great Britain and the States in 1812. The first battalion of The Royals was ordered to proceed to Quebec from Demerara and the West Indian islands over which it was scattered. At an inspection which took place in June, it was clear that the battalion was not in good fettle for active service. It contained three hundred of the rawest recruits, and two hundred and twenty-six privates were on the sick list. Discipline cannot have been of the best, for the inspecting general found that there had been a hundred and fifty-three courts-martial. This is hardly to be wondered at, for there was much opportunity for racial bickering. The battalion was now Scots only in name, for of the total strength of twelve hundred, five hundred and five were Irish, three hundred and fifty-two English, and fifty-six foreigners. They set out for Canada in seven transports, but one of them, the Samuel and Sarah, carrying three officers and a hundred and fifty-six rank and file, was captured by an American privateer. The report of the master of the ship, one Samuel Sower, has survived. When the enemy frigate approached, the mate who kept the watch thought it was the ship of the commodore of the escorting British squadron. When its captain invited Sower to heave to, he replied that he must first signal to his commodore. To this the Yankee answered that any such proceeding would result in a broadside which would sink the transport. Sower then consulted with Lieut. Hopkins, who was in command of The Royal Scots, and, as they agreed that the smallest signal or resistance would be attended with great slaughter,
Caught by a Privateer

they yielded the ship as a prize. The American 1812 captain stipulated that the whole of the arms and ammunition should be given up, and that the troops should give their parole not to serve against the United States unless regularly exchanged, but the officers were to retain their swords. Master Sower had to ransom his ship by giving bills for twelve thousand dollars, but, that done, they were allowed to proceed to Halifax. By September, their parole was cancelled by the exchange of the crew of a captured Yankee ship. The rest of the year was taken up with marching and counter-marching, but there was no fighting.

In January 1813 the battalion was divided between Montreal and Quebec, and its composition was again exercising the minds of the headquarters staff. Lt.-General George Provost wrote to the Commander-in-Chief about the great number of Frenchmen serving in the regiment. He considered them "a very improper class of soldiers to serve in Canada, where the French language was so generally spoken, and the habits and manners of the mass of the population assimilates the French." In May, a small detachment of the battalion was engaged in the attack on Sackett's Harbour, and in the
The American Campaign

1813 following month two companies seized a strong post occupied by the Americans at Sodus, where a quantity of stores was captured. Four companies of the battalion then enjoyed a change of service, for they were embarked on board the fleet to serve as marines. From July to October the rest of the battalion was busy with skirmishing engagements, and in December the Grenadier company assisted in the storming and capture of Fort Niagara. They sustained no loss, but it was a brilliant bit of work and won them high praise. After this success five companies crossed the Niagara river and were employed on December 29 in storming the enemy batteries at Black Rock and Buffalo. This time they did not escape so easily, for they had fifty-one casualties, mostly incurred while they were landing from batteaux under a heavy fire. Their courage and skill in these operations is the more notable when it is remembered that they were carried out in the rigours of a Canadian winter and without any of the comforts which soften such work for modern armies.

1814 Early in 1814 the battalion was posted on the enemy’s frontier, but they did not get to close quarters until the beginning of March. A strong body of Americans was then posted at Long Wood, near Delaware town, well fortified on a hill and protected by timber breastworks. The light companies of The Royals and of the Eighty-ninth (now merged in Princess Victoria’s Royal Irish Fusiliers) made a frontal attack in a most gallant manner, while some other detachments attempted flanking movements, but unfortunately they had to retire without dislodging the enemy. No more success attended a severe engagement on July 5,
in which The Royals lost seventy-eight killed and a great many more wounded. This reverse was followed by the surrender to the enemy of Fort Erie. None of The Royals, however, was in the garrison, and they returned to Fort George at the end of July. They took part in the violent engagements near the Falls of Niagara, when the British division under Lieut.-General Drummond, himself an old Royal Scot, was attacked by the Americans. Drummond's official report of the engagement is full of praise for The Royals, who behaved with perfect steadiness and intrepid gallantry, and excited his warmest admiration. Still better, the enemy's attack was repulsed and his retreat considerably harassed. The distinguished bravery then shown was rewarded by the royal permission to bear Niagara on the colours of the regiment. In August the British attacked Fort Erie, but with no success, and eight companies of The Royals carried out with great steadiness the trying duty of covering the retreat. In September the enemy made a sortie, and it was largely owing to the fine performances of the regiment that it was driven back, but at the cost of the life of Lt.-Colonel Gordon.

In January 1815 the battalion left Fort Niagara for Queenston, and later
Introduction of the Chaco

1815 for Quebec, but peace soon followed with the United States, and they sailed for England in July.

About eighty years afterwards, on July 25, 1893, the remains of three soldiers of The Royal Scots, found on a farm near Niagara, were reburied with fitting solemnity at Lundy's Lane, when Canon Houston, in an eloquent address, rehearsed the gallant deeds of the heroic Scots.

The beginning of the century saw a great change in the uniform of the army. In the year 1800 the time-honoured cocked hat was discarded in favour of a cylindrical chaco of lacquered felt with a leather peak and an upright tuft or plume. On the chaco was fixed a thin brass plate. This applied not only to the battalion and light companies, but also to the Grenadier company when not wearing the bear-skin cap (see Fig. 15). Side views of the privates' and officers' chacos are shown in Figs. 16 and 17, and of the chaco plate in Fig. 18.

When the title of the regiment was changed early in 1812, to "The Royal Scots," the new chaco was furnished with a plate, illustrated in Fig. 19, with the Sphinx to commemorate the Egyptian campaign. The pattern of belt-plate established in 1800 seems to have lasted until 1816 (Fig. 20).

There are two especial points of interest in the arming of The Royals during this period. In May 1796 an order was issued directing that officers' swords should be straight and made to cut and thrust, but the regiment certainly did not conform with this, as the sword used had a blade of the Andrea Ferrara pattern (Fig. 21). It is possible that this type was

1 See p. 157. The date there given is February 11, but some chroniclers give January 31.
Uniform and Equipment

used by officers in The Royals before 1796, but it is clear that during the Peninsular War the regimental sword was unique in the British Army. In 1812 also The Royals wore a gorget, the last decorative survival of defensive armour, which was distinguished from that used by other regiments by reason of the ornaments being "laid on" instead of engraved (Fig. 22).

Fig. 22.—Officer's Gorget, 1812.
CHAPTER XIII

THE THIRD BATTALION IN THE PENINSULA, 1808-1814

Captain Waters' adventure—Corunna—The interlude of Walcheren—Busaco—Fuentes d'Onor—First use of name "Royal Scots"—Salamanca—Vittoria—Siege of San Sebastian—Nive.

The continual threat of invasion by Napoleon at the beginning of the nineteenth century resulted in a considerable expansion of the Army, not only by the creation of new regiments, but also in the enlistment of new battalions for the older units. The Royal Scots, whose boast it is that they alone have never had less than two battalions, were increased to four.

On December 1, 1804, new headquarters were established at Hamilton, near Glasgow, but recruiting went slowly for a time. During the thirteen years the extra battalions were in being, not only did they perform prodigies of valour as service battalions in their own right, but they were also used for supplying very substantial drafts to the first and second battalions, as has already been noted. There is, however, small record, other than inspection reports, etc., for the first few years of their existence, and they were quartered in many different barracks in the three kingdoms.

It was not until September 1808 that the third
Captain Waters' Exploit

battalion was embarked for service in Spain. There is no need to set out here the origin of the Peninsular campaigns. Both Spaniards and Portuguese were resisting Napoleon's attempt at world empire, and Great Britain sent a considerable force to their aid under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington. He sailed in July, and was followed by further corps, one of them under Sir Harry Burrard and Sir John Moore. The latter had already tested the quality of The Royals in Corsica and Egypt.

The battalion landed in October at Corunna with further reinforcements under Sir David Baird, who was to act under Moore in the new campaign in Northern Spain. The two forces joined at Majorga on December 20 and advanced to Sahagun, in the province of Leon, and north-west of Valladolid. Near here Captain Waters of The Royals had intercepted an important dispatch from Marshal Berthier, Napoleon's Chief of Staff, to Marshal Soult.

The story of this picturesque incident is finely told by Mr. E. Fraser—

The dispatch announced that the Spanish Armies Sir John Moore was marching to join had been defeated and scattered, and that Madrid had surrendered, and had been in the complete possession of the French for the past ten days. Napoleon himself, the dispatch stated, was rapidly moving at the head of greatly superior forces to attack Moore's army, and orders had been sent to the other French armies in Northern Spain to concentrate and close round the British so as to hold them fast, enormously outnumbered, as in a net. Soult was to push across so as to cut off Moore's retreat and bar him from reaching the coast.

1 Although Wellesley was not yet Duke, it is simpler to call him Wellington throughout this chapter, and so to save any confusion between him and his brother.

2 Captain Waters was not at the time with the battalion, but scouting in advance with the cavalry.

3 In The Soldiers whom Wellington Led.
The dispatch fell into Captain Waters' hands by a strange chance. It had been sent in the care of a young French Staff-Officer, riding very imprudently without an escort. He had ridden safely for over 150 miles until he reached Valdestillos, where he halted at the posting-house—the village inn—to get a fresh horse. The villagers, as it befell, were celebrating a local festival on that day and holding revel, and dancing in front of the inn at the moment the French Officer rode up. In a loud and arrogant tone he called for the innkeeper. The man was dancing among the rest, and shouted back to the Officer that he would have to wait; he was going to finish his dance first. The French Captain lost his temper, swore at the Spaniard, swung himself out of his saddle, and striding in hot anger into the middle of the dancers, roughly laid hold of the innkeeper, and tried to drag him away to go and get the horse. The man resisted, and the girl he had been dancing with joined in the scuffle. She freed her partner, shoving back the Officer, who in a fury shouted in her face a brutal insult. Whipping out a knife from her garter for answer, the girl stabbed the young Frenchman to the heart then and there. The dead man's valise was searched, and the dispatch was found. As that took place, Captain Waters came riding up.

The document was of little use to the Spanish peasants, who had no idea of its importance, nor thought of the British General in the matter. They would, however, not part with it. Captain Waters had to use all his arts of cajolery to get them to give it up to him. The innkeeper refused to let it go for less than twenty dollars. Captain Waters paid that sum, and at once rode off with his find. "The accidental discovery thus obtained was the more valuable," we are told, "as neither money nor patriotism had induced the Spaniards to bring in any information of the enemy's situation."

This important information changed Moore's plans, and might have materially altered the campaign, but for the hopeless failure of his Spanish allies under La Romana. Moreover, Napoleon's move against him was in such superior force that to remain at Sahagun was to invite annihilation. The Emperor, however, was badly served by his intelligence department and made some serious strategical errors.¹ Moore had no

¹ For a discussion of this phase and indeed for the whole history of the campaign, see Oman's History of the Peninsular War.
Retreat to Corunna

delusions as to the difficulty in which he found himself, and began to retreat. The British troops were furious, discipline was much prejudiced, and deserters were many. For all that, the cavalry covered the retreat in most brilliant fashion, and the infantry marched magnificently through most difficult country and in cruel weather. Moore had encouraged his men by hinting that he might make a stand at Astorga, but he moved out of it on the last day of December, thirty-six hours before the troops of Napoleon and Soult came up. The horror of the retreat, with its orgies of pillage and destruction, has never been more dramatically summed up than in one of the pictures in Thomas Hardy’s *The Dynasts*,1 where British deserters are seen lying in a guard-house. Happily for Moore, Napoleon had given up the chase and left it to Soult to destroy the already broken redcoats. The French cavalry harassed the retreat, and cut up hundreds of stragglers, but achieved nothing decisive. On January 11, 1809, the ordeal was over and the main body of the British marched into Corunna under Moore’s eye. The transports ordered to take them off had been delayed by bad weather, so the landward side was entrenched against the inevitable attack by Soult. The action began on January 15, but did not fully develop until the next day. The Royals were in Manningham’s brigade with the Cameronians and the Eighty-first, and formed part of Baird’s division. They seem to have had no part in the earlier struggles at Elvina, in which Moore received his mortal wound, but their turn came in the afternoon. Manningham fell upon

1 As it was presented by Mr. Granville Barker at the Kingsway Theatre in November 1914. The author’s full text is in Part II. Act III. scene 1. of the great epic-drama.
The Walcheren Disaster

1809 the French General Merle’s columns as they were pressing forward to clear the British out of Elvina. The enemy turned on them and for hours the fight went savagely until the British were relieved by the Fifty-first. It would appear that only a small number of The Royals were engaged and no casualty list has been preserved, but the regiment was thanked in general orders for its gallant conduct. The sun set on a British victory, but with Sir John Moore dead. There is no need to tell again here the deathless story of his last hours, but we may well believe that there were no sadder witnesses of that solemn burial at dead of night than The Royals who had so often followed him to victory.

The army embarked soon after and arrived in England worn out and in filthy clothes which had not been changed for three weeks. It was not until 1832 that the honour “Corunna” was ordered to be added to the regimental colours.

By July 16, 1809, the third battalion was embarked again on the disastrous expedition under the Earl of Chatham directed against Walcheren, a Dutch island in the North Sea near the mouth of the Scheldt. By August 7 it was engaged in the siege of Flushing to some purpose, for the enemy made a sortie and were repulsed by the violent fire of The Royals and a gallant charge by the light company of the regiment. Another brilliant attack across the sandhills resulted in the capture of an enemy gun by thirty Royals, and a week later the town surrendered. However, sickness and ill-conceived operations brought the campaign to an end with small glory to any one concerned, and the reader is referred to Captain St. Clair’s memoirs ¹ for further details.

¹ See Records, pp. 304 et seq.
Busaco

By the following March, the third battalion was once more at sea on the way to Portugal, and joined Wellington's army in July, many of them still fever stricken from the effects of Walcheren. They were joined with the Ninth and Thirty-eighth under Barns and three Portuguese brigades to form the Fifth (General Leith's) Division, and although Lord Liverpool had written from home of them, "the period will be very remote when they will be fit for active service," they gave a good account of themselves when it came to fighting.

The position was as follows. The French Marshal Massena was moving from Spain with a huge army and boasted that he would drive the British into the sea. Wellington posted his army on the Serra do Busaco, a long uninterrupted ridge about nine miles long, its sides seamed with ravines, but its summit of sound firm ground. Leith's division with The Royals was on the right, next within Hill's, and astride the San Paulo road crossing the ridge. On September 26 Ney's corps moved forward to reconnoitre and report to Massena, who was in chief command of the French. Junot and Reynier were also at the head of enemy corps, and the latter moved against the British right. The French under Foy stormed the hill with signal bravery, but met with a withering fire. Just as they reached the summit Barns' brigade fell on them and saved the flank of Picton's division from being turned. The Ninth were in front with The Royals in support. Foy was wounded, and his men ran in headlong rout. The battle was won as far as the British right was concerned. On the left Ney put up a magnificent fight but achieved no greater success, and Wellington was left in undisputed command of the ridge. The losses
of The Royals were trivial and indeed their share in the hurling back of Foy was small, for the Ninth did their work so effectually that there was no need for any one to complete the repulse. Nevertheless, Leith reported on them very favourably and "Busaco" is among the battle honours of the regiment.

Massena was checked but no more, and Wellington fell back on the lines of Torres Vedras for the protection of Lisbon. The British entrenchments here were so skilfully conceived and constructed that Massena could do no more than sit down before them, and this condition of stalemate continued until the end of the year.

It was not until March 5, 1811, that Massena fell back from his position at Santarem in the direction of the Spanish frontier. The British followed him, and two months later The Royals were engaged at Fuentes d'Onor, but only lost a few wounded. Ensign John Allen, of the regiment, left a diary of the campaign, from which we gather that the British soldier of that day was of the same careless humour which marks our men in Flanders now. On July 20 the regiment was bivouacked in a wood, "very busily employed in constructing a hut, etc. This place we call Vauxhall, from the woodland scenery and our bands." Vauxhall was then the smart pleasure garden of London. To-day our men label a trench "Park Lane" and a dug-out "Carlton Hotel" in a like merry and reminiscent spirit. Allen's diary is a mine of interesting and humorous stories, but too long to transcribe here, and the further operations of 1811 which it records were not of great military importance. The unreliable Cannon says that The Royals were at the

1 Records, pp. 317 et seq.
storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, but that is untrue. The Fifth Division did not reach the town until the day after its capture.

On February 11 the Prince Regent officially gave the regiment its present name: it was no longer to be called The First, or Royal Regiment of Foot, but "The First Regiment of Foot, or Royal Scots."

In April the third battalion witnessed the storming of Badajos but did not take any part in it, as they were fulfilling the honourable service of personal guard to Wellington.

Salamanca city was evacuated by the French before the British advance in June, and in the subsequent operations which led up to the Battle of Salamanca The Royals had some slight losses. On July 22 Wellington's army was posted on the rocky hills south of the city, around and near the knoll called the Lesser Arapile, which gave the name to the village Arapiles. Marmont was in command of the French, and seized
the bigger knoll called the Greater Arapile, working round to the west to outflank the British right under Pakenham (see Fig. 23). Leith's fifth division (with The Royals in Greville's brigade) was in the centre on the crest of the Lesser Arapile with Cole's fourth division (between 3 and 4 on diagram). He was ordered to advance across the valley and attack the French in front of him, as Pakenham with the Third Division advanced against the enemy's left. Soon after five o'clock Leith was at grips with the French division under Maucune.

The men marched with the same orderly steadiness as at the first: no advance in line at a review was ever more correctly executed: the dressing was admirable, and the gaps caused by casualties were filled up with the most perfect regularity.\(^1\)

The French were drawn up in a line of squares. Leith ordered his line to fire and charge.

In an instant every individual present was enveloped in smoke and obscurity. No serious struggle for ascendency followed, for the French squares were penetrated, broken and discomfited, and the victorious 5th Division pressed forward no longer against troops formed up, but against a mass of disorganized men flying in all directions. . . .

Leith was wounded, Greville the Brigadier was unhorsed, and the Colonel of The Royals fell severely hurt as he led his men to the charge. Major Colin Campbell took up the command, and under his leading the battalion pressed on and drove the broken Frenchmen into the woods.

Salamanca was won and The Royals had done their share nobly, but at the cost of 160 casualties. Not for nothing does Salamanca appear on the colours of the regiment. They continued with Wellington's army

\(^1\) Leith Hay's account.
all that year, but the further operations were not important.

In May 1813, after quitting winter quarters, there was a fresh advance into Spain, and the Allies pressed sharply on the heels of the retreating French. On June 21 Wellington began his attack on the enemy,

who was drawn up before Vittoria. Colin Campbell (Major at Salamanca, and since promoted Brevet Lieut.-Colonel) was in command of the Third Royals, in the left British column (2 on the diagram) under Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch and Colonel of the regiment. The column carried the heights in front and dislodged the enemy with the bayonet. Campbell fell severely wounded and the command devolved on Major Peter Frazer. The Royals crossed the river,
Siege of San Sebastián

1813 turned the enemy's right and cut off his line of retreat. Elsewhere in the field Wellington was no less successful and the French fled towards France, a broken wreck, leaving their colours, guns and stores. Once more the gallantry of The Royals was marked by an addition to their battle honours, and Vittoria adorns their colours.

Their next business was to proceed, still under Graham's command, to the investment of San Sebastian, the last foothold of the French in Spain. On July 17 three companies of the third battalion and one of the Ninth carried an important post with great dash. The batteries then began the work of breaching the walls, a serious matter with so fine a soldier as General Rey conducting the defence. The Royals, under Major Frazer, were detailed for the assault on the great breach, with the Ninth in support. The Forlorn Hope consisted of the light company with twenty men of the Ninth and was led by Lieut. Clarke of the regiment and Colin Campbell, a lieutenant in the Ninth, afterwards known to fame as Lord Clyde. The signal was given at 5 a.m., while it was still dark, and the troops filed out of their trenches and crossed the open stretch of broken and slippery ground.

Unhappily the British batteries had not heard it, and continued firing, so that the stormers were assailed with shot by friend as well as foe. Major Frazer was the first to get to the breach, and broke through with a few men, but was killed as he reached the enemy's ranks. The command then fell to Captain Mullen, who led The Royals in heroic fashion, but the defence was too strong and the breach insufficient. Most of the storming party had lost their direction, and they were dispirited by the confusion and their heavy losses. The
Defenders, flushed with success, poured a frightful fire of grape, bullets and hand grenades from every gun, musket and hand, which tore to pieces the confused and pent-up mass of the stormers. Success being hopeless, the troops were ordered to retire, burning with rage and shame at the want of success which they could not but recognize was largely due to circumstances outside their control.

Graham's dispatches emphasize the heroic nature of the attack and tell how The Royals refused to give way until they received definite orders. "The Royal Regiment proved by the numbers left in the breach (87 were killed, 246 wounded, and 135 prisoners) that it would have been carried, had they not been opposed by real obstacles, which no human prowess could overcome."

Lord Clyde, who commanded the Forlorn Hope, has left the following narrative of the assault—

On arriving within some thirty or forty yards of the demi-bastion on the left of the main front, I found a check. There appeared to be a crowd of some 200 men immediately before me, opposite the front of this work—those in front of this body returning a fire directed at them from the parapet above, and which was sweeping them down in great numbers, and also from an entrenchment which the enemy had thrown across the main ditch, about a yard or two retired from the opening into it. I observed, at the same time, a heavy firing at the breach; and as the larger portion of the right wing appeared to be collected, as I have described, opposite the demi-bastion, it was very manifest that those who had gone forward to the breach were not only weak in numbers for the struggle they had to encounter, but it was apparent they were also unsupported. I endeavoured with the head of detachment to aid some of their own officers in urging and pushing forward this halted body. They had commenced firing, and there was no moving them. Failing in this, I proposed to Lieut. Clarke, who was in command of the light company of The Royals, to lead past the right of these people, in the hope that, seeing us passing them, they might possibly cease firing and follow. I had scarcely made this proposition, when this fine young man was killed,
and several of my own (9th) detachment, as also many of the light company of The Royals, were here killed and wounded. In passing this body with the few of my own people and most of the light company of The Royals, some might have come away, but the bulk remained. Their halting there (opposite the demi-bastion) thus formed a sort of stopping place, between the trenches and the breach, as the men came forward from the former on their way to the latter. On arriving at the breach, I observed the lower parts thickly strewed with killed and wounded. There were a few individual officers and men spread on the face of the breach, but nothing more. These were cheering, and gallantly opposing themselves to the close and destructive fire directed at them from the round tower and other defences on each flank of the breach, and to a profusion of hand-grenades, which were constantly rolling down. In going up, I passed Jones, of the Engineers, who was wounded, and on gaining the top, I was shot through the right hip, and tumbled to the bottom. The breach, though quite accessible, was steep, particularly towards the top, so that all those who were struck on the upper part of it rolled down, as in my own case, to the bottom. Finding, on rising up, that I was not disabled from moving, and observing two officers of The Royals who were exerting themselves to lead some of their men from under the line wall near to the breach, I went to assist their endeavours, and again went up the breach with them, when I was shot through the inside part of the left thigh.

About the time of my receiving my second hit, Captain Arguiembeau, of The Royals, arrived near the bottom of the breach, bringing with him some eighty or ninety men, cheering and encouraging them forward in a very brave manner through all the interruptions that were offered to his advance by the explosion of the many hand-grenades that were dropped upon them from the top of the wall, and the wounded men retiring in the line of his advance (the narrow space between the river and the bottom of the wall). Seeing, however, that whatever previous efforts had been made had been unsuccessful—that there was no body of men nor support near to him, while all the defences of and around the breach were fully occupied and alive with fire, and the party with him quite unequal in itself—seeing also, the many discouraging circumstances under which the attempt would have to be made, of forcing its way through such opposition, he ordered his party to retire, receiving when speaking to me, a shot which broke his arm.

The besiegers were not discouraged by this first failure, and another attempt was made. Behind the great breach which the guns had made in the eastern
Macadam’s Forlorn Hope

wall, however, the French had built a stout interior rampart fifteen feet high, which turned the breach into a death-trap. Never had British soldiers been sent on a more desperate adventure.

On the night of the 29th, a party of seventeen men of The Royals, under Lieut. Macadam of the 9th Foot, performed one of the most gallant actions on record, and one which for devotion has never been surpassed in the military annals of this or any other country. The existence of a big mine in the breach was known, and it was determined to tempt the French to fire it prematurely. The Royals on receiving orders ran from the trenches cheering and shouting. They rushed up the slopes of the breach hoping to make the enemy believe that the assault was imminent. The ruse was unsuccessful, and only Lieut. Macadam returned to the trenches. Here was an enterprise in which either success or failure meant severe wounds if not death, but these men were prepared to sacrifice their lives, all they had to give, so that their comrades might reap the benefit of their sacrifice. Their deed should never be forgotten. The final assault was fixed for the 31st, at 11 a.m., and the battalion, under Lieut.-Colonel Barns, was directed to attack the left of the second breach. The stormers gained the breach and clung to it, but owing to the defences which had been thrown up inside, they could get no further forward. Attack after attack was made, and the men at the

1 This officer, though in command of a Brigade of the 7th Division, led the battalion in attack, owing to the scarcity of senior officers in it. He was transferred to the command of the 1st Brigade, 2nd Division, November 20, 1813. When Barns received his due honours in 1815, including an augmentation to his coat-of-arms, the “supporters” were two privates of The Royal Scots.

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breach were constantly reinforced, and as constantly decimated. The breaching battery now, by order of Sir Thomas Graham, brought their fire to bear on the defenders of the walls, and swept them clean, adding to their discomfiture by the exploding of their magazines. Relieved of the galling fire, a supreme effort carried the stormers over every obstacle, the town was won, and the French retired within the citadel.

It was not for nothing that Graham wrote, "our ultimate success depended on the repeated attacks made by The Royal Scots." Their losses were 53 killed and 145 wounded. The citadel was battered into surrender on September 8.

Never was a battle honour better deserved than when San Sebastian was added to the regimental colours. But their work was not yet done. By an odd turn of Fortune's wheel, this regiment, which had served France so faithfully in the seventeenth century, was the first to set foot in that country when Wellington drove the enemy across his frontier.

On November 10 the French lines on the River Nivelle were attacked, but The Royals were only lightly engaged, so they do not bear Nivelle on their colours. It was otherwise in December, and the battle honour "Nive" marks their gallantry in the attacks and counter attacks near Bayonne. Thus ended 1813, a glorious year in the records of the regiment.

The last fight of the Peninsular War ended sadly for The Royals. They were in the first brigade (still of the Fifth Division) under Major-General Hay, in Sir John Hope's army which was blockading Bayonne. Hay was an old officer of the regiment, and his son George had fallen with them at Vittoria.

On the morning of April 14 the French, to the num-
Close of Peninsular Campaign

...ber of 3000, made a sortie from the citadel, and drove 1813 in our pickets, which were composed of men from Major-General Hay's Brigade on the left, and from the Guards in the centre. Hay 1 was shot dead, just as he gave the command to hold on to the church (at St. Etienne) at all costs. Hay had fought all through the Peninsula, surviving a hundred perils, and was promoted Major-General June 4, 1811. As he went the round of the pickets on the night of his death, he said to his men, with glee, "No more fighting, my lads; now for your homes, wives and sweethearts." Three hours later he himself lay slain. The campaign closed with the last few shots of this night. The slaughter at Bayonne had been not only heavy but purposeless, for two days before Napoleon had abdicated.

The Royals were the last to leave French territory as they had been the first to enter it. They were at home in September, and the word "Peninsula" on their colours marks the deathless story of their exploits.

1 A monument was erected to his memory in the cemetery of the Church of St. Etienne, Bayonne, and near the north door of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, there is another to his memory. He is represented falling into the arms of Valour with a soldier standing by and lamenting the loss of his commander.
CHAPTER XIV

THE CRUSHING OF NAPOLEON, 1815

Third Battalion at Quatre Bras—The attack on the Squares—Waterloo—La Haye Sainte—The Royals and their Colours—The Fourth Battalion—Bergen-op-Zoom.

1815 On February 26 Napoleon left Elba, and reached France on March 1. In three weeks he reinstated himself in power. Measures were instantly concerted by the Allied Sovereigns to meet the danger. An army was hastily assembled in the Netherlands, and placed under the command of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington.

The third battalion embarked in May for Ostend with Lieut.-Colonel Colin Campbell in command. On the night of June 15 it was at Brussels, in Picton’s Fifth Division. When the alarm sounded, The Royals fell in quickly and marched through the dark forest of Soignies. As they were breakfasting there at eight o’clock, news came that the Allies were hard pressed at Quatre Bras, and they left their meal unfinished and set out again. No time was to be lost if the communications between the British and the Prussians were to be saved. Twenty-one miles were covered by
With Picton at Quatre Bras

3 p.m., a great feat for hungry men marching in great heat through suffocating clouds of dust. Arrived at Quatre Bras, the division lined up along the Namur-Nivelle road. The light companies advanced against the French skirmishers and were followed by the whole division (except the Ninety-second), suffering heavily from musketry and heavy gunfire. Battalion squares were formed to resist the fierce assaults of the French cavalry. The Forty-second and Forty-fourth were surrounded in an especially exposed position: Picton led The Royals1 and the Twenty-eighth in quarter column through the French troops and ordered them to form a square.

The repeated and furious charges which ensued were invariably repulsed by The Royals and the 28th, with the utmost steadiness and consummate bravery, and although the Lancers individually dashed forward and frequently wounded the men in the ranks, yet all endeavours to effect an opening of which the succeeding squadron of attack might take advantage, completely failed. The ground on which the square stood was such that the surrounding remarkably tall rye concealed it in a great measure in the first attacks, from the view of the French cavalry until the latter came quite close upon it, but to remedy this inconvenience, and to preserve the impetus of their charge, the Lancers had frequently to recourse to sending forward a daring individual to plant a lance in the earth at a very short distance from the bayonets, and then they charged upon the lance flag as a mark of direction.2

Despite shortness of ammunition The Royals never flinched. Charged again and again by an infinite superiority of numbers, they never gave way to the French cavalry. An eyewitness, who had been with the regiment all through the Peninsula from Busaco to Bayonne, wrote that they had never shown a more determined bravery—

1 Out of Pack’s brigade, to which they properly belonged, into Kempt’s.
2 W. Siborne, The Waterloo Campaign, 1815.
Along the whole front of the central portion of the Anglo-Allied army, the French cavalry was expending its force in repeated but unavailing charges against the indomitable squares. The gallant, the brilliant, the heroic manner in which the remnants of Kempt’s and Pack’s Brigades held their ground, of which they surrendered not a single inch throughout the terrific struggle of that day, must ever stand prominent in the records of the triumphs and prowess of the British infantry.¹

When darkness fell the French retreated to the heights of Frasnes, and The Royals were left on the field with 26 dead and 192 wounded.

A renewal of the attack was expected in the morning, but the French made none, and the division was moved back to high ground in front of the village of Waterloo, and reached the new position as the sun went down. The troops passed a miserable night, for rain fell in torrents, and a thunderstorm burst over them. It was therefore a wet, weary, and half-fed regiment that woke to the morning of Waterloo.

The Fifth Division was in the British centre, and The Royals, now again brigaded under Pack and much reduced in numbers, were commanded by Major Robert Macdonald.

They stood on the north side of the Ohain road a little north-east of La Haye Sainte, and facing south. After pounding them for two hours with artillery, the Emperor sent 13,000 foot against Picton’s 3000. The attack was repulsed by crashing volleys, and by a counter-charge which left many French prisoners in British hands. The cannonade began again, and Pack’s brigade had to withdraw to its original position behind a sheltering ridge. Later in the afternoon the French captured the farm of La Haye Sainte and the brigade was searched cruelly by the enemy’s riflemen, but the squares held their ground immovably and the

¹ W. Siborne, *The Waterloo Campaign, 1815.*
Fight for La Haye Sainte

French never crossed the Ohain road. The crisis of 1815 the battle took place in another part of the field, and, before the last effort of Napoleon's Old Guard, the firing from La Haye Sainte had become feeble and feeble until it ceased. About eight o'clock in the evening The Royals broke southwards across the road, and the long disputed farm was taken. On this day

they lost less heavily than at Quatre Bras, 15 killed and 128 wounded, but on the two days their original strength of 624 was reduced by 363. Four officers and the sergeant-major in turn fell as they were carrying the King's colour. Amongst them was Ensign Kennedy. He was carrying a colour in advance of the battalion and was shot in the arm: he continued to advance, and was again shot, but this time killed or mortally
Saving the Colours

1815 wounded. A sergeant then attempted to take the colour from him but could not disengage his grip. He then threw the body over his shoulder and rejoined the ranks of his battalion, through the chivalrous action of the officer commanding the French battalion opposed to the Royals, who ordered his men not to fire on the sergeant and his burden.

In such fashion did The Royal Scots make history at Waterloo.

The battalion marched into France with the army of occupation, and after Napoleon's flight "Waterloo" was added to the colours. The return home was delayed until March 24, 1817, and the third battalion was disbanded a month later, after fifteen years of glorious life. The men who were not due for their discharge were transferred to the first and second battalions.

THE FOURTH BATTALION

We must now return to the other service battalion, the fourth, raised at the same time. It was used mainly as a depot battalion for providing the other three with drafts, and was recruited much from the Militia. It is worth noting that about this time The Royals, always pioneers in military reform, were the first to establish a regimental school, at the instance of their colonel, The Duke of Kent. Its teachers were often borrowed by other regiments, and its services to the general cause of education were real and valuable.

1813 It was not until 1813 that the fourth saw active service as a separate unit.

The invasion of Russia by Napoleon, the burning of Moscow, the disastrous retreat of the French army from the North, and the separation of Prussia, Austria
PLATE VIII.—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT.
THIRTEENTH COLONEL, 1801-1820.

Bergen-op-Zoom

and other states from the interest of Napoleon, were 1813 followed by a treaty of alliance and subsidy between Great Britain and Sweden, in which it was stipulated that a Swedish army, commanded by the Crown Prince, should join the Allies. On August 2 the battalion embarked, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Muller, for Stralsund, in Swedish Pomerania, forming part of an expedition under the orders of Major-General Gibbs. Thus The Royal Scots went to the same part of the world to which a body of their daring countrymen, who formed the nucleus of this distinguished regiment, proceeded exactly two hundred years before to engage in the service of the Swedish monarch.

On Christmas Eve they were moved to Lubeck to support the army of the Crown Prince of Sweden.

In the meantime, the Dutch were making an energetic struggle to free themselves from the power of Napoleon, and a strong party had declared in favour of the Prince of Orange. A British force was sent to the Netherlands, under the orders of Sir Thomas Graham, and the fourth battalion of The Royals was ordered to join the troops in Holland. It began its march from Lubeck on January 17, 1814, and encountered many difficulties. While crossing the forest of Shrieverdinghen, 120 men were lost in a snowstorm; much suffering occurred during the journey, and on March 2 the men went into cantonments at Rozendahl. The battalion was then ordered to join the force destined to make an attempt on the strong fortress of Bergen-op-Zoom.

The attack was made on the night of March 8. The Royals crossed the Zoom and forced an entrance by the water-port. Having gained possession of the
Bergen-op-Zoom

1814 ramparts round the water-port gate, the battalion was exposed to a heavy fire of grape and musketry from two howitzers and a strong detachment of French marines. Two companies were detached to keep the enemy in check, and were relieved every two hours by two other companies of the battalion. They were thus engaged from eleven o'clock until daylight, when the enemy made a furious attack in strong columns, which bore down all before them. The two detached companies of The Royal Scots were attacked by a host of combatants and driven in. A heavy fire of grape was opened upon the battalion from the guns of the arsenal, and it was forced to retire by the water-port gate, when a detached battery opened upon it. Being thus placed between two fires, with a high palisade on one side and the Zoom filled with the tide on the other, the battalion could do no more. The colours were first sunk\(^1\) in the river Zoom by Lieutenant and Adjutant Galbraith; the battalion then surrendered on condition that the officers and men should not serve against the French until exchanged. The failure of the coup-de-main on Bergen-op-Zoom occasioned an immense sacrifice of gallant men. Forty-one were killed, 75 wounded, and 593 taken captive, but the prisoners were allowed to return to England on April 8, and a month later the battalion sailed for Canada, whence it returned in January 1816 and was disbanded.

\(^1\) This is the regimental tradition, but the colours are preserved in Paris to this day.
CHAPTER XV

FORTY YEARS OF LITTLE WARS, 1816–1853


The history of the first battalion from 1816 to 1853 is summed up in peaceful moves from one station to another at home and abroad, but there are a few items which must be recorded. On January 23, 1820, the 1820 regiment lost its royal colonel by the death of H.R.H. the Duke of Kent. He took his colonelcy seriously, and did much for The Royals. He was succeeded by George, Marquess of Huntly, afterwards Duke of Gordon, who had been in the 42nd Highlanders.

A year later George IV ordered that the regiment should resume its earlier name of the "First or the Royal Regiment of Foot," and "The Royal Scots" ceased for a time to be its official title.

In 1826 the first battalion moved from home to the 1826–35 West Indies, and there pursued an uneventful career until 1835.

In 1834 Colonel the Duke of Gordon was removed to the Scots Guards, and The Royals welcomed as Colonel their old friend Sir Thomas Graham, Lord Lynedoch, who had fought alongside them at Toulon more than
thirty years ago and had seen their work on many a stricken field. In 1843 he died, and was succeeded by General Sir George Murray.

SECOND BATTALION

We have to look to the second battalion during this time for maintaining the fighting tradition of the regiment. We pick up the story of their service in India where it was left on p. 143, busy with the Pindarees.

In 1817 fresh trouble was brewing with the native princes, which soon turned to war. Part of the battalion under Brevet-Lieut.-Col. Fraser was with the second division commanded by Doveton and part with the first division of the army of the Deccan under Hislop. A British force was attacked at Nagpore, the capital of the Mahratta territories, and The Royal Scots went by forced marches to its relief, the only European regiment in Doveton's division. The Rajah was a treacherous gentleman, so the General walked warily when he offered to surrender his guns and disperse his troops. On December 16, the day arranged for the surrender, the British marched forward in battle order to take over the guns. The first battery was given up without opposition, but on the troops entering a plantation the enemy fired. The Royals and their Indian comrades made short work of their enemies and captured 40 elephants and 75 guns. The siege of the city of Nagpore followed. The Arabs and Hindus put up a good defence, and successfully resisted the storming parties of The Royals, even though they were led by veterans from the Peninsular wars. On December 24, however, the enemy surrendered, and "Nagpore" marks on the regimental colours the gallantry of the assault.

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PLATE IX.—GEORGE, MARQUESS OF HUNTYL,
FIFTH DUKE OF GORDON.
FOURTEENTH COLONEL, 1820-1834.
Born 1770. Lt.-Col. 3rd Foot Guards 1792, and
of the Gordon Highlanders, raised by his mother,
1794. Wounded at Egmont-op-Zee. Colonel 42nd
Royal Highlanders 1806. After his Coloneltly of
The Royals 1820-1834, became Colonel 3rd Foot
Guards. Died 1836.
Capture of Talnere

Meanwhile the two flank companies with Hislop's 1817 army, in Sir John Malcolm's brigade, were busy with the campaign against Holkar, another of the Mahratta princes, near Maheidpoor. As they were crossing the Suprah river, they suffered from a heavy cannonade. The Royals rushed forward with irresistible élan, bayoneted the artillerymen, and saved the situation: Lieut. M'Leod fell gloriously in the charge. The rout of Holkar's army followed, and "Maheidpoor" tells the story on the colours.

But Holkar's army was not yet broken beyond redemption, and the flank companies joined in its pursuit.

By February 27, 1818, they had marched southward to Talnere, a fortress which Holkar had agreed to give up. Its defenders, however, treacherously fired, and a summons to surrender brought no answer. The Royals were ordered to attack a gate which looked weak, and they entered in single file.

At the third gate they were met by the Killedar, Holkar's commander, and some parley took place. At the fifth and last gate they were stopped, but The Royals entered by the open wicket. Four fell dead, including Major Gordon, but Private Sweeny kept the wicket open with his musket until the rest of the storming party could break through.

Captain M'Gregor was killed at their head, but the fort was won. The Killedar did not play the
traitor again, for they hanged him that night, and the whole garrison was put to the sword. The Royals were soon after engaged at the reduction of the forts at Trimbuck and Malleygaum. While the light companies had been thus busy, the eight battalion companies were, with the army of the Deccan, pursuing the Peishwah until his surrender, and returned then to Taulnah.

Five companies were engaged in the siege of Asseerghur, "The Gibraltar of the East," when Lieut.-Col. Fraser fell.

Four years of peaceful duty followed, but the battalion embarked in January 1825 for Rangoon, to take part in the Burmese War. The operations were trying in the extreme owing to the poisonous climate, and the battalion lost 9 officers and 418 men mostly from disease, but the fighting casualties were few. Nevertheless the signing of peace
PLATE X.—THOMAS, LORD LYNEDOCH.  
FIFTEENTH COLONEL, 1834-1843.  

Thomas Graham, of Balgowan, did not take to soldiering until the age of 42. Raised and commanded the 90th in 1794. Served with Austrian Army. Served in Peninsula with Moore, and after Corunna. Peerage 1814. Founded United Service Club 1817. Died 1843.
at Ava, the Burmese capital, in February, crowned a 1825 campaign which, for all its lack of spectacular elements, proved the solid determination of The Royals to achieve success, and "Ava" on the colours represents much heroic work.

The Indian service of the battalion closed in 1831, and it was not back at its quarters in Edinburgh until January 6, 1832, "tattered and torn." Of all those 1832 who embarked with the battalion at Gibraltar in 1807 one private alone returned, to die soon after he got home. For four years it remained at home stations, and in 1836 went to Canada, and the year after was employed in suppressing the attempted Revolution organized by the "Fils de la Liberté." Captain Bell, afterwards Sir George, and Colonel of the regiment, did good service when in command of the Fort at Couteau-du-Lac on the St. Lawrence. In the middle of the hard Canadian winter, he recovered 16 guns which had been sunk in the river, and succeeded in unsphiking and remounting them. The Royals were in the action at St. Charles 1837 when the rebels there were annihilated amidst scenes of horror too unpleasant to be set down here, and took part in Colborne's expedition which marched from Montreal to St. Eustache and so roughly handled the rebels that the flames of the Revolution died out.

The next six years passed in Canada uneventfully, 1838-43 except for the wreck of the transport Premier with the headquarter wing on board as the second battalion was on its way to the West Indies.
All behaved with notable coolness and courage, and no lives were lost.

Garrison duty in Barbadoes brought little excitement. Two companies were sent to Demerara, and Colonel Bell makes the following grim note about the barracks there—

The graveyard was under the men's windows—a very remarkable and interesting view—and well chosen by the authorities to keep invalids in remembrance that the garrison was deposited there every seven years.

The battalion was home again in 1846, and continued at various stations until 1852.

During the forty years covered by this chapter there were many changes in uniform and equipment. They are set out in great detail in The Records, and a very few words of description will suffice here.

After the abolition of the cocked hat in 1816, the regimental chaco was worn by officers on all occasions. In 1820 short-tailed coats or jackets were forbidden, and in 1823, breeches, leggings and shoes gave place to trousers and half-boots. The discarded patterns, however, have had their revenge, for the present service uniform with knickers and puttees is only a modern translation of the old practical kit. From 1816 to 1855 there were continual changes in the form of the chaco (Figs. 27 and 28), but the Grenadier companies
Changes of Uniform

wore the bearskin until they were abolished, as the left-hand figure in Fig. 30 shows. Officers were loaded with embroidery, and the coatees were so tight, in this most dandified period of military costume, that

FIG. 30.—THREE OFFICERS IN 1826.
The Royal Scots

movement of any sort must have been governed by severe discretion. The middle figure in the same illustration is in Court dress, and wears the single epaulette (shown in detail in Fig. 29), which was proper
to officers in battalion companies. The right-hand figure was of the Light Company.

In 1829 the reaction against the elaboration and high cost of uniforms began to set in, and a year later the gorget was abolished. White duck trousers,
PLATE XI.—SIR GEORGE MURRAY, G.C.B.,
SIXTEENTH COLONEL, 1843-1846.


SIR JAMES KEMPT, G.C.B.,
SEVENTEENTH COLONEL, 1846-1854.

which had long been worn at home in summer, were discontinued, because they were responsible for colds and rheumatism.

Fig. 31 shows that the private's drill order in 1849 was simple and practical enough, but the bugler was still a gorgeous person with his rich loops and large worsted wings of red, yellow and blue.

About this time the lavender trousers, which looked so delicate when new and so deplorable when faded to a hundred different shades, were discontinued.
CHAPTER XVI

THE CRIMEA, 1854–6; CHINA, 1859–60; PEACE, 1861–99


There is no need to go into the series of diplomatic blunders which led up to Great Britain, France, Turkey and (later) Sardinia being ranged as allies against Russia. We have long enough recognized that our support of Turkey was, in the late Lord Salisbury's mordant phrase, "putting our money on the wrong horse."

The second battalion left Ireland for Cephalonia in the Ionian Islands in January 1853, and remained in quarters there until April 1855. It was not until March 1854 that the first battalion sailed from Plymouth to Gallipoli as a unit in Lord Raglan's Crimean army, but it was earlier in getting to work. Lt.-Colonel George Bell (afterwards Sir George Bell, K.C.B., and Colonel of the regiment) was transferred from the second battalion to take command and The Royals were in the first brigade of the third division under Sir Richard England. On June 24 Varna was reached, where
the cholera scourge began to work, and the disem-\textsuperscript{1854} barkation on the soil of the Crimea took place at Old Fort, Kalamite Bay, on September 14. Five days later the army moved on Sevastopol and on September 20 was fought the battle of the Alma. The Royals were in support and practically had no part in the action. Colonel Bell makes no reference to them in his racy and informing memoirs, \textit{Rough Notes by an Old Soldier}.

On the 28th they took up their position on the heights above Sevastopol and the siege began. The following extracts from Colonel Bell’s diary give an idea of the winter’s work of the battalion—

\textit{Oct. 10.}

“By four in the morning, we had worked under cover, although the ground was rocky, which gave us double trouble in carrying earth from the rear to fill up the embankments. We stole away back to the camp undiscovered before dawn, being relieved by another corps; and so I had the honour of breaking the first ground before Sevastopol. I had supper about twelve at night on the ground and in the dark—a bit of black bread, an onion, some rum and water, and a headache.

\textit{Oct. 17.}

“The Russian batteries were firing lazily all night at random—as much as to say, we are wide awake! 6.30 a.m., was the time appointed for us to open the ball. Everyone was on the qui vive waiting the signal gun; all had been in silence on our side during the night; exactly at half-past six our signal-gun bid them good morning; the time had arrived to return all civility for nineteen days of incessant cannonade. With right good will, and an anxious desire to pay off old debts, a scene opened, such as never had been witnessed since the invention of gunpowder; it was a battle of artillery—some 2000 great guns opened their mouths of thunder, and iron hail was showered from each side with the most determined and vindictive desire to destroy life. The distance was 1,300 yards or thereabouts between us. All our batteries opened at once; we saw the enemy at their guns, we saw every fiery flash, and felt their metal; both parties soon got the range, and such pounding and hissing of shot and shell, cutting through the air with that velocity that bewilders one in his endeavour to protect his head when the shot has really passed; flop, they
The Crimea

1854 come into the very bank you are leaning against, and lodge there. A cross-fire now pours in upon us, ploughing along our intrenchments; we are enveloped in powder smoke; a breeze from the sea clears all away; both antagonists in view of each other laying their guns to the mark; shot coming and going like hail, and shells cracking death and destruction wherever they explode. No delay beyond laying the guns and loading. The sandbags fly out of their solid beds; the dust rises in clouds at every volley, and breast-works topple over amongst the infantry. . . . Look out!—a shot coming; see the flash, the word is hardly spoken, when it is buried in the bank, or takes the crest of the cover above your head, or meets a big stone, which turns its course; but they come so quick, 'tis dangerous to move. Look out again, down, men!—a shell, it falls in the midst of us and explodes. Oh! horrible; seven of my poor fellows—three killed, and four wounded.

"The evening closes over a day on which some peaceful citizen would say that hell had broken loose, with all the destructive powers of darkness. Night comes at last. I shut up my note-book; all is quiet, but the groans and the moans of the wounded, who are now sent up to camp; the dead are covered up; the quartermaster comes down in the darkness with his barrels of ration rum, a welcome visitor. Pickets are posted, haversacks opened, breakfast, dinner, and supper, on a bit of pork and onion, and a biscuit, washed down with a little rum and muddy water; lie down in the ditch, and asleep in five minutes."

On November 5, the Russians made a violent surprise assault on the British lines. It was the Battle of Inkerman. Some of The Royals moved to support the threatened position: the rest were in the trenches. Bell can tell the story—

"Before the dawn I was awoke by a heavy cannonade, which did not disturb me in the least; but on the heels of this tumult came a pattering of musketry, a sure indication of an attack; I jumped up and looked out to listen; it was a raw, ugly, drizzling peep o' day to cool our courage and damp our powder. I heard the frenzied yelp of the Russian bloodhounds coming on with a quick and thickening fire, buckled on my sword, and ordered the assembly to sound. What do we muster? ‘374, rank and file, sir; all the rest are in the trenches.’ I marched off to the right by order, and took up position on the 4th Division ground, Sir George Cathcart having gone forward to the right with his troops to share in the battle;
Battle of Inkerman

advanced across a ravine to the next hill, where we had a 68-1854 pounder battery; it had been taken by the enemy, and retaken; it was here that the brave Captain Sir Thomas Troubridge lost both his feet by a cannon-shot, and there he lay in patient anguish. The Russians made another effort to gain this battery, and advanced on both flanks, and right up the breast of the hill; dividing my force, I rushed down to the battery, and sent two companies into the two ravines, one on each flank, to keep the enemy in check.

"Our position here was of the greatest importance; the enemy made great efforts to get possession of our ground by turning our left; but to lose our grasp would have been fatal, so we held on like grim death. It is no easy matter beating the red devils on any ground, but to try it up-hill was a forlorn hope; with all their powerful artillery, we crushed their every effort. The Russians charged our troops with incredible fury and determination. Ninety guns on the field were pouring death and destruction into our ranks, firing our tents, and killing our horses; shells exploding fast and furious. Fresh Russian columns were now advancing, before whom our slender line gave way, rallied, charged, retired, and returned to the charge against long odds. The rolling of the musketry continued, to the right, centre, and left, as the enemy gained ground. They drove their bayonets through our helpless wounded, who lay at their mercy, like dastard ruffians, and beat in the heads of our officers while yet alive. One, in particular, was frightfully abused. He was found on the field after the battle, and lived on till next day in pain and sorrow. That was the gallant Colonel Carpenter, who commanded the 41st Regiment. Our men got savage at this cruel warfare; but yet, although they fell in scores at every volley, they seemed to multiply. It became a hand-to-hand sanguinary struggle, marked by daring deeds and desperate assaults; in glens and valleys, in brush-wood glades, in remote dells, the battle went on. At every corner fresh foes met our exhausted troops, and renewed the struggle, until at length the battalions of the Czar gave way before the men of England. It was a great and glorious victory—as much as any victory can be glorious!"

Bell was mentioned in the Inkerman dispatch and received the C.B.

Disease proved far more deadly than the Russian fire, for in five months it slew 321 men, while only seven were killed in the trenches. The physical condition of those who survived may be judged from a note by
Fall of Sevastopol

Captain Creagh, of the regiment, who took out a draft during the winter—

"Shortly afterwards, I also went on shore, and my first impression justified a belief that prizes having been offered to the dirtiest and most emaciated men and animals in the world, all those likely to win it had come to Balaklava from every part of the earth."

The second battalion arrived at Balaklava on April 28 and was brigaded with the first. On June 18 an unsuccessful assault was made in which a small party of the first was engaged, and on September 8, during the last great bombardment of the doomed town, The First Royals took part in the British assault on the Redan, which failed, while that of the French on the Malakoff succeeded: the Russians evacuated Sevastopol next day. No more than 4 officers and 52 men of the regiment were killed in action during the whole siege, and although the colours are inscribed Alma, Inkerman, and Sevastopol, the Royals never had a real opportunity to show their full mettle.

It was in this campaign, however, that the regiment secured its only Victoria Cross during the nineteenth century. It was awarded to Private Prosser for his distinguished conduct on the following occasions—

"On the 16th June, when on duty in the trenches before Sevastopol, by pursuing and apprehending (while exposed to two cross-fires) a soldier of the 88th Regiment in the act of deserting to the enemy.

"On the 11th August, 1855, before Sevastopol, by leaving the most advanced trench, and carrying in a soldier of the 93th Regiment, who lay severely wounded, and unable to move.

"This gallant and humane act was performed under a very heavy fire from the enemy."

General Kempt had succeeded Sir George Murray as Colonel in 1846 and was followed by Sir Edward Blakeney in 1854.
PLATE XII.—SIR EDWARD BLAKEY, G.C.B.,
EIGHTEENTH COLONEL, 1854-1868.
Born 1778. Commanded 7th Foot in Peninsula,
severely wounded Albuera and Badajoz. At assault
of New Orleans, 1814. Colonel 7th Foot 1832,
The Royals 1834. Lt.-Governor Chelsea Hospital,

SIR GEORGE BELL, K.C.B.,
NINETEENTH COLONEL, 1868-1877.
Born 1794. Gazetted to the 34th Foot, but transferred
to the Royals as Lieut., 1820, and thereafter remained
with the regiment. Lt-Colonel 1843 until Crimea.
Brig.-General 1854. Wrote "Rough Notes of an Old
After the Treaty of Peace was ratified in April 1856 the first battalion returned to Aldershot and was reviewed by Queen Victoria. As daughter of the Duke of Kent, an old Colonel of the Royals, she always regarded herself as the daughter of the regiment.

In 1858 the time-honoured constitution of the regiment was altered by the abolition of the Grenadier and Light Companies, and the twelve companies of each battalion were made uniform.

In 1857 the first battalion went to India and the second moved from Malta to Hong Kong in 1858. A detachment of the latter took part in three expeditions into the interior of China, in which the French co-operated. The Chinese "Braves" had been making trouble for the "foreign devils" and it was necessary to punish them. Operations in January 1859 resulted in calming the country, but in the naval attack on the Taku forts in June, Captain McKenna of The Royals, who was aboard the Chesapeake, was mortally wounded.

Sir Hope Grant's expedition to the North of China in May 1860 was a more important movement. The Royals landed at Pehtang near the mouth of the river Peiho on August 2, and helped to take the town. They were also in the attack and capture of the Taku Forts on the 14th.

The next twenty years yield nothing of interest, but in 1881 the scheme of army reorganization abolished the old numbering of the regiments, and instituted the system of linked battalions on a basis of territorial titles, attaching to the reconstituted regiment the Militia and Volunteer battalions of the district. This affected The Royal Scots much less than the single battalion regiments, which were in
many cases grouped in pairs without any intelligent regard to their previous history. The Royal Scots became "The Lothian Regiment (Royal Scots)," and at the same time they were clothed in trews of a tartan similar to that worn by the Royal Highlanders. (This was altered in 1901 to the Hunting Stewart tartan.)
The Colours

In the following year, however, the title was changed again to "The Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment).

This is a convenient place to refer to the colours of the regiment, because the oldest now in use by the regular battalions were received from Queen Victoria in 1876, and are illustrated in Plate XIII. The colours of the second battalion (Plate XIV) were presented by His Majesty, King George V, as recently as 1911. The whole question of regimental colours is full of interest. Captain H. M. McCance has set down everything there is to be known about those used by The Royal Scots in an appendix to The Records, and it is not possible to give here more than the briefest outline of his researches. In the days when The Royals were a Scottish regiment serving abroad for foreign monarchs, it is safe to assume that they bore on their flag simply the white cross of St. Andrew. As the company was the original unit in all military forces, so each carried its own colour as a rallying point in battle. Dumbarton’s regiment must have looked gay enough with its twenty-six companies, each headed by an ensign or standard-bearer carrying the company colour. The first definite mention of the regimental colours occurs
The Royal Scots

in the journal of Dineley, who saw the lieutenant-colonel’s and major’s companies at Youghal in 1680. His drawing shows the white cross of St. Andrew on a blue ground, the thistle and crown in gold surrounded by the circle of St. Andrew, and the motto *Nemo me impune lacescit* also in gold. Drawings of 1693 exist, which show numerous flags captured by Louis XIV, including three which The Royals lost at the battle of Landen. During William III’s reign the number of the colours borne by a battalion was reduced from twenty-six to three, and in 1707 the Parliamentary Union of England and Scotland destroyed the pre-eminently Scottish design of the regimental colour. The earliest specimens which have survived date from between 1775 and 1800, and are preserved at Gordon Castle by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, to whose family they doubtless came during or soon after the colonelcy of Lord Adam Gordon. Next in date amongst

Fig. 34.—Private’s Belt-Clasp, 1855-1872.
PLATE XIII.—COLOURS OF THE FIRST BATTALION.
RECEIVED FROM QUEEN VICTORIA, 1876.
The King's Colour above, the Regimental Colour below.
The Colours

the surviving stands of colours are those of the third battalion, which served in the Peninsular War and was disbanded in 1817. They are deposited in St. Giles’ Cathedral, Edinburgh, and are painted, not embroidered. Of about the same date are the two stands of colours of the Edinburgh Militia, which have an honoured resting-place at Dalkeith House. This regiment was the forerunner of the existing Third (Special Reserve) battalion.

The colours of the fourth battalion were, if regimental tradition is to be believed, sunk in the river Zoom, after the surrender at Bergen-op-Zoom in 1814.

These must, however, have been recovered, for they now hang in the Musée de l’Armée at Paris.

A very faded set of painted colours, which must have belonged to the regiment between 1812 and 1825, hangs in the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham. The first battalion’s embroidered colours of 1847 are preserved in the Town Hall, Inverness, and those of the second battalion, 1847–67, in St. Giles’ Cathedral, Edinburgh. At the same resting-place are the second battalion’s colours used from 1867 to 1911. Captain McCance writes of the present colours as follows—

"The regiment bears ‘the Royal Cypher within the Collar of the Order of the Thistle, with the Badge appendant. In each of the four corners the Thistle within the Circle and motto of the Order, ensignied with the Imperial Crown.’ ‘The Sphinx superscribed Egypt.’"
Battle Honours

“The following honours are also borne on the colours:

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<tr>
<th>Honour</th>
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<th>Award</th>
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<td>Tangier, 1680</td>
<td>1680-1684</td>
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<td>Namur, 1695</td>
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<td>Egmont-op-Zee</td>
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<td>Taku Forts</td>
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<td>Pekin, 1860</td>
<td>1860</td>
<td>1861–1914</td>
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<tr>
<td>South Africa, 1899–1902</td>
<td>1899–1902</td>
<td>1903</td>
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Note.—'St. Lucia' was granted in 1821, and the date '1803' in 1910, to differentiate between the various dates on which the island had been captured. The badge of a Sphinx, with 'Egypt,' was granted in 1802 to commemorate the Conquest of Egypt, 1801. Army Order, 208, of July, 1914, granted the date 1860, in addition to 'Pekin.'”

The clothing and equipment of the regiment was considerably altered after the Crimean War. Chacos were found quite impracticable on active service, and Kilmarnock forage-caps took their place. The old coatee disappeared in 1855 in favour of a double-breasted tunic, and officers' epaulettes were given up in
PLATE XIV.—COLOURS OF THE SECOND BATTALION.
RECEIVED FROM H.M. KING GEORGE V., 1913.
company with other decorative elements of uniform. The chaco grew steadily shorter and uglier. Changes,

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**Officer's, 1881.**

**Private's, 1890.**

**Fig. 36.—Glengarry Badges as still worn.**

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**Fig. 37.—Officer's Helmet-plate, 1878-1881.**

more or less trivial, were constantly made in cap-plates, belt-plates, etc., and the various patterns, most of them discarded with as little apparent reason
as led to their adoption, repose peacefully in private collections of such things.

In 1870 came a shattering announcement. Side-whiskers were ordered to be abolished. The Glengarry superseded the Kilmarnock bonnet in 1874, and the diced border was added in 1880 in order to repair the lack of national distinctions.

Chacos disappeared in 1878 in favour of the blue helmet, and this gave the military tailors the chance to alter helmet-plates with considerable frequency.

The introduction of the Territorial regimental system in 1881 led to many alterations, for the old time-honoured numbers were abolished. The new doublet was ornamented with the thistle, still worn.

South Africa saw the regiment for the first time at the end of 1884, when the first battalion arrived in December at Table Bay to serve with the Bechuanaland Field Force under Sir Charles Warren. Some filibustering Boers had refused to recognize the British Protectorate over the Bechuana, but the display of force was enough and no fighting took place.

From then until the beginning of the South African War in 1899 there happened nothing worthy of special chronicle, except that General Raymond, Colonel from 1877 to 1897, was succeeded by Major-General Sir E. A. Stuart, Bart.
CHAPTER XVII

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR, 1899–1902

Faithful Reservists—Paardeplaat—Sergeant Robertson and Major Twyford—Lieut. C. L. Price at Bermondsey—Casualties and Honours.

In the late summer of 1899 the long negotiations with the two South African Republics culminated in war. On August 21 the first battalion had received confidential orders to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to South Africa in the event of hostilities, the second battalion being in India. October 9 was the first day of mobilization. The mounted infantry section left headquarters the next day for Aldershot and South Africa, and by the 19th the last batch of reservists arrived at headquarters, then at Holywood Barracks, Belfast. On the 24th the battalion was inspected by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, and by the 6th of November the battalion had embarked under the command of Lieut.-Col. E. P. Morgan-Payler. Of the total strength of one thousand and thirty-nine, over seven hundred were reservists. When the late George Wyndham, then Under-Secretary of State for War, was asked a question in the House of Commons with regard to the muster of reservists, he was able
South African War

1899 to reply: "The Royal Scots is the only regiment in which every reservist is accounted for." This was a distinction of which the regiment had every right to be proud. On arriving at East London, the battalion joined the 3rd Division under General Gatacre, but had no part in the disaster at Stormberg. They were in the actions of the Loperberg at the beginning of January 1900, and at Bird's River in February, when two privates were wounded and Drummer Davies displayed conspicuous courage and coolness, for which he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal. The affair at Penhoek on February 19 was unimportant; but "B," "D," and "E" Companies did well at Labuschagnes Nek on March 4. On March 23 the first Volunteer Service Company joined, and a draft of a hundred reservists followed four days later. The casualties in the action before Dewetsdorp in April were trifling, but enteric had begun to take its toll. By the end of August the battalion was with General Smith-Dorrien's brigade in General Ian Hamilton's division of the main army under Lord Roberts, and Major Douglas was in command. At the beginning of September a force left Belfast to go to the assistance of Buller's army, and by midnight of the 5th reached the summit of Zwaggershoek Pass. For a time The Royal Scots were the most advanced unit of the British Army. At the battle of Paardeplatz, which was the last stand of Botha's main army, Sir Ian Hamilton's division was on the right, and Buller's on the left. Smith-Dorrien's brigade was composed of The Royal Scots on the right and The Royal Irish on the left, with the Gordons in the second line. The advance was difficult over broken country. At about a mile from the enemy's sangars the battalion came to

1900
PLATE XV.—MAJOR-GENERAL SIR E. A. STUART, BART., TWENTY-FIRST COLONEL, 1897-1903.

Sergeant Robertson and Major Twyford

a ravine, thickly wooded at the bottom and divided by a swift river. The rapidity with which they crossed these formidable barriers drew from Sir Redvers Buller the praise, "By Jove, those Royal Scots are devils to go!" It was only owing to the swift attack of The Royals that they escaped casualties from the Boer fire, and the enemy's line gave way. If the rest of September showed little fighting there was no lack of arduous marching through dense bush, and through mountainous and waterless desert. Rations were scanty, but the indomitable spirit of all ranks made light of the difficulties. Between February 9 and October 30, 1900, the battalion had marched two thousand three hundred and ninety-six miles, and while it was guarding the railway from January 18 to April 7, 1901, the Boers did not succeed in destroying any part of the line.

Two incidents which occurred in the spring of this year showed the spirit of The Royals.

On March 23 Sergeant G. Robertson was in command of a party of about twenty men of various corps as escort to a train from Pretoria. On nearing Pan (E. Transvaal), the train was stopped by the Boers blowing up the line, and was attacked in force; the enemy were concealed a few yards away in a trench. The escort, under Sergeant Robertson's orders, at once opened fire; the Boers called upon him to surrender, but he shouted out, "No surrender," and was immediately shot through the head.

On April 10 the first battalion moved off to Machadodorp, and on the 4th Major Twyford, who was on his way to join it, was attacked in the Badfontein Valley by Jan de Beers' commando while escorted by seven cavalrymen. After a gallant fight
Action at Bermondsey

1901 from a ruined farmhouse, the Boers closed on them in overwhelming forces and called upon Major Twyford to surrender. He refused to do so, and continued to fire his rifle until he was shot down and killed.

On April 14 Zwaggershoek was seized once more, this time by "H" Company under Lieut. C. Lemprière Price, supported by three squadrons of Hussars. Two days later there was a smart little engagement with a Boer commando under General Müller, in which The Royals and the Hussars came off best.

On May 16 they were engaged in the action at Bermondsey, which may be recounted in some detail because of the notable gallantry displayed by Lieut. Price:

"The field guns came into action at 1,600 yards, whilst the machine gun of the battalion was brought to a position where it could enfilade the line of advanced rocks; it was chiefly due to the machine gun that the enemy left his advanced position. The two companies established themselves in a good fire position at 1,400 yards, with gully between them and the enemy. Second Lieutenant Dalmahoy was sent with 'E' Company to turn the Boer right. In spite of the difficult ground, he effected this in a very able, gallant way, and the Boers hastily retired. Lieutenant Dalmahoy, who had been joined by Captain and Adjutant Moir, on his own initiative, pushed on after the retreating Boers, and the whole column, which had now been reinforced by the pom pom and a half-battalion of the King's Royal Rifles, pressed forward. The men of 'E' Company displayed great gallantry by the cool way in which they advanced through the rocks under a brisk fire. They followed along a narrow ridge, which led to another kopje, Boschoek, the two being connected by a Nek. The ground on this Nek was flat and quite open, either side was precipitous. The firing line lay down in the open just short of the Nek, and about 420 yards from the enemy. They had two entrenching 'implements' amongst them, and, by passing these to each other, each man managed to scrape a small mound in front of him. The pom pom came into action at 1,600 yards, the field guns at 2,000 yards, and the Boers retired into the Komati Valley. Captain Moir was wounded in four places, Second Lieutenant Dalmahoy in two, Private
Gallantry of Lieutenant Price

Sheddon was killed, and Private McMillan was wounded. Lieutenant Price, Lance-Corporals McGill, McMillan and Fox, and Private Adams showed conspicuous courage, and risked their lives to save others. Corporal Paul, who, after the Officers were wounded, showed coolness and judgment in command of the firing line, was promoted Sergeant by Lord Kitchener. Lieutenant Price was recommended for the 'Victoria Cross,' the other two Officers and the Lance-Corporals were mentioned in dispatches. Amongst the Boer losses were a Field Cornet, and two Foremen killed. Our total casualties were one private killed, two Officers and six men wounded. The following telegram was received from Sir Bindon Blood's Chief Staff-Officer:

"The Major-General congratulates you on your success."

On June 12 the battalion took part in the very arduous pursuit of a large detachment of Boers at Somerset Ridge, and was also engaged a fortnight later in the attack at Koedoeshoek. These operations concluded with the arrival of the column at Machadodorp on July 1 after a successful drive which brought high praise from the Brigadier-General. After a series of minor operations The Royal Scots found themselves again in action in the neighbourhood of Paardeplatz, where they had fought in 1900, and on April 5, a drummer and five privates of the Volunteer Service Company frustrated by their gallantry and initiative an attack by Jack Hindon's commando. So pleased was Lord Kitchener with their conduct that five of them were promoted corporals.

In the light of our knowledge of what The Royal Scots have done and are doing in a world-campaign, the incidents of the South African War may seem insignificant. The total lives lost in the war were five officers, eighteen non-commissioned officers, and seventy privates. The majority of these were the

victims of enteric and other diseases, and those who fell on the stricken field make quite a short list. It would be unjust, however, on that account to minimize the value of the services rendered by the battalion. It is well to remember the immense difficulties of supply and the hardship of semi-starvation which were often the lot of our soldiers on the veldt for weeks together. The climatic conditions were often terrible, nor were the troops in their thin khaki equipped to resist them. One may mention, for example, that on June 2, 1901, the tea froze in the cups at breakfast, twenty-six oxen were frozen to death, and two men on picket duty were picked up unconscious. A truer estimate of the battalion's services is to be drawn from the list of honours which the regiment won. Officers and men received fifty-nine mentions in dispatches; fifteen officers received the D.S.O., and fifteen N.C.O.'s and men got the D.C.M. For some unknown reason Lord Kitchener's recommendation of Lieut. C. Lemprière Price for the V.C. was ignored by the War Office, to the great disappointment of the regiment, but he received the D.S.O.

This chapter cannot be closed without some reference to the services of The Royal Scots who served with the first section of the mounted infantry. The officer commanding the Scottish company wrote: "Throughout the war, The Royal Scots Section has invariably behaved with great gallantry in action." The second and third companies and the fourth half-company of M.I. also did admirably. Although it would be wearisome to detail the many successful night attacks and the great drives in which they took part, when hundreds of prisoners and thousands of head of cattle were captured, it was by incessant effort
PLATE XVI.—LIEUT.-GENERAL GEORGE HAY MONCRIEFF,
TWENTY-SECOND (AND PRESENT) COLONEL

Appointed August 20th, 1903.
No Surrenders

in untheatrical work of this kind that the most tiresome campaign in British history was eventually brought to an end. Reference is made in Chapter XVIII to the South African services of the Militia battalion. Perhaps the most impressive fact to be recorded of a war in which British surrenders were all too frequent is that there was not a single case of surrender of a party of The Royal Scots. Indeed, the stories of the deaths of Sergeant Robertson and Major Twyford show that the spirit of Marlborough’s Royals marched with their successors who fought under the Southern Cross.

From the close of the Boer War until the Great War began in 1914, the history of the regiment is no more than a record of movements from home to India, of inspections and compliments, of competitions and sports, of Guards of Honour mounted at Royal visits—in a word, of the routine of peace. These things are all wheels in the machinery of efficiency, but they do not make illuminating reading, and may be passed over. During these twelve years the only shots fired in anger were at Bombay, where the second battalion was employed in quelling native riots in 1908.

Sir E. A. Stuart was succeeded in the Colonelcy by Lieut.-General George Hay Moncrieff in 1903.

With the South African war, khaki, which had hitherto been worn only in India, became the active service uniform. With the latest development of military uniform every one is familiar. It represents the final removal of everything decorative and the suppression of all but the slightest indications of difference in rank.
CHAPTER XVIII

MILITIA, VOLUNTEER, TERRITORIAL AND SERVICE BATTALIONS


It is not known when Edinburgh first embodied a regiment of militia, but there is a reference to an order of the Town Council of May 24, 1588, which provided that two hundred men belonging to the County Militia should join the King's army on its march to Dumfries.¹ There is no record of what manner of service this very early militia unit rendered to the King, or of its subsequent embodiment during the long and troubous times which Edinburgh saw from then until the parliamentary union. In 1778, Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch, raised a regiment of South Fencibles, with headquarters at Dalkeith, but the terms of their embodiment provided only five years' service, and at the end of that period they were disbanded. The excursions and alarums caused by the Napoleonic wars led the same duke to raise the Tenth North British

¹ Quoted by Colonel Lord Henry Scott in his chapter on the "Third Battalion," in The Records, p. 577.
Militia in 1798, but they were disbanded in 1802, when an Act was passed to establish a Militia Force in Scotland. The Duke of Buccleuch, as Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Edinburgh, took the command of the regiment, which was then called "The Fifty-first, or Edinburgh Regiment of Militia," and many of the officers of the earlier force transferred themselves to the new unit, which remained in being from 1803 to 1815. They saw no fighting, but did useful duty in home defence, and thus relieved the regulars for foreign service. The old order books are enriched with some curious entries. For example, no N.C.O., drummer, or private man was allowed to wear upon parade either "false frills or dickies," and all officers were straitly enjoined to appear properly powdered when in uniform. During its twelve years' service, the regiment fulfilled the duty which was specifically laid upon the Militia (or, as it came to be called in 1907, the Special Reserve), viz. that of filling up the gaps in regular battalions, for it sent eight hundred and thirty-three men into the fighting line. From 1815 to 1852 there were only occasional annual trainings, and all over the country the Militia forces lay practically dormant. On the outbreak of the Crimean War, Walter, fifth Duke of Buccleuch, being then in command, the regiment was brought up to strength, and in September of 1855 it provided a guard of honour for Queen Victoria when she visited Edinburgh. Her Majesty was so pleased with the regiment that she changed its title to "The Queen's Regiment of Light Infantry Militia," and the yellow facings, which had earned the regiment the nickname

1 History of the Edinburgh or Queen's Regiment of Light Infantry Militia, by Major R. C. Dudgeon.
of "the Duke's Canaries," were changed to the royal blue. In May 1856 came the disembodiment of the regiment, but there was some activity during the Russo-Turkish War, when the Militia Reserve was called out. It was not until 1881 that it became definitely associated with The Royal Scots, when the title was changed to that of the "Third Battalion, The Royal Scots," and it thus became the senior militia unit in the service. On the outbreak of the South African War it was embodied and went to Belfast to take the place of the first battalion ordered to the front. On February 18, 1900, the Third was invited to volunteer for foreign service, and did so with the utmost keenness. It embarked on March 2, 1900, and did not get back to England until May 27, 1902. Although it was intended that the battalion should serve only on lines of communication, it went through some very hard service, particularly during the rounding-up operations under Major-General Charles Knox, in which it was engaged for many months. General Knox had nothing but praise for the battalion, which, indeed, lived up so vigorously to the old Lothian tradition of brilliant marching, that it earned the nickname of the "b——y greyhounds." Three officers, one sergeant, and twenty-nine men lost their lives during the war. In 1908, after the old Militia organization was abolished, the battalion was reconstituted under its present title of "Third Battalion, The Royal Scots (Special Reserve)," and in the Great War has magnificently carried out the functions for which the army organization intended it. Thus it has come about that by gradual steps the ancient Militia unit of 1588 and earlier has become more and more closely attached.
Volunteering in Edinburgh

to the First Regiment of the Line until the present time, when so many of its officers and men have been fighting and laying down their lives with their comrades of the first and second battalions.

I come now to the history of the Volunteers. In 1859, the prospect of trouble with France led to a great volunteer movement, and in Edinburgh several companies of a rifle brigade were formed, which became in 1865 the "Queen’s Edinburgh Rifles." It was not until 1888 that the regiment, the honorary colonelcy of which attaches to the office of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, became the "Queen’s Rifle Volunteer Brigade, The Royal Scots." It is now the Fourth Battalion (Territorial). A second battalion of the Queen’s Rifles was also formed in 1859 and incorporated into the Volunteer Brigade in 1888. Happily Sir John H. A. Macdonald, K.C.B. (Lord Kingsburgh), the Hon. Colonel of the Fifth Royal Scots, as this battalion is now called, is still living to rejoice in the service of what has always been the largest Volunteer corps in the kingdom. During its existence about thirty-three thousand men have passed through the ranks. It has lately been accorded locally the nickname of "The Fighting Fifth." Any one who reads of its service at the Dardanelles will feel that this borrowing of the old name of the Northumberland Fusiliers has been amply justified.

In May 1867 a Volunteer Battalion was formed by the late John Hope, then a captain in the second battalion of the Queen’s Brigade, and was known as the "Third Edinburgh Volunteers." In 1882 it became an independent unit; in 1888 it was designated the "Fourth Volunteer Battalion, The Royal Scots," and in 1908 became the "Sixth Battalion, The Royal
Territorial Battalions

Scots," of the Territorial Force. In its Volunteer days it sent to South Africa sixty-four men, including Drummer Robertson, whose gallant conduct has been described in an earlier chapter.

In August 1859 some gentlemen of Leith formed two volunteer companies which developed into a new corps styled the "First Midlothian Royal Volunteer Corps." This was affiliated to The Royal Scots as the 5th Volunteer Battalion in 1888. It sent two hundred and ninety men to South Africa, and under the Territorial régime became the "Seventh Battalion, The Royal Scots."

The Eighth Battalion (Territorial) includes four companies from the county of Haddington, two from Midlothian, and two from Peebleshire. It was formed by the union of the Fifth and Seventh Volunteer Battalions of The Royals, and is entirely a county battalion, with many miners in its ranks.

The "Ninth Battalion (Highlanders) The Royal Scots" was formed in 1900 to meet a wide desire that the capital of Scotland, to which so many young men gravitate from the counties north of Forth and Clyde, should have a Highland unit just as London and Liverpool boast kilted regiments in the London and Liverpool Scottish. It was raised as a battalion of the Queen's Rifle Volunteer Brigade, but with distinctions of its own, notably the kilt, which has earned for it the nickname of "The Dandy Ninth." In July 1901 it donned the Hunting Stewart tartan before that was granted to the line battalions of the regiment. It sent forty-five men to South Africa, and one of its officers, Lieut. J. C. C. Broun, took the last flag of truce into the Boer lines.

The Tenth (Cyclist) Battalion owes its inception to
the Volunteer wave of 1859, which fired the Linlithgow people. In 1862 it took shape as the "First Administrative Battalion, Linlithgowshire Rifle Volunteers," and was remodelled in 1880 as the "First Linlithgow Rifle Volunteers." In 1888 it was reorganized to fit the new system, and became the Eighth Volunteer Battalion, The Royal Scots. Many of its officers and men served in South Africa. A cyclist company was added in 1900, and this gave the key to its present service as a complete cyclist battalion of eight companies allotted for duty with the Lowland Territorial Division.

Of the preliminary work in organizing the seven service battalions it is difficult to write with any degree of accuracy, as their officers are too busy with the grim business of preparing for war to find much time for making notes of their formation. The names of the officers are given, with those of the Regular, Special Reserve and Territorial Battalions, in an appendix reproduced from the latest issue of the Army List. Suffice it to add here that Lord Rosebery has proved a most stirring and successful recruiting officer. He has been Hon. Colonel of the 7th Battalion since 1910, and the 17th Service Battalion bears officially the name of Rosebery. But all classes in Edinburgh and the surrounding counties have combined to make the answer of the Lothians to the call of the Empire one of which everyone may well be proud. The time has come when the achievements of the Lowland Regiments of the line, with The Royal Scots at their head, must be revealed to the public eye in the true greatness which their modesty has too long suffered to be forgotten.
CHAPTER XIX

FIRST YEAR OF THE GREAT WAR, 1914-15:
FRANCE AND FLANDERS

The Royal Scots in the First Onset—Mons—Le Cateau—
Cambrai—Capture of Orly-sur-Marne and Vailly—On
the Aisne—La Bassée Canal and Croix Barbée—Petit
Bois—V.C. won at Kemmel—The Fights for Ypres—
V.C. won at Givenchy.

The noble services of the Regular Battalions of The
Royal Scots in France and Flanders have unhappily
been concealed behind a far heavier mist of silence
than those of their Territorial comrades in the Dar-
danelles. For this there may be good official reasons,
but it makes hard the way of the chronicler, and if
this chapter is more slender, disjointed and vague
than its successor, it is simply because the materials
for a fuller and more connected story are not available.
Only dimly can we peer through the smoke of battle
and see heroic figures holding grimly to their positions
against overwhelming odds and giving up the struggle
only when death or wounds took them from the
firing line.

SECOND BATTALION

The Second Battalion went out with the Ex-
peditionary Force and took part in the earliest opera-
tions. Sir John French¹ completed the concentration

¹ First Dispatch of September 17, 1914.

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of his forces on August 21, 1914, and began to move them the day after. The Royals were in the 8th Brigade under General Doran.

By Sunday the 23rd they had experienced the shock of battle and played a valiant part in the battle of Mons, where they were entrenched on the right of the brigade. Of the four Scottish regiments at Mons, three were Lowland, The Royal Scots, Royal Scots Fusiliers and K.O.S.B.'s, and one Highland, The Gordons. The Royals stubbornly held up the attack of the Germans, while the First Army was retiring, until the early hours of Monday morning (the 24th), when orders were received to fall back to a fresh position, where they again entrenched. This was only for a few hours, and the retirement was continued in perfect order until the Second Army had reached Le Cateau on the night of the 25th.

The nature of the ordeal at Le Cateau shines out convincingly in the account of Private Thomas Hunter:

"We held our ground at Le Cateau from an early hour in the morning till half-past four in the afternoon, a terrific fire pouring in on us all the time. The shells dropped on us like rain, many of them bursting in the trenches around. 'C' Company of The Royal Scots got the worst of it there, the shrapnel causing terrible havoc among them. The transport we had was completely destroyed. It was stationed in a farmyard—many wagons containing ammunition and provisions—and when the Germans got the range of it, it was absolutely wiped out, many of the horses being killed, and the wagons being blown into the air like matchwood."

On the 26th the battalion had a very stiff fight at Cambrai, but every foot of ground was contested. From 7.30 in the morning they waited anxiously,
but—the story is continued in the words of a private who was there:

"Twelve o'clock came and no reinforcements, and five o'clock came and still no reinforcements. Half an hour later the order to retire was given. We got the order all right, but it did not reach all, unfortunately, and many held on. So we began the never-to-be-forgotten retreat, with shells and bullets flying about everywhere. We got into Audencourt. When we got between a church and a farmhouse we came across two women and a child. Pipe-Major Duff said he would stay behind and look after them. This he did, and we saw no more of them. Our Adjutant, Captain Price, who was one of the finest and most popular of the officers, said to us, 'Keep your heads, men. There are no marked men here. If the bullets are going to hit you they will hit you.' The Gordons, Royal Irish and 2nd Royal Scots were all together on the retreat, falling back steadily. On each side of the road lay wounded horses and men. Nothing could be done for them, as the ambulances could not get near them for the shell fire. When we had got back one and a half miles an artillery battery sergeant-major came running over and said to our commanding officer, 'For God's sake, give us some men to take our guns out of action, all the gunners are killed.' The Germans were reported to be coming on. Just as we were going to fire on the troops advancing, as we thought, to take the guns, we found they were some of our own men. Three of the guns were taken away out of the open, when we got the order to keep on retiring. So we kept on, and that night we slept by the side of the road. Heavy rain began to fall at four o'clock next morning, which did not make matters any more comfortable for us. The Germans were still shelling us from a distance of about nine miles, and we found as we fell back that we were advancing actually into the zone of shell fire.

"The Germans seemed to be all round us. As a matter of fact, we had lost our way, and did not know the road, as we had no guide. So General Smith-Dorrien consulted with his staff as to the direction we should take. We had had no food, and were tired. The General put one battery of artillery on our left with each gun 100 yards apart, and some of our battalion in front of them to meet any attack that might be made. The object of the battery was to draw the fire of the German artillery away from the main body, and so allow it to escape through one end of the village we were in. We had to retire quickly until midnight, and we were ready again to continue the retreat an hour before dawn. On the 29th the roll was called. It was answered by about 350 Royal
and the Turning Point

Scots and a corresponding number of the other battalions in the brigade. We were not left with a machine gun in the whole brigade, all the gunners having been killed.

"Before leaving Plymouth one of the machine-gun section said that no German would ever take him alive. At Cambrai he was the only man left with our machine gun, and he was severely wounded. He had three rounds of ammunition left in his rifle. With the first round he blew the machine gun out of action; with the second he shot a German; with the third he blew his own brains out."

It was on the morning of Wednesday the 26th that Colonel McMicking, D.S.O., commanding the battalion, was wounded in the shoulder while directing operations from a trench near the village of Audencourt. He was taken to a temporary hospital, and when that was shelled by the Germans, to the church. This was then fired by the enemy's shell, and as the Colonel was moved outside he was wounded again in the leg.

At this point the brigade was ordered to retire, and the wounded had to be left. Colonel McMicking was not picked up by the German field hospital until the next day, and was wounded again as he lay helpless. Until January he remained in hospital, and was then removed to the fortress of Torgau. Shortly after he had fallen, the command devolved on Major F. J. Duncan.

It is difficult to form a mental picture of the heroisms of this long trial of endurance and high courage during the great retreat, but they were countless. The Royals had held their position at Cambrai for nearly two days, and were busy at the last fight of the retirement, which took place at Saint Quentin. After it they fell back to Meaux, where the domes of Paris could easily be seen. Then came the turning movement.

A general advance was made to Coulommiers, at
which point The Royal Scots got the first glimpse of the atrocities of the Germans. The advance continued to Marne, where the Second battalion captured the village of Orly-sur-Marne and over 200 prisoners, out of between 500 and 700 taken by the brigade. From Orly The Royals moved to Braisne, where a slight skirmish took place.

On the morning of September 13 the brigade was ordered to go forward from Braisne, and The Royals furnished the advance guard. On arrival at Chezamy the main body and guns were heavily shelled by the Germans. The advance, however, was continued, and orders were given for the reconnaissance of the river Aisne. This meant some dispersions, but the battalion was again assembled and gallantly rushed across the two bridges, one over the river, the other over a canal. One of these bridges was no more than a narrow plank, and all the time the heavy German artillery poured in fire that completely enfiladed the crossing. Once across the river The Royals made a rush for the high ground, and a position covering the bridge was seized. The military historian will always regard this as a notably fine achievement. The village of Vailly and 200 prisoners were taken. On the morning of the 14th, Lieut. Henderson, with "D" Company, got in touch with the Germans, and at once attacked, but the enemy were too strongly posted, so this day marked the beginning of trench warfare. On this day, also, Major Duncan was wounded, and the command devolved on the Adjutant, Captain Price, whose death is recorded below.

A good idea of the routine of trench fighting is given by the diary of an officer of the second battalion, who was wounded in October. From this I am per-
On the Aisne

mitted to quote. The battalion was seventeen days and nights in the trenches at the Aisne without being relieved, and subject to continual bombardment; and the diary covers most of this period.

"September 16.—The Royal Scots were holding a position covering the village of Vailly and also a pontoon bridge which had been made at this point over the Aisne. The bridge (the position of which had no doubt been given away by spies) was under the constant shell fire of the Germans day and night. They were also shelling Vailly with the same gun, a 90-pounder. The village was reduced to a heap of bricks and mortar, but they never hit the bridge, luckily, as over it all rations and supplies had to be brought by night.

"The Royal Scots' position was a very unpleasant one, as they were holding a salient on either side of which was rising ground held by other regiments. We were not only under heavy shell fire from the front, but stray bullets were coming over very thickly when the positions right and left were attacked.

"On the afternoon of the 16th, Captain C. Lemprière Price, D.S.O., was killed, and was buried that night at Vailly, to the great sorrow of all ranks."

Further details of this gallant officer's death are given by a private:

"Here we lost Captain Price, who had saved so many men at Cambrai. He gave up his life trying to save another's. One of our N.C.O.s was wounded and began to yell. Captain Price was in his bomb-proof dugout when he heard the shouting, and he called out to the man, 'All right, man, I will be with you in a few minutes.' Just as he got out of the trench he was hit by a bit of shell, and died a few hours afterwards. His loss was deeply regretted, because he was beloved by everybody."

To continue the diary:

"September 17.—Very heavy shelling all day, and warning that the Germans intended to attack that night, but nothing came of it. We take advantage of the night to improve the trenches and put up wire entanglements. This is only possible at night.

"September 18.—Another heavy day with German shells.
The Move to the North

It is very hard to get meals cooked, and get water, as the water has to be got from Vailly, which the Germans have made very unhealthy with constant shelling. German gunners much impress us with the accuracy of their fire, and the quickness they show in picking up targets.

"September 19.—Shells coming very thick all day. We lose a few men.

"September 20.—Germans still keep their fire up. We have a lance-corporal killed.

"September 21.—The continual bombardment is rather trying, as this is the ninth day of it. We have lost thirty men altogether, but the men are splendid, the difficulty being to make them take care of themselves.

"September 22.—Germans still shelling hard.

"September 23.—Sergeant W goes out with a patrol to try and locate some guns. He does not succeed, but kills one German officer and two privates, and collects some valuable information. He was afterwards wounded and received the D.C.M.

"September 24.—We lose a few men from shell fire. If our trenches had not been improved we should have lost a good many more. Still raining shells, and one patrol has a warm time of it, but returns safely.

"September 25.—Same as before, but we get relieved at night by the Lincolns, and very glad of it, as this was the twelfth day of trenches under continuous shell fire. We lost about forty men. We go into billets in a village about five miles behind the firing line, but after the trying time in the Aisne, with boots, etc., on for twelve days, it was quite far enough to march.

"September 26 to 28 are spent in route marching in order to get men's feet hard after the trying time in the trenches, and in getting things thoroughly straightened up.

"September 29.—General Smith-Dorrien reviews the regiment and compliments the men on their conduct on the Aisne."

So September ended with well-deserved praise from the General Commanding the First Army Corps.

The beginning of October saw the great move of the British force from its trenches on the Aisne, where it was relieved by the French, to the new positions in Flanders, where it has since fought with such brilliance and stubbornness. There is no need to give the details of the marching and entraining

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of The Royal Scots, which lasted until October 11.
We can continue the story in the words of the diary:

"October 12-16.—March to Vieille Chapelle, but cannot get there, as the Germans have got there before us; at least, they are holding the canal just north of it. The Gurkhas are sent to hold the crossing at La Fosse, the Middlesex and Royal Irish have crossed in the south. The Royal Scots receive orders to rush a footbridge over the canal between the two, which is strongly held by the enemy.

The ground for several miles west of the bridge was absolutely open, and is cut up by a series of dykes which are very deep and cannot be crossed except by small bridges at intervals. It was impossible to reconnoitre the position of the bridge owing to the nature of the country, and we were told to rush it at once. We had two companies, 'A' and 'B' Companies, in the firing line under Captain Tanner and Captain Heathcote, and two, 'C' and 'D,' in support under Captain Morrison and Captain Henderson. We had no sooner started the attack than we came under heavy rifle fire. The men behaved as they always do, with the greatest coolness, and extended as though they were on an ordinary parade. The leading companies were led with the greatest gallantry by Captain Tanner and Captain Heathcote, the latter being wounded, the bridge being finally taken with the loss of about a hundred men. Lieutenant Trotter was unfortunately killed, also Lieutenant Cowans. General Doran was very pleased with the regiment, and sent the following message in the evening: 'Well done, The Royal Scots.'"

The four days' advance involved in the crossing of the Bassée canal ended in the taking of the village of Croix Barbée, and showed the tenacity and devotion to duty of The Royal Scots in a brilliant light. The operations were directed by Major Croker, who was wounded. Under conditions which were anything but cheerful, the men maintained the name of the old regiment as usual by the very dogged manner in which the attack was maintained until the village was finally captured. The casualties of the second battalion amongst the officers, killed and wounded, were so heavy that a captain from the
Action at Petit Bois

Divisional Staff was sent to take over temporary command. It was during these operations that the brilliant General of Division, Sir H. I. M. Hamilton, was killed by shrapnel at Battalion Headquarters whilst in conversation with the Commanding Officer of the battalion.

About this time the 7th Division and 3rd Cavalry Division, which had been operating near Ghent and Antwerp, joined up with Sir John French and were posted to the east of Ypres, and the long battle of Ypres-Armentières began.

It raged until the latter part of November, and the operations are described in Sir John French’s dispatch of November 20, 1914.

The beginning of December saw The Royal Scots still engaged in the defence of Ypres. On the night of the 13th an operation was begun of which the outline cannot be better told than in the words of Sir John French’s dispatch dated February 2, 1915:

“During the early days of December certain indications along the whole front of the Allied Line induced the French Commanders and myself to believe that the enemy had withdrawn considerable forces from the Western Theatre.

“Arrangements were made with the Commander of the 8th French Army for an attack to be commenced on the morning of December 14.

“Operations began at 7 a.m. by a combined heavy artillery bombardment by the two French and the 2nd British Corps.

The British objectives were the Petit Bois and the Maedelsteed Spur, lying respectively to the west and south-west of the village of Wytschaete.

“At 7.45 a.m. The Royal Scots, with great dash, rushed forward and attacked the former, while the Gordon Highlanders attacked the latter place.

“The Royal Scots, commanded by Major F. J. Duncan, D.S.O., in face of a terrible machine-gun and rifle fire, carried the German trench on the west edge of the Petit Bois, capturing two machine guns and 53 prisoners, including one officer.

“The Gordon Highlanders, with great gallantry, advanced
Ordeal of the Trenches

up the Maedelsteed Spur, forcing the enemy to evacuate their front trench. They were, however, losing heavily, and found themselves unable to get any further. At nightfall they were obliged to fall back to their original position.

A reference such as this shows how finely the Royal Scots carry on their traditions of dash and stubbornness.

I think I am not going beyond the simple fact in saying that The Royal Scots in France and Flanders have never given up a trench, and their terrible losses in officers and men show what that record means.

When the action of Petit Bois was begun, The Royals had been continuously under fire for more than a month. The charge was over ground which had been so sodden with rain that the mud was knee-deep. Eight officers and about 120 men were lost by The Royal Scots alone, and Captain the Hon. Henry Lyndhurst Bruce was shot dead when only thirty yards from the trenches from which the Germans were afterwards driven. He was buried by his men when the charge was over, and has since been mentioned for the D.S.O. for his great bravery. After his death a letter was received in London, in which Captain Bruce wrote:

"We had been heavily sniped for three days. I had one man killed, so I went for the sniper with a grenade. The first found the range, but was wide. The second landed just behind the trench, and within five yards of the sniper. The sniping ceased entirely from that place, and as the grenades have a radius of about twenty yards, I think my friend was, to say the least, uncomfortable. In the afternoon we spotted smoke rising from behind a trench. My first grenade failed to burst, but my second landed about two yards behind a party.

"We ourselves are none too happy, as 80 yards of my trench is 3 ft. deep under water and 100 yards 1 ft. deep. The rest is mostly mud. It is impossible to keep dry except by standing up." Curiously enough, in the last month my
Private Robson, V.C.

company has been on the extreme right of the English lines, and afterwards on the extreme left. The former was too hot a place, as we were in a sort of a redoubt on the point of a salient, and the latter was too cold.

"This poor old regiment is absolutely unknown to the public, but we don’t wear kilts, and we do not advertise. The more I see of the men the better I like them. My own boys are splendid. They are never downhearted, and even 2 ft. of water cannot depress them. I believe they would like it to be deeper than that in order to see the disgusted faces of the regiment that relieves them. My grievance is that they will not pay attention to bullets, and if they want to make tea they make it, even if they have to risk their lives."

Captain Bruce was right: the old regiment does not advertise, but the light of its deeds cannot be hid.

From another source I take the information that Captain Crackenthorpe and Lieutenants Hedderwick and Wallace were with "D" Company when it made the first move against the Petit Bois on the night of the 13th, which was spent in the ruined village of Kemmel. At 7 a.m. on the 14th the artillery paved the way by a bombardment of the wood, and at 7.45 "D" and "C" companies leapt over the trench parapets and advanced through a hail of shrapnel and rifle fire. Captain Bruce fell first just as the outer edge of the wood had been gained. Captain Crackenthorpe took his place, but was soon wounded, and the command fell to Lieutenant Hedderwick. The second line was too strong to be pierced, and The Royals consolidated their success, which was considerable.

For his part in this brilliant little action Private Robson of the second battalion was awarded the Victoria Cross and Sergeant Hough the D.C.M., and the battalion was highly commended by Sir John French and Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien.
The discomfits of the winter campaign were borne by all ranks with a cheery spirit in very trying conditions, and a joke was made of floating about in the trench on roughly constructed rafts made from tubs, etc.

The second battle for Ypres found the Second Battalion holding the line south of the town. It was later moved up to relieve units which had taken part in the severe fighting. Once more The Royals proved steady and reliable in the face of heavy fire and the resultant trench-to-trench fighting. They were especially congratulated by their Brigadier, General Hoskins, for the excellent way in which they moved forward by digging and so prepared the way for the advance of those behind.

First Battalion

We must now turn to the adventures of the First Battalion, which was serving in India on the outbreak of war and sailed from Bombay in October 1914. It took five weeks for the convoy to reach Plymouth, and for nearly a month the battalion was under canvas near Winchester and suffering acute discomfits, which, however, prepared the men for the mud of Flanders. The battalion, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Callender, sailed for France on December 19. By the 22nd it arrived at Aire-sur-la-Lys, and by the night of January 9 had taken over trenches near Dicksbusch, and there remained until March 20. All this time the men suffered very heavily from frost-bitten feet, and in the course of one month over three hundred were non-effective from this cause. On April 8 the battalion marched through Ypres to
On the Menin-Ypres Road

occupy trenches near Hooge. From April 16 it remained unrelieved in the trenches for eighteen days, subject to heavy shell fire and projectiles from minnenwerfen. The losses were serious during this period. After a short rest, trench service was begun again early in May at a spot very mendaciously called Sanctuary Wood, and as this period included what is now known as the second battle of Ypres the casualties were considerable.

At 7 a.m. on the morning of May 8 a violent bombardment of nearly the whole of the 5th Corps front broke out, and gradually concentrated on the front of the division between north and south of Frezenberg. The trenches were obliterated and the losses severe. A heavy infantry attack followed, before which the British line had for a time to give way. Brigade after brigade broke before the hideous fury of the attack, but by defence and counter-attack the British destroyed the Germans by whole companies. Fighting proceeded all night, and the enemy began the bombardment again on the morning of the 9th.

On the following day the trenches on either side of the Menin-Ypres Road were shelled very severely all the morning, and the First Royals were amongst the units which repulsed, with heavy loss, a German attack made under cover of gas.

After a comparatively quiet night and morning (10th–11th) the hostile artillery fire was concentrated on the trenches of two of the Highland Regiments at a slightly more northern point than on the previous day. The Germans attacked in force and gained a footing in part of the trenches, but were promptly ejected by a supporting company of the First Royal Scots.

Unhappily Captain L. F. Farquharson, on whose
The Territorial Battalions

initiative this gallant counter-attack was undertaken, was killed the following day, but The Royals held the recovered trench until they were relieved. During the two months covered by the second battle of Ypres the number of casualties in the first battalion was exceeded by only one other unit of the brigade. By the end of May a move was made to trenches southeast of Armentières, and since then the time has been occupied with the normal routine of trench warfare.

Although the brilliant doings of the 4th, 5th and 7th Territorial battalions in the Dardanelles have covered the regiment with new and fadeless laurels, it must not be forgotten that the 8th and 9th have also played their part in France and Flanders.

Eighth Battalion

The 8th battalion was the first Territorial battalion of a Scottish Regiment to go to the front, and crossed to France early in November, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Alexander Brook. By the 15th of the month they were in the firing line, near Flembaix. Included in its ranks were 3 officers and 100 men taken from the 6th battalion, and a similar draft from the 8th Highland Light Infantry was also attached to it. The first casualty was on December 2, when Lance-Sergeant David Grieve was killed by a stray bullet as the battalion was marching into the trenches. On December 15 Captain Thomas Todrick was killed in front of the trenches, and was afterwards mentioned in dispatches. At this time great hardships had to

The London Scottish were the first Territorial unit of Scotsmen, but they are the fourteenth battalion of The London Regiment.
Battle of Festubert

be endured from frost and rain. On December 18 the battalion took part in an attack on the German lines and suffered a good many casualties, Lieutenant Burt, who was attached to the Royal Engineers, being killed. One man greatly distinguished himself in this onset. Private Cordery, "A" Company, went out and brought in four wounded men in succession. Cordery was warned that it was very dangerous to go out a fifth time, as it was getting light and the wounded were now nearer the German lines; but he again volunteered, and unfortunately he was this time himself wounded. He is now a prisoner at Wittemberg.

The battalion alternated with the Royal Welsh Fusiliers in the trenches until March 1, 1915, when the Division handed over the lines to the Canadians and went south to join in the attack on Neuve Chapelle. It suffered severely here, while it held trenches on the left of the attack for seventeen days without relief. Early in May a move was made to the neighbourhood of Bethune, and during the battle of Festubert, May 16-18, the battalion was heavily engaged. To the great grief of all, Lieut.-Colonel Brook was killed, after having served in The Royals for nearly thirty years. At his funeral the General of Brigade said of him: "I think Brook was the bravest man I ever knew." Lieut.-Colonel Gemmill succeeded him in the command. On May 21 the General of Division addressed the battalion and thanked all ranks for their splendid behaviour. Festubert brought distinctions to the Eighth, including the D.S.O. to Lieut.-Colonel Gemmill, four D.C.M.'s and several mentions in dispatches.

After a short rest the battalion again went into action at Givenchy. It was here that Lance-Corporal
The Ninth at Ypres

Angus performed the heroic action that gained for him the Victoria Cross.

Some deeds that have won the V.C. have been more written about than this, but those who saw Angus—in cold blood and broad daylight—crawl the fifty yards that separated the British and German trenches know that no nobler deed adorns the annals of any regiment. "My boy, you are going to almost certain death," said an officer of a Canadian Regiment, who, hearing what was being attempted, had come along the trench. "Well, sir," said Angus, "it doesn't matter very much whether sooner or later," and crawled away on his perilous journey.

From this time onward to August 1 the battalion had the usual routine of trench and rest. On August 1 the battalion was formed into a Pioneer Battalion for the 7th Division, but three weeks later it was ordered away to be pioneer to a division of the 3rd Army.

Up to the end of June the battalion had lost 17 officers and 350 men, killed and wounded. It should be added that the above notes refer to the 1/8th; the 2/8th and 3/8th are still, at the time of writing, in Scotland.

Ninth Battalion

The 9th battalion, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Blair, was with the First, and followed the Eighth towards the end of February 1915. Month after month the fight for Ypres went on raging, em-

1 Angus was in the 8th Highland Light Infantry, attached to the 8th Royal Scots. The 8th Highland Light Infantry did not volunteer for foreign service as a unit, but a number of men in this battalion who were eager to go to the front were attached to the 8th Royals for the period of the war.
At St. Julien

bittered by the fury of the British troops at the German use of poisonous gas. The latter part of April was a critical period, for the break of the French line on April 22 was followed by so violent a bombardment of the British positions that it proved difficult to dig efficient trenches or reorganize the line properly after the confusion caused by the first great gas surprise and the subsequent almost daily gas attacks.

On April 23 the Ninth was sent to St. Julien to help the Canadians, and suffered severely. It is impossible yet to disentangle the doings of those terrible days, but the Ninth, like the First, with whom they were brigaded, brought fresh laurels to the regiment.

On May 10 (as we learn from Sir Herbert Plumer's report, incorporated in Sir John French's dispatch of June 15, 1915), the Germans made a violent attack on the trenches on either side of the Menin-Ypres road, under cover of gas. The Ninth Royal Scots were among the units which repulsed this onset with heavy loss, but they were compelled to fall back to the trenches west of Bellewaarde Wood, not because they were driven out of their advanced position, but because their trenches had been practically destroyed by shell fire and would not have been tenable in case of further attack.

The Tenth Battalion under the command of Lieut.-Colonel A. P. Simpson is, at the time of writing, still in Scotland.

Eleventh, Twelfth, and Thirteenth Battalions

Of the battalions of the new armies serving in Flanders only slight particulars are yet forthcoming.
The Service Battalions

The Eleventh and Twelfth were the first two service battalions of the regiment to be created, both during August 1914, and they thus formed part of the first increase of the Regular Army by 100,000 men. It is impossible to exaggerate the difficulty of the task which faced officers, N.C.O.'s, and men of these and the later new battalions. The officers were in most cases strangers to each other, the seniors in some cases rusty from being long in the reserve, the subalterns fresh from the O.T.C. It took hard work and good humour to create the sense of unity and the regimental atmosphere which are of the essence of successful soldiering, but it was done in an incredibly short time. The N.C.O.'s had to be appointed either on their record of former service or on the promise of future capacity. The men were full of patriotism and a determination to make light of difficulties, but they could not at once shed the civilian outlook or grasp the necessity for a system so radically divorced from their experience. The slow arrival of equipment in the early days was a discouraging factor, and the conditions of hutting and weather did not sweeten the inevitable drudgery of early training. Despite all difficulties, the new battalions faced the situation with good humour and pertinacity, and when the full story of the war comes to be written, the historian will have nothing more notable to tell than the conversion of a rabble of recruits into finely tempered units, fit to take their place by the side of the regular battalions which were upheld by long tradition and careful training. Both the Eleventh and Twelfth embarked for France on May 11, 1915. The Eleventh, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Dundas, has been in the trenches since July. Although it has not taken
part in any dramatic engagement, it has not gone unscathed, for three officers and twenty-five rank and file had been killed and five officers and forty rank and file wounded up to August. Lieut.-Colonel Loch is in command of the Twelfth. Training was continued in France by work at supporting points behind the trenches during May and June, and trench duty proper began on July 1 in the reserve line, near Le Plantin, now familiarly known as “The Ditch,” and for some time the Eleventh and Twelfth alternated in this service. On July 22 the Twelfth moved to the neighbourhood of the notorious orchard, near Festubert, and were there subject to heavy enfilade fire until August 6, when they were relieved. Later in the month the battalion was employed in sapping, and for gallantry during this period 2nd Lieut. R. B. Stewart was recommended for the Military Cross and Private G. Broom for the D.C.M. From June to September 21 the losses of the Twelfth were seven men killed and four officers and 100 men wounded. Lieut.-Colonel MacLean is in command of the Thirteenth, but no details of its service are available. The reprint from the Army List in Appendix C gives all particulars as to officers serving in all battalions.

**A Royal Scot at Tsingtau**

In the minor theatres of war no battalion of The Royals has been engaged. The Dardanelles campaign is not “minor,” and the next chapter is devoted to the noble achievements of the three Territorial battalions in the Gallipoli Peninsula.

A word must be given, however, to the siege of Tsingtau, because Lieutenant H. J. Simson, of The
Tsingtau

Royal Scots, played a notable part there. He was attached to the 2nd South Wales Borderers, who left South Africa soon after the war broke out and landed at Laoshan Bay on September 22. The main engagement in which they took part was on November 5, when they crept very close to the German position. A diary of the siege yields the following extract:

"Everybody was enthusiastic about the work of Lieutenant Simson, Royal Scots, who went out scouting every night to find a position for advanced trenches. These he indicated with small pieces of cloth fixed on sticks. He spoke Japanese, and on these expeditions carried a Japanese sword, and was generally accompanied by one or two Japanese engineers."

On November 7 the enemy surrendered, and the Japanese and British troops marched into the conquered fortress. Lieutenant Simson has been awarded the Military Cross.
CHAPTER XX

FIRST YEAR OF THE GREAT WAR—1915. THE DARDANELLES

An Epic of Territorials—The Fifth (Queen's) in the 29th Division—The Fight for the Landing—Captain Maclagan's Narrative—Saving the Situation on June 19—The Storming of the Gully Ravine on June 28—The Fighting during July—"Achieving the Impossible."

On the eve of the departure of the incomparable 29th Division for the Gallipoli Peninsula, General Sir Ian Hamilton issued the following message—

"Soldiers of France and the King,—"

"We are now about to embark on an enterprise which will have an important effect on the great war, and which will bring it one step further to a glorious end. We are about to land on the shores of an enemy's country, which has been vaunted by them as impregnable. Forts will be stormed. The whole eyes of the world will be upon us, and it lies upon us to carry out the feat of arms which has been entrusted to us.

"'Remember,' said Lord Kitchener before bidding adieu to the Commander, 'remember, once you set foot on the Gallipoli Peninsula you must fight it through to a finish.'"

At the same time each man of the Division received a personal note from Major-General Hunter-Weston,¹

The Twenty-ninth Division

in command of the Division, in which the following striking sentences occur—

"The eyes of the world are upon us, and your deeds will live in history.

"To us now is given an opportunity of avenging our friends and relatives who have fallen in France and Flanders.

"... if each man feels, as is true, that on him individually, however small or however great his task, rests the success or failure of the expedition, and, therefore, the honour of the Empire and the welfare of his own folk at home, we are certain to win through to a glorious victory.

"In Nelson's time it was England, now it is the whole Empire, which expects that each man of us will do his duty."

Truly the deeds of the Division will live in history, and part of this history was made by the Fifth Royal Scots. These Edinburgh Territorials, locally known as the "Queen's," were brought in by the fortune of war to make the Twelfth Battalion of the immortal—that Division. Their deeds, within sight of the windy plains of Troy, since April 25, 1915, "may have stirred the ghost of Homer to sing their valour."

The Fourth and Seventh Battalions have also done notable service, but as they arrived on the field somewhat later, the deeds of the Fifth may be described first. It left England on March 21, 1915. Alexandria was reached on Good Friday, and on Easter Sunday the battalion disembarked, but remained in Egypt only ten days. At 6 a.m. on Sunday, April 25, the Lancashire Fusiliers landed on W Beach, since known as Lancashire Landing, and The Royals were not long in following them.

By the evening of Tuesday, April 27, the Allies had established themselves on a line some three miles long, and from left to right (facing the Turks). The positions were 87th, 86th and 88th Brigades (with The Royals),

1 Number of Division deleted by Censor here.
and four French battalions. At eight o’clock on the morning of Wednesday a vigorous forward movement was made against Krithia, despite the fact that the troops had enjoyed no proper rest since the landing. The progress amounted to nearly three miles, but about 11.30 a.m. the 88th Brigade was held up by the stubbornness of the opposition, and a dearth of ammunition. The hope of winning Achi Baba had to be abandoned for the time, Krithia was not taken, and counter-attacks by the Turks robbed the Allies of some of their gains. The Fifth suffered heavily throughout the day, the losses including Captain Hepburn, the Adjutant, who fell while he was telling his men to keep their heads down. “We all,” says a N.C.O., “regarded Captain Hepburn as the perfect soldier.” It was during this retirement that Colonel Wilson was wounded. He fell, and the fight passed over him. I am able to give the detailed story in his own words—

“Rushing forward with a line of men, we lay down and were immediately fired on by a sniper from behind, at a distance of not more than twenty yards. I was wounded in the wrist by his first shot, which splintered on the rock. The second went through my arm. This must have been about 11 a.m. A fellow victim was our excellent Mess Sergeant—Sgt. Allsopp—who lay mortally hit a few paces away. Knowing that movement would produce further shooting, I lay on my back till dusk fell, hearing the sounds of battle wavering to and fro, but all the while believing that the British had reached Krithia. All was quiet, and after a struggle of almost two hours, I got rid of equipment, and leaving a few water-bottles with my fellow sufferers, I went to seek the ambulance we had hoped for so long. Reaching the road, I turned towards Krithia, and passed numerous badly wounded Turks who had crawled there. At last a more able-bodied Turk was reached. Carefully inspecting him while covering him with my revolver, I, by signs, offered him money to lead me to the British camp. Indignantly he refused, pointing to himself, and making some sign, and then to me, making sign of the Cross, indicating our differ-
Colonel Wilson's Experiences

ence in faith. This made me think that the troops were the fanatic Asiatic Turks, and so, when two minutes later a sentry challenged, I turned and ran along with what speed my condition allowed. A cry from the sentry brought at least thirty men out, who ran parallel with the road, and cut off my way to the right, which I judged to be the direction of our camp. Desperately I dived into the low scrub on left of road, though the bright moonlight gave little hope of cover, but hardly had I gone a hundred yards when I saw a small hole and dropped in exhausted, pulling the earth and vegetation round me. Almost miraculously, it seemed, their search failed, and after much discharging of rifles, silence reigned. The long night wore on, an icy rain fell for two hours, my wounds stiffened, and my hunger was appeased by lozenges. At last the dawn, an hour after which I judged would be the safest hour to escape. I found myself unable to move, owing to the earth having caked with rain. Digging with my clasp-knife at length released me, and I crawled, now unable to walk, to the bed of a little stream, and with many pauses and much care, wriggled thence to near the road, where I could look round the country. I was spotted several times, but the Turks were too busy looting bodies to come after me. The sun by this time had revived my strength, and when at least one and a half miles away, I saw British troops moving in regular lines (it turned out they were systematically hunting snipers), I determined to risk all, and got to my feet. All went well until I was within half a mile of our troops, when two bullets in succession whizzed by. Experience had taught me that a sniper will not fire on a dead or badly wounded man, and when the third bullet came, I fell, simulating disablement, in such a way as to be able to watch our men. Four hours later two approached within a hundred yards, and I shouted and waved. They were about to shoot me, as my very dishevelled condition suggested a Turk, but curiosity prevailed. They were men of the 1st Essex—I was saved. With all tenderness they brought me in first to their headquarters, and then to mine, and by midnight I was on an hospital ship.”

At six in the evening the order was given to entrench and consolidate what had been won, and this work was continued on April 29 and 30.

Meanwhile reinforcements had been landed, none too soon, for at 10 p.m. on May 1 the Turks delivered a series of desperate attacks. The enemy were ex-
horted by their German masters to fling the British into the sea, and advanced with the utmost violence.

Let Sir Ian Hamilton\(^1\) continue the story—

"This first momentum of this ponderous onslaught fell upon the right of the 86th Brigade, an unlucky spot, seeing all the officers thereabouts had already been killed or wounded. So when the Turks came right on without firing and charged into the trenches with the bayonet they made an ugly gap in the line.

"This gap was instantly filled by The Fifth Royal Scots (Territorials), who faced to their flank and executed a brilliant bayonet charge against the enemy, and by the Essex Regiment detached for the purpose by the Officer Commanding 88th Brigade. The rest of the British line held its own with comparative ease, and it was not found necessary to employ any portion of the reserve."

The French were the next to feel the brunt, but by five o'clock in the morning of May 2 a British counter-offensive was ordered, which drove the Turks back, but did not succeed in retaining the ground won.

The loss in numbers was not serious during the night attack, but included three valuable and experienced officers killed, Captains Lindsay and Russell and Acting Adjutant Lieutenant Smith.

In a diary kept by a captain in the Army Service Corps, upon which I have been allowed to draw (referred to later as Captain X—'s diary), I find the following story of the help given by the Fifth to another regiment—

"A party of—, having lost all their officers and N.C.O.'s, and running short of ammunition, broke before the Turkish advance and ran. I cannot blame them, odds were against them, they were tired, unnerved, and had no leader. I mention this to record a fine piece of work done by The Royal Scots Territorial Battalion, two platoons of which, led by their officers, immediately charged the captured trenches, and retook them at the point of the bayonet, thus straightening the line."

\(^1\) Despatch of May 20, 1915.
Captain Maclagan's Narrative

Another account of the work of the "Queen's" in these momentous days of the opening of the Gallipoli campaign is given in a letter from Captain D. C. Maclagan. The command of the battalion fell to him on two occasions, owing to casualties amongst the senior officers; and his narrative carries the doings of the Fifth up to May 18, when he was wounded.

"From the transport at 10 a.m. on April 25 we went by a mine-sweeper close inshore. From there we got into boats and landed in shallow water. Immediately we got on shore we got into a loose formation, as much under cover as possible. Only two companies—W and Y—came on shore, the others being in other boats. W Company (under me) was in the trenches from Sunday evening till Tuesday morning under heavy fire and constant attacks by the Turks. We advanced (still two companies) on Tuesday, 27th, as reserve to our brigade, and at dark had gone about three miles inland. We entrenched for the night. On Wednesday the advance was resumed (we still being in reserve), and then we were properly in the thick of it. The reserves were getting the worst of the high-aimed fire from the Turks all day. We pressed forward about two miles, and all got into the firing line. During the day Colonel Wilson and Major M'Donald were wounded, and Captain Hepburn, the Adjutant, was killed. We had other heavy casualties, several junior officers being killed and wounded, and practically the whole of the headquarters of the battalion being wiped out . . .

"Eventually we had to retire again in the evening practically to our own position of the night before or perhaps about 200 yards ahead of it. Next day we were in reserve to the French and some of our own brigade, and came in for trouble at night as usual, but there were no casualties. On April 30 we were transferred to general reserve behind the front line trenches, and though we had a lot of work and one or two scares, nothing happened. On May 1 there was a heavy attack by Turks (about 37,000 I believe) and we had to make a night charge on our own initiative. We unfortunately didn't get all the Turks, and they got behind us and fired into us, causing a lot of casualties before we got them cleared out. We got a good deal of praise for that night's work, and as a special honour got the most difficult point in the line to hold for the next two nights. We were heavily attacked, but we repulsed everything with practically no casualties. Captain Muir had joined us with Z Company on May 2, but I kept him two nights in
The Fifth Battalion

reserve to get his men accustomed to fire. I rejoined him on
May 4, and at night Captain MacIntosh, with X Company,
joined us, and took over command of the battalion. In reserve
all May 5, we moved to the attack on the 6th, and poor Mac-

![Fig. 39. The Gallipoli Peninsula.](image)

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Morning Post.)

Intosh was killed before we got up to our position. We were
still in reserve when he was hit.

"Again I took command, and brought the battalion for-
ward at night to the firing line. Next day we were ordered to
take possession of a wood in front of us 'at all costs.' We
did it, and held it for six hours, but had to leave go. After
Fight for the Wood

half-an-hour's bombardment by the Fleet, three regiments tried it, and after going through, came back and entrenched on one side of it. We haven't got it yet. I lost Aitchison killed and a lot wounded. Next day the wood was tried again by New Zealanders with no better luck, and very heavy casualties, and we were ordered to support. Here again we met trouble, and could not get forward. Paterson and Robertson were both wounded, and several men killed and wounded. The following day we hung on the front line till night, when we were relieved by the New Zealanders, and the following morning we went back two miles to get our first rest. Here I wanted a Padre, as the first thought most of us had was a service of thanksgiving for our lives. Unfortunately, I didn't get one till Wednesday, when the Rev. John Wallace Ross, from Dunedin, came to the rescue, and held a service for us.

"We spent the rest of the week refitting and road-making, and on Sunday, May 16, took over the front line again, with orders to push forward by every possible means. We made considerable progress next day, and on Tuesday, 18th, while I was about 150 yards in front with Captain Macrae, I received my bullet. Here my narrative of necessity stops.

"Our men were simply splendid. They would do anything for us, and I can only call it whole-hearted devotion to duty. There was no thought of glory or honour in their work, but constant endeavour to do the right thing at the right time. They have made a great name for themselves in the 29th Division, to which we had the honour to belong. Edinburgh may well be proud of them."

This narrative has only to be read to make Edinburgh, and all who love Edinburgh, full of a just pride in the deathless exploits of the City's Territorials.

Be it ever remembered that they are not professional soldiers, but men drawn from civilian pursuits, who have devoted their small leisure to make themselves so efficient that they have done no less than the Regulars to make immortal the name of the 29th Division in Gallipoli. The official account of the doings described by Captain Maclagan is given by Sir Ian Hamilton in his dispatch of August 26, and he refers to the way the Fifth "carried the fir trees with a rush." Before the later work of the "Queen's" is described,
A Heroic Sergeant

an extract must be given from the letter of Private Walter Meal, of Y Company. This company was separated from the battalion at the beginning, because it was detailed for loading and unloading the transport waggons, but soon joined the rest of the battalion. Private Meal’s account of one of the great attacks has the true ring of an eyewitness’s story, and is given to establish the conditions of this heroic campaign.

"As we made our way by short rushes up a kind of gully, with the continual whiz! whiz! of the bullets over our heads and the shriek of the shrapnel as the shells tore through the air, we had our first baptism of fire.

"For a little we made ourselves scarce behind the cover thrown up for two of our machine guns, waiting the word for a further advance. While there we witnessed the constant stream of wounded, who came straggling down the gully with blood-stained clothing and bandages round heads, arms, and legs.

"Then came the word for the "Fifth" to advance by companies. The little gorge to which we were to advance and entrench ourselves lay across a stretch of open ground about 500 or 600 yards to our left front, so on the word of command we extended to eight paces, and made the first rush of about fifty yards and lay flat. In this manner we gradually covered the ground between us and the gorge.

"At every rush the enemy’s machine guns would open on us, accompanied by a perfect hail of bullets from the riflemen, and some of our comrades would topple over and lie still never to move again, or would sit up and try to stop the flow of blood from a wound in the leg or the hand.

"The straggling lines which kept arriving in the gorge were met by a cheer from their comrades already established there, and digging as hard as they could."

I also take from Captain X——’s diary an extract which adds reality to the glories and horrors of the doings of the Fighting Fifth——

"Royal Scots Territorials did exceptionally well in recent fighting. One of their sergeants was found dead, still holding his rifle by the barrel, and his bayonet lying alongside of him broken. Five Turks lay dead in a semicircle with their heads smashed in by the butt end of his rifle. This man held a good position in Edinburgh in civil life."
Advance on June 4

But we must not imagine that there is nothing but grim incident in the doings of these gallant gentlemen. From the same source I extract the following, under date May 29—

"Paid a visit to The Royal Scots Mess in a topping dug-out. Most hospitable crowd, and the Colonel a delightful chap."

True Edinburgh hospitality is as much at home in Gallipoli as within a mile of Princes Street.

But I am anticipating.

Captain Maclagan’s narrative shows the very severe fighting in which the Fifth took part between May 4 and May 11, when the —th Brigade moved back to reserve trenches for a rest. By May 16 the Headquarters of the Brigade were moved further to left of firing line about half a mile beyond a point known as Pink Farm; and on the 19th the Brigade was a mile in front of the Farm. On June 4 an advance was made towards Krithia, of between 200 and 400 yards on a front of three miles.

The 29th Division with the Royal Naval and the 42nd Divisions and the French Corps made an assault after a heavy bombardment and the French captured the Haricot Redoubt on the right. The Fifth Royal Scots were in the 88th Brigade.

"On the left the 29th Division met with more difficulty. All along the section of the 88th Brigade the troops jumped out of their trenches at noon and charged across the open at the nearest Turkish trench. In most places the enemy crossed bayonets with our men, and inflicted severe loss upon us. But the 88th Brigade was not to be denied. The Worcester Regiment was the first to capture trenches, and the remainder of the 88th Brigade, though at first held up by flanking as well as fronting fire, also pushed on doggedly until they had fairly made good the whole of the Turkish first line."

1 Number of Brigade deleted by Censor here.
2 From Sir Ian Hamilton’s dispatch of August 20.
Praise from Lord Kitchener

From June 10 to 12 the Brigade was resting at Gully Beach, but the lines were much troubled by big shells coming over from the Turkish guns on the Asiatic shore. On the 13th they were back in the trenches.

On June 16 the Turks made an assault on the trenches of the 88th Brigade, but were repulsed after bitter fighting. On the evening of the 18th the enemy began a violent bombardment, but the attack by their infantry failed except that they managed to get into an awkward salient which had remained in our hands after the action of June 4. To the Fifth and a company of the Worcesters fell the task of coming to the aid of the 9th Manchesters and clearing out the Turks. And most gloriously they did it, with Lieut.-Colonel Wilson at their head. Captain Alex Macrae specially distinguished himself on this occasion and was wounded. It was to this brilliant achievement that Lord Kitchener referred in his telegram, dated June 21, to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh—

"Sir Ian Hamilton has specially reported to me in terms of high praise the gallantry and determination displayed by The Fifth Battalion Royal Scots under the capable leadership of their Colonel in a recent counter attack on a Turkish trench on the Gallipoli Peninsula. Sir Ian states that the attack was ably organized and brilliantly carried to a successful issue in conjunction with a company of the Worcester Regiment. The people of Edinburgh will be proud, I am sure, to learn of the prowess displayed by one of their own battalions."

This was praise indeed, for the Secretary for War does not send his congratulations without very special cause. Hardly less significant are the thanks from the units to whose aid the Fifth came so opportunely—

"88th Brigade Orders, 19/6/15: 'The 42nd Division express their gratitude for their services in re-taking trenches captured by the Turks.'"
The Fight on June 19

For his part in this fine piece of work the Colonel of the Fifth was awarded the Distinguished Service Order, and the following is the official record—

"Lieut.-Colonel James Thomas Rankine Wilson, 1st-5th Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment) (Queen's Edinburgh Rifles), Territorial Force, for conspicuous ability and resource on June 19, 1915, during operations in the neighbourhood of Krithia (Dardanelles), where he reorganized and carried out the re-capture of a Turkish trench from which the troops of another division had been forced back. The success gained was due to Lieut.-Colonel Wilson's skilful and bold leading and his prompt assumption of responsibility."

From Captain X's diary I take the following note, which gives an idea of the fury of the conflict—

"Bombs were used freely, and when The Royal Scots had got to the foremost trench, at one time Turks and British both occupied the same trench, the Turks hastily erected a barricade in the trench itself to protect them from The Royal Scots, who, however, quickly drove them out by bombs."

From the same source I add this extract, which shows the rapid alternation between struggle and comparative quiet. The diarist dates his entry June 20, immediately after the savage fighting just described.

"This afternoon I walked along under the cliff to Gully Beach to see the Brigade which has now gone into reserve for a rest. The Padre of The Royal Scots was holding evening prayers and preaching a sermon as I passed along. As I was at X Beach severe shrapnel burst over the cliff, two officers, one man, and a horse being wounded. A piece hit the heel of the boot of The Royal Scots Padre as he was conducting his service."

So far the story of The Royal Scots in Gallipoli is the story of the Fifth, but two more battalions were now to fight shoulder to shoulder with them.

The Fourth started out for its first spell of the trenches on the evening of June 18, being detailed to relieve the Fifth, but only got half way and sheltered
Fourth Battalion joins the Fray

for the night in some disused trenches. The reason for the delay was the sharp action just described. From the 19th until the 24th the Fourth did trench duty, and the following extract from a private's letter shows how valuable the fine marksmanship of the Edinburgh Territorials has proved—

"Now about our duties in the trenches. Our part of the trenches is 500 or 600 yards from that of the Turks. . . . Ordinarily, things are quiet during the day except for sniping, and firing is started at dark, continuing till daybreak. We have had very few casualties in the trenches. Some of our crack shots have accounted for a number of Turkish snipers. There are a number of enemy snipers in a redoubt near our trench. I watched them building up their parapet through the periscope, and then had a pot at them."

It seems invidious to particularize where skill and courage were so common, but as an incident of June 21 was marked in Divisional Orders, it may be quoted as one example out of many—

"Major-General G. G. A. Egerton, C.B., commanding —th Division,1 congratulates and thanks Company Quartermaster-Sergeant Dewar, Fourth Battalion Royal Scots, on the good work performed by Sergeant Dewar in discovering and killing with the first shot a Turkish sniper in rear of firing line on June 21, 1915, thereby proving that Sergeant Dewar's skill and proficiency as King's Prizeman was of eminent value to his country in the field.

"Major-General Egerton has been further desired by Lieut.-General Hunter-Weston, C.B., to add his congratulations, and to say that Sergeant Dewar never made as good a bull's-eye at Bisley as he did on this occasion."

One of his comrades put it more shortly, with "When Dewar fires, it is sudden death," and the Turks paid him the compliment of detailing a machine gun for his destruction, happily without the desired effect.

It is well to emphasize the fact that all the weary

1 Number of Division deleted by Censor.

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Storming the Gully Ravine

hours spent on ranges acquiring proficiency in shooting have brought a fine harvest of military success to those who showed such fine perseverance.

We now come to a date which deserves as brilliant a red letter in The Royal Scots Calendar as any—June 28.

On that day Sir Ian Hamilton launched an attack against the northern part of the Turkish defences on the strongly fortified ridge of Achi Baba. His plan was to capture two lines of trenches east of the Saghir Dere, and five lines west of it. The Saghir Dere, more simply known as the Gully Ravine, is a deep ravine which runs inland from Gully Beach, and almost parallel with the seashore. The action began at 9 a.m. with a heavy bombardment of the enemy’s trenches from land and sea. At 10.45 the infantry advanced, the Border Regiment leaping from their trenches as one man, like a pack of hounds, and, racing across, took the Boomerang Redoubt, a small advanced Turkish fort. Fifteen minutes later the 87th Brigade rushed two lines of trenches between the ravine and the sea, and the Fourth and Seventh Royal Scots did the same on the right (i.e. east) of the ravine. Still further to the right, the 7th and 8th Scottish Rifles were so very heavily opposed that they failed to make good their holding.

The Fourth Royals were only just out of their trenches when Lieut.-Colonel Dunn fell, wounded by a bullet, but his voice was still clearly heard: “Go on, Queen’s!” The first trench was stormed, and the few Turks remaining in it alive were quickly accounted for. Lieutenant Grant was hit as he was heading for the second trench. He got back into the first Turkish trench, and while he was lying there he heard a voice
calling him by name. Looking around he saw his Colonel some distance away, and crawled towards him. The Colonel had been wounded on the leg, and had bandaged the wound himself. Lieutenant Grant helped Colonel Dunn as far as he could, and then crawled back for stretcher-bearers. Unhappily the Colonel was afterwards struck again and killed before he could be taken to the rear.

Many had fallen before the first trench was taken, but the wounded cheered their comrades on. Major Henderson and Captain Pollock had been killed by shell which burst in their trench before the advance had begun. To those who went to Major Henderson’s assistance, he said, “I am finished: never mind me; attend to the men.” The private who reported these words, added, “He was a splendid soldier,” and—the words may be colloquial, but they ring with sincerity—“a proper toff.”

Captain McCrae was in command of the reserve company which had the duty of consolidating the trenches as they were taken.

A heavy enfilade fire was playing havoc with The Royals in a captured trench, and he said to his men: “Do you see that trench there? Well, they’ve got to be put out of that. Come on, boys!” Over they went, and as they neared the parapet Captain McCrae received a bullet through the head. This trench was full of Turks, who did not wait till The Royals got in, but very few escaped.

Captain George Ross died at the head of his men at the most advanced point reached by the battalion. Indeed The Royals in their fervour did more than was required of them. Two trenches, according to the order, were to be taken, but, in the words of one of the
Two Companies of the Sixth

wounded, the men seemed to go mad, and they took four trenches from the Turks before halting. The fourth trench was enfiladed, and had to be given up, but over 1000 yards were taken that day. General Ian Hamilton sent a message, "Well done, Royal Scots."

Bomb-throwing played an important part in the action, and is shown by the account of Private Herbert T. Grant, of B Company—

"I noticed a communication trench at right angles to the one we held, and a little further down choked with Turks, so I grabbed the bag of bombs again, and went down to the place. Fortunately Corporal Ranken (grenade corporal) was there, and we threw them at the Turks as fast as I could light them. Poor Lieutenant Considine was lying close by badly hurt, but still shouting at us to keep it up.

"Then there was an explosion which sent me flying. I managed to crawl up the trench a bit, and a fellow bandaged me up."

Other officers of the Fourth who fell in this splendid fight were Major Gray, Captains J. Robertson and R. Rutherford, and Lieutenants W. J. Johnstone and R. E. Mackie.

The battalion did its duty and paid the price. It has heaped war honours upon peace reputation. Always foremost in shooting, big in strength and sound in efficiency, the First Queen's Edinburgh Rifles crowned all with its losses of valuable and noble lives at the Gully Ravine. It is also to be remembered that the Sixth Battalion played a great part in this fight, for two of its companies were attached to the Fourth and led the charge. Let Lieut. F. B. Mackenzie tell how they acquitted themselves.

"They were the first to go over the parapet into the blizzard of steel and nickel and lead. They never hesitated or faltered for a second. On they swept, carrying everything
The Seventh Battalion

before them. The Turks lucky enough to survive the charge should always remember the name of Royal Scot. Captain Ross fell at the head of his gallant men facing great odds, but not until his company had done their job. I did not see him fall, nor did I see poor Donald Aitchison. I was in charge of the machine guns, and perhaps you would notice in the late Lieutenant Lyell's (7th R.S.) letter that he gave great praise to the 6th's machine guns. He apparently knew me as the 6th M.G. officer, and as I was alongside him in the captured trenches with the guns he naturally gave the 6th credit, saying, 'The 6th machine gun was with us, and did splendid work.' I only wish that the whole of the 6th had been with us to share the great glory of The Royal Scots. Nor did I see poor George McCrae fall, but from all reports of his men he was giving them a glorious lead. So have perished two most gallant officers. Of no two officers did the men think more.

Of the Seventh Battalion¹ (formerly the First Midlothian Royal Volunteers), commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Carmichael Peebles, which fought side by side with the Fourth and Sixth, no less can be said. C Company was to lead the assault. How it did its work can best be told in the words of an eyewitness—

"At 10.30 all the guns in the place were pouring forth, assisted by battleships, and the Turks were replying with all they had. The din was terrific, and words cannot possibly describe it. Promptly at 11 a.m. the bayonet charge started. The 7th Royal Scots, under Captain Dawson, Captain Peebles, and five subs, climbed over the firing line parapet, and advanced in great style, cheering and yelling. A moment later the second line, under Captain Torrance, and Lieutenant Ballantyne, followed, and a moment after that the third line, under Captain Clark, tore after them. The first and second lines captured the first Turkish trench, lay down, and opened rapid

¹ The Seventh was not at its full strength owing to the tragic losses it sustained in the disaster to the troop train wrecked in May at Gretna Green. Although they lost their lives through the carelessness of a signalman instead of giving them up in the face of the enemy, they perished while in the service of their country, and their names will be remembered with honour. The losses were 3 officers and 214 men killed: 5 officers and 102 men injured.
At the Gully Ravine

fire. When the third line got forward they rose and advanced with us, and we took the second trench with another wild rush. . . . We at once threw up barricades, and put on two good shots in case Mr. Turk tried to visit us, but he did not do so. Reinforcements arrived, and we were all right then, and started to consolidate our position by turning the Turkish trench about turn, and making it a fire trench against them. At midnight Regulars came in and relieved us for a sleep. . . . During the afternoon the Turks endeavoured to mass and get forward with a counter attack, but what with rapid fire and machine guns we simply mowed them down in hundreds. Their losses must have been enormous. Through the ravine on our imme-
diate left their dead bodies were lying piled in thick and con-
fused heaps. Our advance had driven them out of two elaborate trenches and out of this ravine, which looks as if it had been a kind of headquarters for them."

We may also view the fight through the eyes of another who took part in it and was wounded,¹ Second Lieutenant David Lyell—

"I was standing with my eye on my watch, and just on eleven was going to give the word to advance, when from the right I saw a movement, so shouted, 'Come on,' and over the parapet the whole Company went like one man. We had about 150 yards to go to the first trench, to take that, and then about 250 yards to the next one. As soon as we started the Turkish artillery opened out on us a perfect rain of shrapnel, and some machine guns turned on us from somewhere. The first trench took some taking. I know I loosed off all six chambers of my revolver, then the Turks bolted, then we went to the second trench still under this awful fire. The Turks didn't wait for us there at all, but all fled. The chief thing I remember about the charge is the awful noise.

"After we got to the second trench we had rather an anxious time, as only three subalterns of the 7th got there, and we had all the responsibility of putting the trench into a state of defence. Fortunately the Turks had got such a fright they did not attack again till after dark. Poor Dawson and Jim Thomson were both killed just at the parapet of the second trench. Frank Thomson was very badly hit between the first and second Turkish trenches, and cannot have lived long. We were attacked at night in our trench, but opened fire rapid, and the Turks bolted.

"We got relieved at midnight."

¹ He was killed on July 12.
The Fifth and their Losses

So much for the Fourth and Seventh and their work east of the ravine, but the Fifth was adding new glories to its record with the 29th Division. The 88th Brigade on the left centre to the west of the ravine captured two lines of trenches with hideous losses.

On the evening of the 28th, the Fifth were ordered to capture part of the trenches where another battalion had failed in the morning. That they also failed is no discredit. Facing a concentrated hurricane of artillery and machine-gun fire, they gallantly made charge after charge, until Colonel Wilson found himself without a single unwounded officer, and the battalion had less than half its morning strength of 600 men.

(It is worthy of note that more than a month later the 88th Brigade again attacked the same line of trenches of which above were a part, and were repulsed with heavy loss. This second failure illustrated the enormous strength of the Turkish defensive works.)

The 29th Division gained about three quarters of a mile, and Sir Ian Hamilton’s Special Force Order, issued on June 29, applies alike to the Fifth Royals and the eleven Regular battalions which have given this division a name not surpassed by that of Wellington’s Peninsular veterans.

"The General Officer Commanding feels sure that he voices the sentiments of every soldier serving with this Army when he congratulates the incomparable 29th Division upon yesterday's splendid attack, carried out, as it was, in a manner more than upholding the best traditions of the distinguished regiments of which it is composed.

"The 29th suffered cruel losses at the first landing. Since then they have never been made up to strength, and they have remained under fire every hour of the night and day for two months on end. Opposed to them were fresh troops, holding line upon line of entrenchments, flanked by redoubts and machine guns.

But when, yesterday, the 29th Division were called upon to
advance they dashed forward as eagerly as if this were only their baptismal fire. Through the entanglements they swept northwards, clearing our left of the enemy for a full thousand yards. Heavily counter-attacked at night, they killed or captured every Turk who had penetrated their incomplete defences, and to-day stand possessed of every yard they had so hardly gained."

The record may be closed on a gentler note. I quote from a letter of the Rev. Dr. Ewing, Chaplain of the Fourth Royals, written from the trenches soon after the great fight of June 28.

"On Sunday, July 11, after sunset, I walked up to the reserve trenches which the battalion had reached that morning. The men were all gathered together in a little open space, and sat round in the form of a half moon. The stars were very bright, but the night was very dark, and we could see each other only as shadows. The enemy seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing, and left us absolutely in peace. So there in the trenched valley alive with armed men in perfect stillness in the quiet night we held our service.

"We had to sing praise in words familiar to everybody, and, of course, we could not see to read. A few of the lads with good voices stood by me and acted as a choir. I have never heard "All people that on earth do dwell," "The Lord's my Shepherd," and "O God of Bethel!" sung with deeper feeling. As the music floated away on the light breeze it seemed to rouse the interest of others, and, attracted by the strains, many dim figures moved silently towards us from the surrounding battalions. You can imagine our hearts were stirred as we thought of the brave men gone who had so often worshipped with us in the Grange and in the old Cathedral. We felt in a peculiar way the sense of their presence as we prayed that we might be worthy to cherish the memory of these heroic friends and comrades."

Heroic friends and comrades truly: Requiescant.

Of the service of The Royals in Gallipoli during July 1915 it is only possible to tell very vaguely, for no official dispatch covering that month is available as I write. A diary of the doings of the Fifth from June 28 to August 4 shows that there was little
done except a bout of bombing and counter-bombing at the beginning of July. Most of July the Fifth spent resting at Mudros, and well they had earned it. The casualty lists, however, show that the other battalions were not idle, and as a private in the 8th Highland Light Infantry, attached to the 7th Royal Scots, received the D.C.M. for conspicuous gallantry on July 28, it is clear the fighting was fierce.

A letter of a staff officer, dated July 18, and referring to engagements which took place earlier in the month, shows that the Royals, "jumping like mountain goats," have adapted themselves to local conditions not unlike those which confront our brave Italian allies and their Alpini troops.

The letter is so rich in description that I now give it in full—

"I have seen many fine sights in this war, both in France and at the Dardanelles, but nothing so fine as the way in which The Royal Scots advanced to the attack on the Turkish position in the last fighting. At one stage the Scots were nearly outpaced in the rush for the enemy position by one of the Lancashire Fusilier battalions, but somebody called out, 'Royal Scots, remember you are second to none.' The Scotsmen answered with a ringing cheer, and they swept forward with a rush.

"The enemy concentrated a withering fire from a score of different points, and the hillside seemed to be one mass of little fortresses, each vying with the others for the honour of raining the greatest amount of fire on the attacking force. The losses of the Scots were heavy. Every few minutes they stopped to dress their ranks as best they could, but they were always on again, and each rush carried them nearer to the hidden foe. From ledge to ledge they jumped like so many mountain goats, and the more they were fired at the more they seemed determined to win through.

"For a few seconds they disappeared from view, lost in a hollow of the hillside, and then they appeared in front of a bluff rising up like a wall. If they could scale it the next stage of the journey would be comparatively simple, and we waited in suspense to see what would happen. On the shoulders of
comrades, a party of the Scots were hoisted up, and then these assisted their comrades to the same level.

"High up in the sky-line the magnificent line of heroes re-formed, and, with levelled bayonets, swept forward to the first-line trenches of the enemy. Shell and machine-gun fire quickened at every point, and the whole hillside seemed wreathed in the flame and smoke of bursting shells, while hundreds of machine guns kept barking away at a terrific rate. It seemed to us that our brave lads up there had taken on an impossible task, but they did not think that. On they swept, and as they came up against the Turkish first line, we could see the enemy stand up to receive the onslaught.

"Rifle fire crackled and sparkled all along the crest, where the enemy were, and the Scots were roughly handled. But their task was now nearly done. For the last time they halted, just a few yards from the enemy's trenches. They made no attempt to answer the rifle fire, but with bayonets still at the charge, they went forward with one mad rush, and then we saw the enemy stretching away over the crest in full flight. The Scots had achieved the impossible, and from the thrilled onlookers down below a cheer of relief and exultation went up."

That cheer of exultation will find an echo in the heart of every one who realises the services done to Liberty and the Empire, by the regiment which "achieves the impossible."
Appendix A

A SHORT BIBLIOGRAPHY

(A full Bibliography is given in the Records, from which the following short list has been extracted.)

"Regimental Records of The Royal Scots." 1915.
Major Joseph Wetherall: "Historical Account, 1st or The Royal Regiment of Foot." 1832. Published by direction, and at the expense of the Duke of Gordon.
Regimental Digest of Services. 1st and 2nd Battalions. 1847-1913. MSS. Record of the Services of the 2nd Battalion. Lent by Captain J. F. S. Gordon, late of the regiment.
Colonel W. Douglas, d.s.o.: "Diary of the Services of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Scots, during the Boer War."
A. K. Murray: "History of the Scottish Regiments of the British Army."
Lieut.-Colonel Monro: "His Expedition, &c."
James Grant: "Memoirs and Adventures of Sir John Hepburn."
Sir David Erskine: "Memoir of Lieutenant Henry Miles of the 1st Royal Scots Regiment."
Lieut.-Colonel Thomas S. St. Clair: "Residence in the West Indies."
Major-Gen. Sir George Bell: "Rough Notes by an Old Soldier."
George R. Dartnell: "Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Transport Premier."
Appendices

Sergeant B——: "Narrative and Life of."
Colonel Clifford Walton: "History of the British Standing Army."
1660–1700.
Manners, Chichester, and Burges-Short: "Badges and Records of the British Army."
Captain C. B. Norman: "Battle Honours of the British Army."
Edward Almack: "Regimental Badges worn in the British Army 100 years ago."

APPENDIX B

THE MUSIC OF THE REGIMENT

In Chapter I reference is made to Munro rallying Hepburn's Brigade at the battle of Leipzig in 1631, by ordering his drummer to beat The Scots' March, and Mr. Pepys has also recorded how he heard "The Scots' March beat by the drummers before the soldiers." in 1667. Such descriptions of regimental airs are peculiarly interesting, and Mr. A. W. Inglis has contributed to The Regimental Records of The Royal Scots a valuable study of early military music. In particular, he examines the question as to what tune precisely was known as Dumbarton's Drums, which is now, as it has been for about two and a half centuries, the chief regimental march of The Royals. He comes to the conclusion that it was not until after 1678 that an unknown author wrote to the already old tune a set of verses, the first line of which was "Dumbarton's drums beat bonny, O!" An earlier setting was written for the lute not earlier than 1615, and the words were: "I serve a bonnie ladie," later versions of which were: "I love a handsome ladie" (1704), and "I serve a gallant lady" (1704). Mr. Inglis points out that the air definitely identified as Dumbarton's Drums could not have been adopted as the regimental march under that name until after 1667 (when Pepys heard Dumbarton's men playing The Scots' March), and probably not until after 1680. No one has yet identified The Scots' March with any known tune, but as no evidence has been discovered to indicate that the regiment ever changed its march, Mr. Inglis finds good reason for believing that The Scots' March and Dumbarton's Drums are one and the same tune. It is fair to say, however, that there is a MS. music book in the British Museum of as early as 1656, which gives an air entitled The Scots' March, a very quaint and effective tune, but altogether unlike the air of Dumbarton's Drums. The whole subject is fascinating, and it would be pleasant to discuss Lashley's (Leslie's) March, which was used by The King's Own Borderers and some
Appendix B

Highland Regiments, as well as seven marches used by the first and second battalions of The Royal Scots towards the end of the eighteenth century. For these the reader must be referred to The Records: I am content to reproduce the music of the air most intimately connected with the regiment, namely, Dumbarton's Drums.
THE ROLL OF HONOUR
OF
THE ROYAL SCOTS
FOR THE FIRST YEAR OF THE GREAT WAR

Being the casualties published between August 1914 and the end of August 1915.
All the officers are of the first and second battalions, unless otherwise specified.

KILLED

Aitchison, Sec.-Lt. J. B., 5th Bn.
Balfour, Lt. J. B., 14th Bn.
Brook, Lt.-Col. A., 8th Bn.
Broome, Sec.-Lt. L. G.
Bruce, Capt. the Hon. H. L., 3rd, attd. 2nd Bn.
Burt, Lt. A., 8th Bn.
Considine, Lt. P. F., 4th Bn.
Copeland, Sec.-Lt. W. A.
Cowan, Sec.-Lt. R. C., 3rd, attd. 2nd Bn.
Cuxson, Sec.-Lt. B. P.
Dawson, Capt. J. D., 7th Bn.
Duncombe-Shafto, Capt. A., D.S.O.
Dunn, Lt.-Col. S. R., 4th Bn.
Evans, Major W. H., 11th Bn.
Eyken, Capt. and Adjt. G. D. P., attd. 4th Bn. Yorkshire R.
Farquharson, Capt. L. S.
Francis, Sec.-Lt. B. H., 3rd, attd. 2nd Bn.

Gray, Major J., 4th Bn.
Hedderwick, Sec.-Lt. C.
Henderson, Major J. N., 4th Bn.
Hepburn, Capt. and Adjt. W. D., 5th Bn.
Hewat, Capt. A.
Hewitt, Sec.-Lt. W. G., 3rd, attd. 2nd Bn.
Hobbs, Sec.-Lt. J., 1st Bn.
Johnston, Capt. E. J. F.
Johnstone, Sec.-Lt. W. J., 4th Bn.
Kemp, Sec.-Lt. C. J., 5th Bn.
Kerr, Lt. A., 5th Bn.
Kerr, Sec.-Lt. D. A., 3rd, attd. 2nd Bn.
Lindsay, Capt. D. A., 5th Bn.
Lyell, Sec.-Lt. D., 7th Bn.
Lyon, Lt. W. S. S., 9th Bn.
Macfarlane, Lt. A. H., 9th Bn.
Macintosh, Capt. J. D., 5th Bn.
Mackie, Lt. R. E., 4th Bn.
Maule, Lt. R., 5th Bn.
McCrae, Capt. G., 4th Bn.
Appendix C

McDonald, Sec.-Lt. D. A., 5th Bn.
McIver, Sec.-Lt. R. T.
Merriles, Sec.-Lt. J. S., 5th Bn.
Molson, Lt. E. E., 3rd, attd. 2nd Bn.
Nisbet, Sec.-Lt. J., 3rd, attd. 2nd Bn.
Patterson, Sec.-Lt. L. C., 4th Bn.
Pecker, Sec.-Lt. H. C., 3rd, attd. 1st Bn.
Playfair, Lt. L.
Pollock, Capt. J. D., 4th Bn.
Povah, Capt. F.
Price, Capt. C. L., D.S.O.
Ritchie, Sec.-Lt. F. R., 3rd Bn., attd. 2nd Highland L.I.
Robertson, Capt. J., 4th Bn.
Ross, Capt. G. A. S., 4th Bn.
Russell, Capt. W., 5th Bn.
Russell, Lt. W. B., 14th Bn.
Sanderson, Major A. W., 7th Bn.
Saward, Capt. H. D.
Smith, Sec.-Lt. J. A. II., 11th Bn.
Smith, Lt. J. M., 5th Bn.
Sned-Cox, Sec.-Lt. R. M., 3rd, attd. 2nd Bn.
Steel, Hon. Lt. and Qr.-Master W. H., 5th Bn.
Thomson, Sec.-Lt. F. W., 7th Bn.
Todrick, Capt. T., 8th Bn.
Tresidder, Capt. T. A., 14th Bn.
Trotter, Lt. A. N., 3rd, attd. 2nd Bn.
Young, Lt. N. M.

WOUNDED

Balfour, Lt. C. J.
Balfour, Capt. the Hon. H. R. C., 3rd, attd. 2nd Bn.
Bell, Capt. A. H., 11th Bn.
Bell, Capt. D., 9th Bn.
Bidie, Lt. G. M. V.
Blackwood, Capt. R. C., 3rd, attd. 2nd Bn.
Blair, Sec.-Lt. A., 8th Bn.
Blair, Lt. T. J.
Bremner, Sec.-Lt. J., 8th Bn.
Broad, Sec.-Lt. G.
Brown, Sec.-Lt. J. W., 11th Bn.
Bulteel, Lt. M. C., 3rd Bn., attd. H.L.I.
Chree, Lt. C. W. J.
Cochrane, Sec.-Lt. W. G., 3rd, attd. 1st Bn.
Colchester-Wemyss, Capt. J. M.
Cole-Hamilton, Lt. C. W. E.
Crockatt, Sec.-Lt. N. R.
Croker, Maj. A. E.
Crossman, Sec.-Lt. R. D., 3rd Bn., attd. 1st Highland L.I.
Currie, Lt. D. R.
Darling, Lt. T., 5th Bn.
Duncan, Lt.-Col. F. J.
Elder, Lt. J. P., 14th Bn.
Fleck, Sec.-Lt. J., 4th Bn.
Geddes, Sec.-Lt. J. S., 5th Bn.
Gibson, Sec.-Lt. G., 5th Bn.
Godfrey, Capt. E. A., 12th Bn.
Grant, Sec.-Lt. L. R., 4th Bn.
Green, Capt. G. H., 9th Bn.
Greenshields, Lt. J. B., 8th H.L.I., attd. 8th Bn.
Gunn, Sec.-Lt. J. L., 5th Bn.
Haddon, Lt. D. A. R., 9th Bn.
Hamilton, Capt. and Adjt. J. R. M., 4th Bn.
Harrison-Wallace, Lt. R. McC.
Haws, Capt. G. W., 7th Bn.
Hay, Sec.-Lt. G. II.
Heathcote, Capt. R. E. M., 3rd, attd. 2nd Bn.
Henderson, Capt. M.
Appendix C

HILL-WHITSON, Capt. E.
HILL-WORKMAN, Capt. J., 3rd, atttd. 2nd Bn.
HOUNDSWORTH, Sec.-Lt. W. G.
JAMIESON, Sec.-Lt. A. G. A., 8th Bn.
JEEB, Capt. R. G., 3rd, atttd. 2nd Bn.
(gas poisoned)
KERR, Lt. R. B., 8th Bn.
LAIDLAY, Capt. J. W.
LUMMEY, Lt. F. G., 11th Bn.
LINDSAY, Sec.-Lt. G., 8th Bn.
LOCKHART, Sec.-Lt. J. S., 11th, atttd. 2nd Bn.
LUMSDEN, Capt. A. F.
LYON, Capt. the Hon. M. C. H. B., 3rd, atttd. 2nd Bn.
MACBRAYNE, Sec.-Lt. D.
MACDONALD, Major A., 5th Bn.
MACKENZIE, Sec.-Lt. F. B., 4th Bn.
MACRAE, Capt. A. W. U., 5th Bn.
MALPAS, Lt. T. G., 14th Bn., atttd. 1st Essex R.
MALTBY, Lt. O. B.
MARTIN, Sec.-Lt. J., 8th H.L.I., atttd. 8th Bn.
MCDougall, Sec.-Lt. D. J.
MCLAGAN, Capt. D. C., 5th Bn.
MELROSE, Sec.-Lt. C. G.
MONCKTON, Sec.-Lt. G. V. F.
MONCRIEFF, Capt. R. H. FitzH., 9th Bn.
MORRISON, Capt. R. P.
MURDOCH, Sec.-Lt. B., 5th Bn.
NICOL, Lt. J. L., 8th Bn.
NORMAN, Lt. H. R.
PATTERSON, Lt. A. H. S., 5th Bn.

PECKER, Sec.-Lt. H. C., 3rd, atttd. 2nd Bn.
PERRY, Capt. B. H. H.
PITMAN, Lt. F. A. H., 3rd, atttd. 2nd Bn.
RADCLIFFE, Capt. L., 14th Bn.
RICHARD, Sec.-Lt. W. R., 9th Bn.
RIDDLE, Sec.-Lt. J., 4th Bn.
RITCHIE, Maj. A., 12th Bn.
ROBERTSON, Sec.-Lt. A.
ROBERTSON, Capt. F. W., 5th Bn.
ROBERTSON, Capt. K. S.
ROWBOTTOM, Capt. J., 8th H.L.I., atttd. 8th Bn.
RUTHERFORD, Lt. R., 12th Bn.
SCOTT, Sec.-Lt. F. M., 5th Bn.
SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, Capt. R.
SILLARS, Lt. D., 5th Bn.
SMITH, Hon.-Capt. and Qr.-Master A., 4th Bn.
SMITH, Lt. C. M., R.A.M.C., atttd. 8th Bn.
STEWART, Sec.-Lt. D. M., 8th Bn.
STRUTT, Maj. E. L., 3rd, atttd. 2nd Bn.
SUTHERLAND, Sec.-Lt. G. O., 5th Bn.
TANNER, Maj. F. C., D.S.O.
TAYLOR, Capt. A., 9th Bn.
TODD, Capt. J. A.
TODD, Maj. J. A., 8th Bn.
WALLACE, Lt. W. E., 8th Bn.
WEIR, Sec.-Lt. R., 8th Bn.
WETHERALL, Lt. A. J., 5th Bn.
WIGHTMAN, Capt. A. J., 7th Bn.
WILSON, Capt. J. W. S., 5th Bn.
WILSON, Lt. R. E.
WINCHESTER, Sec.-Lt. C. C., 11th Bn.
WORTHINGTON-WILMER, Capt. H. F. M.
Appendix C

MISSING

ALLAN, Lt. C. F., 4th Bn.
AITCHISON, Sec.-Lt. T. D., 4th Bn.
GALLOWAY, Lt. R. M., 7th Bn.
GIBSON, Sec.-Lt. R. J., 4th Bn.
GRAHAM-WATSON, Lt. A. F. (unofficially prisoner of war), 3rd, attd. 2nd Bn.
GRAVES, Lt. C. G. (unofficially prisoner of war)
HISLOP, Sec.-Lt. W. B., 5th Bn.

MACDONALD, Lt. N., 9th Bn. (unofficially prisoner of war)
MACKENZIE, Sec. Lt. E. F. (believed killed).
PATTERSON, Sec. Lt. C., 11th Bn.
PEEBLES, Capt. J. R., 7th Bn.
ROSS, Lt. R. C.
SCARISBRICK, Lt. C. E. (unofficially prisoner of war), 3rd. attd. 2nd Bn.
THOMSEN, Lt. E., 7th Bn.
TURNBULL, Lt. W. E., 5th Bn.
WOLFE, Capt. G., 10th (Cyclist) Bn.
YOUNG, Lt. A., 4th Bn.

WOUNDED AND MISSING

McMICKING, Lt.-Col. H., D.S.O. (prisoner of war)

ROBSON-SCOTT, Sec.-Lt. T. S.

TWEEDIE, Major G. S. (prisoner of war).
LIST OF OFFICERS
SERVING IN
THE ROYAL SCOTS
AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND
YEAR OF THE GREAT WAR

This list is reprinted with the sanction of the
War Office from the Army List of September 1915
(corrected to August 31st, 1915). By kind permission
of the Controller of His Majesty's Stationery Office
the official stereotypes have been used.
### Regular and Special Reserve Battalions

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<td>4th Bn.</td>
<td>Lt.-Col. Scott, M. A.</td>
<td>Lt.-Col.</td>
<td>152/540</td>
<td>R. S.</td>
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<td>5th Bn.</td>
<td>Lt.-Col. Scott, M. A.</td>
<td>Lt.-Col.</td>
<td>152/540</td>
<td>R. S.</td>
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<td>6th Bn.</td>
<td>Lt.-Col. Scott, M. A.</td>
<td>Lt.-Col.</td>
<td>152/540</td>
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<td>7th Bn.</td>
<td>Lt.-Col. Scott, M. A.</td>
<td>Lt.-Col.</td>
<td>152/540</td>
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<td>Lt.-Col. Scott, M. A.</td>
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<td>152/540</td>
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<td>9th Bn.</td>
<td>Lt.-Col. Scott, M. A.</td>
<td>Lt.-Col.</td>
<td>152/540</td>
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<td>10th Bn.</td>
<td>Lt.-Col. Scott, M. A.</td>
<td>Lt.-Col.</td>
<td>152/540</td>
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<tr>
<td>11th Bn.</td>
<td>Lt.-Col. Scott, M. A.</td>
<td>Lt.-Col.</td>
<td>152/540</td>
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<tr>
<td>12th Bn.</td>
<td>Lt.-Col. Scott, M. A.</td>
<td>Lt.-Col.</td>
<td>152/540</td>
<td>R. S.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

* Temporary Lieutenant, 23 Feb. 12.
3rd Battalion.  
(See page xl. as to honorary Army rank granted on account of Mithila embodiment.)

Hon. Colonel.

Captains.

Majors.

Lieutenants.

Sword, Capt. D.O., Sec. Regt.  
Special Reserve.  

2nd Lieutenant.

2nd Lieutenants.

Adjudant.

4th Battalion (Queen's Edinburgh Rifles) (Territorial).

The Lord Provost of Edinburgh for the time being.

Captains.

Capts. (see A E L (r)).

Lieutenants.
6th Battalion, (Territorial).

"South Africa, 1901-02."

22, Giltmore Place, Edinburgh.

Hon. Colonel.


2/Lt.-Colonel.


Major.


Captain.


2nd Lieutenants.


3rd Lieutenants.


4th Lieutenants.


5th Lieutenants.


6th Lieutenants.

Capt. W. A. C., 29 Aug. 1916.

7th Lieutenants.


8th Lieutenants.


9th Lieutenants.

Capt. W. A. F., 11 Nov. 1916.

10th Lieutenants.


11th Lieutenants.

Capt. W. A. H., 30 Nov. 1916.
THE ROYAL SCOTS (LOTHIAN REGIMENT)—(Regt. Dist. No. 1)—contd.

7th Bn.—contd.
2nd Lieutenants—contd.
2nd Sergt.-Major, 11 July 1915.
2nd Lt., 11 July 1915.
2nd Lieutenants.
2nd Sergt., 11 July 1915.
2nd Lieutenants—contd.
2nd Sergt.-Major, 11 July 1915.
2nd Lt., 11 July 1915.
2nd Lieutenants—contd.
2nd Sergt.-Major, 11 July 1915.
2nd Lt., 11 July 1915.
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2nd Sergt.-Major, 11 July 1915.
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2nd Sergt.-Major, 11 July 1915.
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2nd Lieutenants—contd.
2nd Sergt.-Major, 11 July 1915.
2nd Lt., 11 July 1915.
2nd Lieutenants—contd.
2nd Sergt.-Major, 11 July 1915.
2nd Lt., 11 July 1915.
THE ROYAL SCOTS (LOTHIAN REGIMENT)—Regul. Dist. No. 1.—condit.
9th Bn.—condit.

Captains

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THE ROYAL SCOTS (LOTHIAN REGIMENT)—(Regt. Dist. No. 1)—contd.

11th (Service) Battalion.

In Command.

Major.
(2nd in Command.) Dryburgh, N. M. Capt. R.Scots 11Oct.14

Majors.
McCloughlin, K. R. (temp.) Capt. 14 Sticks 23Oct.14

Captains.
Campbell, R. W. (temp.) Hon. Maj. Res. 8Sept.14
Gray, J. O. (temp.) Lt. Col. Res. 8Sept.14
Drysdale, H. D. (temp.) Lt. 28 Inf. 8Oct.14
Bell, A. H. (temp.) 1Nov.14
Robertson, J. W. (temp.) 18Dec.14
Hunter, W. (temp.) 8Jan.16
Davin, L. F. (temp.) 1Feb.16
Pitcairn-Hill, C. G. (temp.) 1Jan.16

Lieutenants.
Morey, A. W. (temp.) 20Oct.14
Lammie, G. (temp.) 20Oct.14
Dixon G. (temp.) 20Oct.14
Henry, J. A. (temp.) 18Dec.14
Granth, C. W. (temp.) 20Nov.14
Brand, G. L. (temp.) 8Feb.15
Lemmey, F. G. (temp.) 18Jan.15
Lofthouse, T. E. (temp.) 29Dec.14
Lambert, C. J. (temp.) 1Jan.15

2nd Lieutenants—contd.
McCalluch, H. (temp.) 6Jan.15
(2) Lockhart, J. S. (temp.) 13Jan.15
Smith, G. P. (temp.) 13Jan.15
Carruthers, W. A. (temp.) 10Jan.15
Edwards, A. J. (temp.) 49Feb.15
Fleming, R. J. (temp.) 2Mar.15
Johnston, R. G. (temp.) 18Mar.15
Mackintosh, J. F. (temp.) 18Mar.15
Fleming, J. (temp.) 2Mar.15
Adams.
Rutherford, Capt. L. B. R. Scots 23Apr.14

Quarter-Master.
Moore, W. (temp.) 31Aug.14

12th (Service) Battalion.

In Command.

Major.

Majors.

Captains.
Ball, Hamilton, Capt. G. L. R. Scots 8Aug.14
Torrill, L. J. (temp.) Lt. 10Dec.14
Slovene, H. S. E. (temp.) 23Dec.14
MacPherson, J. E. (temp.) 26Dec.14
Fell, W. E. F. (temp.) Lt. 23Dec.14
Godfrey, E. A. (temp.) 23Dec.14
Hoskyn, J. L. A. (temp.) Adjt. 23Dec.14
Barres, W. (temp.) 23Apr.15

Murray, J. (temp.) 2Jan.15

Lieutenants.
Cameron, M. (temp.) 1Nov.14
Lawson, J. H. (temp.) 3Nov.14
Rutherford, R. (temp.) 3Nov.14
Saldanha, H. R. (temp.) 3Nov.14
Hobson, J. C. (temp.) 13Nov.14
McDougal, D. M. (temp.) 13Nov.14
Rover, F. L. (temp.) 13Nov.14
Maloney, F. J. (temp.) 13Nov.14

13th (Service) Battalion.

In Command.
Macleod, Maj. (temp.) Lt.-Col. H. D. S. O., E. Lan. 23Nov.14

Major.
(2nd in Command.) Macpherson, Maj. G. D. Res. of QM. 18Sept.14

Majors.
Raymond, H. H. B. (temp.) (Capt. Res. of QM.) 10Feb.15

Captains.
Hoastown-Rossowall, T. R. (temp.) 27Sept.14
Penney, J. C. (temp.) 27Sept.14
Gl Clower, J. H. (temp.) 8Oct.14
Harker, W. (temp.) 1May15
Robertson, G. N. (temp.) 1May15
Bruce, B. D. (temp.) 1May15

Lieutenants.
Kinnaird, J. B. (temp.) 27Nov.14
Christie, R. J. M. (temp.) 27Nov.14
Underwood, H. J. (temp.) 27Nov.14
Elder, J. P. (temp.) 3Nov.14
Condon, A. E. (temp.) 5Feb.15
Munro, C. B. (temp.) 5Feb.15
McFarragan, B. A. (temp.) 12May15
Ferguson, I. A. G. (temp.) 12May15

2nd Lieutenants.
Mitchell, J. B. (temp.) 22Sept.14
James, P. H. (temp.) 21Oct.14
MacGregor, D. G. (temp.) 4Nov.14
Prance, C. T. (temp.) 1Nov.14
Tull, G. W. (temp.) 14Nov.14
Matthews, B. C. (temp.) 14Nov.14
Scott, H. M. (temp.) 18Nov.14
Elder, J. G. (temp.) 18Nov.14
Marshall, W. M. (temp.) 18Nov.14
Mackenzie, J. G. (temp.) 27Nov.14
Davies, G. V. F. (temp.) 1Dec.14
Bull, A. M. H. (temp.) 1Dec.14
Williams, W. H. (temp.) 1Dec.14
Brown, D. D. (temp.) 14Dec.14
Balmain, K. F. (temp.) 14Dec.14
Mackenzie, T. G. (temp.) 24Dec.14
Dunn, G. B. (temp.) 24Dec.14
Crabbé, J. (temp.) 24Dec.14
Craig, A. C. (temp.) 28Dec.14
Bonnaher, R. B. O. (temp.) 28Dec.14
Johnston, H. B. (temp.) 6Jan.15
Liston, A. (temp.) 8Jan.15
Crowden, H. G. (temp.) 8Jan.15
Richardson, E. V. (temp.) 8Jan.15
Dunlop, W. C. C. (temp.) 8Jan.15
Cattanach, A. J. (temp.) 22Jan.15
Adamson, R. T. A. (temp.) 24Jan.15
Burt, T. D. (temp.) 24Jan.15
Bramall, E. G. Mcl. (temp.) 28Jan.15
13th (Service) Bn.—contd.

2nd Lieutenants—contd.

Baker, A. P. (temp.) 14 Jan. 15
Kirkwood, W. (temp.) 27 Jan. 15
Crawford, H. (temp.) 22 Feb. 15

2nd Lieutenants.

Keith, R. (temp.) 19 Sep. 14
Nimmo, C. S. (temp.) 1 Nov. 15
Casselle, D. A. (temp.) 22 Nov. 14
Cn nor, A. L. (temp.) 24 Nov. 14
Campbell, D. C. (temp.) 30 Nov. 14
Low, T. C. (temp.) 2 Dec. 14
Farrer, W. M. (temp.) 7 Dec. 14
Orchiston, J. R. (temp.) 11 Dec. 14
Strood, A. K. (temp.) 22 Dec. 14
Beaulieu, J. (temp.) 23 Dec. 14
Mitchell, S. W. (temp.) 28 Dec. 14
Kinard, J. R. (temp.) 4 Jan. 15
Galloway, (temp.) 5 Jan. 15
Macfarlane, C. F. C. (temp.) 5 Jan. 15
Chatley-Armstrong, J. W. (temp.) 8 Jan. 15
Whyte, R. (temp.) 14 Jan. 15
Tyler, O. B. (temp.) 16 Jan. 15
Goodair, J. T. (temp.) 8 Feb. 15
Miller, H. M. (temp.) 8 Feb. 15
Parrone, H. (temp.) 9 Feb. 15
Cowie, E. C. (temp.) 23 Feb. 15
Bennett, W. J. (temp.) 27 Feb. 15
Casey, W. R. B. (temp.) 14 Mar. 15
Poppe, J. (temp.) 27 Feb. 15
Doward, R. G. S. (temp.) 27 Feb. 15
Marsden, A. C. (temp.) 27 Feb. 15
Watson, F. F. (temp.) 27 Feb. 15
Alexander, J. F. (temp.) 27 Feb. 15
Silven, D. B. (temp.) 27 Feb. 15
Galb, G. (temp.) 27 Feb. 15
Mitchell, N. R. (temp.) 10 Mar. 15
Taylor, R. J. O. (temp.) 10 Mar. 15
Slaith, J. F. (temp.) 10 Mar. 15
Malcolm, J. D. (temp.) 10 Mar. 15
Whyte-Smith, T. S. (temp.) 10 Mar. 15

14th (Reserve) Battalion.

In Command.

Batty, Lt.-Col. A. E., 1st Army 7 Nov. 14
12 Nov. 15

Major.

(2nd in Command.)

Brig, J. A. (temp.) ret. Spec. Res. 5 May. 15 22 Sep. 15

Majors.

Vicars, W. H. (temp.) Maj. Late Res. of Officers 22 Sep. 15

Captains.

Radcliffe, L. (temp.) 14 Oct. 15
Carrick, Sir J. B. S., Lt. (temp.) 20 Nov. 15
Turner, F. (temp.) 20 Nov. 15
Wilson, T. H. (temp.) 1 20 Nov. 15

Lieutenants.

Gray, J. (temp.) 3 Jan. 15
Mallan, T. G. (temp.) (2nd Lt. Res. of Officers) 14 Jan. 15
Jardine, C. H. (temp.) 14 Jan. 15
Patrick, J. C. (temp.) 14 Jan. 15
Maybin, J. J. (temp.) 14 Jan. 15
Hood, R. H. (temp.) 14 Jan. 15

15th (Service) Battalion (1st Edinburgh).

In Command.

Urmon, Lt.-Col. G. P. Col. (temp. Lt.-Col.) 4 Apr. 16 R. Mar. 1 Jan. 16

Major.

(2nd in Command.)

Rose, H. A. (temp.) 10 Oct. 14

Captains.

Bruce, J. R. (temp.) Capt. (Temp.) 1 T.F. 10 Oct. 14
Stoole, H. L. (temp.) Capt. T.F. Res. 10 Oct. 14
16th (Service) Battalion (2nd Edinburgh.)

In Command.

Major.
- (2nd in Command.)

Major.

Captains.
- Robertson, W. B. (temp.) 19 Mar. 1915.
- Rose, P. (temp.) 8 May 1915.
- Whyte, A. (temp.) 13 June 1915.
- Colson, L. G. (temp.) 13 June 1915.
- Julian, H. C. (temp.) 13 June 1915.

Lieutenants.

2nd Lieutenants—contd.
- Miller, J. (temp.) 8 June 1915.
- Jackson, J. B. (temp.) 12 June 1915.
- Gavin, W. S. (temp.) 6 June 1915.
- Dallas, J. D. (temp.) 6 June 1915.
- Campbell, N. (temp.) 29 June 1915.
- Russell, G. S. (temp.) 29 June 1915.

Adjutant.

Quartermaster.
- Gray, D. W., Hon. 11 (temp.) 2 Mar. 1915.

17th (Service) Battalion (Rosebery).

In Command.

Major.
- (2nd in Command.)


Captains.
- Rrooks, A. V. (temp.) 8 May 1915.
- Bruce, A. (temp.) 15 June 1915.

Adjutant.
- Sonpall, Capt. (temp.) A. G. 12 Apr. 1915.
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<th>908h</th>
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<td><strong>THE ROYAL SCOTS (LOTHIAN REGIMENT)—Regtl Dist No 1)—cond.</strong></td>
<td><strong>18th (Reserve) Battalion.</strong></td>
<td><strong>1st Garrison Battalion.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Lieutenants.</strong></td>
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<td><strong>In Command.</strong></td>
<td><strong>In Command.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Lt.-Col. Cranston, K.C.V.O., C.B., (Col. ret. T.F. 29 Jun 15)</strong></td>
<td><strong>Sirs.</strong></td>
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<td><strong>2nd Lieutenants.</strong></td>
<td><strong>2nd Lieutenants.</strong></td>
<td><strong>29 Jun 15</strong></td>
<td><strong>(Col. ret. T.F. 29 Jun 15)</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Major.</strong></td>
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<td><strong>(2nd in Command.)</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Adjutant.</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Majors.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Majors.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Captains.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Captains.</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Captains.</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Quarter-Master...</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Smith, D., Hon. U., (temp.)</strong></td>
<td><strong>Ancion, R., (temp.)</strong></td>
<td><strong>6 Jul 15</strong></td>
<td><strong>15 Aug 15</strong></td>
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The Royal Scots

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(In order to keep the index within reasonable dimensions, the entries are restricted mainly to the names of regimental officers and actions and sieges in which the regiment took part.)

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