

enthusiasm and went with him. Alexander Kinnard of Culbin had once been a Jacobite, an officer in the Highland army that had risen against William ten years before. Although he had been pardoned in 1693, his estate on the Moray Firth had since been engulfed by tidal sand. When his son was appointed an ensign in Captain John Telfer's company, he secured an overseer's commission for himself, and it may be that in addition to sharing the boy's life he hoped to restore a tarnished name and a broken fortune.

Another father concerned with family honour, if not his own obligations thereto, was Sir James Oswald. He plagued the Directors during these last days with petitions on behalf of his luckless heir. It had been understood that Roger Oswald would serve the Colony as a clerk, but the only letter Sir James had received – by Mr Hamiltons' hand and addressed to Thomas Aikman – suggested that he was not so employed. Would the Directors once more recommend the young man to the Council? Wearily, they resolved that they would.

Four new Councillors, described as 'men of special trust', were being sent with the expedition. Firstly William Vetch of course, though his uneasy health had again been affected by the wreck of the *Dispatch* and his struggle to reach the Islay shore. From his sick-bed, he promised the Directors that should he be able to stand on his feet he would most certainly go aboard the *Rising Sun* at the time appointed. As Commodore and captain of the flagship, and in acknowledgement of the assistance he and his brother had given to the Company, James Gibson was also elected. He was a rough man and little liked, and it is easy to see him as another Pennecuik, though he was the better seaman. The third was James Byres, the Edinburgh merchant who had been among the first to sign his name in Mrs Purdie's coffee-house, subscribing £500 in the hope of a preferment now abundantly realized. If a contentious nature and an arrogant conceit were the principal qualifications for the Council – as they seem to have been – then Byres was an excellent choice. Upon his appointment he asked for a certificate declaring his right to the office, a passage for his brother-in-law and his apprentice, and a

guarantee that he, his dependants and his baggage would be given fitting accommodation aboard the *Rising Sun*. The fourth man was Major John Lindsay, so self-effacing, unquarrelsome and obliging that little has survived of his existence but his signature, boldly penned below those of his colleagues.*

Lindsay was a late appointment, almost an afterthought. It had been intended that he and Dr John Munro of Coull should go as 'persons of special trust', without office or authority clearly defined. Remembering that he had lost his hoped-for place on the first Council when the Company followed the Kirk's advice and chose Pennecuik, Munro said that he could not accept unless he were made a Councillor and member of the Court of Directors. Refused these offices, he sulkily declined to go, and was thus saved the embarrassment of explaining to the other surgeons why the medical supplies he had ordered were so inadequate.

Drummers beat along the Renfrew shore on Wednesday 16 August with a proclamation calling 'all Overseers, Assistants, Sub-Assistants, Gentlemen Volunteers, Tradesmen, Planters and Others' to the boats. At once, lest they forfeit their passage. By ten o'clock the next day nearly 1,300 men, women and children were aboard, crowding the decks and lower shrouds, cheering and waving as a dozen Directors were rowed by in a last review. In Gibson's yellow cabin later, the ships' captains and the four Councillors – William Vetch having come despite his febrile health – took wine and meat with the Court and were given their final instructions.

They were to go jointly and with all speed to their ships and make ready to sail. Once at sea, and westward of Ireland, they were to make for Golden Island by the shortest route and without landing a man, except for watering-parties, until Caledonia was reached. There they would stand off the harbour mouth, fire

*He may have been one of the disbanded officers of the Earl of Argyll's Regiment. A disproportionate number of them served in the Colony, as a result, no doubt, of the Earl's efforts on their behalf. A John Lindsay took part in the Massacre of Glencoe as a lieutenant in Campbell of Glenlyon's battalion-company, but the Councillor could have been the John Lindsay who was Aide-Major to the Earl.

a gun, and wait for a pilot. During the voyage they would keep good order among their crews and passengers, insist that the surgeons took diligent care of the sick, and exercise the Landsmen regularly in the use of arms. A strict eye would also be kept on the ships' stewards, who might otherwise sell the Company's provisions to the colonists 'under pretence of goods belonging to them'. The daily allowance of brandy was that laid down in the Bill of Fare, but since some thought the ration too large it could be left to each captain's discretion. They were to fight if attacked at sea, fly the Company's standard and no other if sighted by an English man-of-war, and to send word of their progress by any homeward ship they believed to be a friend to the Company. 'And so, wishing you a happy voyage and a safe return, we bid you a hearty farewell . . .'

The fleet left with the ebb-tide on Friday. By dusk it was sailing south, with Loch Long astern and the heather-red hills of Cowal turning black on the starboard beam.

'Repossess yourselves thereof by force of arms . . .'
Glasgow and Edinburgh, August to October 1699

THE four ships sailed no further than the Isle of Bute. As they came up to Rothesay Bay the wind changed against them. Liking none of the weather signs, Gibson hoisted a white flag to his ensign-staff and fired one gun. Upon this signal the others drew in to his flagship and dropped anchor in the bay. There they remained for a month, waiting for a fair wind, wasting their provisions, watching the days pass in wondrous colours across the mountains to the north. They were visited every forenoon by anxious message-boats from Greenock. From Glasgow the Directors impatiently urged Gibson to sail, but he stubbornly refused to move until he could be sure of a wind that would carry him down the firth and about the Mull of Kintyre.

Daniel Mackay arrived from Darien in the middle of September. The different tone of the letters he brought, the worrying

reports of death, disease, hunger and despair, alarmed the Directors, and they sent an express to Gibson, ordering him to remain in Rothesay Bay until Mackay joined him with fresh dispatches for the Colony. He acknowledged the order, but his master at this moment was the weather and he was determined to obey that before all else.

Montgomerie and Jolly had come to Edinburgh at last. Jolly had presented his long, exculpatory memorial to the Duke of Hamilton, and both men were ready to answer any questions the Directors might wish to put, to refute all charges made against them. The Court had no time for them, and refused to see them. They waited miserably in their lodgings, or went abroad to defend themselves passionately before any man with the time or inclination to listen. And it can have been no comfort to see young Mr Mackay going in and out of Milne Square daily.

Toward the end of the month an express from London brought news of a disturbing rumour. It was said there that the Colony had been entirely abandoned, that the Scots had surrendered their fort and town to the Spaniards. When Mackay was asked if it could be true, he laughed and said there was nothing in it. His confidence reassured the Directors, and when they sent news of the rumour to Rothesay Bay they urged the Councillors not to believe anything so inconsistent and fabulous.

We can believe no set of men in the world of any reasonable measures of discretion and resolution, and much less those in whose fidelity and courage we have placed such an entire confidence, could be guilty of so much groundless cowardice, folly and treachery.

As if the thought of cowardice had reminded them of Jolly and Montgomerie, the Directors called both men before the Court the next day. They were closely questioned, their memorials read, and their defence compared with the letters from the Council which Mackay had brought. From the moment they entered that panelled chamber in Milne Square, there can have been no hope for them. The charge of desertion was proven by their presence in Scotland, and after its distasteful encounter with Major Cunningham the Court was in no mood to be lenient. It was resolved,

and written into the minutes by Roderick Mackenzie, that their conduct in leaving the Colony had been 'altogether groundless and unwarrantable'. They were cast out, disgraced, and their share of the Company's stock withdrawn from them.

On Friday, 22 September, Daniel Mackay left Edinburgh for the Clyde and his return to Darien. That day, the three Directors who were watching the Company's affairs at Greenock sent an express to the fleet, informing the Councillors that Mackay would join them on Saturday evening with late dispatches and two gabbards full of bread and rice. They too wrote of the rumour from London, and Mackay's derision. Why should Scots retreat before Spaniards, 'of whom we never heard that our people were afraid'? The story was a malicious invention of the English, contrived by James Vernon to discourage the dispatch of provisions to the Colony.

The fleet sailed in the forenoon of Saturday, without warning, and without waiting for Mackay or the bread and rice. The Councillors had received the Greenock letter, and by the boat that brought it sent back what the Directors later complained was a 'short and supercilious' note. It declared that a favourable wind at last could not now be ignored. When Mackay arrived at Rothesay the bay was empty, and the ships long since gone below the horizon. He pursued them unsuccessfully as far as Loch Ryan and then returned to Greenock in an angry temper. The Directors were outraged, writing furious letters in pursuit of the fleet, but the nation was delighted.

Our sable night is gone, the day is won,
The Scots are followed with the Rising Sun.

Twelve days later that sable night returned, and the day seemed clearly lost. Rumours of disaster could no longer be dismissed as English lies. Past sunset on Monday, 9 October, a rider reached Milne Square from Leith where the London packet had arrived. He brought papers from James Foulis, Paterson's old friend and associate, and enclosed with them were copies of two letters sent from New York in August. They had been written by George Moffat, supercargo of the *Caledonia*, and addressed to his master

Joseph Ormiston in London. They were brief and unemotional, but from what they said there could be no doubt that the Colony had been abandoned.

The Directors published a summary of the facts in the *Gazette*, and by the end of the week the news was known all over the Lowlands. Saturday was the birthday of the exiled Stuart king, and the Jacobites of Edinburgh, who waited in the wings throughout the whole tragi-comedy of the Company's history, now made a short and melodramatic appearance on stage. For here was a disaster that could be blamed on the asthmatic usurper, and if rightly exploited would embarrass his servants. But the demonstration was without purpose or organization. Toasts were drunk in public to King James's health, some notable men stood about bonfires upon which unrecognizable effigies were burnt, a few pistols and fireworks were exploded in the dark and that was all. The country was too numb for a political weapon to be made of its bitterness and shock. When the numbness faded there was the pain of wounded pride and a fierce anger against the Caledonians, not the Councillors alone but all who had sailed with the first expedition. Fathers believed that they had been betrayed by their sons, brothers by brothers. No one would have disputed the tone of the letter which the Directors wrote to the survivors in New York, accusing them of a 'shameful and dishonourable abandonment'. There were many men, Sir James Oswald among them, who declared that if their sons did not return to Darien and their duty they need not come back to their homes.

Moffat's letters were still unread by most of the Directors when those meeting in a quorum at Milne Square on 10 October took immediate steps to save the Colony. They agreed that bills of account should be sent to New York and Jamaica upon which the Colony might draw, and had that sensible procedure been adopted from the beginning the first Caledonians would never have had any difficulty in buying provisions. It was also agreed that the first available ship should be chartered to carry Daniel Mackay to the Colony with fresh instructions for the second expedition and the captains of the *Olive Branch* and the *Hopeful*

Binning. In the meantime a letter to the Councillors aboard the *Rising Sun* was hastily drafted and signed. It informed them of what they surely would know before they received it, that the settlement had been abandoned, and it warned them against any thought they might consequently have of returning to Scotland.

If this find you not possessed of our shamefully deserted Colony, you are forthwith to make the best of your way thither, and endeavour (if you find it possessed by any other) to repossess yourself thereof by force of arms; but if that should prove altogether impracticable or impossible for you at this time, you are to set down in the nearest and most convenient place which you can fall upon, to wait a fit opportunity to do the same, which at no time, neither now nor hereafter, must be neglected.

More important than this letter was the man who carried it, and who was introduced by it as one of the new Council of Caledonia, 'having frankly and generously offered himself to go wherever the Company's service might require him.' Indeed he had, and had been waiting for more than a month to know whether the Directors would accept his offer. That acceptance, so long delayed, was made this day in anxious haste, and with the sudden realization, perhaps, that here was a man who should have been employed twelve months before.

He was Alexander Campbell of Fonab, a tall West Highland laird with steady eyes and a gentle smile. Not yet forty, he had until recently been the lieutenant-colonel of Lord Portmore's Regiment of Foot, and before that a company commander in Argyll's. Thomas Drummond was his friend, and another had been Robert Campbell of Glenlyon, the bankrupt murderer of Glencoe whose body he had sadly buried at Bruges. With them he had led his company against the bloody redoubts of Dottignies, and with them he had broken his sword in anger when their regiment was surrendered at Dixemude. Honour, duty and loyalty were the simple milestones he followed, and he appears to have had neither malice nor jealousy. With their letter, the Directors gave him his commission and a draft for £1,000 Sterling on a Jamaican merchant, with which he was to hire or buy a

sloop for Caledonia. He said good-bye to his wife and daughter, and left at once for Bristol. There he hoped to find a ship that would take him to the West Indies.

The Court of Directors and the Council-General met regularly every day for the rest of the month. The loss of so many ships and supplies – so much expenditure without return – forced them to make another call on the stockholders and to take resolute action against all their debtors. The Moderator of the Kirk was asked to appoint a National Day of Fast and Humiliation, and having thus appealed for God's mercy they resolved that none be shown to the guilty men of Caledonia. If any Councillor of the first Colony could prove his loyalty he was to be re-admitted to the Company's favour.

But such as shall be found to have deserted either for cowardice, temerity, or simplicity, to be suspended till advice thereof be sent hither and an answer returned; and if any of them be found guilty of treachery or evil practices against the honour and interest of the Company or Colony to be condignly punished with the outmost severity as in cases of Treason.

Of Robert Pennecuik's guilt there was to be no admission of doubt. In this arrogant, bullying man the Company found its scapegoat. Without offering proof, the Directors accused him of conspiring with the English and betraying the Colony. The Councillors of the second expedition were told to treat him with disgrace and infamy wherever he might be found, to strip him of office and command, and to punish him as his crimes deserved.

Though he might not have agreed, his miserable death had been a providential mercy.

'And we looked for Peace, but no good came . . .'

Caledonia, November 1699 to January 1700

ONE hundred and sixty people died on that voyage from Rothesay in Bute to Caledonia in Darien. Though the fleet made the crossing in half the time it had taken the first expedition, its

losses were four times as great. Yet James Byres would write confidently to the Directors that 'our dead and sick men are very far short of what may be thought agreeable to so long a voyage.' Many of the children did not survive to see the facry wonder of the green West Indian Isles, and among them was Mary Jaffray, the Fire-master's daughter. Alexander Dalglish also died. One of God's jewels, said Borland, and much lamented. He left his pregnant and bewildered wife to the care of his colleagues. Aboard the *Rising Sun* there were thirty-five dead, most of them officers and Volunteers. The sickness had begun while the ships waited at Rothesay, and once burning could not be checked.

Antigua was the first landfall, sighted soon after dawn on 9 November and before dusk the fleet came up with the rocky isle of Montserrat and dropped anchor. Byres went ashore by long-boat to the town of Plymouth, where he asked for water and provisions. 'But the Governor,' said Borland, 'was so inhuman that he denied us the liberty of having any, pretending his orders from the Court of England for so doing.' The Scots were told that their Colony had been abandoned six months before, but they would not believe it. They left the next morning and that night, in a squall of rain and rising seas, the *Hope's* look-out lost sight of the flagship's lantern. She sailed alone for two despairing weeks before she found the others. 'At length, through the good Providence of God, we all arrived safely together on the coast of Darien.' It was 30 November, and all that they had been told at Montserrat was true.

Gibson fired a signal gun as he had been ordered, and waited for a pilot to take his ships into the harbour. There the new colonists saw no fort, no flourishing town, no warehouses, no busy quays, no fine ships loading. There was a half-submerged wreck at the harbour-mouth, the burnt ribs of another on the southern shore, and two small sloops anchored off the peninsula.

The *Olive Branch* and the *Hopeful Binning*, under their masters William Jameson and Alexander Stark, had arrived at Caledonia in August. They were astonished to find nothing but ruins, discarded kettles and pots, moss-growu cannon balls and the mute agony of 400 graves. The Indians brought them one of the

men left behind by the first expedition, and from him they learned what had happened. Although Jameson and Stark did not think that they could hold the peninsula against attack, they bravely landed the survivors of the 300 settlers they had taken aboard at Leith, raised the Company's standard, and told the Indians that they were but the vanguard of a great force now on its way from Scotland. As they probably hoped it would, this information reached Carthagena and Santa Maria before the end of the month. While no move was made against the Colony by land, the sight of Spanish cruisers idling some miles offshore made all the Scots uneasy. The problem of what they could or should do was soon resolved for them by a stupid accident. The cooper of the *Olive Branch*, carrying a candle below decks one night in search of brandy, set light to it, himself and the ship. She quickly burnt to the water's edge, with all her stores and provisions.

Being men of prudence rather than rash courage, Jameson and Stark decided to leave Lieutenant Oliphant and a dozen of their fittest men ashore with the Indians, and to take the rest to Jamaica in the *Hopeful Binning*. The voyage to Port Royal was long and bitter, and those colonists who did not die aboard were dead soon after they reached the English island.

On 22 November one of the twelve men left behind, and now watching anxiously from Point Look-out, sighted two sloops coming up from Golden Island. When he saw the Company's flag on an ensign-staff he ran down to the beach, crying with joy. The first ship was the *Ann of Caledonia*, and the second was the *Society* which Thomas Drummond had hired at Saint Thomas and loaded with provisions, paying for them with a bill drawn on Delancey and Wenham in New York.

The *Ann's* rigging was cut, her canvas holed, and her decks splintered. A day or more away from the settlement, and separated from the *Society*, she had been attacked by a Spanish warship of twenty guns. Though he had only six light-pounders on the sloop, a crew of thirteen, and the handful of volunteers who had come with him from New England, Drummond would not surrender. For more than four hours the *Ann* carried on a run-

ning fight with the Spaniard, escaping at last into the night.

Now on 30 November his scarlet coat neatly patched, his sword at his side and his hat pulled low, Drummond was rowed across to the *Rising Sun*. He demanded his place as a Councillor of the Colony, presenting letters from Paterson and Samuel Vetch as his credentials, and said the Colony could get all the provisions it wished from New York. The Councillors did not believe him. 'The fund of credit he proposed,' they sneered in their report to the Directors, 'was his word of honour.' Angered by their disbelief and by their frightened distress, he became vain-glorious. 'He told us that he now reckoned all things very right, the Colony resettled, and that we could take Portobello if we pleased.' He left the yellow cabin with no clear promise that his rights as a Councillor would be honoured, but with the certain knowledge that he and James Byres would clash violently before long.

From the sides of their ships the new colonists stared with horror at the land they had reached. 'Expecting to meet with our friends and countrymen,' said Borland,

we found nothing but a vast howling wilderness, the Colony deserted and gone, their huts all burnt, their fort most part ruined, the ground which they had cleared adjoining to the fort all overgrown with weeds; and we looked for Peace but no good came, and for a time of health and comfort, but beheld Trouble.

A small party was sent ashore in the rain to clear the parade of the fort and rebuild some of the huts. There was an immediate outcry from others who said that they had not come to settle a Colony, but to reinforce one already established. The Councillors shared this opinion, with the dismal and additional responsibility of deciding what should be done about it. They were not cheered when Drummond told them that there could be no debate, the town should be rebuilt and the fort prepared for the attack which the Spaniards would certainly mount against them soon.

Four days after the fleet's arrival a general meeting of Councillors, Land and Sea Captains, and all the Company's senior servants was held aboard the *Rising Sun* under the presidency of

James Gibson and in his cabin. He began with a discouraging report. From the ships' invoices he had studied, including the Society's, he believed that their provisions would not last more than six months, and that on short allowance. At a ration of one gallon to every three men, the brandy would not last four. The hot and angry debate which followed this startling announcement passed, without conclusion, into a quarrel over a motion put by Byres. He suggested that they retire at once to Jamaica, leaving two or three companies of soldiers to hold the peninsula. Against whom and with what hope, he did not say. When it was realized that this might at least represent a settlement, and could not be called desertion, it was agreed that 500 men should remain and that the rest should leave when the fort was in a proper state of defence. Byres then proposed another motion, that Thomas Drummond – who must surely have angrily abstained from the last – had no right to sit or vote at these meetings, and should be told to leave. He lost the vote, and was furious when William Vetch proposed that the full government of the Colony should rest in a triumvirate, himself, James Byres, and Thomas Drummond. There was only one valid commission, shouted Byres, and that was his. All others had been made null and void by the desertion of the first Colony. When Gibson and Lindsay meekly agreed to this astonishing claim, and the rest of the meeting grew uneasy with the late hour and the direction of the argument, Vetch withdrew his proposal.

They met again the next day, at eight o'clock in the cool of the morning. Byres seemed to have forgotten his demand for absolute power, and accepted the formal acknowledgement of himself, Vetch, Lindsay and Gibson as the Council of the Colony. He said little, but raised his hand with the majority when it was agreed that the daily ration of meat and biscuit should be cut, and that the colonists who were to leave for Jamaica should be carried in the *Hope of Bo'ness* and the *Duke of Hamilton* with provisions for three weeks.

Since he and his fellow-ministers were not invited to such meetings, except to offer a conventional prayer for wisdom and guidance, Francis Borland had little respect for the Council. He

had none at all for most of the settlers. He thought they were mean, selfish and godless, and sure to suffer the Almighty's punishment for their heinous sins and abominations. On the voyage from Scotland, and now here on the edge of the world, few attended public worship, and none realized that the sickness and mortality already experienced compelled them to give thanks to God for His mercies even in the midst of His wrath.

Disappointed by the failure of their ministrations at sea, and dejected by the indifference of the Council now that they had reached land, the three men met to consider the course their work should take, and to have their conclusions properly recorded by Mr Stobo. They met in a borrowed cabin aboard the *Hope of Bo'ness* because it had been made plain to them that if they wished to have a hut ashore they must build it themselves. They agreed that Wednesday, 3 January, should be set aside – with the consent of the Council – as a solemn day of Prayer, Humiliation and Thanksgiving, whereby all men could 'confess with shame and sorrow their own and the sins of others concerned in this undertaking.' These sins were atheistical cursing and swearing, brutish drunkenness, detestable mockery, 'yea and among too many of the meaner sort, base thieving and pilfering, besides Sabbath breaking and contempt of all Gospel ordinances.' Even those who had called out for Divine forgiveness during the delirium of a fever at sea had now returned to their errors like a dog to its vomit.

They carried their demand for a Day of Prayer to the Council, and were told that it was unnecessary but they might do as they wished. 'Even a Heathen could give better advice,' said Borland bitterly. But they persevered in the Lord. They went from ship to ship, or trudged through the mud ashore, distributing the printed sermons, the prayers, tracts and catechisms they had brought with them. Most were thrown away unread, or used as spalls to light a pipe, and Borland noticed that the men who did this were usually Highlanders 'of the meaner sort'. He did not relate their apparent profanity to the fact that they spoke little or no English and could not read, though he seemed to think that such ignorance was also a heinous sin and abomination.

The friendship which the Indians had generously offered to the leaders of the first Colony was now destroyed by the Council of the second. Byres despised them, and was openly contemptuous of their simple gifts. They were a parcel of rogues, he said when Jaffray complained that one had shaken a lance at him, and should all be hanged. Robert Turnbull boldly protested, warning Byres that the Colony could not resist the Spaniards or meet them in the field without the Indians' help. He had never known them to be treacherous, but if they were ill-treated and their women molested the Scots would be wise to keep within the fort. Byres stared at the young man with astonishment. Who was going beyond the fort? They had not come here to take towns. From thenceforward, anyone who opposed Byres was accused by him of being 'for the taking of towns'.

The morale of all was lowered by the open quarrels and idle inaction of the leaders. John Wallace had died on the voyage, and the remaining engineer, Thomas Kerr, could get little work from men who asked why they should rebuild the fort for others who did nothing but watch them from the ships. George Winram's liquor-still rusted in the hold of the *Hope*. There was no gold for Robert Keil's crucibles or John Hunter's coining-mill. No Indians came to learn good Lallan from Robert Johnson, although, to Borland's dismay, they became fluent in the obscenities they were mischievously taught by the soldiers. The useless trade goods in the ships – 'so much thin grey paper, so many little blue bonnets' – were a mockery when there were no provisions to buy with them. There were daily complaints against the rations, but at half a pound of beef and half of bread, however odorous and rotten, they were a luxury compared with what was yet to come. By the middle of December work on the huts and fort had almost stopped. A miasma of idleness and despair had quickly fallen on the Colony. Many were sick, and for want of the strength or will to dig the morning graves the living threw the dead into the bay. The wet green forests, the mountain-heads in a mist of rain, the clean sea rolling beyond the harbour-mouth, were deceptively innocent and beguiling, tempting the desperate to desert. There was a rumour that the men sent to

Jamaica would be sold as slaves to the English plantations, and among the Highlanders, who had long memories of kinsmen thus betrayed and transported, the story was easily believed. Ten Planters stole an eight-oared boat from the *Rising Sun* and rowed away to Portobello.

From the Indians, who remembered him with respect, Thomas Drummond learned that the Spaniards were preparing for a great attack on the settlement, by land and by sea. He thought it insane to wait for this, when a bold stroke might not only prevent it but also raise the spirits of the Scots and check their mutinous discontent. Aboard the *Ann* on 15 December, he wrote a brief and soldierly proposal, sending it to the Council by Robert Turnbull's hand. Let him be given 150 men 'that would be willing to take their fate with me' and he would lead them to live and fight in the forests with their Indian allies. Except for arms, ammunition and some provisions they would be no further burden to the Colony, and would not return to it until it was safe from danger. This each man would solemnly swear, and sign his name to the oath in witness.

When he appeared before the Council to argue this proposal he explained that he would raid Portobello, perhaps even Cartagena and release the *Dolphin's* prisoners there. He reminded the Council that there were men of courage and loyalty in the Colony, that many of the officers had recently offered to resign their commissions and remain as ordinary Planters when the others left for Jamaica. Byres was infuriated and frightened. He told the other Councillors that they should not 'pin their faith upon another man's sleeve'. He said that there were not six weeks' provisions left and none expected from Scotland. How could they think of taking towns? William Vetch was ill again, his spirit too weak to call up the courage he had once shown under fire at Steinkirk. He let the decision go as the majority wished, and the others were too cowed by the noisy vehemence of Byres' voice to ask how six months' provisions had suddenly become six weeks'. Drummond's offer was refused.

The next day a file of musketeers under an ensign marched into the fort and arrested Alexander Campbell, a carpenter working

there. He was manacled and taken aboard the *Duke of Hamilton*, charged with 'mutinous association and villainous design of murder'. He appears to have been a simple man with more pride and self-respect than malice. Since the fleet arrived he had frequently declared that in such a noble undertaking as this there should be no difference between the food enjoyed by an officer and that given to a common man. When he heard that the Council had rejected Drummond's proposal he became bolder and more foolish. 'A great many officers, volunteers, planters and seamen,' he said, or was later charged with saying, 'had a design for seizing the Councillors and hanging them if they would not divest themselves of the government in favour of the conspirators.' Within the hour he was arrested and his court-martial ordered by the Council.

The Court met in Gibson's cabin on 18 December under the presidency of Major John Ramsay, six captains, three lieutenants and three ensigns. Campbell was now frightened, by the naked swords of his escort, by the witnesses whom he had thought were his comrades, and by the hard faces of these officers whose privileges he had resented. He admitted that he had complained about the food, and had said that the Company's money aboard the flagship should be used to buy more provisions. He had heard, and repeated, the rumour that some of the colonists were to be sold as slaves, but he had been party to no conspiracy and had not wished to hang the Councillors or overthrow their authority.

His unsupported confession of innocence was outweighed by the depositions made against him. He had been 'a great seducer of the Colony', deposed William Macleod, and had said that since the Councillors were enriching themselves by denying food to honest men, they should hang. Those of a like mind with him would have no difficulty in seizing the *Rising Sun*, 'for once the old fox, meaning Captain Gibson, were hanged, they'd meet with no resistance.' Sergeant Andrew Logan swore that Campbell had asked him to seize the *Hope* with the men of his company, and sail it to Ireland. Peter McFerran said that the signal for rebellion in the Colony was to have been the waving of a flag. And Sergeant William Robertson declared that Campbell had assured

very soon. There is no record of any protest against the arrests. Weakened by fever and fear, unnerved by the sight of the carpenter's body hanging on its rotting rope, the Planters did nothing. Bound by their solemn oath to serve the Company, the Officers would not openly defy its rightful representative. Byres had come to the end of his patience. He had silenced Drummond's opposition to his proposal for a retreat to Jamaica, and by this, his only positive action, he had made himself king.

Two days before Christmas, having bought the sloop *Society* on a bill they hoped the Company would honour, the Councilors decided to send her away with their first report to the Directors. Though signed by all four men, the letter was the voice of James Byres. Admittedly 'long and melancholy', it whined, complained, boasted and appealed. The first colonists were a disgrace to Scotland and a reproach to humanity. There was no gold, no silver, no Nicaragua wood, and all who had reported otherwise were fools and knaves. The ships' stewards were also proven knaves, never had there been such a collection of knaves in so small a community. Captain Drummond was in custody for offences, whereof there would soon be proof. . . . Captain Kerr, also in custody, was not fit for service in the Colony and the Council intended to be quit of him. The fort could not be rebuilt without proper tools, and the Colony was thus defenceless. On the other hand, there was no great fear of the Spaniards. The Indians were worthless allies, small and weak, and one Scots grenadier would not find it hard to defeat ten of them at once. The Company knew - and here there was a hint that Byres was frightened by the authority he had assumed - that the undersigned were under no obligation to serve as the government of the Colony, but were honest men and awaited those whom the Directors might send to replace them. 'Meantime, we shall not disgracefully lay down the baton so providentially pnt in our hands.'

The Colony now sank into a paralysed inertia that was to last for six weeks. No work was done except that necessary for simple existence. The 500 men selected for Jamaica, and all the remaining women and children, were sent aboard the *Hope of Bo'ness*

and the *Duke of Hamilton*. Among them were most of the volunteers who had come from New York with Drummond, those who had sworn to take their fate with him in the jungle, all whom Byres suspected of being 'for the taking of towns'. While the weather blew steadily from the north, however, the ships could not leave the harbour, for they were as clumsy to windward as their predecessors had been. Nor was the *Society* allowed to sail, though she could have got through the sea-gate. For reasons that would be clear later, Byres delayed her departure.

Fever was again epidemic. There were never less than 200 gravely sick men aboard and ashore. At first light each morning, the night's dead were turned over the ships' sides. The ministers, who had hoped that such God-sent suffering would turn men away from viciousness, were disappointed. Mr Shields preached aboard the flagship upon the text *Behold your sins shall find you out*, but the colonists remained stubborn in their depravity. 'I remember,' wrote Borland,

the observation of the Reverend Mr Shields, that he had conversed with many sorts of people in several parts of the world, and had served as a minister for several years in the Army in Flanders, but he had never seen or been concerned with such a company as this was.

The ministers had kept apart from the political squabbles of the Colony. Though they detested Byres, and believed Drummond to be 'the most diligent and useful man', they made no protest against his arrest. Byres now ignored them, and no longer invited them to open Council meetings with a prayer. They complained bitterly when they were not given huts ashore, but they would not lift a hammer or an axe to build one for themselves. To stop their mouths perhaps, someone at last gave Stobo and Borland the use of his own hut, but Shields remained aboard the *Rising Sun*. Even ashore there was no peace from the mockery and blasphemous contempt of the colonists, and when these three humourless men met they often went into the trees for their mournful deliberations. *Inter densas umbrosa Cacumina Sylvas*, wrote Borland, glumly remembering the dripping leaves above his head.

Their Day of Prayer, Thanksgiving and Humiliation was a dismal failure. Though each preached a long sermon on hellfire and damnation, few came to listen and most of those for the diversion only. They decided that it was neither practicable nor expedient to set up a Presbytery as they had been instructed, and they turned, with relief almost, to their second obligation, the conversion of the Indian. When Robert Turnbull heard of their wish to visit a Cuna village he acquired leave to accompany them with a file of soldiers. They could not have gone far without him, but that was not his reason. He was anxious to talk with Pedro, if that elusive captain were still alive, and to discover what was known of the Spaniards' preparations against the Colony.

They left early in the morning of 16 January, crossing by boat to the far shore of the bay and travelling from thence on foot. They climbed so many steep hills and waded so many streams that the wearied Borland lost count of them. By nightfall, when they reached Pedro's village on the banks of the Greater Acla, they were exhausted and wet to the waist. Reports of the little chief's death, which had come to the first Colony before it left, were false, and he greeted his friend Turnbull with affectionate warmth. He welcomed the ministers too, and although their black broadcloth and white neck-bands were strange to him, he could see by their manner that they were important men. He fed them all on dried fish and meat, plantains and potatoes, and ordered fires to be lit by their hammocks. The Indians listened in polite silence to the ministers' sermons, but were indifferent to their meaning. Perhaps Turnbull was too tired to translate the scriptural homilies that thundered across the firelight, or had not the vocabulary to do the ministers justice, for they later complained that they could not labour in God's vineyard here without an interpreter. The Indians, they said, were a poor and naked people, idle and lazy, more inclined by temperament to adopt a Scotsman's vices than accept his religion.

What Turnbull had learned from Pedro put him in no mood to linger while Mr Shields or Mr Stobo explained the significance of the Sabbath to an uncomprehending audience that counted time by the moon. He wanted to talk with other headmen, and at

dawn the next day he ordered a march, moving westward to the Lesser Acla. At every village the Scots were welcomed kindly, and at each Turnbull's anxiety to return to Caledonia was increased. Believing that they might reach it more quickly, and with less strain on the ministers, if they travelled by way of the coast, he led the party back to the Greater Acla and turned northward along its banks to the sea. The ministers stumbled wearily behind the soldiers, marvelling at wide savannahs of moving grass, the vermilion flash of startled birds, cool parks of stately trees. At the mouth of the river they saw Golden Island, serene in a seaward mist, and believed that they were but a short walk from their harbour. Some way along the shore to the east, said Borland, they came to a rocky point, and moved inland again to approach the shore on its other side.

But here we travelled so long and by such crooked turnings and through such thickets of tall and dark woods that we quite lost ourselves, and were bewildered, that we knew not what way to move, nor how to extricate ourselves. Standing still, therefore, in our bewildered and melancholy condition, we heard the noise of the sea, and judged it to be our only surest guide to wind ourselves out of our present labyrinth. Therefore we turned our course directly toward the noise of the waves, and a very difficult and uncomfortable passage we had in striving to get through the thorny thickets of woods in our way, and with much ado at length we got safely into the open air by the sea.

Here was no sandy walk, however, but an angry coastline of breaking waves, and rather than move inland again Turnbull led the party along the edge of the water.

We were washed with waves . . . and the various windings and bendings of the coast made our way much longer; sometimes we had steep rocks to pass over, which we must climb with our hands and feet.

They had eaten nothing since leaving the last village on the Acla, and they had no water to drink. All were exhausted, but Shields was scarcely able to walk and became so feeble that Borland feared he would die. At last they found a spring, breaking from

the rocks above and as heaven-sent, they said, as the well was to Hagar in the wilderness when her child was like to die. It gave Shields the strength to continue. By dusk they saw the bare top-sail yards of their ships above the trees. 'The Lord leading the blind by a way they knew not,' quoted Borland, with little gratitude to Turnbull, 'preserving our going out and our coming in, and as our day was, so making our strength to be.'

The Lieutenant went straight to the Council. From the information the Indians had given him, he said, he believed that the Barliavento Fleet and an army from Santa Maria would shortly attack the Colony. Byres was unimpressed. He would fight any Spaniard who came, but Caledonia was impregnable from the sea and nobody but a fool would attack it from the woods. A week later, under strong pressure from the company commanders, he agreed that some guns should be landed from the ships and mounted in the embrasures of the fort.

But he would not release Drummond or Thomas Kerr.

'This was now a smiling Providence upon us, but alas . . . !'
Caledonia, February 1700

FROM the Woods of Caledonia, Mr Stobo wrote at the head of the letter, 2 February 1700, Reverend Sir. . . The three ministers were alone in the Shades of Love, away from the stench and profanity of New Edinburgh, composing a letter to the Moderator. They thought it their duty to inform him of the sad and afflicted state of the Colony. The source and fountain cause of all its miseries were the colonists themselves. *Our land hath spewed out its scum. . . .* They were perverse, pernicious and mean, without religion, reason, honesty or honour. *We could not prevail to get their wickedness restrained, nor the growth of it stopped.* God has punished them with a sore and contagious sickness, taking away as a terrible example some of his own jewels and excellent ones. *This sickness, for some time abated, is now returned in its former rage . . .*

It was a bitter letter, composed by lonely men who were bewildered by the failure of their mission and wounded by the contempt of men they had hoped to inspire. They sat together under the trees, each comforted by the others' sympathy, offering a word, a phrase, a scriptural reference to strengthen the letter. Mr Stobo's pen dipped regularly into the ink-horn, scratching line after line of complaint and accusation. They had done their duty as colleagues in a Collegiate of Relation, although it had been impossible to establish a Presbytery. They had preached every Sabbath, one aboard the flagship and two ashore, but such was the malignant obstinacy of the colonists that few came to listen. *Near on a third at least are wild Highlanders that cannot speak nor understand Scotch, which are barbarians to us and we to them.* The Indians were no better, though those who came to hear the ministers were at least decent in their behaviour. God's servants would persevere in their thankless work, they would stay until the end of the year they had agreed to serve, but. . . . *We must now give you advertisement, and entreat you to intimate to the Reverend Commission that none of us are determined to settle here.* They asked for prayers and understanding. They signed themselves the Moderator's afflicted brethren in the Work of the Gospel. They sealed the letter and walked down to New Edinburgh, to something they had not thought fit to mention — the sound of axe and saw again, the sight of men at work after a month of despairing lethargy.

The threat of a Spanish attack had frightened those colonists not marked down for Jamaica, and the enthusiasm of young officers like Turnbull had encouraged them to resist it. Four guns from the *Rising Sun* were now ashore, and were being dragged across the marsh to the fort as the ministers came down from the *Shades of Love*. Although Byres had not authorized it, seventy huts and two storehouses were also being rebuilt. The walls and roof of the guardhouse were restored, and the ministers had been informed that they might use the building as a church when it contained no prisoners. This, too, they had not told the Moderator. Not all the officers thought that resistance was advisable, and most of the men waiting to sail for Port Royal were hoping

that they would be away before it became necessary. Major John Ramsay and several captains said that they wished to leave on the *Society*, and to take ship for Scotland from whatever port she touched. Sick in his cabin prison, Thomas Drummond asked the Council to free him so that he might go home for the good of his health. During the past five weeks, seeing no one but the guard at his door and the steward who brought him food, he had lost faith in the Colony and could think of his reputation only. He wanted to be the first to tell the Directors of his quarrel with Byres.

Much of the work being done was without the direction or sanction of the Councillors, and they frequently confused everybody by ordering all sea-captains to take on water, to secure their guns and clear their decks for sailing as soon as the wind blew from the south-east. Byres' braggart defiance of the Spaniards had changed to a surly disapproval of any attempt to resist them. It would be unlawful, he said, all war was unlawful and un-Christian. Alexander Shields was outraged by such blasphemy. He had soldiered with the Cameronians and knew that was lawful. He had seen them die with the Psalms on their lips and knew that was Christian. The Councillor told him that he was talking nonsense, contradicting the Gospels, and tempting men to become atheists. On Sunday, 4 February, Byres honestly acknowledged that his own safety was more important to him than the security of the Colony. He announced that he would sail away with the *Society* as soon as the fly-boats could warp her out of the bay.

The thought had probably been in his mind since he first delayed the sloop's departure, now it had been translated into action by the arrival that morning of a Jamaican brigantine. She was loaded with dry-goods and Negro slaves, but her master had some beef and flour he was willing to sell. He was also anxious to be away as soon as he had caulked a leak, and the news he brought explained why. Four great warships had recently arrived at Portobello from Cadiz, the largest of sixty guns, and three more were expected from Carthagen. The streets of Portobello were sweet with the scent of new-made bread; thousands of loaves for

the seamen and soldiers who were to fall upon Caledonia by land and by sea.

James Byres was aboard the *Society* before nightfall, with his baggage, his brother-in-law and his apprentice. He said that he would return soon with provisions from Jamaica, but the letters he carried from the Council referred the Directors to Mr Byres himself should they have any questions that were not answered in the dispatches. Perhaps – and it may be charitable to assume this – the reference was to letters which Byres said he would write to the Company from Port Royal. No one protested against this shameless desertion, all would no doubt have agreed with Shields that it was ‘a step in our deliverance’. It was Wednesday before the fly-boats got the sloop through the sea-gate, and there was one other passenger aboard, Mrs Dalgleish. ‘She is big with child,’ said the Council’s letter. ‘We are not in condition so to treat her as her circumstances and good behaviour require.’ They hoped that she would finally reach Scotland, and that the Company would pay her the stipend her husband might have earned.

From the cabin window of the *Duke of Hamilton*, Thomas Drummond watched the sloop until she was gone beyond the point, convinced that James Byres’ voice would now be heard in Milne Square before his.

The remaining Councillors did nothing. They increased the daily allowance of flour by a quarter of a pound, and they worried about the brandy that was being stolen, suspecting James Milne, the steward of the *Rising Sun*. But they did nothing to organize the defence of the peninsula, and they stubbornly refused to release the arrested officers or to put more men ashore. For two weeks a Spanish cruiser, hull-down to the north, had been watching the Colony, and now it moved in closer, picking up a long-boat which the Scots had sent out to study it. From dawn to dusk the gold of its stern and the distant call of its trumpets could be seen and heard from Point Look-out. By the week’s end, like a paralysed rabbit, the leaderless Colony was once more immobilized by fright.

For months the Spanish had known less about the strength of the Scots than the Caledonians knew of theirs. An Indian, hold-

ing up his fingers before Turnbull or Drummond, could say with accuracy how many ships he had seen, but a lock of hair shaken before the Campmaster at Toubacanti might mean 500 men or 5,000. The Spanish commanders were also bound by rigid and inflexible rules. The long chain of command, its sea and land-borne links connecting Carthagená, Portobello, Panama, Vera Cruz and Mexico City with that moribund Sufferer in Madrid, made strong and independent action inadvisable where it was not impossible. Days passed before a Governor could read a Campmaster's report, a week, two weeks before a President heard from a Governor, a month before a President's dispatch was read by the Viceroy, and almost a year before the Viceroy might hope for an answer from Madrid.

The new Governor of Carthagená, Don Juan Pimienta, was more impatient than most with the long delays between the dispatch of information he had received and the return of orders in reply. When he heard that the *Hopeful Binning* had left Caledonia he advised the King that the twice-abandoned fort should now be occupied by Spanish soldiers, but even he would not do this without orders, and before his letter could reach Madrid the Scots were back. Pimienta was a small, dark-skinned salamander, neat and stiff in the Castilian manner, inexorable in purpose but scrupulously exact in the courtesies of war. He was no pen-and-ink soldier, and did not waste paper or insult his own intelligence by calling the Scots pirates and corsairs. He was as anxious as Don Quixote for a chivalrous passage of arms with them, respecting their valour and eager to gild his own by defeating them. His garrison and ships, however, were crippled by disease, and he believed that his dispirited soldiers would have to be dragged 'to anything that looks like fighting'. He asked for seasoned infantrymen and good sea-officers, knowing that by the time they arrived – if ever they arrived – the Scots might become too strong to be dislodged. He complained bitterly that the citizens of Carthagená tightened their purse-strings when ordered to loosen them in the King's service. His councillors were tradesmen who knew nothing of the disciplines of war, frightened men who confused themselves with ridiculous rumours. The Scots, they

said, had mined a mountain above the neck of the peninsula and intended to explode it should the Spanish attack from that direction. Who could lay such a long fuse, asked Pimienta, who could be sure that such a vast mine of powder would not become damp and useless in this climate? Such inane fancies, he thought, 'cause the writing of a great lot of paper to those who direct military affairs.'

On 15 January the Conde de Canillas, President of Panama, was at last in no doubt about the strength and morale of the Colony, and was delighted to find that both were much lower than he had feared. At noon that day a sergeant and four Indians from Santa Maria brought him two Scots deserters - John Jardine a labourer, and William Strachan a tailor. Both had sailed with the first expedition as Planters, and both had returned with Drummond on the *Ann of Caledonia*. Shortly after Christmas they had decided that rather than exist any longer on a daily ration of two biscuits and a little codfish they would live or die in the forest. For a few yards of stolen linen an Indian agreed to take them where gold might be found, but he did not tell them that the gold was coin and that he hoped to find it for himself. He led them into the mountains and delivered them to Campmaster Carrizoli at Toubacanti. From thence they were sent to Panama City by way of Santa Maria.

They were miserable and frightened when they were brought before Canillas and his council that afternoon. None of the Spaniards could understand their thorny Scots, but an illiterate Irish adventurer, a marine called Michael Burke, acted as an interpreter. Canillas was gentle with the deserters, telling Burke that they might take whatever oath their church allowed, examining them separately and questioning them closely on both the first and second expeditions. By dusk he knew all that they were able to tell him about the ships, arms, supplies and defences of the Colony, the discontent and the desertions. They had left before Byres agreed to the landing of the flagship's guns, and Strachan said that his countrymen had not 'mounted any artillery ashore, their whole effort being to build houses to shelter them; the old fortification is in bad shape, without gates.' When

the interrogation was over, the tailor and the labourer were taken away under guard. They were again lost in the darkness that hides the existence of most men. This one afternoon only of their lives endures on record, but it was decisive.

Canillas ordered an immediate attack on Caledonia, his couriers riding the treasure road to Portobello and from thence by ship to Carthagena. Though there was a terrible epidemic of fever in all the Spanish provinces, from Vera Cruz to New Granada, the President was confident that those seamen and soldiers who were not sick were enough to exterminate this puny and impudent settlement of pirates. He proposed the plan he had attempted a year before, the land attack which had ended in Montgomerie's skirmish and his own wretched retreat from Tonbacanti, but this time it would be supported by a simultaneous assault from the sea by the Barliavento Fleet under its commander, Don Diego Peredo. Pimienta, and those of his soldiers whom he could drag to the business of fighting, were to leave Carthagena as soon as possible by the auxiliary transports of the Barliavento, and Canillas would join them off the coast of Caledonia with three ships and 500 men from the garrisons of Panama City and Portobello. Three companies of militia, also from Panama City, were to be sent by oared galleys to Santa Maria from whence the foppish Governor of Darien, Don Miguel Cordones, would march them inland to reinforce Carrizoli's militia, slaves and levies at Toubacanti. With the 400 men he would then command, Cordones was to strike north at Caledonia as soon as his scouts reported the arrival of the Barliavento.

At dawn on 12 February Pimienta went aboard Peredo's flagship, *San Juan Bautista*, and ordered her out to the harbour mouth where some launches were waiting to load the last of his field guns and carriages. To his speechless fury, an incompetent helmsman put the ship aground on a shoal in the lee of the castle, and it was sunset before she could be warped off by her own boats. Even then she dragged her anchor in the night breeze and went aground again. It was another twenty-four hours before the guns were hauled aboard and the flagship could at last sail in pursuit of her squadron.

Had all gone as Canillas wished, had the Barliavento answered Cordones' advancing trumpets one morning with a cannonade from the lee of Golden Island, the demoralized Scots would probably have surrendered without resistance. They were saved in time from this disgrace by an unlikely *coup de théâtre*, by The Hero's sudden appearance from the wings, sword in hand.

Alexander Campbell of Fonab arrived on Sunday, 11 February, slipping past the watching cruiser in a Barbadoes sloop. It had taken him four frustrating months to reach Caledonia, and he brought it no more than a few provisions, a young naval officer called John Stewart, and the strength of his own indomitable spirit. A Jamaican sloop followed his into the bay, driven there by the cruiser, and her master told the Scots that Benbow's fleet was under sail to help them. Heartening though this nonsensical report was, the real encouragement came from Fonab's presence, the sight of his calm and upright head, his straight back and scarlet coat as he was rowed across to the *Rising Sun*. He was no stranger, most of the officers had served with him in Ramsay's Scots Brigade, and many of the Planters had trailed a pike or shouldered a musket behind him at Dottignies and Landen. The three miserable Councillors scarcely troubled to read his commission, but gladly gave him all responsibility for the protection of the Colony. His advice was simple, fight – and by fight he meant offence not defence. He took command in a storm of sleepless energy, ordering the instant release of the arrested officers, the landing of the men embarked for Jamaica, and their immediate employment on the fort and ditch. 'So we see,' wrote Borland, with no apparent confidence that all was now for the best, 'that men propose but GOD disposeth of us and all our concerns, and it pleaseth Him.'

When Thomas Drummond came ashore from the *Duke of Hamilton*, Fonab embraced him warmly. They had not met since they were captains together in Argyll's, and it may be that Campbell hoped his friend would share this command with him. But the galling indignity of his imprisonment had soured Drummond's loyalty to the Colony and the Company. He could think only of James Byres already at sea, and if not bound for Edin-

burgh then certain to be writing letters of scurrilous complaint against him. He was ill, and in this bitter mood was of no use to Fonab. When he asked leave to sail for Scotland as soon as possible, for an early opportunity to vindicate himself before the Directors, Campbell willingly gave it.

Within a day of his arrival Fonab proposed an attack on Toubacanti where, according to Turnbull's Indian friends, several companies of Spanish soldiers were assembling for an assault on the Colony. Campbell knew nothing of the country, of the difficulties of marching through it or fighting in it. He knew where the enemy was, and that was sufficient. His confidence inspired the younger officers, particularly Turnbull, who offered him thirty eager warriors he had trained as a militia, and who said that Captain Pedro would join them with as many more once he heard the Scots had decided to fight. On Tuesday morning, having had little sleep in the forty-eight hours he had been in the Colony, Alexander Campbell crossed the bay with 200 Scots and Turnbull's Indians. The soldiers had been hurriedly selected by candle-light on Monday night, each captain choosing the fittest men in his command, and twelve of them were young Gentlemen Volunteers particularly attached to Turnbull in loyalty and affection. They marched with incredible speed through the mangroves and the thick forest to the south of the bay, men who had eaten nothing but rotting biscuits and codfish for months, who carried heavy muskets, ammunition-boxes and swords, whose wet clothes and long hair were caught by every snatching thorn. Yet before nightfall they had reached Pedro's village on the banks of the Acla. He was waiting for them, having been warned by a runner, his face painted black for war, his shoulders covered by the stained scarlet coat the Scots had given more than a year before. Fonab and his officers slept in Pedro's long-house that night, with fires beside their hammocks, and at dawn he joined them in their march with forty of his warriors.

The way was now even harder than it had been on Tuesday, for the ground rose steadily toward the ridge of the cordillera, and was barred by fallen trees, great boulders and the rush of bright green streams. Campbell kept the Scots together and on

Campbell smiled and told him to take whatever position pleased him. In the van with his Volunteers, said Turnbull.

They went back to the waiting Scots and Indians. Fonab placed axemen in his front line, drew his sword and called the advance. Away went Turnbull's Volunteers with a huzza, his Indians following. They ran into the clearing, halted, formed line and marched forward until they were twenty feet from the nearest breastwork. There they halted again and presented their muskets. Turnbull saw the Spaniards waving to him, ironically inviting him to bring his forlorn hope yet closer. He ignored them and calmly gave the order to fire. The Volunteers were priming for a second volley through the smoke of their first when the Spaniards replied from a salient to their left. Turnbull took a ball in his right shoulder but remained on his feet, ordering his little platoon to advance with the bayonet.

The company had no loss by falling, the Gentlemen making no stop, but went on bravely. Neither did the Spaniards show themselves to be cowards, standing till our Gentlemen did grip their firelocks by the muzzle.

Now Fonab came out of the trees, running sword in hand with the main body of the Scots behind him. When they reached the palisades the axemen chopped and slashed, others thrust their bayonets through the branches or fired up into the faces of the shouting defenders. Pedro's warriors screamed on the flanks of the attack, hurling their lances over the walls. The little fight was shortly over. Once the axemen had cut a breach in the palisade, the Scots pushed in, lunging with bayonets and hacking with broadswords. The Spaniards made a brief stand by their cooking-fires and then threw down their arms and ran out of the far gate into the trees. A musket-ball in the joint of his right shoulder, his sword in his left hand, Fonab ordered a pursuit. Within an hour the sun had set, and his drummer beat a recall into the dusk.

Lying on the muddy earth of the fort was Don Miguel Cordones' jewelled sword. And also his splendid coat, laced and

corded, embroidered on the left breast with a Golden Fleece, the badge of a Knight of the Order of Saint James.

It had been a brave little affray, entirely to Fonab's taste, surprise and courage having overthrown a superior enemy in a strong defensive position. Seven of the Scots were dead, lying at the breach or inside the stockade, and fourteen or more were wounded. The Indian dead were not counted, but Pedro had been wounded as he attacked the salient from which Turnbull was shot. There is no exact record of the Spanish losses, and reports of them later would be ridiculously exaggerated, but there were two or three dozen prisoners surrounded by black-faced, screaming Indians. When the Scots saw that Fonab and Turnbull were wounded (or so it was said, though it may have been the dead of their own rank that angered them) they turned on the prisoners and had already butchered some before Campbell could beat them away.

The dead were buried in the firelight, and when prayers had been said above them Fonab honoured two naked Indians whose courage he admired. The first was Diego's son, Steven, and the second an unknown man to whom Campbell gave his own name, Alexander. They were made captains in the service of the Company, and were each given a scarlet coat and a beaver hat, the late owners of which having no further use for them.

At sunrise on Friday the Scots marched for Caledonia. They left all but three of their prisoners behind. They burnt or destroyed what they could of the fort, and took away the arms, ammunition and provisions they could carry. They reached the south shore of the bay on Sunday, 18 February, their drums beating a triumph. It was seven days only since Fonab had arrived in the Barbadoes sloop, and it was the end of his active control of the Colony. But though his aching wound, and the fever that followed it, would keep him to his bed, his spirit and his presence would still be the Caledonians' main strength.

The victory at Toubacanti was no more than Francis Borland had expected from the Almighty, but the disgraceful way in which the Colonists celebrated it filled him with gloom.

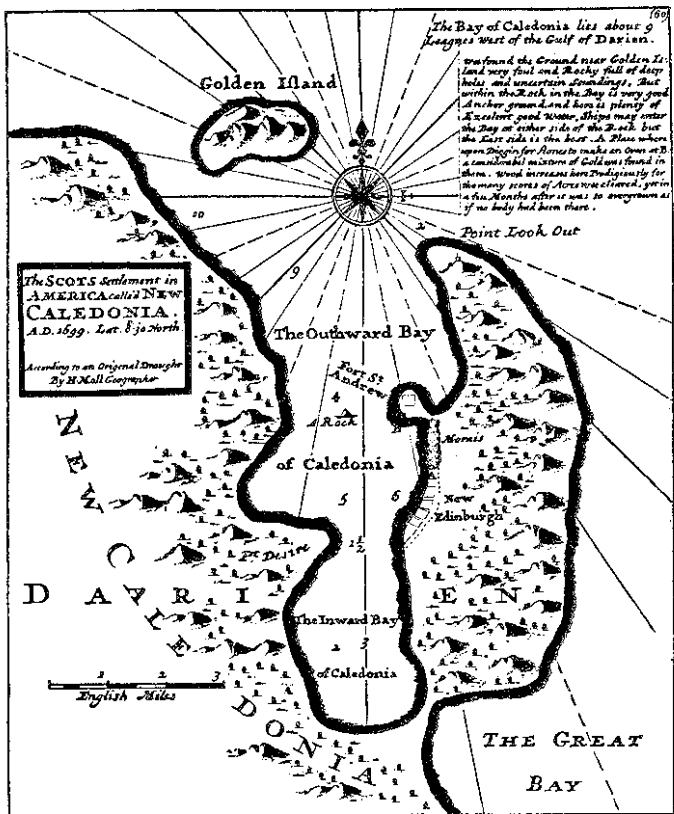
This was now a smiling Providence upon us, and our people now generally were lifted up with hopes and confidence that all things would succeed prosperously with them. But alas! we did not walk humbly and thankfully before GOD under his smile of His providence upon us. Instead of our glorifying the GOD of our Salvation, there was little to be seen among most of our men but excessive drunkenness, profane swearing, ranting, boasting, and singing. And so came of it, for shortly after our present smiles were turned into frowns, our clear sunshine was overcast with dark and threatening clouds. We were soon as much dejected and cast down as we had before been vain, proud and lifted up.

The first cloud in the clear sunshine was seen from Point Look-out on 23 February. A tall ship, a great man-of-war was moving off Golden Island, a small schooner and a dispatch-boat in her wake. Before sunset they lay to with the wind in the west and seemed to be studying the mouth of the harbour. The warship, with a naked image on her sterncastle, was the *San Juan Bautista*, and Don Diego Peredo was profoundly worried by Pimienta's rash enthusiasm for getting closer yet to land so that he might see what ships were in the bay. Heavy seas and winds on the previous day had sprung the flagship's foremast, and Peredo knew nothing and feared the worst of currents that might drag her on to the cliffs of the peninsula. By nightfall Pimienta stifled his curiosity - seeing nothing now in the moonless dark - and allowed Peredo to take the ship out to sea. She returned the next day, and the next, and was joined by others, the *San Francisco* and *El Florizant* with their attendant sloops, schooners and transports. They cruised far out to sea; only the small ships came in to stare at the harbour mouth like children, to put their helms over and run at some imagined alarm.

The sight of so many ships, the paradoxical threat of their continued inaction, dismayed the Colonists. 'We daily expected their coming in to attack our fort and ships,' said Borland. 'Our people were filled with fears and sad thoughts of heart.' No one was more fearful, or had sadder thoughts than the Councillors Gibson, Lindsay and Vetch. They were for capitulating at once, for the sending out of a sloop to sue for terms. Fonab had come to their meeting in great pain, but he forgot it in his anger. He

would not surrender, he said, and neither would they while he was there. They were silenced by his contempt more than by his arguments, and for the moment they spoke no more of capitulation. Though they stubbornly retained the pretence of authority, the defence of the Colony was now in the hands of officers inspired by Fonab. His bright confidence, even in a fever, was infectious. When he was told that the musketeers had less than enough shot for one engagement, he advised the casting of more from all that useless English powder. He could do nothing to increase the miserable rations of green biscuits and rotting fish, but he reminded the men that their comrades had no more than this in their bellies when they took the stockade at Toubacanti. He was disappointed in Drummond when he found that the fort was half a mile from the nearest spring, but he wasted no time in angry protest. He ordered casks to be filled with water and taken inside the palisades. There were 300 sick in the huts of New Edinburgh, and he put the ships' surgeons ashore to restore those who could be cured in time to work and fight. John Stewart, the young naval officer he had brought with him, was told that he could now build that fire-ship he so earnestly desired. He was given the fly-boat of the *Hope of Bo'ness*, and with James Spence, the boatswain of the flagship, he began to load it with twisted oakum, canvas, tarred shavings, barrels of resin and oil. Spence was offered £500 if he would take the boat out against the Spanish fleet when possible and necessary. He bravely agreed, but since he could not hope to survive he asked that the money be paid to his wife in Scotland. Upon his own responsibility, Fonab gave that assurance.

Every night the watchman on Point Look-out could see the lights of the Spanish ships, bright sparks in the darkness of sea and sky. Every day their signal-guns could be heard, the fluting call of trumpets. At each dusk the warships were a little closer to the bay than they had been at dawn. Ashore, men became careless in their uneasy fear. Spilt powder was accidentally ignited in one of the huts, and before the fire was stopped it had destroyed many of them. 'Hereby many of our men lost all their goods and clothes,' said Borland, 'and several of the sick people being hastily



The Bay of Caledonia lies about 9 Leagues west of the Gulf of Darien.

We found the Ground near Golden Island very soft and Rocky full of deep holes and uncertain Soundings, but within the Rock in the Bay is very good A richer ground and here is plenty of Excellent good Wood, Ships may enter the Bay on either side of the Rock but the East side is the best. A Place where upon Digging for Stones to make an Oven at B. a considerable quantity of Gold was found in them. Wood increases here prodigiously for the many years of Storms we observed, yet in a few Months after it was so overgrown as if no body had been there.

The SCOTS Settlement in AMERICA call'd NEW CALEDONIA. A.D. 1699. Lat. 8 3/4 North
According to an Original Draught By H. Kell Geographer

D A V I R I A

D O N I A

THE GREAT BAY

pulled out to save them from the devouring flames, and exposed to the open air, it increased their sickness and hastened their death.' This was clearly a warning. 'Thus the anger of the Lord burnt against us round about, yet few of us duly laid it to heart.'

On 27 February, Nathaniel Old, master of the Jamaican sloop that had followed Fonab into the bay, agreed to leave with letters and dispatches. He was anxious to go. This mad quarrel between Dons and Scotchmen was not his affair. The Council's letter to the Directors was brief and soldierly, and reads as if it had been composed by Fonab. It said nothing of surrender, but gave news of the victory at Toubacanti and the colonists' confident belief that they could withstand any assault from the sea. 'We have put ourselves here in the best order we can for receiving their fleet. So we are hopeful to give you as good an account of them as you have of their land army.' This dispatch, with private letters to families and friends, from the ministers to the Moderator, was entrusted to one of the Land Captains, Thomas Hamilton. He went aboard the sloop at dusk, and was joined later by Thomas Drummond, who had promised Fonab that he would not leave Jamaica for Scotland before sending provisions to Caledonia. He too was anxious to be gone. It did not occur to him that he was leaving the Colony as James Byres had left it.

Nathaniel Old took his ship out on a west wind some hours before dawn, unseen by the Spaniards. Among the letters carried by Hamilton was one from Turnbull to his cousin. The musket-ball still in his shoulder, and unable to write, the young man had dictated it to a friend. 'There is now lying before our bay twelve Spanish ships, several of them of considerable force. We know not what they intend . . .'

5

A NATION'S HUMOUR

'The honour and interest of the nation is engaged'

Scotland, October 1699 to May 1700

EARLY in October a terrified English merchant, Samuel Tuckey, left Edinburgh at the gallop and did not feel safe until he had crossed the Border and reached Newcastle. There he took lodgings, at the White Hart by the post-house, and wrote an hysterical letter to the Lord Mayor of London. A week later this was placed upon James Vernon's crowded desk, and although the Secretary suspected that Mr Tuckey's mind was probably disordered, it was not his practice to ignore any news that came from the north. He wrote at once to the Mayor of Newcastle, asking him to interrogate the anxious merchant.

He seems to have come lately in great fright from Edinburgh, and speaks of the ferment they are in now they begin to believe their expectations from Darien are vanished. He makes a very odd request, that three or four men with good horses should be sent for him, to secure his coming up to London; he imagining the Scots are lying in wait for him.

Vernon knew that the people of Scotland were 'very clamorous and lay their disappointments at our door', but he believed they should blame their own stupidity and not his country for their misfortunes. The mobbing of frightened Englishmen like Tuckey troubled him less than the knowledge that the Jacobites could make irksome use of such discontent. He had already heard from Ireland that James Stuart's supporters there 'base great hopes on the annoyance caused by the Darien affair'. Those Scottish servants of the King who were in London were also alarmed, particularly Seafield. He had been there for a month,

awaiting the King's return from Holland, and he feared that the behaviour of his countrymen would chill the hoped-for warmth of that reunion. All the news from Scotland was unsettling. 'You cannot imagine,' Cockburn of Ormiston wrote to Carstares, 'what a general concern this nation is in. . . . Such a humour raging in the nation. . . .' Not only was the Edinburgh mob pursuing innocent Englishmen into the wynds, the Company was demanding another Parliamentary Address of Protest to the King, and Seafield knew how distasteful that would be to William.

When George Moffat's letter from New York had been confirmed without doubt, when the numbing shock passed into anger and pain, the Councillors-General of the Company were hastily summoned to Milne Square. Though the order came at short notice forty-three of them attended, many of them the greatest peers in Scotland. They were full of passion and noble self-denial, swearing that none would spare his purse until the Company's credit was restored. They unanimously agreed that they should address the King, asking for the recall of Parliament in November 'in full confidence and expectation of having the most natural and cordial assistance from those who had first established the Company and promised it protection.' Because none could sustain such unanimity for long, they then began to quarrel about the wording of the Address. The moderates were opposed to any precipitate protest against the Proclamations, saying there should be time for reflection. The hot-heads, inspired by Lord Belhaven's emotive syntax, clamoured for a vote, 'Delay, or proceed to address?' Carried for the latter. And then another long debate, who should sit on the Committee for Drawing the Address? When finally chosen, it was dominated by Belhaven and his supporters. Yet another debate then, who should be sent to the Moderator, asking for a National Day of Fast and Prayer? They sat through supper and candle-time, and went home late as the bells of St Giles' were calling ten o'clock.

The Committee for Drawing met the next morning at Milne Square, and by noon had prepared a draft Address that included both the demand for Parliament's recall and a protest against the Proclamations. Belhaven took it to Ross's coffee-house where

several of the Councillors were dining. They suggested some minor amendments, and in the afternoon it was approved by a full meeting of the Council-General. Belhaven was instructed to send it to Scafield in London, with a request that it be placed before the King.

In another room at Milne Square nine Directors, sitting as a Court, were preparing an angry letter to those deserters believed to be skulking in New York – to Paterson, Vetch and the Drummonds, to all Sea and Land Officers. Though it was signed 'your affectionate friends and humble servants', it was full of bitter, unforgiving words like shameful, dishonourable, knavery and cowardice. It wondered how men of trust could leave 'so valuable and impregnable a settlement as you all wrote it was'. Despite that Address being prepared next door, it refused to accept the Proclamations as an excuse for deserting the Colony, any man who so pleaded was a knave and a coward. All of them – gentlemen and commons – were ordered back to Caledonia at once, and were warned that 'the only remedy for a fault is to amend it the best way you can.'

The letter was sent to New York by the hand of Daniel Mackay, and he had been at sea aboard the frigate *Speedy Return* for three weeks when the *Caledonia* dropped anchor in the Sound of Islay on 19 November. There she stayed for a day, like an errant child reluctant to face its angry parents. Robert Drummond wrote a report to the Directors, sending it to Glasgow in a fly-boat with two young officers, one of them his cousin Laurence Drummond. It gave a brief account of the Colony's sad history, and it declared that because of the English Proclamations the Landsmen had believed that they would receive no help from home, and that the Company itself had been destroyed. It lied: it said that the colonists would willingly have returned to Caledonia had there been seamen and ships to carry them from New York. It blamed the Councillors for the abrupt and frightened withdrawal. 'They never intimated their intention of coming away forty-eight hours before they weighed anchor, but concealed their intention from several of the Colony who questioned them upon it.'

The only Councillor who had returned, and who had therefore to carry the obloquy of all, was William Paterson. When the *Caledonia* reached Greenock on Tuesday, 21 November, he was carried ashore weak and ill. It took him fourteen days to travel the sixty miles to Edinburgh, and he spent many of them in bed at an inn or the house of a friend. Appearing at last before the unsympathetic Directors, he asked leave to prepare a full report before questions were put to him. He finished it within two weeks, and it remains one of the saddest and most honest accounts of that wretched Colony.

There was no welcome for the men who came back with the *Caledonia*. There was only abuse and disgust. After all they had endured, the miracle of being alive when three times their number were dead, they were bewildered by the contempt of their friends and the shame of their families. Sir James Oswald refused to see his son. From the Widow Finlay's in Glasgow, a morning's ride from his home, the boy wrote to Thomas Aikman, sadly protesting that he was not alone in what his father called 'treachery and cowardice', and bitterly agreeing that it might have been better for all had he died in Caledonia.

I am mightily sorry that I should have angered my father, but necessity has no laws. I wish he would forget my fault when I am gone, I know not whither but certainly it is to more misfortune, for I see plainly that my life is composed of a labyrinth of my own out of which I will never get an out-gate but by death's door. I design not to go back to Caledonia, but to somewhere else wherever my fate leads me, though it was one of my resolutions to go back and lay down my life cheerfully for my country's sake. Since it pleased God that I have preserved it still, and had not the good fortune (if I may term it so) to lose it in that place, and so have been happy by wanting the sight of so many miseries that have come upon myself and others of my relations which I have got notice of since I came to this town. I never intended, nor do intend, to trouble my father any more. . . . Only I hope you will acquaint him that I wish him long life, wealth and happiness, and more comfort in the rest of his children than he has had in me.

The nation's humour had become a desperate hunger for re-

venge. When the mob could not find an Englishman to frighten, it bullied these miserable 'Caledonians, recognizing them by their fever-yellow skins and their threadbare scarlet. The news from England caused riots and bonfires. The King – that 'wise prince and steady to please his people' according to Seafield – had received the Address from the Council-General and had liked none of it. He coldly replied that he was sorry his northern kingdom had sustained such a sad loss, and that of course he would always protect and encourage its trade, but there should be no more talk of an immediate assembly of the Estates. 'We will order that the Parliament shall meet when we judge the good of the nation does require it.' The good of the nation, in William's opinion, would not require it before 5 March. Though they were angered and humiliated by this contemptuous rejection of their Address, the Councillors made excellent use of it. They printed and circulated the King's reply, and they directed the fury it aroused into support for another Address, one which they hoped would be signed by thirty or forty of the most influential men in the nation. It would remind the King of the Company's rights and privileges, and advise him that the immediate calling of Parliament had never been more necessary.

William's patience with Scottish affairs, always short, now came to an ill-tempered end. On 12 December he wrote to his Privy Council in Edinburgh. He had never denied his subjects their just privileges, he had never discouraged their freedom to petition him in a dutiful manner, but to hear of a second Address in motion when he had said all there was to say in reply to the first was more than he was inclined to stomach. He particularly resented the fact that both Addresses were inspired by factious men who had never shown any affection for him or his Government. He ordered the Privy Council to make his displeasure known, and to take effectual steps within the law to stop the Address. The Company's friends were delighted to make that displeasure known, and they naturally emphasized the cavalier tone in which it was expressed. The effect was dramatic, and the reverse of what the King and his servants wished. There was another of those passionate manifestations of national unity which

ennobled the Scots in the seventeenth century. All manner of men, as individuals and corporate bodies, demanded the right to sign the Address. As copies were sent to the shires and burghs it became a people's protest, a declaration of loyalty to Scotland's Company and Scotland's Parliament. The Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Marchmont, realized that he could not proceed against the subscribers without challenging a subject's right to petition the King, that William could not insist upon such interference without breaking the promises he had made when he accepted the Crown of Scotland. 'We have a very tender point in hand,' Marchmont told Seafield, 'and if I should venture upon prosecutions not sustainable by law, that would be to open a pack and sell no war.' He decided to do nothing.

In its burning pride and indignation the country also remembered the lost crew of the *Dolphin*, albeit somewhat late. It was perhaps a relief to recall that some of those first colonists were worthy of sympathy and respect. Since September, when Daniel Mackay brought news of the ship's capture, Mrs Pincarton and other tearful relatives had been asking the Company for news, for help, for an appeal to the King. It was believed that the wretched seamen were still in the dungeons of Carthage, but four of them were now in Spain - Pincarton, John Malloch, James Graham, and a boy David Wilson. They had been taken to Havana in September, and from thence to Cadiz with Benjamin Spense. Pincarton had been bitterly angered by the Spaniards' treatment of his men at Carthage. 'They were every day carried out with their slaves,' he wrote later, 'to work at their walls and clean their streets; and were likewise forced to cry and beg from everyone that passed by, for God's sake, for some charity to save their lives.' When he heard that the first Colony was gone from Caledonia he asked Pimienta to release him and his crew. 'He told me that the old Governor had wrote such things against me that he could not let me go, but on necessity I must be sent to Old Spain.' When he left, seven of his men were already dead and the rest had been sent as slaves to the Barliavento Fleet.

Despite her agonized persistence, the Council-General did not consider Mrs Pincarton's appeal until December, when it decided

to petition the King for his intercession on behalf of the prisoners. Wasting no opportunity of catching the royal sleeve, it also reminded him of an earlier request for three naval frigates now lying idle in Burntisland. The man who took this cheerfully optimistic petition to London was Lord Basil Hamilton, the proud and contentious brother of the Duke. He went reluctantly, declaring that he would rather attend to his private affairs in Scotland, that there were others more capable than he. Certainly there could have been few less acceptable to the King, and William childishly refused to see him. Through Seafield he announced that he was displeased with the Company for sending a man who had never had the courtesy to attend his Court, and whose lack of affection for the Throne and Government was notorious. Though insulted by this rebuff, and angered when he was treated like a messenger, Hamilton doggedly remained in London. He bit on his pride and sent an apology to Seafield, asking the King's pardon for any past offence in his conduct, but William hated the Hamilton clan and would not forgive or receive this stiff-necked member of it. He said he would read the petition if it were brought to him by Seafield, and when he replied to it, on 10 January, he ignored Hamilton and wrote directly to the Privy Council of Scotland. He would certainly ask the King of Spain to release the *Dolphin's* crew, but as for those three frigates . . . they were there to guard the coast of Scotland and he could not dispose of them without the advice of Parliament.

A compassionate Englishman in Cadiz, Martin Westcombe the Consul, heard by chance that the prisoners were there and went to see them. He was horrified by their suffering, and persuaded the Governor to release them from irons. He appealed to the Court in Madrid, saying that the misery and innocence of these men surely justified their merciful release. When next he inquired about them he was told that they had been sent to Seville, there to be tried as pirates and undoubtedly executed.

In Scotland at the beginning of February the Company chartered a sloop, the *Margaret* of Leith, and loaded her with provisions for the Colony. It occurred to the Directors that the second expedition, finding *Caledonia* deserted, might be in need

of stronger encouragement than beef, codfish and flour. The young supercargo of the sloop, Patrick MacDowall, was given a letter addressed to all Land and Sea Officers. 'We need not tell you,' it said, 'how far the honour and interest of the nation is engaged, there is no looking backward.' The first colonists had behaved without religion or morality. Many of them had been impudent villains and treacherous knaves, and even those who had died at sea during the flight to New York had wantonly denied themselves the glory of perishing in Caledonia. Some of the young officers with the second expedition were related to the greatest families in the kingdom, and should therefore know that if they did not do their duty their dishonour would be all the more conspicuous. This should inspire them to exceed each other in virtue. The more illustrious a man's birth the more base his degeneration if he abandoned those qualities which distinguished his family from vulgar men.

It's a lasting disgrace to the memories of those officers who went on the first expedition that even the meanest planters were scandalized at the viciousness of their lives, many of them living very intemperately and viciously for many months at the public charge, whilst the sober and industrious among them were vigilant in doing their duty.

MacDowall also carried letters which his friend Paterson wrote to Alexander Shields and Thomas Drummond. Paterson had not yet recovered his health and was suffering, he said, from a cold and feverish humour that clouded his mind and made writing difficult. He saw the hand of God in everything, in the recent terrible fire that had destroyed much of the High Street, Cowgate and Parliament Close, in the loss of the Company's ships, in the desertion of the first Colony. But at least the Almighty had favoured him, his report had been accepted by the Directors. 'In all my troubles,' he told Drummond, 'it's no small satisfaction to have lived to give the Company and the world unquestionable proof that I have not had any sinister nor selfish designs.' He praised Drummond's industry and integrity, and that grenadier captain – if he ever received the letter – may have been astonished by such warmth and generosity, for he had never disguised his belief that Paterson was a fool and a meddler. Paterson also

advised Shields to have tolerance, to bear with the infirmities of others, provided they were not rawheads, mushroom politicians, intriguing cabals and Tarpaulin Councillors. In a letter of farewell to MacDowall he urged the young man to behave prudently, to honour his father, and 'to take care that these boisterous mariners shall no more domineer over us.'

There was a feverish note of delirium in all the letters, from Paterson and the Directors.

It was 5 March before the *Margaret* sailed, the day on which the King had promised the Scots that their Parliament would be called. It was not called, and no word came from London. Toward the end of the month the National Address – which was now the Ark of the Covenant to the angry people – was carried to England by four members of the Council-General led by the Marquis of Tweeddale. They could not be ignored as Hamilton had been insulted, but when Seafield took them to Kensington Palace on the afternoon of Sunday, 25 March, they saw how unwelcome they were and how little time the King was prepared to give them. A troop of Guards and a travelling-coach were waiting at the steps to take him to Hampton Court. He received them in his bed-chamber, and was alone except for the servants who were dressing him. He was cold and brief in his welcome as the four men bent to kiss his white hand, and although he took the Address he did not open it. He stared at them silently, as if that were all. Tweeddale mumbled something which Seafield, inclining his head, could not hear, but it was clearly a request for the Address to be read aloud, for the King gave it back to him. Tweeddale handed it to Sir John Home of Blackader who read it clearly in a challenging voice. Another silence, and then Tweeddale humbly asked what answer they might take back to Scotland.

'My lord,' said William icily, 'I suppose yon know that I have ordered the sitting of Parliament to be on the 15th of May, and that it cannot possibly meet sooner. Therefore, I think you might have spared this trouble.'

The audience was over and he moved toward the door. Blackader, who stood in his way, stubbornly refused to step aside.

With controlled anger he asked the King to understand that the Address was not only a petition for a Parliament, it was also evidence of his countrymen's deep concern for the security of their Company and the safety of their kinsmen in Caledonia. The truth of that, said the King adroitly, would surely be known when Parliament met.

They followed him out of the bed-chamber and down the great staircase to the golden mist of a spring evening. They stood among his grooms and his servants as his coach was driven away to Hampton Court.

The Scots Parliament did not meet on 15 May. Having had no more than eight weeks' warning the King's Commissioner, the Duke of Queensberry, announced that his equipage – that magnificent train of carriages, footmen, outriders and guards which must carry him from Holyroodhouse to Parliament Hall – could not be ready before 24 May. When the session did begin it was noisy and ineffectual, and the King's servants opened it with the cunning proposal that before all else Parliament should debate the grievous state of morality and religion in Scotland. Unable to deny theology its proper priority, the Company's party waited three days before moving 'That our Colony of Caledonia in Darien is a legal and rightful settlement in the terms of the Act, and that Parliament will maintain and support the same.' The motion was never put. On 30 May Queensberry complained of a sore throat, the result, no doubt, of that rank smell of charred wood in Parliament Close. He could scarcely speak, and he had no wish to risk his health by sitting too long in the Hall. Moreover, the motion raised issues upon which the King should be consulted. By his order Parliament was adjourned until 20 June.

It would not meet again until the end of October, and long before then all would be lost.

'To the satisfaction of all sensible men, Scots or English'
 London, January and February 1700

OF all the paper and ink expended in the little pamphlet war over Caledonia, Walter Herries' book is the only one that excites the imagination – not because it is trustworthy but because it acknowledges that men are human and that much of their behaviour is motivated by interest and not by the nobility of the ideals they profess to serve. He called his ribald, entertaining mixture of truth and fiction *A Defence of the Scots Abdicating Darien*, and he could not have been surprised when the Lord Justice Clerk ordered it to be burned as a seditious libel by the hangman of Edinburgh. In the New Year it was answered, on the Company's behalf, by an anonymous *Inquiry into the Causes of the Miscarriage of the Scots Colony*. This naturally outraged the English, and the House of Lords sat late in debate upon it. They listened as Lord Peterborough read several scandalous paragraphs aloud, and because it reflected upon the honour of King and Parliament they ordered it to be burned in the Palace Yard. They agreed to address the King, reminding him of the Address of both Houses in 1695, and declaring that the mischievous Colony on Darien was prejudicial to the trade of the English plantations in America.

Herries had been living in England since his return from Caledonia, his pregnant wife snugly housed in Rochester while he scribbled in a Fleet Street tavern. If not already James Vernon's paid hack he was certainly the Secretary's spy, hoping his loyal service would eventually win him a pardon for that impulsive sword-thrust into the body of Captain Graydon. His book had also been answered by Fletcher of Saltoun in an essay of noble and inexact logic, but this offered no serious challenge in the gutter where the surgeon preferred to brawl, and where most people formed their opinions. Herries was incensed by the *Inquiry*, however, because it contained a lively attack upon him, written in a venomous style he might well have envied. He be-

lieved, with some truth, that the Company had authorized its publication to encourage support for the National Address, and on 7 January he wrote to Vernon from Kent:

I design to answer the last scurrilous and rebellious pamphlet, I hope to the satisfaction of all sensible men, whether Scots or English. It contains nothing *ad rem* to confute what I have offered already; which I shall make appear, as likewise the malicious lies wherewith he basely asperses me.

Until he left for Rochester to attend his wife's lying-in, Herries had been convoying – as he put it – four Scots officers who had arrived in London at the beginning of January. They had left the Colony on the *Saint Andrew* and bought a passage from Jamaica to Bristol. One was Lachlan Maclean, the Highlander who had laid information against the Drummonds on the voyage to Madeira, and the others were Captains Forbes, Stewart and Stretton. Having heard how returned Caledonians were being received in Scotland, none of them was eager to return home. The King's Scottish Secretaries, Seafield and Lord Carmichael, were anxious to question them, and so was Lord Basil Hamilton, but they could not be found. With an impudent skill that a twentieth-century newspaperman would envy, Herries had hidden them in a tavern. He interrogated them closely, he told Vernon, and 'took care that the material part of what they had said should be inserted in the public prints', that material part being damaging to the Company and favourable to the English. When he saw that Stewart and Stretton were loyal to the Company he released them to Hamilton, telling Vernon that they could do little harm since one was a madman and the other a fool. But Maclean and Forbes he brazenly took to Seafield and Carmichael, confident that the work he had begun for Vernon, would now be continued by the Secretaries. He did not entirely abandon them, but left them in the care and under the watch of one of his own spies, a man with the remarkably apt name of Crouch.* Writing to Vernon from Rochester, he enclosed a fair copy of a report he had just received from this energetic subordinate.

*Possibly Nathaniel Crouch, a stationer and hack journalist.

Captain Forbes has been with me tonight. He says they did their message to the Secretaries to expectation, and are still at heart as yourself. Seafield asked whether the Proclamations hindered the settlement? They answered negatively. Whether they had vessels with victuals or not? Answer affirmatively, but no goods to buy withal, nor no credit. The Secretary was glad, for he had been reflected on by his country. He told them Herries had written a book some called scurrilous, he would have them read it and give their opinion. Captain Maclean replied that he had met with it at an inn, and had read it, and swore that there was never a lie in it. Fie! saith the Secretary, you must not say so, for you'll be thought as ill of as I am. By — ! says Maclean, I won't deny the truth to please any man.

Referring so lightly to his own unpopularity, Seafield was clearly delighted to have such explosive ammunition to use against the Company, but Carmichael was uneasy, and he may have suspected that both men had been bought by Herries with money supplied by Vernon. During the next two or three days Crouch dined with the officers, and questioned them thoroughly. They told him that James Campbell, the Company's agent, had taken them to the Three Lions tavern in Bedford Court, the lodgings of Paul Domonique, Paterson's Huguenot friend. There they also met Lord Basil Hamilton who reminded them of the honour of their country and told them to do or say nothing that would bring discredit upon it. Maclean's Highland temper was aroused by the suggestion that a Lowlander could teach him anything about honour. 'Never a lord in Christendom,' he swore, 'shall make me conceal the truth!' He refused to meet Hamilton again, but Forbes went once more to the Three Lions where he was told that James Vernon would probably send for them both and question them on the Colony. They should not go. On a point of good manners, said Forbes in guile or simplicity, must they not accept such an invitation? Hamilton gave them up as lost, and returned to Scotland with Stewart and Sretton.

The authorship of the *Inquiry into the Miscarriage of the Scots Colony* has never been clearly established. It is sometimes attributed to Saltoun, but it has none of his architectural style, and he could not have committed some of its solecisms even in an attempt to hide his identity. Conversely bizarre is a suggestion

that the author of the *Inquiry* also wrote a defence of the Darien settlement for which Fletcher was responsible. To the Government of England in 1700 the question of authorship was political not academic, and in January the King signed a proclamation offering rewards of £500 and £200 for the apprehension of the author and printer of 'a false, scandalous and traitorous libel, intituled *An Inquiry etc.*, the design of which was to create a misunderstanding between our subjects of England and Scotland, and to stir up sedition.' Before the month was out Andrew Bell had been arrested for printing it in England, and Patrick Campbell for publishing it in Ireland. Three more men were taken up for circulating it in London. Perhaps they kept their mouths shut under questioning, but more probably they did not. On 3 February Simon Chapman, Messenger to the Press, was given a warrant for the arrest of James Hodges. That afternoon, professing great astonishment and outraged innocence, Hodges was taken from his lodgings at the Pheasant and Crown in Drury Lane and thrown into the Gate House Prison.

He was a pleasantly enigmatic figure, and the records of this affair do little to show him in the round. He was possibly Scots, an able pamphleteer with an active pen that would dance through a lexicon to the music of a purse of guineas. Though he had been arrested by the Government, his first act upon reaching the Gate House suggests that he was until recently its paid scribbler. He wrote to William Lowndes, Secretary to the Treasury, declaring that he had been wrongly accused. Sparing no cliché, he said that he was as innocent as the day he was born. 'I, who am so great a lover of the King and a friend to the Government, cannot be guilty of owning opinions contrary to the interest of both.' He asked Lowndes to vindicate him, expressed gratitude for past kindnesses, and promised that when they next met he would show the Secretary something 'that I have been preparing for your view, of another nature than the book whereof I am unjustly challenged to be the author.'

The depositions of witnesses, when they were sent to James Vernon by the Attorney-General, scarcely supported this declaration of innocence. Anne Dunbar, a serving-girl at the Pheasant

and Crown, said that she often went into Mr Hodges' room when he was writing. She asked him what the book was about, and

he said it was the Darien Company, and that it should make Scotland rejoice and England mourn, for Parliament had not done well by them, and if they had assisted the Company Scotland would have been richer than ever England was.

He chattered frankly to her, though he would not let her touch the manuscript. When she saw it was gone from his room, he told her that the Duke of Hamilton had taken it to Scotland.

Elizabeth Clark said that she had known Hodges for many years in Scotland, and that when she came to London she had taken lodgings at the Pheasant and Crown upon his recommendation.

Last summer she observed he was writing a book, and he told her it was about the Scotch African Company, which he said he was obliged to send down to Scotland the night before Duke Hamilton went to Scotland, which she thinks was toward the end of the year.

At Hodges' request, she carried it to the Duke's lodgings in St James's Street, and thought no more about it until some Scots in London told her that it was to be burnt by the hangman. 'And being fearful of the same, she begged her landlady to desire Mr Hodges to remove his lodgings.' He told them both that he knew all about the burning and was not afraid.

There was also the strange evidence given by James Cuff, a watchmaker at the Ship Tavern in Fleet Street. He and Hodges had fought together in the Duke of Monmouth's abortive rebellion of 1685, but they had not met again until recently.

We did go together into some house near the chocolate-house in Charles Street near Covent Garden, where I saw several papers written, which I did read some part, he not seeming to make a secret thereof but said it should soon be in print.

Cuff offered to find a printer, but Hodges said he already had one.

What I read to the best of my memory was the very same book, viz.

the book shown me by Mr Secretary, and what I can plainly remember was expressed *An Answer to a libel entituled A Defence of the Scots Abdicating Darien.*

He thought little of the matter until he saw the King's Proclamation against the author and printer, and then he was shocked to receive four anonymous and threatening letters. Copies of them were pinned to his deposition.

The first began, *If you discover that business in relation to the Scots papers which you saw it shall be a dear £500 for you. . . .* It warned Cuff that if he injured the writer he would regret it and his father would grieve. The second, a day or so later, *I understand you have been prating concerning those papers you saw at Charles Street, notwithstanding I earnestly entreated you not to disclose anything.* Cuff was invited to meet the writer that evening at the Three Tuns by Holborn Bridge. When he did not go he received a third letter which accused Cuff of informing upon the writer, *I understand you was this morning where you will repent when it is too late.* A trap must then have been set to catch the writer, and failed, for the next morning Cuff received the fourth and final letter. *Your snare last night was not so well laid. . . . I design not to trouble you any farther with lines after this, but I shall leave you to your own destruction.*

This evidence, though circumstantial, was enough at that time to have convicted Hodges. Much less had sent other men to the pillory or the gallows. But when the Attorney-General, Sir Thomas Trevor, sent the papers to James Vernon he said that he could see nothing in them upon which to base a charge. Vernon agreed, and Hodges was released from the Gate House. Some months later he was petitioning Seafeld and William Carstares for their help in securing a pension from the King of £300 a year. 'I will do the best I can to merit it, and to bestow it in his service. As my brother did serve him with his sword, I will endeavour to supply his room with my studies and pen.'

Walter Herries also discovered that a hack with a reversible coat need never despair of the gratitude of great men. On 8 July, James Vernon sent a brief note to the Admiralty. 'His Majesty orders that the prosecution of Walter Herries (on account of

the quarrel that formerly happened between him and his commander) shall be stopped.'

'Wilful Willy, wilt thou be wilful still . . . ?'

Edinburgh, June 1700

ROBERT PINCARTON and his four companions were brought from their cells below the great walls of the Alcazar in Seville. They had not seen the sunlight for weeks. Now it flooded over them, glowing on the exquisite arabesques and columns of the room in which they faced their Judges. They were ragged and emaciated, scarred by the irons that had hung on their wrists and ankles, and they believed that they had been abandoned by their country. Pincarton acknowledged none of the accusations made against him, if he could not save his life he could at least die with dignity. He was not a pirate, he said, he was by trade a sea captain. He had no stock in the Company of Scotland, nothing but his bare wage of ten pounds a month. He had never wished to suppress the Indians or injure the subjects of Spain. He did not believe that the country of Darien had belonged to any European prince before the Scots came. There had been no wish to compete with Spanish traders in their own territories.

The cargo we had was most for the use of our own people, and was suitable for the English islands, for it consisted of linen cloth, white and blue, periwigs, Scots shoes for men and women, slippers, which is very seldom worn amongst Spaniards in that country.

He was found guilty, and so were John Malloch, James Graham and Benjamin Spense. All were sentenced to death. The boy David Wilson was freed upon his promise never to return to Darien. The Judges declared that the Council-General and the Directors of the Company of Scotland were equally guilty of piracy. An account of the expenses of the Spanish Crown in all its actions against the Colony should be presented to the King of England and Scotland, and payment demanded. The Governor

of Carthagena was also reprimanded, and was told that he should have punished the crew of the *Dolphin* in a summary and exemplary fashion, and not troubled the King by sending their leaders to Spain.

The four men were taken back to the darkness below the walls, there to wait until the manner and date of their execution had been decided.

Two days later in Scotland, on 30 May, the Duke of Queensberry's sore throat brought the brief session of Parliament to an end. By curious chance a pamphlet published that same day passionately voiced the people's anger with the King's servants, and their desperate desire to have their grievances remedied by Parliament. Culled from an earlier and duller pamphlet, it was called *People of Scotland's Groans and Lamentable Complaints Pour'd out before the High Court of Parliament*. For a hundred years, it said, the political leaders of Scotland had been the servants of England and had frequently treated the Scots as enemies, never more so than now. By all that was sacred, the noble representatives in Parliament were implored to save their ancient and gallant country.

We beg you to consider how our Sovereignty and Freedom is violated, and Laws trampled upon, our Trade interrupted: how our brethren have been starved and made slaves, our Colony deserted, our ships burnt and lost abroad; whilst our Petitions have been rejected, our Company baffled.

The most immediate response to this wordy jeremiad came from the King's servants whom it obliquely attacked. Hugh Paterson, a surgeon-apothecary, and James Watson, a printer, were arrested and sent to the Tolbooth for writing and publishing the libellous pamphlet. But this merely plucked a leaf and left the thistle to flourish. Angry members of Parliament, outraged by Queensberry's high-handed action, drew up another Address to the King. Signed by peers, knights and burgesses, it expressed their 'unspeakable grief and disappointment' and begged William to recall Parliament with liberty to sit as long as might be necessary to redress the grievances of the nation. When

this reached Kensington Palace in mid-June even Seafeld heard the warning echo of angry trumpets, sounding down four centuries of conflict with the English. Supporting a frightened dispatch from Queensberry, he and the Earl of Argyll advised the King to give his assent to an Act that would declare Scotland's right to Caledonia. William refused. 'Could we have done it at all,' he told Queensberry, 'we would have done it at first, but the longer we think upon it we are the more convinced that we cannot do it.' Privately he thought the Scots were fools about their Colony on Darien, and so he wrote to a Dutch friend. They caused him great annoyance and they delayed his departure to Holland, 'for which I long more than ever'.

There were many such fools in Scotland who now thought that the King could oblige his twin kingdoms by retiring to his homeland for ever. On 10 June, the birthday of the exiled Stuart's son, the Jacobites openly celebrated with bonfires and drawn pistols. They published a crude lampoon in which William appeared as the stork which Jupiter gave to the frogs who had asked for a king. Colonel Ferguson, whose regiment garrisoned the Castle, told Carstares that

Treason is become so common that nobody takes any notice of it. They talk publicly that unless the King will grant them the legal settlement of Caledonia they will address him again with forty thousand hands at it.

In the coffee-houses there was cryptic, smiling talk of a flame that burnt unseen in the heart of the city, awaiting the rising of a terrible wind.

That wind, or at least a small gust of it, arose on 20 June. Captain Thomas Hamilton had died at sea, but the dispatches he carried arrived safely that day with news of a glorious victory at Toubacanti. The Directors ordered its immediate publication, and by nightfall Edinburgh was a playground for the mob. The pensioners of the Town Guard, who should have prevented this, understandably locked themselves in their guard-house by the Tron Church.

The riot began discreetly. In the forenoon the Duke of Hamil-

ton, the people's hero and the Jacobites' darling, visited Peter Steel's tavern where he drank a toast to Toubacanti and demanded another National Address. He was cheered away in triumph, having maintained his popularity and secured his house from damage that night. Past noon, at the Cross Keys inn, a meeting of gentlemen who called themselves 'True Caledonians' also drank several toasts, to Toubacanti, to the Company, and to the damnation of its enemies. They proposed and agreed that all the windows of the city should be illuminated with candles of joy, and they called upon the gathering crowd outside to enforce that resolution. By dusk huge fires were burning in the High Street and Canongate, the shadow of their ruddy flames crawling up the stone-faced lands and broken gables. Before dark the mob was shouting at windows still unlit, and throwing stones through those that did not respond. Over the shouting and screaming, the splintering of glass and explosion of fireworks, the bells of St Giles insanely rang their way through a Jacobite rant. *Wilful Willy, wilt thou be wilful still. . . ?*

Three times the mob in Canongate attempted to break down the door of Lord Carmichael's house, then shattered its windows and tumbled the candles which his frightened servants had lit. Another crowd burst in upon the Lord Advocate, Sir James Stewart, and ordered the old man to sign a warrant for the release of the author and printer of *Groans and Complaints*. Further along the street, Seafieid's wife crouched in terror among the fallen glass of her husband's fine windows, listening to a many-tongued voice that cried damnation to him and his royal master. In Holyroodhouse, however, the Duke of Queensberry slept soundly, undisturbed, he told his secretary the next morning, by the noise of any tumult. Had there indeed been a riot?

The mob at the lower end of the Royal Mile moved to join that in the High Street, encouraged by loyal gentlemen who leant from their glowing windows with cries of approval. The Earl Marischal, who may have seen the imminent return of King James behind the bonfires and the broken glass, sent out his servants with wine, and toasted Caledonia from his doorway. The crowd drank his lordship's wine, wished success to all his hopes,

and then broke the windows of a house belonging to the Reverend Mr David Blair, for no other reason, it seemed, than that it was his duty to read daily prayers when Parliament was in session. He was also called a rogue and a villain.

When the two mobs met at the Netherbow Port they took away the keys of the gate so that they might not be locked within the high city. Without waiting for the warrants which the Lord Advocate may or may not have signed under duress, they stormed the Tolbooth. They were lighting a fire at the base of its oak and iron door when the redcoat pensioners sallied out of the guard-house under Baillie Johnstone and some other magistrates. The unhappy veterans were driven off without much difficulty, 'by a great many in gentlemen's habits,' it was later reported, 'who came up briskly with drawn swords.' The door of the Tolbooth gave way, and the first man inside carried a bayonet, the second a sabre. Keeper Atchison prudently surrendered his keys, and Paterson and Watson were released and carried away in triumph. Other prisoners were also liberated, including some wild Highlanders who were there for cattle-lifting, but Atchison was allowed to keep two or three who had been charged with 'bougary and theft'. In the noise and the scuffling, the red flame of torches, a turnkey was wounded by a bayonet thrust, and Gaoler Drummond was robbed of his hat, periwig, cloak, ring, and all the goods in his sutlery.

The mob then advanced on Parliament Hall. Some may have got inside, for the Underkeeper of the Wardrobe later reported that the gold fringe had been stolen from the Chair of State. At no time that night did the garrison of the Castle attempt a sortie against the rioters. The Portcullis Gate was closed, the guns of the Half Moon Battery were manned, and the Governor was convinced that he would shortly be under siege. He was profoundly dismayed by this thought. His provisions would not last two days, his men were unnerved, his batteries in a state of neglect. He watched the shudder of flames beyond the Landmarket, listened to the mob, and did nothing.

Before daybreak the rioters were exhausted or drunk, their only movement a sudden, purposeless whirl of malice, often

directed against their own sympathizers. Hugh Brown, staggering home by the Netherbrow, was stopped and told to drink a toast to Darien. He protested that he had drunk too much and could take no more, but the mob insisted that he swallow another cup. 'Come, gentlemen,' he said, 'I'll do what none of you will do, that is, I'll spew a pint to the health of Caledonia.' He did so, and was cheered for a loyal fellow. Thus ended the noble Toubacanti Riot. Early in the forenoon there was the crunch of steady feet on broken glass. Colonel Archibald Row's Fusiliers were marching into the city with bayonets fixed and muskets primed.

They arrived in answer to an order from the Privy Council, a few frightened members of which had gathered at Holyroodhouse as soon as it was safe to do so. Queensberry came from his bed-chamber to greet them, angry and apologetic. He bullied his secretary, and told the wretched man to write to London, taking all the blame for his master's undisturbed night. Now that the Fusiliers were in control of Edinburgh, the Council acted with firmness and decision. Two loaded guns were posted at the Netherbrow, flying picquets from Row's regiment and the Town Guard imposed a nightly curfew, and an angry proclamation forbade 'all illuminations or bonfires used for expression of public joy to be made in any burgh within this realm on any pretence whatsoever.' Some of the rioters were taken up, including the cook who had burst into the Tolbooth bayonet in hand, and his sabre-swinging companion. But no gentleman was arrested, and a proposal in Council that the Earl Marischal, at least, should be sent to the Castle was regretfully rejected. It was believed that the rioters - who had destroyed window-glass worth more than £5,000 Sterling - had been inspired and directed by the Jacobites, and the Privy Council had no wish to provoke them to something worse by imprisoning their noble leaders.

A week later the joy and the fear were forgotten. At four o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, 28 June, a special meeting of the Council-General and the Court of Directors was held at Milne Square. A terrible rumour had been current in the city since yester-evening. Now it was confirmed, and they listened in

were no natural paths through the trees and thickets, and his soldiers slashed and hacked their way forward with their swords. Several times they crossed the same winding river, holding their muskets and pouches above their heads as the water rose to their waists. Their eyes were blinded by tormenting insects, their clothes torn by thorns. They climbed the high ground toward the neck of the peninsula, and on the eastern slope of one hill they surprised an outlying picquet of four Scots who slipped away without resistance. On the summit of the hill a captured Indian told de Guevara that a large force of Caledonians was advancing against the Spaniards. Don Melchor was no infantryman, offence had been no part of his training as an engineer. He ordered his men to clear a field of fire on their front, and to build a rampart of the branches.

There they waited for one hour, another, and then a third. They listened to the sounds of the forest, the distant murmur of the sea, but no attack came. At last de Guevara ordered his command down the hill, cautiously and behind a skirmish line of fifteen men. No Scots were met at the bottom, but when the ensign leading the skirmishers had gone another two miles he suddenly saw the white sand of the bay, the bare yards of the Caledonians' ships, and the smoke of their fires. His blue and yellow uniform, bright against the trees, was seen by Captain Thomas Mackintosh whose company held the neck of the peninsula. A drummer had beaten to arms along the earthen rampart soon after the outlying picquet came in, and now a scarlet platoon crossed the ditch and advanced on the ensign with a hurrah. He and his men boldly stood their ground, fired two volleys, and then fell back to de Guevara's ambush. Met by a violent, unexpected flame of musketry, the Scots dropped down the slope of the hill and took what shelter they could behind the trees until Mackintosh came up with the rest of his company. Three times this stubborn Highlander led an attack against de Guevara's hidden infantry, and at the third repulse his men broke and ran to the safety of their ditch.

De Guevara walked over the little battlefield, sword in hand. He counted the bodies of seventeen Caledonians, and believed

that there must be more undiscovered in the trees. He had no dead, and only thirteen wounded. He was pleased by his victory, by the arms the Scots had thrown away, but he did not advance. Had he done so, he might have carried the ditch that afternoon and driven Mackintosh back to the huts of New Edinburgh. Instead he retired, later arguing that his wounded needed care, that much of his powder was damp and his provisions spoiled. He fell back beyond the hill where he had made his empty stand, and did not feel secure until he had reached the bank of the River Matanzas near Caret Bay. There, with the instinctive reflex of an engineer, he began to build a fort.

On 3 March the warship *El Florizant* arrived off the inlet and Pimienta came ashore with 300 picked infantrymen. Leaving seamen and gunners to disembark his artillery, he marched the soldiers to de Guevara's camp. Though he had no high opinion of the Campmaster's skill and valour, he approved of the fort. This was something demanded by the complicated formality of siege warfare. 'I continued the work of entrenchment,' he wrote in his diary,

laying out the form of this fortification and issuing orders which the Campmaster and other officers were to observe, both as to the watch and ward of the camp, and also in the distribution of the subsistence, arms and munitions.

From the canebrakes to the west of the river two of Mackintosh's scouts watched with astonished curiosity, crawling forward until they were seen and fired upon by the Spanish sentries. They quickly fled, but they had alarmed the camp. Pimienta put his men in battle array until his Indians convinced him that his 500 men were in no danger of attack.

His fort begun, Pimienta took the next step in the ritual dance of war and sent a drummer to the Scots, cordially inviting them to surrender. The generosity of the King his master, said his letter, obliged him to do this before his fleet entered their harbour and his soldiers stormed their trenches. He hoped they would accept his invitations, otherwise his men would give no quarter in the assault. Moreover, and this with disarming frankness, once

his ships were inside the bay the prevailing wind would prevent them from leaving, and they would 'be unable to go about the business in which I may need them'. The drummer returned to Camp Matanzas the next day, and the letter he brought from the four Councillors had none of Pimienta's polished elegance. Without a good interpreter, it said, a clear understanding of the Governor's offer had been impossible, but if it meant that the Caledonians were to be attacked then they would fight. They were men of honour, confident in the Almighty's favour.

Such a response was no more than Pimienta had expected from chivalrous enemies. At the Caret Bay inlet he ordered ashore more men, guns and supplies. Another landing of infantry and artillery was made to the west of the harbor mouth, with orders to push their batteries forward until they commanded the seagate and the south shore of the bay. He was pleased to hear that Cordones might be with him soon from Santa Maria, with seven or eight hundred Spaniards, Negroes, Mulattos and Indians. He would then command more than 2,000 men ashore and twelve ships at sea. He was in no hurry. There were rules to observe, the greatest captains of Europe had laid down the pattern for an assault on an entrenched and fortified position. Day by day he moved his outlying picquets forward, a cannon-shot in advance of their following companies. As the picquets approached so Mackintosh's ragged skirmish lines fell back. The weather was changing and the rains were coming. Powder was damp, and muskets hung fire in the weird mists of morning when a man in blue came face to face with a scarecrow in scarlet.

In pain from a wound that would not heal, light-headed from its attendant fever, Campbell of Fonab now had little authority in the Colony. Thomas Kerr commanded the defences, hampered by Vetch and Gibson. Lindsay was dying from waste and fever, but he came still to Council meetings, giving his colourless assent to all that the others proposed. More than a third of the Scots were sick and unable to stand, and the rest little better, forcing green biscuits and rotting fish down their throats each morning and evening. 'The hand of the Lord was heavy upon us at this time,' said Borland, 'our sickness and mortality much increasing,

and many daily dying, most of our able officers were taken away by death.' Among these officers was Lord Mungo Murray, and because of his name, his rank, and the love his gentle nature inspired, he was not thrown into a communal grave by the marsh. He was buried inside the fort, below the Company's standard.

Toward the middle of the month Pimienta reinforced his picquets to company strength and sent them forward in attacks on the peninsula. From dawn until dusk the garrison in Fort St Andrew, the sick in the huts, heard the heavy echo of shots on the damp air, the quick drum-beat of an advance, the long roll for retreat. The attacks came along the seaward side in the north, and from the shore of the bay in the south. There were ugly, confused struggles in the trees and in the water, voices crying in pain, the crash of volley-firing across the ditch. Thomas Mackintosh was mortally wounded in the last of these inconclusive engagements, and was carried away to die in his hut behind the rampart. There were no lieutenants or ensigns left alive in his company, and the command now fell to Lauchlan Bain, the young man from Mackay country who had asked to serve as a Volunteer until merit and opportunity won his promotion.

There was much consternation of heart among us at this time (said Borland) and sinking fears and little faith and hope: our condition now seeming most desperate like. Death on all hands stared us in the face, and indeed most of us had the sentence of death in ourselves, many among us said. They believed there was not a people in the world in more calamitous and despicable circumstances that we were at this time.

The Ministers asked the Councillors to declare a Day of Prayer and Humiliation, but were roughly told that there was no time for such things. Primly hurt, they went alone to the Shades of Love, and there sent up their own mournful appeals to the Hearer of Prayer.

Shortly after dawn on 18 March the Spaniards came out of the mist in great strength, marching on the ditch with muskets presented and drums beating. There was no resistance. Lauchlan Bain had been given the opportunity he desired but could not find the courage to merit it. He ran, and his shocked and

demoralized men ran with him. Cautiously the Spaniards crossed the ditch and advanced along the shore of the bay. To their front they could see the Scots retreating into the huts of New Edinburgh. Two miles away, across a low sandy spit, they saw the Caledonian ships with gun-ports open. Though no shot was fired against them, they halted, threw up entrenchments and stood to arms behind them. Pimienta sent a company into the trees on his right, to find and hold an inlet on the north side of the peninsula where he might land his guns. He sent another along the high ground to Look-out Point, flanking the fort. The watchman was long gone, but the Spanish found his mean hut and his discarded scarlet coat. They began to build a gun emplacement, looking down on the ships and the fort.

That afternoon Vetch, Gibson and the dying Lindsay called a general meeting of all Land and Sea Officers. Sixteen tired and dispirited men gathered in Fort St Andrew, and there was little argument when Vetch proposed that they capitulate on honourable terms. Their vote in favour was unanimous. Bitterly ashamed of his comrades, Fonab was not present. Perhaps he remembered that two or three of these officers were men of Argyll's who had broken their swords with him when they were shamefully betrayed into surrender at Dixemudé. Nor would he sign the letter which the Councillors wrote to Pimienta, and had he agreed with it he would certainly have insisted that it was phrased with honesty. Weakly evading the word surrender, it said that because the Scots did not wish to be responsible for any ill-feeling between the Kings of Great Britain and Spain they would like to know what terms the Spanish might offer.

Pimienta received the letter next day at vespers, aboard the frigate *San Antonio* where he had gone to watch the disembarkation of two carriage guns. He waited a day before replying, until he had seen the field-pieces ashore and on their way to Look-out Point. The letter he then wrote was long and courteous, but its meaning was brutally blunt. Since the Scots were not officers of any crown or government acknowledged by his royal master, he could not talk of terms until they had surrendered. At his camp on the peninsula the next day, within sight of the Scottish out-

posts, he received yet another appeal. Still the Councillors prevaricated. *The lack of an interpreter. . . . Some person skilled in English, French or Flemish. . . . Also we send herewith an Act of Parliament. . .* Pimienta seemed to enjoy the slow pavane of such exchanges as much as he relished the formal manoeuvres of war. He replied that he had understood all the Caledonians' letters, and the French and Latin translations that had obligingly accompanied them. Any rupture between the Crowns of Spain and Great Britain would be the fault of the Scots. They were no more than dependents of a merchant company barely tolerated by their king, yet he would be generous, he would treat them as if they were William's officers and vassals.

He spent the rest of that wet day strengthening his hold on the eastern end of the peninsula. Leaving a strong guard of militia and levies to protect his tented camp, he advanced 250 regulars to within cannon-shot of New Edinburgh. There they dug trenches and built gabions for two more carriage-guns that had been landed from the *San Antonio* and dragged overland from the neck.

At eight o'clock in the morning of 21 March a Spanish outpost in advance of the forward trenches challenged Thomas Kerr and a drummer. Both had white handkerchiefs tied to their sleeves. They were allowed no further than the sentinel's presented musket, and they waited in the chilling rain until Pimienta came out to them. It was early, and the Spaniard was in no mood for lengthy courtesies. Had the Scots officer come to submit? No, said Kerr, but he had the authority to suggest a truce for thirty hours. Soon after dawn tomorrow a senior officer would come with absolute authority to treat. He proposed an exchange of hostages during the truce, and Pimienta sent him away with two aides from his owu staff. Within the hour two Scots captains were returned, 'whom I ordered quartered in the advance post, all pleasant treatment and entertainment possible to be afforded them.'

At seven the next morning a drummer once more approached the outpost, beating a parley. With him were William Vetch and James Main, the Colony's interpreter who had come in the hope that his French might be understood by Pimienta. Vetch said that

the Scots were ready to surrender if they could leave with all their guns, ships and stores. Pimienta was astonished. It was, he thought, a most unworthy suggestion. All a vanquished garrison could expect was the honour of marching out with arms shouldered and colours flying, and that only after a valorous defence. All else was the rightful prize of the victors. He called up the captains he held and released them to Vetch, demanding the return of his aides. He went back to his breakfast, and when he was told that the Scots had been working on their fort during the truce he ordered a company to clear their outposts from New Edinburgh. He sent another to reinforce his gunners on Point Look-out. Thus the hopeful armistice ended miserably, with a spatter of musketry in the trees and the death of three Scots below the hill.

The Caledonians were now contained in their fort and the shallow, water-logged trenches their outposts held beyond its moat. Though they occasionally sent out a fighting-patrol, toward the Spanish lines or Point Look-out, the men were weak from hunger and were easily beaten off. Still Pimienta made no grand assault. Two days after the truce ended, Carrizoli arrived from Toubacanti with 100 Indians, and although they did little more than eat the supplies they brought they were followed the next day by Cordones with two companies of regulars from Santa Maria. These were less than Pimienta had expected, but he sent them forward at once.

March 28 & 29 (recorded Borland), the Spaniards near us. Some of their musketeers advanced forward near the skirts of the wood contiguous to our Fort, and fired both these days upon our Fort, the bullets flying over our heads, we had only one man wounded at this time. Our men on the other side were also firing toward them, they keeping themselves still darkened in the woods and behind the great trees.

It was a great loss to us that since the Spaniards had got so near our Fort they debarred us from our watering-place, which was about half a mile distant from our settlement, for none then were suffered or durst adventure to go out of the Fort to fetch water, the enemy lying hid in the woods. So our poor distressed people were necessitate to dig for water within the Fort, which is brackish, puddle-unwholesome

water. This was most hurtful and pernicious to our men, especially considering how bad and unwholesome our old, sair and spoiled provisions now was. And as for other liquors at this time to give to the sick and the dying, we had little or none, or any other sustenance that was suitable or comfortable, and moreover our Surgeon's drugs were now almost all exhausted, and our Fort indeed like a hospital of sick and dying men.

Seaward from the palisades the Scots could see the Spanish fleet, great castles of blue and scarlet and gold, their sails clewed, their pennants flying, and their upper gun-ports open. They lay beyond range, and each day their boats ferried more men and more guns to the peninsula and the south shore of the bay. On 29 March, an armed launch from the *San Juan Bautista* came in to the little bay below Pelican Point, presumably in support of the outposts there. The Scots fired upon it with cannon and muskets. It escaped without injury but the firing continued all day, a senseless, frustrated anger echoing across the water and the trees. Yet this little incident lifted the spirits of the Scots, particularly John Stewart, and he asked leave to send out his forgotten fire-ship. James Spence the boatswain took it out at eight o'clock that night, but before he could make the long tack about and come to windward of the Spanish fleet he was sighted by the look-out of the *San Juan Bautista*. Drums beat on the flagship and in the flash of musketry and cannon from her high decks he saw two launches approaching to leeward. He let the fly-boat run before the wind and back into the harbour.

During the night of 30 March the Spanish made a landing in strength below Pelican Point. Seven launches from the fleet brought guns, mortars, timber and men. By dawn a gun-battery, well protected by gabions and fascines, had been built within pistol-shot of the moat. The Scots fired upon it all day, and although they did little damage to it they prevented its gunners from cannonading their rotting walls. Before dusk there was silence, a veil of smoke across the bay, and then a drum beat a parley from the Spanish lines. An officer advanced on the moat with his hat in his hand. The letter he carried from Pimienta asked the Scots to consider their weakness and the Spaniards'

strength. Were they stubbornly resolved to resist his last assault by land and sea he could not prevent their total annihilation. The friendship between the King his master and their own compelled him to ask again for their surrender.

The letter was less than honest. Pimienta's diary recorded that most of his men were ill with fever and the rest exhausted. The rainy season was beginning, and he did not believe that he could take the fort by assault or support a long siege.

The Caledonians' reply reached him an hour later. From somewhere, perhaps from Fonab, the Land Officers and the Sea Captains had found the momentary courage to overrule the Councillors. Pride and self-preservation would not permit them to give Pimienta their ships and guns. His terms, they told him, were shameful and unworthy, and if they were accepted the Scots could never return home. 'Wherefore, we consider it better to die honourably than to live without honour.' Though he was genuinely grieved by the reply, Pimienta admired its courage. It obeyed the chivalrous code he himself observed, and it called upon him to make an equally noble gesture.

I ordered Campmaster Don Melchor de Guevara to advance to their fort with a drummer to summon them and to say to them on my behalf that it was not my desire to deprive any man of honour, nor would my obligations permit me to do so, especially when I held them to be honourable men who had defended themselves as such; and that they might realize this to be the truth, to bid one of their commanding officers to return with him under the protection of my word to parley with me.

While de Guevara waited at the broken gate of the fort a meeting of Councillors and Officers discussed the offer he had brought. Lindsay was dead that morning, but had he still been alive he would have agreed with Vetch and Gibson. They said they would ask Pimienta for better terms, but even without them the Colony must surrender. From his sick-bed, Fonab sent a passionate appeal against such a decision. There should be no treating with the Spaniards, except as honourable men with sword in hand. But though he was ready for this, and might even have welcomed death in some bloody, slithering struggle once the

Spaniards broke into the fort, there was no heart left among the others. Less than 300 of the Scots could now stand at their posts. Fever was killing sixteen a day, more than Spanish musketry. The bread they had was green with worms, the fish so stinking that starving men could scarcely swallow it. The last of the powder had been melted into shot, and there was little powder left that was not damp or impure. Surrender was inevitable, but the shame of it was bitter, and long after it was done even Borland would feel compelled to defend these men he had so often denounced and vilified.

If the impartial reader weighs these things, and candidly considers the case of these distressed people in the wilderness at this time, I think he shall have no just cause to reflect upon or find fault with our officers and chief men for accepting of a capitulation with the Spaniards in such circumstances. Whoever shall reproach and blame them for it, so they manifest little of Christian sympathy with them that are in affliction when they themselves live at ease. So I must tell them they know little of what it is to be in an American wilderness in such circumstances, and I would not wish them (were it lawful to wish evil to any person) to be in sadder circumstances in this world.

From the palisades a Scottish drummer beat an acceptance of the Spanish offer to treat. William Vetch put on his sword and walked down to the nearest outpost with James Main and de Guevara. There they waited until Pimienta came up with a cloud of officers. Vetch asked what terms the Scots might expect. 'I answered,' reported Pimienta, 'that I would permit them to evacuate with all military honours, with all their chattels and vessels excepting the warship *Rising Sun*.' Vetch said he must discuss this with his officers, and was given two hours. He returned within the time and pleaded with Pimienta not to take the flagship. Had the Governor insisted, the Scots would probably have surrendered the ship, but he graciously let them keep it. He was not altogether generous. That morning his frigates had driven away two strange ships that tried to enter the harbour, and he was afraid that reinforcements might be on their way to the Scots.

In the rain, and at noon on Sunday, 31 March, the Articles of

Capitulation were signed by Pimienta and counter-signed by Vetch and Gibson. James Main had written them in Latin so that they might be mutually understood. The Scots were to march out of the fort immediately, with drums beating and colours flying. They had two weeks in which to wood and water their ships, to load their guns and goods, and to embark themselves. They must then be gone on the first fair wind. Remembering their Cuna allies, the ministers asked for an assurance that the Spanish would not ill-treat them. Pimienta angrily replied that the King of Spain needed no advice on how to deal with his Indian subjects. When Alexander Shields protested, the Governor told him to mind his own business, '*Cura tua negotia!*' Unused to such a reproof in the language of his beloved classics, Mr Shields meekly answered '*Curabo.*'

The Caledonians abandoned the fort the next day, carrying their sick, their arms, their drums and their colours. Pimienta had no time to be shocked or surprised by their wretched appearance. He had too much difficulty in assembling 300 of his own men to take possession of the fort. Some of them were seamen, wearing uniforms that had been stripped from the dead in the trenches. They marched in, raised the standard of Spain and retired, leaving one sentry at the gate and another on the palisades.

During the night of 1 April one of the strange ships that had been driven from Golden Island slipped into the harbour. Thomas Drummond was back. At Port Royal in Jamaica he had found two of the Company's ships, the frigate *Speedy Return* and the sloop *Content*. The first had brought Daniel Mackay from Scotland and was bound for the Colony, but there was no knowing where James Byres intended to sail the other. Since the man had not yet left for Scotland, and could do no harm to Drummond's reputation if he were further delayed, the grenadier decided that both ships should sail at once for Caledonia with all the provisions they could carry. Byres was reluctant, but he could not refuse. When Spanish warships drove them from the harbour mouth, Drummond said they should come by the lee of Golden Island that night and enter under darkness. He told the master of

the *Content* to steer by the topsail yards of the *Speedy Return* and to follow her in without fear. The captain was willing enough but when Byres saw the stern-lights of the Spanish fleet he picked up a billet of wood and threatened to kill the man if he took the ship any further. The master shrugged his shoulders and stood out to sea for Jamaica.

Drummond was as angry and as bitter as Fonab when he heard that the Colony had surrendered. He sullenly kept to the *Speedy Return* and would not speak to the colonists, though he gave them the provisions he carried. He also delivered the dispatches which Mackay had brought from Scotland, and there was a mocking irony in their threats, promises, orders and exhortations. They had been found in Mackay's valise. Somewhere between Jamaica and Caledonia, leaning over the stern to fish for sharks, the hot-tempered young lawyer had fallen into the sea. 'And so,' said Borland, 'perished in a very lamentable manner, being torn to pieces by those ravenous and devouring sharks.'

The embarkation was slow, for the Scots were weak and the work was hard. The long-boat of the *Rising Sun* ran upon the sunken rock and was abandoned for the want of strength to haul it off. Angered by the arrival of the *Speedy Return*, Pimienta would give no help. When Captain Andreas sent canoes to assist his friends, the Spaniards chained him in a hut. Vetch and Gibson would not protest, the one too sick and the other too indifferent, happy in his yellow cabin with his pipe and dram. But Drummond sent an angry message to the Spanish camp. If ever he had an opportunity to treat Pimienta as Andreas was treated he would do it in good heart. The ministers also said nothing. It was as if they had suddenly realized how close they had come to the fires of the Inquisition and a painful martyrdom for the Kirk.

Many poor, distressed Caledonians (said Borland) were sensible of God's wonderful, seasonable, and preventing mercies that had thus delivered them from falling a pray to the teeth of their bloody, Popish enemies, with whom they expected to find no mercy.

By the evening of 11 April the Scots were all aboard. Like Paterson before him, Fonab had been carried aboard in a litter,

weakly protesting. One man only refused to leave. He was Henry Erskine, brother-in-law to Haldane of Gleneagles and the dear friend of young Colin Campbell with whom he had been apprenticed to Pincarton on the first expedition. Captured with the *Dolphin*, he had returned to Caledonia as a boatswain's boy aboard one of the Spanish ships. Pimienta offered to restore him to his countrymen under the Articles of Capitulation, but he said that now he had been accepted into the Catholic Church he would remain with his new friends. The Scots mourned him as if he were dead.

The Caledonian ships weighed anchor the next morning, but the seamen were so weak they were unable to warp the clumsy vessels out of the bay. Their bloody Popish enemies now sent boats to help them, and for a day they lay under the guns of the Spanish fleet until a fair wind sprang up from the east and carried them away. By noon they were out of sight.

Before they left, the Protestant Scots had witnessed one last humiliating ceremony. The largest hut in New Edinburgh was consecrated to Saint Charles. There mass was said before Don Juan Pimienta and his officers, their musketeers kneeling on the earth outside its door.

'Lord, when Thy hand is lifted they will not see it'

From Caledonia, April to August 1700

THE failure of the second expedition was more disastrous than the first. None of its four great ships returned. Thirteen hundred men, women and boys had left the Clyde in September, and almost 1,000 were dead within the year. Of the remainder, a handful only came back to Scotland.

Francis Borland's survival was providential, though not for the reasons he might have argued. He lived to publish his journal. His compassion was confined in a cell of bigotry. He could not accept the meaningless tragedy of human waste, or even acknowledge that it might be the result of incompetence, selfishness and

frailty. He saw it as a grand and terrible visitation, Divine punishment for a nation's sins, and he naturally accepted his own survival as an exculpation and a reward. Beneath the flesh of jejune theology, however, his journal has a firm skeleton of vivid reporting. He carefully recorded the horror of that middle passage from Caledonia to Jamaica during which the colonists endured more misery than they had believed possible, even on the peninsula.

As they had been exercised with sore sickness and mortality while in Caledonia, so now when we were at sea it much increased upon us, and no wonder it was, for the poor sick men were sadly crowded together, especially aboard the *Rising Sun*, like so many hogs in a sty or sheep in a fold, so that their breath and noisome smell infected and poisoned one another. Neither was there anything suitable or comfortable to give to the sick and dying, the best was a little spoiled oatmeal and water, and poorly were they attended in their sickness.

And it was most uncomfortable and dangerous work for the poor Ministers to go down among them, and visit them in their sad and dying condition, their noisome stench being ready to choke and suffocate any. Malignant fevers and fluxes were the most common diseases, which swept away great numbers from among us. From aboard one ship, the *Rising Sun*, they would sometimes bury in the sea eight in one morning, besides what died out of the other ships. And when men were taken with these diseases, they would sometimes die like men distracted, in a very sad and fearful-like manner; but this was yet more lamentable to be seen among these poor, afflicted and plagued people, that for all God so afflicted them, yet they sinned still the more, were as hard and as impenitent as before, would still curse and swear when God's hand was heavy on them, and their neighbours dying and dead about them.

Once they had cleared Golden Island it was difficult for the ill-manned ships to keep together, and before dusk on 13 April the *Rising Sun* was lost to the others. When she came up with them, some days later, the *Hope of Bo'ness* was leaking badly by the head. Her captain, Richard Dalling, brought her up on the flagship's quarter, calling across the water. Would Gibson take his passengers? The Councillor did so unwillingly, and they came

aboard to die. With half of his crew at work on the pumps, Dal-ling put his helm over and sailed south-east by east for Carth-agen-a. There he offered his ship to the Spanish in exchange for the freedom of himself and his men.

Bitterly disillusioned by the surrender of the Colony, Drummond told John Baillie, master of the *Speedy Return*, to steer for Jamaica as soon as his ship cleared the harbour and to shorten sail for no one. Aboard the *Ann of Caledonia*, Campbell of Fonab advised her captain to make for New York. She was there within the month, and his own advice probably saved Fonab's life, for his wound and its fever would have killed him in the Caribbean. It was the first week in May before the other three ships sighted the blue and green hills of Jamaica. The *Duke of Hamilton* was the first to drop anchor off Blewfields, followed next day by the flagship, and one day more by the *Hope*. Two hundred and fifty of their crews and passengers had been thrown overboard in the middle passage.

There was little relief and no consolation at the English island. No credit could be obtained from Jamaican merchants, and without it the ships could not be refitted for the Atlantic voyage. The rotting, useless goods in their holds were wanted by no one. Some of their seamen and many of the Planters went ashore in the dark of night, and like the survivors of the first expedition they sold themselves to the plantations in return for food and clothing. There were good men and women on the island who did what they could for the Caledonians. Two English army surgeons brought rum and sugar and medicine, bravely going below decks to treat the sick and prepare the dead for decent burial. They asked no payment, and reluctantly accepted the gift of a few muskets. A rich and handsome widow called Ricaut sent beef she had bought from her own purse. Mrs Isabel Murray, a Scots-woman who had turned her house into a hospital for the sick of the *Saint Andrew* – and buried some of them at her own expense – now gave up her bed to take more.

The dying continued quixotically. Sometimes there were no deaths for a week, and then five, eight or ten in one day. The only solace for the living was the rum they could buy or steal. 'The

intemperance of many of them,' said Borland, rightly if smugly, 'did hasten their deaths.'

One hundred died in two months. Among them James Main, dead in the house of a friend at Port Royal. Two young men whom the ministers had been training as divinity students, thrown overboard from the *Rising Sun*. John Baillie, captain of the *Speedy Return*, and John Baillie, surgeon of the *Hope*. Lauchlan Bain, released from the shame of his cowardice on the peninsula. James Spence of the fire-ship, dying within hours of his small son. The Earl of Galloway's brother. The Laird of Culbin and his son, Ensign William Kinnaird. Robert Johnson, who had hoped to teach the Indians both Scots and English, following a wife and a son already dead in Caledonia. The eager young volunteers and their tutor from Glasgow University. George Winram the distiller, the goldsmith Robert Keil. John Hunter, who had minted no coins from the mythical ores of Darien. Captain Walter Duncan, master of the *Duke of Hamilton*. The Laird of Dunlop and the Laird of Minto. Thomas Kerr the engineer, and Alexander Shields . . .

The death of their dear friend shocked and frightened both Borland and Stobo. Yet if God chose to punish the sinful with a just death, so he might reward himself by taking such excellent jewels as Shields and Dalgleish. The Cameronians' chaplain died within days of preaching his only sermon at Jamaica, upon the text Hosiiah 14:19, *The ways of the Lord are right*. Having preached it, he left the ships and went to live in Port Royal. 'He had been heart-weary,' said Borland, 'and broken with this company of men, among whom he had laboured and conversed so long with so little success.' He also had a premonition of his own death, telling Borland that it would come in the month of June, as indeed it did. But he had not expected it this year, for he had bought himself a passage on an English ship shortly sailing for London. Mrs Murray spent £13 on his funeral and nobody promised to repay her, not even Shields' brother who was a Volunteer aboard the *Rising Sun*.

There was a great bitterness at so many deaths and so much sickness. Only the ministers saw the hand of God in this, others

suspected the greedy fingers of John Munro of Coul. A doctor called Crawford, who had sailed with the *Unicorn* and now practised in Jamaica, swore that Munro had cheated the Company, robbing the surgeons' chests of the medicines the Directors had ordered.

Toward the end of June the Company's relief ship *Margaret* arrived at Port Royal, her foremast sprung in two places and her canvas torn. Her master, Leonard Robertson, had taken her up to the mouth of Caledonia Bay before it was seen that the Spaniards were now there. Since then he had been in no hurry to reach Jamaica. When Patrick MacDowall urged haste, saying the fugitive colonists must be in need of provisions, Robertson amiably told him that 'Tomorrow's a new day.' A stiff gale at last maimed the ship and blew her into Port Royal. MacDowall did what he could for the survivors, distributing the *Margaret's* provisions where justified by the orders given him in Edinburgh. He also delivered the Company's letters of credit to merchants ashore, and he gave a barrel of meal to Mrs Murray for her expenses in burying Alexander Shields and four young officers from the *Rising Sun*.

He was no more fortunate when he approached the Governor than others had been. Sir William Beeston was polite, but unhelpful. Now in receipt of letters from James Vernon, telling him not to hinder the sailing of any Scots ships, he did not think he was thereby obliged to assist them on their way. He had recently hanged some Spaniards who outrageously claimed that by pirating a New England sloop they had been taking reprisals against Caledonia. Although he thought the rogues deserved the noose, and was ready to hang a few more if necessary, it was all more trouble than the Scots were worth.

Aboard the Caledonian ships, in the lodgings which some officers had taken ashore, there were now bitter disagreements and angry recriminations. Colin Campbell, who had brought the *Saint Andrew* to Blewfields a year ago, and who insanely believed that he might yet take her to sea again, quarrelled with his friend Drummond. Each accused the other of quitting the Colony with shame and dishonour. William Vetch, too ill at times

to leave his cabin on the *Hope*, bickered with Dr Blair, the Company's agent, and intrigued with Leonard Robertson. James Gibson drunkenly upbraided MacDowall, claiming that when the *Margaret* came in she should have fired a salute to his flagship. MacDowall insolently taunted him. 'If I had met him riding in Caledonia Bay he should have had all the guns we had.' Even when the survivors dined for it, there were miserable squabbles over the property of those who had died, sometimes a few coins, a sword-belt, a linen cravat. Declaring that it was in payment of a debt owing him, Gibson took all that was left by Andrew Stewart, Lord Galloway's brother. And Vetch, according to Robert Turnbull, had two purses of money in his cabin for which there was no proper accounting. On the periphery of all these sad disputes there hovered the hopeful, ingratiating smile of James Byres. He was ostracized by all except Vetch, who weakly restored him to the Council. 'It is but reasonably just,' MacDowall wrote in his journal, 'that such should have been the event of our Colony when such cowardly, dishonourable, self-opinionated puppies had the guiding of it as Byres.'

The Council of five - Vetch, Gibson, Drummond, Campbell and Byres - met infrequently and invariably in disunion. They were without spirit and purpose, determined only on returning to Scotland yet afraid of their countrymen's contempt. Their single unanimous resolution was an order for the arrest of Henry Paton, whose sloop had deserted the *Unicorn*. He was placed under guard until the Company could bring him before the Justices of Jamaica. He thought this would be never, and was content to remain on the island for the rest of his life.

In the frustrating heat, within sight of the mocking beauty of the Blue Mountains, angry discontent spread beyond the narrow circle of a few officers. Dalling had arrived from Carthage with his crew, and he asked MacDowall to take them to Scotland in the *Margaret*. 'I could not but tell them it savoured neither of too much honour nor honesty.' Aboard that ship her mate had called upon the crew to sail her out as a buccaneer. MacDowall would have hanged him from the mainmast yard, but Robertson let the man go with a gentle reprimand. The *Rising Sun* lost

many of her crew and passengers by desertion, and for a time she was ruled by a seaman called William Pearson and a group of starving delegates from the lower deck. 'Gibson, that fine brave commander,' said MacDowall, 'allowing them to come to his roundhouse and make their demands with their caps on their heads, and afterwards without any orders than their own to release some of their number out of the bilboes.' But the leaders of this sad and hopeless mutiny were winnowed by death, and the rest fell to drunken brawling among themselves.

'Lord,' said Francis Borland, 'when Thy hand is lifted, they will not see.'

By some miracle of organization and command that no one recorded, or perhaps in desperate fear alone, the ships at last put to sea. The *Speedy Return* sailed first, urged on by Drummond's stubborn resolve to be in Scotland before Byres. The *Content* followed her, with Colin Campbell who had now abandoned the rotting ship at Port Royal. On 21 July the *Rising Sun* weighed anchor and steered north about the island with her dying passengers, a sick and inadequate crew, and a master who rarely left his yellow cabin. She was followed the next day by the *Hope* and the *Duke of Hamilton*. Francis Borland was aboard none of these ships. Inspired by Mr Shields' example, and 'directed by the wise and well-ordered providence of the Lord', he had sailed on a New Englander the week before and was now on his way to Boston. It had pleased a holy and all-wise God, he later wrote, to save the lives of some of his ministers. 'The Lord preserving, leading, healing, strengthening and npholding all the way. Thus when once Lot was out of Sodom into Zoar, then without any longer delay the Lord rained destruction from Heaven.'

Destruction from heaven, literal if not divine, first struck the *Hope*. She sailed westward, and before she cleared Negril Point she was leaking from midships to stern. Between Jamaica and Cuba she ran into heavy squalls that first beat her back and then veered, driving her toward a lee shore on the island of Camanos. Her decks were crowded with sick and dying, her crew could scarcely haul a sheet. She mounted the shoreward rocks by night, and the living still aboard her were taken off by the Spanish.

William Vetch had at last died of his fever, and had been turned overboard within a few days of leaving Jamaica.

On 14 August, in the Gulf of Florida, the *Rising Sun* ran into a gale that carried away all her masts and stove in most of her boats. Of the 140 seamen and landsmen who had left Blewfields with her, twenty-eight had already died. The rest were now ready to accept death, with prayers or rum according to their courage. But the storm had aroused Gibson from his lethargy. It was a challenge he understood, had met before, and did not fear. He bullied his crew and the landsmen into erecting a jury-mast. Though the ship was leaking badly, he kept her afloat for ten days and brought her to the bar at Charleston in Carolina. She was too low in the water to cross it and make the nine miles upriver to where the *Duke of Hamilton* was already close-reefed and at anchor. For three days and nights the flagship's crew and passengers worked to lighten her, at the pumps, heaving guns and cargo overboard. On the fourth day a small galley, bound for New York, came downriver from Charleston. Though her master could not, or would not help, he waited long enough to take a letter which Gibson wrote to the Directors. It survives, stained and hastily-written, inexplicably unsigned. It gives a brief account of the ship's departure from Jamaica, the storm that dismasted her, and from the last paragraph it is clear that the bitter labour of three days had been for nothing.

By what is said you may judge of our hard circumstances. Notwithstanding whereof, God in his infinite mercy has brought us this length. Our men were fatigued with pumping, the water being six feet above the keelson all the night and next day after our misfortune, and at writing.

James Byres, who had chosen to sail on the flagship rather than the *Content*, now decided that it was time to leave her. With fourteen others, including Alexander Stobo and his wife, he went ashore in the long-boat. None of them, understandably, reported what Gibson may have said at their departure. Three nights later a black hurricane came up from the Florida keys. It sank the *Duke of Hamilton* where she lay at anchor, and it

plucked the flagship from the bar and threw her out to sea. She went down with James Gibson and all her remaining company. Some of her dead, her good Berlin oak and the golden convolutes of her stern came ashore with the tide, but she took the rising sun of her figure-head with her.

Alexander Stobo never returned to his ministry in Scotland. He established another in the land to which the Lord, in his charity, had safely delivered him. He sired a sturdy line which included Theodore Roosevelt, during whose term as President America built the canal that was the ultimate realization of William Paterson's dream. Stobo had no regret, no pity for the Caledonians who were dead.

They were such a rude company [he wrote to Borland] that I believe Sodom never declared such impudence in sinning as they. Any observant eye might see that they were running the way they went, hell and judgement was to be seen upon them and in them before the time. You saw them bad, but I saw them worse, their cup was full, they could hold no more. They were ripe, they must be cut down by the sickle of His wrath.

Francis Borland agreed. 'They were a sad reproach to the nation from which they were sent.'

AS BITTER AS GALL

'Now the state of that affair is quite altered . . . rest satisfied'
Scotland, 1700 to 1707

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL of Fonab came home in July. His shoulder was still stiff from the Toubacanti bullet, but the hurt he felt was the wound to his pride. His country had been dishonoured and he openly blamed the Company, accusing it and its colonial Council of treachery. Though he despised them, the Directors and the Councillors-General honoured him. The nation would have allowed them to do no less. He was given a gold medal, the Company's arms on the obverse, and on the reverse a classical figure leading an attack upon the Spanish stockade. It was designed from his own modest sketch. Silver copies of this Toubacanti Medal were given to the few men who had survived the action, the siege, the fever, flux and the hard voyage home. Upon the Directors' suggestion, Fonab also received a special grant of arms from the Lord Lyon. *Dexter*, an Indian in his native dress, with bow and quiver. *Sinister*, a Spaniard in his proper habit. The arms of the Company were quartered with those of his Stewart and Glenorchy ancestors.

Fonab's return coincided with the trial of the Toubacanti rioters. Four men appeared before the Lords of Judiciary. The cook, who had been first through the door of the Tolbooth with a bayonet, was sentenced to a scourging, the others to the pillory. All were then to be banished from the city. The Earl of Argyll thought the punishment mild, he had received worse for truancy at school. On the day the sentences were carried out, a drunken crowd escorted the prisoners from the Tolbooth to the pillory by the weigh-house, throwing roses in their path. The hangman

applied the scourge so gently that the angry magistrates threw him into prison, despite his protest that he had been threatened with death 'if he laid on but one sure stroke'. The hangman of Haddington, called to scourge him as he had not punished the cook, lost heart when he saw the crowd and turned back to his home.

The mood of the mob reflected the sullen anger of the gentry and the indignation of the Estates. After the initial shock there was a renewed enthusiasm for the Company, and a mad belief that the Colony could yet be re-established. 'Our fondness for asserting our rights to Caledonia,' wrote Sir James Murray, the Lord Clerk Register, 'does rather increase than abate, and it is now talked confidently that there are assurances from chief men of both Houses of Parliament in England that if we stand firm to that point . . . they will stand by us.' Such was the madness of the fever, that England should be held responsible for Scotland's misfortunes and yet be willing to save her from them. Parliament met in the autumn. The Company's party, led by the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Belhaven, at once took up the business that had been so providentially interrupted by Queensberry's sore throat. They hotly demanded another Address to the King, once more asking him to assert the nation's right to its Colony, to redress its wrongs, to secure the release of its suffering subjects from the Alcazar in Seville. Every burgh and shire in the kingdom drew up its own Address, repeating these earnest pleas. The King had already answered them, however, and he was not to be moved. In his letter to the Estates at the beginning of the session he said that he was sorry the Company had sustained such losses. He would ask for the release of the *Dolphin's* crew, but he would not affirm Scotland's right to Caledonia. To do so would mean war with Spain. 'Now the state of that affair is quite altered, we doubt not but you will rest satisfied with these plain reasons.'

On 20 September the King of Spain happily obliged his cousin of Britain. The irons which had once more been shackled to Pincarton, Graham, Malloch and Spense, were struck away. Released from death, released from prison, they came home.

The Estates were not satisfied with the King's answer, and

they did not rest. The angry threshing in Parliament Hall achieved little, although the debates were bold and theatrical. To support the canvassing for an Address, the Company had published all its early papers, particularly those relating to events in London and Hamburg. One day Lord Belhaven stood before the Estates with a copy held high above his head. 'Let any Scotsman eat this book,' he roared, 'and he shall find it as bitter as gall in his belly!' He thought well enough of the whole speech to have it printed.

When the session ended, all that had been won was the King's empty assent to an Act extending the Company's existing privileges for another nine years. It was more ironic than generous. One of the last resolutions passed by the House had been put by Lord Tullibardine. It declared that those who had acquitted themselves faithfully in Caledonia – naming Fonab, Drummond and Pincarton – should be rewarded. Fonab was disgusted, and angrily asked for his name to be struck from the paper.

The year had limped away in bitterness and confusion, the Company impoverished and the people despairing. A warrant was issued for the arrest of Herries, should he ever cross the Border, and a lampoon called *Caledonia, or the Pedlar turned Merchant*, which he may have written, was burned by the hangman. Drummond and Byres appeared before the Directors, who heard them and their witnesses at great length, and finally released Drummond from all blame and censure. Byres was declared guilty of 'several unwarrantable, arbitrary, illegal and inhumane actings and practices, manifestly tending to the great and irretrievable loss of the Company and the Colony, and to the dishonour of the nation.' The condemnation was out of proportion to the man's simple knavery, but perhaps it cloaked the guilt of others unnamed.

William Paterson's faith in the Company was undamaged, though now he saw a different future for it. Recovered from his illness and his private grief, restored to the favour of the Directors and the goodwill of the people, he was writing *A Plan for Scotland's Trade*. Once more he proposed a Fund of Credit, and argued that all the country's merchants should join in one com-

pany to trade with the Indies, settle colonies, abolish poverty, and shame those subscribers who were now demanding the return of their money from the Company of Scotland. He told Queensberry of this scheme, and the Commissioner was professedly touched by the 'the poor man's diligence and affection to the King and country'. He advised William to grant the patient scribbler an annuity of £100, and the advice was not disinterested.

He has been with me several times of late, and as he was the first man that brought the people here into the project of Caledonia, so I look upon him as the properest person to bring them off from the extravagancy of prosecuting it.

But Paterson could not be bought, and his *Plan* was not what Queensberry had expected. Nor was the Company interested, though the Directors voted him a gift of £100. His dreams became extravagant. He thought of a Crown Colony, a joint undertaking by Scotland and England with a capital of two million pounds, but Edinburgh's interest was lacklustre and his garrulous enthusiasm once more a bore. He left for London, and was no more successful there. He barely supported himself by teaching mathematics to poor students, but he wrote busily of the happiness and prosperity that must come from a union of Parliaments.

Roderick Mackenzie's zeal for the impoverished Company became a blind loyalty, charged with an unforgiving hatred of its enemies. In March, 1701, he was carried to the Tolbooth accused of publishing a libellous cartoon. Its central figure was Scotia crowned, her supporters three men clearly identifiable as Hamilton and the Marquises of Atholl and Tweeddale. Ballooning from one side of her prim mouth were the words *Take courage ye to whom your safety and the glory of your country is dear*, and from the other the same exhortation in Latin. Below the garlands in her hands were the names of all the nobility and gentry who had supported the Company in the Estates, and all those who had opposed it. One of the King's servants was shown with the Devil on his shoulder, and another was falling into the retributive flames of Hell. Mackenzie denied all responsibility for the cartoon, but he remained in the Tolbooth until the Directors bought

his release. He was angered by the indignity of his arrest, both personally and as the Company's servant. He was determined on revenge, and the first innocent steps toward it had been taken while he was still in his cell at the head of the Tolbooth's turn-pike stairs.

The Company remembered that Africa was as prominent in its title as the Indies. Already one small vessel had been sent to the Guinea Coast, but had returned with no more than seventy pounds of gold. Now it was hoped that the prosperity and reputation lost in the West might be recovered from the south. In May the *Speedy Return* and the *Content* sailed from the Clyde with barrels of flour and beer, tobacco, bullet-moulds, ivory-handled knives, looking-glasses framed in leather, gilt and silver buttons, worsted hose and scarlet ribbons. Thomas Drummond was the supercargo of the *Speedy Return*, and Robert was her master. Neither ship was seen again in Scotland.

They lay at anchor off the Madagascar coast some months later, loaded with slaves bought by the cargoes the Directors had hoped would be exchanged for ivory, gold and spices. When they had sold the slaves, the Drummonds caroused with the pirates to whom the island was a refuge and a buccaneering republic. One of them, John Bowen from Bermuda, persuaded Robert Drummond to lend him the Scots ships for a raid on homeward Indiamen, offering the loot in his own ship as payment. Although Drummond later withdrew from the agreement, Bowen sailed with the ships when the brothers were ashore. The *Content* was lost by fire on the Malabar Coast and Bowen scuttled the *Speedy Return* in favour of a merchantman he had taken. Neither of the Drummonds thought it wise to inform the Company of the peculiar disposal of its ships, and no more was ever heard of these hard and resolute brothers.

Months of silence were followed by years, and the Company sadly abandoned the ships as lost. A third was wrecked in the Maiacca Straits, and having no money to buy or build another the Directors ordered their London agents to hire the *Annandale*, then lying in the Thames. Her Welsh master, John ap-Rice, agreed to sail to the Spice Islands under the Company's flag and

privileges, and to keep the matter to himself until he was at sea, but the Governors of the East India Company heard of the agreement (from Captain ap-Rice himself, it seems) and the ship was seized in the Downs for the contravention of their charter. The anger this aroused in Scotland, sparked and blown upon by Mackenzie's passion, made the hanging of Thomas Green inevitable.

This young man brought the merchantman *Worcester* into Leith Road on the last day of July, 1704. She belonged to a Londoner, Thomas Bowrey, and was lately returned from the mouth of the Hooghly. Little attention was given to her at first, although it was believed that she belonged to the East India Company and that she carried a cargo of immense value. Green took lodgings with Mrs Bartley in Edinburgh, the Scots among his crew went home and the rest idled aboard or in the taverns of Leith. Within a week Mackenzie had convinced himself that the ship was indeed an Indiaman, that she should be seized as a reprisal for the *Annandale*, and that she had brought her cargo to Scotland in defiance of the Company's privileges. He persuaded the supine Directors to swear out a warrant for her, and joyfully volunteered to serve it himself.

The chief and almost only difficulty that remained with me (he wrote) was how, with secrecy and dispatch to get together a sufficient number of such genteel pretty fellows as would, of their own free accord, on a sudden advertisement, be willing to accompany me upon this adventure, and whose dress would not render them suspected of any uncommon design in going aboard; nor had I power to compel any man.

He found his genteel and pretty fellows, some of them, perhaps, embittered survivors of the Colony. At sunset on Saturday, 12 August, four of them were rowed out to the *Worcester* with Mackenzie, swords and pistols beneath their coats. The officers aboard welcomed them hospitably, and took them into Green's cabin for wine, brandy, lime-jnice and cigars. Mackenzie was amused to be taken for a lord, and played the part as if it were a comic theatrical. By dark a second boat had come up on the ship's larboard quarter, and more genteel fellows climbed aboard. Unseen by the watch, now drunk from the punch sent up by Mac-

kenzie, they posted themselves at the gun-room and on the main-deck, quarter-deck and fore-castle. A third boat hailed a Scots naval frigate nearby and got her captain's promise of help should it be needed. There was little resistance, however, when Mackenzie's men drew their swords and pointed their pistols across the punch-bowl. A carpenter waved a blunderbuss, but it was taken from him and the *Annandale* was avenged.

When Green heard of the seizure he at once protested and sent his brother to London with the news. Bowrey protested too, but both were ignored. For twelve weeks Green watched in impotent anger as his ship was stripped of her guns, sails and rudder, her cargo placed under seal, and her master's cabin turned into an ale-house for Mackenzie's 'stout, pretty fellows'. On 15 December he and his crew were arrested for piracy. His surgeon, who had escaped down the Newcastle road, was brought back with a bloody nose.

Though Scotland had been delighted by the taking of the ship, it soon became clear to the Directors that the charges made against her by Mackenzie were not supported by any valid proof. They might have released her, but by a strange fortuity the Secretary was able to present them with a more terrible charge. From his conversations with the *Worcester's* steward, he said, from the drunken talk of some of her crew there was no doubt that Green had taken the *Speedy Return*, killed the Drummonds and burnt the ship. The evidence, where it has any substance, crumbles under the slightest touch of reason, but it hanged Thomas Green, John Madder and James Simpson.

What was left of the Company's honour and nobility died with those men on Leith sands. Two years later it was itself destroyed by Article Fifteen of the Treaty of Union by which one Parliament of Great Britain replaced those of Scotland and England. There were some Scots who would not surrender their noble undertaking without bitter protest. Robert Blackwood urged the Scottish Secretary 'to have the nations' just grievances with relation to our Company's sufferings redressed by a suitable recompense, and that our Company's privileges be kept still entire.' But the English Commissioners, treating with the Scots in the

Cockpit at Westminster, insisted that the security of England and the prosperity of the united kingdoms made this impossible. English gold, which bought the vote of the Estates for the Treaty, also stopped the mouths of those who wished their Company to endure. England agreed to give Scotland nearly £400,000 Sterling for the liquidation of its public debts, for the improvement of its monetary standard, and for the repayment of the capital stock of the Company with interest at five per cent. A special committee of the Commissioners found that the sum due to the shareholders was £232,884 5s. 0²/₃d.

'This Company,' wrote Paterson,

hath rather been calculated and fitted for and towards bringing a Union than for subsisting in an ununited state . . . no good patriot would have been angry when even the miscarriage of that design hath contributed to the Union.

This was perhaps true, and the Treaty removed most of those commercial grievances that had made the Company necessary. By Article Four, the subjects of the United Kingdom now had 'full freedom and intercourse of trade and navigation to and from any port or place within the said United Kingdom and the dominions and plantations thereunto belonging.' Few good patriots, however, agreed with Paterson, and may be admired for their continued dream of a Scotland independent in government and independent in trade. Within the context of the time both were impermissible, but upon that issue of independence Scotsmen would yet fight and die.

It was two years before Roderick Mackenzie at last put away the Company's ledgers, and locked the great oaken press that had housed them for so long. Most of England's money had been distributed – to shareholders glad to receive what they had thought was irrecoverably lost, to the widows of the dead, to angry and impoverished officers like Turnbull and Colin Campbell, to seamen and soldiers in desperate want, to brewers and bakers, gunsmiths and goldsmiths, to tanners, hosiers, fleshers and printers. Idle in the Clyde, the *Caledonia* was bought by William Arbuckle. The tall buildings in Milne Square were sold. Within a

month of the Treaty being ratified, a committee of Directors drew up an inventory, an *Estimate of Plenishings in the Office* so that their value might be known. There was a clock and an escritoire, sixty-six chairs, some desks, tables and chests, a bound copy of the Acts of the Scottish Parliament, a dictionary and a book of maps. Their total value was £22 7s.

Because he held no stock, because his claims were overlooked or forgotten, Paterson received nothing until seven years later when an Act of Parliament granted him an indemnity of £18,000. It came to him when he was in great need, and it eased the last few years of his life.

Darien is now a scar on the memory of the Scots, and the pain of the wound is still felt even where the cause is dimly understood. There is little more. Upon the coast of the Isthmus there is a finger of land that some call Punta Escoces. There is an overgrown ditch where Scottish musketeers once stood, where the descendants of Andreas and Pedro now float their canoes. And the rising sun flies unrecognized in the standard of a Scottish bank.

APPENDICES

Principal Characters

- ALLISTON, Captain Robert, buccaneer. Paterson's friend. Piloted the first expedition from Crab Island to Darien.
- AMBROSIO, Captain. Indian leader on Darien. Ally of the Scots.
- ANDREAS, Captain. Indian leader. First to welcome the Scots and allied to them by treaty.
- ARGYLL, Archibald Campbell, 10th Earl, later 1st Duke of. Chief of Clan Campbell. The King's servant, but a large shareholder in the Company. Encouraged the officers and men of his regiment to serve in the Colony.
- BALFOUR, James, merchant. Joint-founder of the Company. Lobbied support for the Act. Served in London as a Director. Ancestor of Robert Louis Stevenson.
- BELHAVEN, John Hamilton, 2nd Baron. Director of the Company in London and Scotland. Violent supporter of it in the Estates.
- BELLAMONT, Richard Coote, 1st Earl of. Governor of New York, Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Sympathetic towards survivors of first expedition, but adhered to the English Proclamation against them.
- BLACKWOOD, (Sir) Robert, merchant, Joint-founder of the Company. Lobbied with Balfour. Served in London as a Director.
- BORLAND, the Reverend Francis. Served with the second expedition as minister, only one of four to return. Wrote an account of the Colony.
- BYRES, James, merchant. Councillor of the second Colony, later deserted it. An enemy of Thomas Drummond. Condemned by the Directors for treachery.

- CAMPBELL of Fonab, Colonel Alexander. Councillor of the second Colony. Won a victory over the Spanish at Toubacanti and strongly opposed surrender. Later accused the Company of treachery.
- CAMPBELL, Captain Colin. Land officer, later appointed to the Council of the first Colony. Took the *Saint Andrew* to Jamaica after Pennecuik's death.
- CAMPBELL, Colin, seaman volunteer. Apprenticed to Pincarton on the *Unicorn*. Kept a journal.
- CAMPBELL, James, merchant. The Company's agent in London.
- CANILLAS, Conde de. President of Panama. Led an expedition against the first Colony, retired without fighting. Sent support to Pimienta in the attack on the second Colony.
- CARRIZOLI, Campmaster Don Luis. Commanded the Spanish militia at Toubacanti. Joined Pimienta in the successful attack on the second Colony.
- CHIESLY, James, merchant. Joint-founder of the Company, took Paterson's scheme to Edinburgh.
- CHIESLY, Sir Robert, Lord Provost of Edinburgh. Merchant and Director of the Company. Paterson's principal correspondent during the attempt to set up a London Court of Directors.
- CUNNINGHAM, Major James. Councillor of the first Colony which he deserted.
- DIEGO, Captain. Indian leader. Allied by treaty with the Scots.
- DRUMMOND, Captain Robert. Commander of the *Caledonia*, which he brought home from New York. Later commanded the *Speedy Return* on an African voyage. Brother of
- DRUMMOND, Captain Thomas. Once a grenadier officer of Argyll's Regiment. Took part in the Massacre of Glencoe. A Councillor of the first Colony, returned to it from New York. Quarrelled with and imprisoned by Byres. Sailed to Africa as supercargo on his brother's ship.
- ERSKINE of Carnock, Colonel John. A director of the Company, and sent with Gleneagles and Paterson to Hamburg to open subscriptions there.
- FLETCHER of Saltoun, Andrew. Scottish patriot. Soldier, writer, supporter of the Company and a friend of Paterson. Asked

- Lionel Wafer to serve the Company. Replied to Walter Herries' attack on the Colony.
- GIBSON, Captain James. Master of the *Rising Sun* and Councillor of the second Colony. A Director of the Company and its representative in Amsterdam. Lost with his ship off the coast of Carolina.
- GREEN, Captain Thomas. Master of the *Worcester*. Charged with piracy against the Company's ship, *Speedy Return*, and the murder of the Drummonds. Hanged on Leith sands.
- GUEVARA, Campmaster Don Melchor de. Spanish officer, led the first attack on the peninsula. Sent by Pimienta with terms for the surrender of the Colony.
- HALDANE of Gleneagles, John. A Director of the Company, sent with Erskine of Carnock and Paterson to Hamburg. Discovered James Smith's embezzlement of the Company's money.
- HAMILTON, Lord Basil. Furious supporter of the Company. Carried its Address to the King in 1700.
- HAMILTON, James Douglas, 4th Duke of. Supporter of the Company in the Estates, led the defence of it in Parliament 1700.
- HERRIES, Walter. Once a surgeon in the English Navy, accompanied the first expedition to Darien, deserted it and returned to London. Attacked the Colony in a book. Probably became a paid agent of the English.
- HODGES, James, pamphleteer. Probably employed by the Duke of Hamilton to write a reply to Herries' book. Arrested by the English, but dismissed for want of conclusive evidence.
- JOLLY, Robert, sea-captain and merchant. Councillor of the first Colony. Quarrelled with and arrested by Pennecuik. Left the Colony and was later stripped of his office and privileges by the Company.
- LINDSAY, Major John. Probably an officer of Argyll's Regiment. Ineffectual member of the Council of the second Colony. Died in Darien.
- LONG, Captain Richard. Quaker master of the *Rupert*. Sent by James Vernon to spy on the Scots.
- MACDOWALL, Patrick. Supercargo of the relief ship *Margaret*.

- Found the survivors of the second Colony at Jamaica. A friend of Paterson. Kept a journal.
- MACKAY, Daniel. Lawyer. Sailed with the first expedition as a Councillor. Returned with dispatches. Followed the second expedition in the *Speedy Return*. Lost overboard between Jamaica and Caledonia.
- MACKENZIE, Roderick. Secretary of the Company, first in London and later in Edinburgh. A relentless enemy of the English. Served the Company well. Responsible for the arrest of Green on a charge of piracy.
- MACLEAN, Captain Lachlan. Company commander with the first Colony. Returned to London where he attacked the Company.
- MARCHMONT, Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, 1st Earl of. The King's Commissioner to the Scots Parliament. An opponent of the Company.
- MONTGOMERIE, Captain James. A kinsman of the Earl of Eglinton. Member of the Council in the first Colony, won a skirmish against the Spanish. Quarrelled with Pennecuik and left Darien with Jolly. Censured by the Company.
- MOON, Richard. Jamaican ship-master and friend of Paterson. Brought provisions to the first Colony.
- MUNRO of Coul, Doctor John. Employed by the Company to equip the expeditions with medicines and supplies. Refused to sail with the second expedition. Accused of speculation.
- MURDOCH, William. First mate and later commander of the *Unicorn*. Took Jolly's side against Pennecuik, and left the Colony in protest.
- NANFAN, John. Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and a kinsman of Lady Bellamont. Refused the survivors of the first Colony anything more than provisions to take them home, but was outwitted by Thomas Drummond.
- OSWALD, Roger. Served in the first Colony as a Volunteer. Survived, but was disowned by his father. His letters contain a vivid account of life on Darien.
- PANMURE, James Maule, 4th Earl of. Member of the Council-General of the Company. Jacobite in sympathies.
- PATERSON, William. Originator of the scheme for a Scots colony

on the Isthmus of Panama. Drew up the proposals on which the Act establishing the Company was based. A Director of both the London and Edinburgh Courts. The company's emissary to Hamburg. Disgraced by the Smith scandal. Served in the first Colony as a Councillor. Became an ardent supporter of the Union of Parliaments.

PATON, Henry. Second mate of the *Unicorn*. Ordered to come to her assistance in the Caribbean, he deserted her. Later arrested in Jamaica.

PEDRO, Captain. Indian leader and son-in-law of Ambrosio. Turnbull's friend, fought with him and Fonab at Toubacanti.

PENNECUIK, Captain Robert. Commander of the *Saint Andrew* and Commodore of the Company's fleet, member of the Council of the first Colony. Once an officer in the English Navy. Quarrelled with everybody, particularly the Drummonds. Died at sea after the desertion of the Colony.

PIMIENIA, Don Juan. Governor of Carthagena. Organized the attack on the second Colony by land and sea. Accepted its surrender.

PINCARTON, Captain Robert. Commander of the *Unicorn* and a member of the first Council. Aboard the *Dolphin*, he was captured by the Spanish and was their prisoner for nineteen months.

QUEENSBERRY, James Douglas, 2nd Duke of. King's Commissioner to the Estates, 1700. Opponent of the Company, and successfully prevented its party in Parliament from addressing the King. Slept through the Toubacanti Riot.

ROSE, Hugh. Secretary and Clerk to the first Colony. Kept an official journal of the voyage and landing.

RYCAUT, Sir Paul. English Resident at Hamburg. Successfully prevented the Scots from opening a subscription book there. Spied on their shipping.

SANDS, Captain Edward. Jamaican shipmaster, Moon's colleague. Brought supplies to the Colony.

SEAFIELD, James Ogilvy, 4th Earl of Findlater and 1st Earl of. The King's servant and principal enemy of the Company, as Secretary of State for Scotland, President of Parliament and

Commissioner. Submitted to the mob and agreed to the hanging of Thomas Green.

SMITH, James. A friend of William Paterson and a subscriber to the London book. A Director of the Company and sent by it to London, where he embezzled funds entrusted to him by Paterson.

SHIELDS, the Reverend Alexander. Minister to the second Colony. Served in Flanders as chaplain to the Cameronians. Resolute Covenanter. Died in Jamaica, having deserted the survivors.

SPENSE, Benjamin. Sailed with the first expedition as an interpreter. Captured by the Spanish on Cuba, sent to Spain and imprisoned with Pincarton.

STOBO, the Reverend Alexander. Minister to the second Colony. Deserted the *Rising Sun* in Carolina and never returned to Scotland.

TWEEDDALE, John Hay, 2nd Earl and 1st Marquis of. Lord Chancellor of Scotland. As Commissioner gave the Royal assent to the Act creating the Company, 1695. Dismissed by the King. Died 1697 and succeeded by his son

TWEEDDALE, John Hay, 2nd Marquis of. Member of the Council. General of the Company and Paterson's patron.

TULLIBARDINE, John Murray, Earl of. Joint Secretary of State for Scotland, 1696-8. Suspected of Jacobite sympathies, he veered between support for the Company and opposition to it.

TURNBULL, Lieutenant Robert. Company officer with the first expedition. Returned to Caledonia with Thomas Drummond from New York. Fought with Fonab at Toubacanti. Captain Pedro's friend.

VERNON, James. English Secretary of State. Originator of 'Mr Vernon's Line' and the Proclamation forbidding the American plantations to give aid or supplies to the Scots Colony. A resolute and cunning opponent of the Company.

VETCH, Captain Samuel. Son of a respected Covenanting minister. An officer of the Cameronians who became a company commander in the first expedition. Later a Councillor. Friend of the Drummonds and one of their party against Pennecuik.

Remained in New York, and was believed to have appropriated some of the Company's goods.

VETCH, Captain William. Brother of Samuel. An officer of the Scots Greys. Prevented by illness from joining the first expedition as a Councillor. Sailed with the second. Surrendered the Colony to the Spanish against Fonab's advice. Died at sea aboard the *Hope*.

WAFER, Lionel. Buccaneer surgeon. Lived and worked with the Indians in Darien. Wrote a book about them and the country, a manuscript copy of which Paterson gave to the Directors. Was later called secretly to Edinburgh by the Company, but was dismissed when the Directors had closely questioned him.

Ships

VESSELS OWNED OR CHARTERED BY THE COMPANY OF SCOTLAND

The First Expedition

SAINT ANDREW (Captain: Robert Pennecuik), launched at Hamburg and originally called *Instauration*. Abandoned at Port Royal, Jamaica.

CALEDONIA (Robert Drummond), launched at Hamburg. Returned to Scotland 1699.

UNICORN (Robert Pincarton), originally the *Saint Francis*, and re-named *Union* by James Gibson when he bought her in Amsterdam. Abandoned in New England.

DOLPHIN (Thomas Fullarton), originally a French ship, the *Royal Louis*, bought by Gibson in Amsterdam. Lost to the Spanish at Carthage.

ENDEAVOUR (John Malloch), bought by Dr John Munro at Newcastle. Sunk in Caribbean.

RELIEF SHIPS

- ANN OF CALEDONIA (Alexander Stewart), originally the *Anna*, bought by Thomas Drummond in New York and sailed back to Caledonia.
- DISPATCH (Andrew Gibson), wrecked off the coast of Islay, February 1699.
- OLIVE BRANCH (William Jameson), reached Darien in August 1699. Burnt in Caledonia Bay.
- HOPEFUL BINNING (Alexander Stark), also reached Caledonia in August 1699. Retired to Jamaica after the loss of the *Olive Branch*.
- SOCIETY, chartered at Saint Thomas by Drummond on his return to the Colony.

The Second Expedition

- RISING SUN (James Gibson), built at Amsterdam. Lost in a hurricane off Charleston with all hands, August 1700.
- DUKE OF HAMILTON (Walter Duncan), chartered, sunk by a hurricane in Charleston harbour, August 1700.
- HOPE OF BO'NESS (Richard Dalling), chartered. Surrendered to the Spanish at Carthagena, April 1700.
- HOPE (James Miller), bought by the Company. Wrecked off Cuba, August 1700.

RELIEF SHIPS

- SPEEDY RETURN (John Baillie), sailed from Clyde with Daniel Mackay, and took Thomas Drummond from Jamaica to Darien. Scuttled on the Malabar Coast by the pirate Bowen.
- CONTENT (Ninian Warden), chartered by Thomas Drummond for his second return to Colony. Bought by Company, lost by fire off the Malabar Coast.
- MARGARET (Leonard Robertson), brought Patrick MacDowall, supercargo, to Jamaica. Provisions she carried distributed among survivors of the second Colony.

OTHER VESSELS

MAIDSTONE (Ephraim Pilkington), a Jamaican sloop.

NEPTUNE (Richard Moon), a Jamaican sloop.

THREE SISTERS, a New England merchantman, sent to Darien with supplies from Scots sympathizers in New York.

RUPERT (Richard Long), English merchantman which came to spy on the Scots.

MAUREPAS (Duvivier Thomas), French ship wrecked in Caledonia Bay.

ADVENTURE (John Howell), a Glasgow vessel which the Drummonds attempted to seize at New York.

SAN JUAN BAUTISTA (Don Diego Peredo), flagship of the Spanish blockading fleet.

SAN ANTONIO, Spanish warship.

EL FLORIZANT, Spanish warship.

ANNANDALE (John ap-Rice), merchantman seized by the English East India Company to prevent it sailing under Scots colours.

WORCESTER (Thomas Green), English merchantman seized in the Firth of Forth by Roderick Mackenzie on behalf of the Company.

Chronology

1693

June 14 Scots Parliament passes *An Act for Encouraging Foreign Trade*. Companies may be formed to trade with any country not at war with the Crown.

1695

May 9 At the opening of the fifth session of the Scots Parliament, Lord Tweeddale announces that the King will approve legislation for the establishment of a colony, and the formation of a trading company.

William Paterson's draft for such an Act is carried to Scotland by James Chiesly.

- June 15 The Bill is first brought before the Estates and referred to the Committee for Trade.
- June 26 Lord Tweeddale touches the Act with the sceptre and gives it the Royal Assent.
- Aug. 29 First regular meeting of 'the gentlemen concerned with the Company' in London.
- Nov. 13 Subscription book for the Company of Scotland Trading to Africa and the Indies is opened in London. Entire issue of £300,000 is subscribed.
- Dec. 3 House of Lords debate the Scots Act.
- Dec. 5 London Directors of the Company are ordered to appear before the Lords.
- Dec. 17 Lords and Commons go to the King, presenting an Address of protest against the Scots Company. William III declares himself 'ill-served in Scotland'.
- 1696
- Jan. The London Directors have been examined by a Committee of the House of Commons. The House demands their impeachment. Subscribers withdraw and the English venture collapses. William Paterson leaves for Scotland.
- Feb. 26 The Company opens a Subscription Book in Edinburgh. Proposed capital for Scotland to be £400,000. A rush to take up stock.
- July 23 Paterson hands over to the Company all his papers relating to Darien. Proposes a trading *entrepôt* on the Isthmus.
- Aug. 1 Subscription Books are closed. The proposed capital had been reached, and the first call upon it made.
- Oct. Paterson leaves to open a Subscription Book in Hamburg. James Smith embezzles money entrusted to him by Paterson.
- 1697
- Jan. Paterson still in Amsterdam with Erskine and Haldane. Fail to interest Dutch merchants in the Company.
- Feb. Paterson and Erskine leave for Hamburg.

- April Final efforts to open a Subscription Book in Hamburg are defeated by Sir Paul Rycaut, English Resident.
- Sept. Paterson is examined by a special committee of the Company. He is exonerated, and acquitted of complicity in Smith's embezzlement, but is stripped of office in the Company.
- Nov. The Company's fleet assembles in the Forth : *Caledonia*, *Saint Andrew* and the *Unicorn*, joined later by the *Endeavour* and the *Dolphin*.
- 1698
- Jan. to Ships are equipped and loaded. Councillors, officers and
June Planters selected.
- July 14 The first expedition sails from Leith, anchors at Kirkcaldy.
- July 19 Fleet sails northward from Kirkcaldy.
- Aug. 26 All the ships have arrived safely at Madeira.
- Sept. 2 Fleet leaves Madeira.
- Sept. 28 First landfall in the West Indies.
- Oct. 3 Council takes possession of Crab Island in the name of the Company.
- Oct. 7 Fleet sails for Darien.
- Nov. 2 First landing in Caledonia Bay.
- Nov. 5 Sick are put ashore. More men land to clear the ground and build huts.
- Nov. 15 Arrival of Richard Long in the *Rupert*.
- Dec. 4 Treaty of friendship with Captain Andreas.
- Dec. 11 Arrival of the *Maurepas*.
- Dec. 28 The settlement declared a Colony of the Company of Scotland.
- Dec. 29 Alexander Hamilton leaves for Scotland with dispatches, journals etc. Major Cunningham also leaves the Colony.
- 1699
- Jan. The Barliavento Fleet anchors at Portobello. Spanish Governors consider steps to drive out the Scots.
The *Dispatch* leaves Leith with supplies, is wrecked on the coast of Islay.

- Feb. 5 The *Dolphin*, with Robert Pincarton aboard, is driven into Carthagena, strikes a rock and is taken by the Spanish.
- Feb. 6 Montgomerie's skirmish. The Conde de Canillas, President of Panama, abandons his attack on the Colony.
- March 11 The Council sends Lieutenant Maghie to Carthagena to protest against the imprisonment of Pincarton and his crew.
- March 25 Alexander Hamilton arrives in Edinburgh.
- April 10 Daniel Mackay leaves the Colony with dispatches for Edinburgh.
- April 21 Robert Jolly, James Montgomerie and William Murdoch leave the Colony.
- May. The *Olive Branch* and the *Hopeful Binning* sail from the Clyde with provisions and 300 men and women.
- May 18 Colony hears of the English Proclamations against the Colony. The Council prepares to abandon the settlement.
- June 22 Caledonia is totally abandoned except for six sick men.
- July The *Endeavour* is sunk soon after leaving Caledonia. The *Saint Andrew* reaches Jamaica.
- Aug. 4 The *Caledonia* reaches New York.
- Aug. 14 The *Unicorn* reaches New York.
- Aug. 18 Second expedition sails from the Clyde, anchors again in Rothesay Bay, waiting for a favourable wind.
- Sept. 22 Daniel Mackay leaves Edinburgh for the Clyde to join the second expedition. There have been rumours of the desertion of the Colony which he denies as ridiculous.
- Sept. 23 Second expedition sails without waiting for Mackay or extra provisions.
- Oct. 9 Rumours of the desertion are now confirmed by letters from New York.
- Oct. 12 The *Caledonia* sails from New York. Alexander Campbell of Fonab leaves Scotland for England, where he is to find a ship that will take him to the Caribbean and the Colony.

The Council-General of the Company agrees to ask Parliament to send an Address to the King, asking for his protection. Also send one in the name of the Company.

Daniel Mackay leaves for the Colony on the *Speedy Return*.

- Nov. 21 The *Caledonia* reaches the Clyde.
- Nov. 30 The second expedition arrives at the settlement. Finds Thomas Drummond there with two sloops.
- Dec. 4-5 Meeting of the Council and all officers. Agree to send 500 men and all the women to Jamaica.
- Dec. 12 The King expresses his disapproval of all Addresses to him, and orders his Privy Council in Scotland to make his displeasure known.
- Dec. 20 Alexander Campbell hanged for mutiny.
- Dec. 21 Thomas Drummond arrested by Byres and held a prisoner aboard the *Duke of Hamilton*.
- 1700
- Jan. 10 The King agrees to ask Spain for the release of the *Dolphin's* crew.
Robert Turnbull returns to the Colony from a visit to the Indians with reports of an imminent Spanish attack.
- Feb. 7 Byres deserts the Colony.
- Feb. 11 Arrival of Campbell of Fonab.
- Feb. 15 Fonab defeats the Spaniards at Toubacanti.
- Feb. 23 Spanish ships appear off the mouth of the harbour.
- Feb. 27 Thomas Drummond leaves the Colony.
- March 1 Don Melchor de Guevara lands to the east of the Isthmus, drives back a Scottish attack.
- March 3 Don Juan Pimienta lands with more men. He invites the Scots to surrender, and when they refuse, moves forward against the neck of the peninsula.
- March 5 The *Margaret* leaves Scotland with provisions and supplies for the Colony. Patrick Macdowall, supercargo, carries letters.
- March 18 Spanish cross the ditch at the neck and advance on the fort. The Council ask for terms.

- March 22 Truce ended and the fighting continues.
- March 25 In London, four members of the Council-General of the Company present an Address to the King. He tells them he has said all there is to say on the matter of the Company's grievances.
- March 30 Pimienta offers to treat with the Scots again.
- March 31 Articles of Capitulation are signed. The Scots have two weeks to leave with their ships, guns and supplies.
- April 1 Thomas Drummond returns to the Colony.
- April 12 The Colony is abandoned for the second time. Pimienta takes possession of it.
The *Hope of Bo'ness* sails to Carthagena. Her master surrenders the ship to the Spanish.
- May The *Rising Sun*, *Duke of Hamilton*, and *Hope* reach Jamaica and anchor off Blewfields.
- May 24 The Scots Parliament assembles but the Duke of Queensberry, Commissioner, prevents the Company's party from pressing for an Address to the King. He adjourns Parliament on the 30th.
- June 20 News of the victory at Toubacanti reaches Edinburgh. Rioting breaks out, mob in control of the city that night.
- June 28 Letter from New York informs the Company of the desertion of the second Colony.
- July The ships leave Jamaica. The *Hope* is wrecked soon
21/22 afterwards off the coast of Cuna.
- Aug. 14 The *Rising Sun* dismasted in a gale in the Gulf of Florida, sails on northwards.
- Aug. 20/24 The *Duke of Hamilton* and the *Rising Sun* reach Charleston in Carolina.
- Sept. 3 Both ships are sunk by a hurricane.
- Sept. 20 Pincarton and three other prisoners released from prison in Seville.
- Oct. 29 Scottish Parliament reassembles. Company's party begins its fight to declare Darien a legal settlement, and entitled to Parliament's protection.

- 1701
May The *Speedy Return* and the *Content* are sent to trade on the African coast.
- 1703
Late in the year the *Speedy Return* and the *Content*, now in the hands of the pirate John Bowen, are destroyed off the Malabar Coast.
- 1704
Jan. 31 The Company's chartered ship, the *Annandale* is seized in the Downs at the instigation of the East India Company.
- Aug. 12 The *Worcester* is seized in Leith Road as a reprisal for the taking of the *Annandale*.
- 1705
April 11 Thomas Green, captain of the *Worcester*, is hanged on Leith Sands with his mate and gunner, having been found guilty of pirating the *Speedy Return*.
- 1707
May 1 The Treaty of Union of the two Kingdoms of Scotland and England takes effect. By Article XV, the Company of Scotland is dissolved.

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SOURCES AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

ANY writer on this subject owes a profound debt to the scholarship of George Pratt Insh. In the early part of this century his discoveries recovered most of the original papers of the Company from dust and oblivion, and he found the work of research so fascinating an historical odyssey that he wrote a second book about it and gave it that title. His story of the Company of Scotland, published thirty-six years ago, is concerned less with events in Darien than those in Scotland, and the reasons for his brief and unsatisfying account of the second Colony, for example, remain inexplicable. Though I have returned to the original manuscript sources, and have gone to others unconsulted by Insh, it would be a gross impertinence for me to pretend that his work has not been of inestimable value, a guideline without which my own would have been harder and longer.

Though the Bannatyne Club's *Darien Papers* (1849), and Insh's *Darien Shipping Papers* (1924) contain basic manuscript material, including the journals of Rose and Pennecuik as well as Directors' and Councils' letters etc., they barely touch the great store still unpublished and which would make a library in themselves. There is young Colin Campbell's journal in the National Library, Pennecuik's letters in the Dalhousie Papers, Jolly's vindication and Wafer's amusing report of his visit to Scotland in the Hamilton Papers, Oswald's letters in the Robertson-Aikman Muniments, and so on.

The relevant Spanish papers from the Archives of the Indies and elsewhere were published as a great appendix to Hart's general account of Darien, forty years ago. I acknowledge the enormous value of these, without which it would be impossible to understand the last days of the Colony. The account of the attempt to establish the Company in London is based upon the Journals of the House of Lords and the House of Commons, as well as Paterson's letters in the *Darien Papers*. Events in Hamburg come from Rycaut's letters in the Lansdowne MSS, and as published in the *Darien Shipping Papers* by Insh. Much of the material involving England and the English Colonies comes from the Calendar of State Papers, both

Domestic and American.

The spelling of many names varies considerably throughout the manuscripts. Pennecuik is sometimes Pennycook. Pincarton may be Pinkerton or Pinkarton. Benjamin Spense is Spencer, Spensor or even Penso. I adhered to that spelling which pleased me, as other writers have chosen that which pleased them.

The use of private letters and journals, scattered throughout manuscript sources has, I think, made this the first detailed account of events in the Colony. Without a full knowledge of what happened there it is almost impossible to understand the traumatic effect of the disastrous undertaking. No mention has hitherto been made of the connection between the Massacre of Glencoe and the Darien Settlement, the fact that many of those involved in the former also served in the latter, and that the memory of the massacre aggravated the contention and disunion of the Colony's leaders.

It must also be said, I think, that forty years ago when Insh and others were writing about the Company, the story had no relevance to contemporary Scottish affairs. This is certainly not true today. In the current political and social mood of Scotland there are strong and recognizable echoes of the temper of that kingdom toward the end of the seventeenth century. It may seem bizarre to present events in Scotland today as source-material for a book on something that happened more than two and a half centuries ago, but I do so with all sincerity. The undertow of history is strong.

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