



"You will know them by their fruits." Mt. 7:16

The Glory of Rome in the early 1700's

Rome was, in a sense, a fitting setting for the court of a Pretender, antique pretense hiding a shabby reality. In the early eighteenth century Rome was a grandiose shell of ruins and parkland inhabited by a small population catering to hordes of tourists, most of them English. Immensely broad avenues stretched away across long distances, flanked by magnificent churches, villas and public buildings.

Wide piazzas adorned by opulent fountains and towering antique statues drew crowds of sightseers, beggars, peasants driving heavily laden donkeys and idlers resting from the midday heat. The Forum, then known as the Cow Field, or Campo Vaccino, was a jumble of submerged arches, towers and columns through which livestock wandered. Weeds sprouted from the ruins, bits of fluted marble and carved capitals jutted from the dirt and mud underfoot. Tumbledown huts and cottages, some built from the ruins, leaned against monuments, their occupants lounging in the shade of patches of trees. Animals were tethered in the Colosseum, which was little more than a dilapidated dunghill.

Yet despite its dilapidation, the sheer scale of the city overwhelmed the visitor and lent grandeur to ordinary events. Buildings were outsize, monuments huge and imposing, as if built to accommodate giants. The stairways that led up the steep hillsides were wide enough for twenty people to walk abreast. Thousands could crowd into the enormous squares. The vast porticoes of the basilicas alone provided shade and a communal gathering place for hundreds, while the extensive gardens and fields swallowed up hundreds more. Rome was not only grand, it was solemn, the gravity of the ancient ruins compounded by the weighty majesty of the baroque. Across the grand piazzas, tall antique columns faced massive neoclassical facades, heroic statues looked out on monumental domes and scenic balustrades. Over all floated wide skies and, for much of the year, a mercilessly hot sun.

Part of Rome's drama lay in her climate, the heat, dust and flies of summer alternating with the frigid winter when the marshes froze and the wind swept cruelly down the wide avenues. Mortality from malaria and plague was always high in the hot season, and in the cold, beggars died of exposure and the weak, the very old and the very young succumbed to chills and tuberculosis. Pilgrims avoided the city in the pestilence-ridden summer months, and residents who could afford it left for the countryside until cooler weather set in.

The ever present risk of disease was made worse by the filth which was piled up against the houses and then left to rot there in malodorous mounds. Streets were never swept, and the narrow alleys of the poor quarters reeked with the mingled scents of garbage, sewage and garlic. Street vendors who offered fish, chicken and vegetables threw their scraps on the ground wherever they happened to be; housewives and servants too threw every sort of waste into the gutter. Fastidious visitors to Rome were appalled at

the casual way the Romans relieved themselves against the venerable arches and columns that adorned their city, and did not hesitate to turn courtyards and hotel porches into public conveniences. It was no wonder, the visitors remarked, that the richer residents avoided going about on foot and used sedan chairs or carriages even when traveling very short distances. Such squalor was not unique to Rome among eighteenth-century European cities, but the sharpness of the contrast between rich and poor, grandeur and wretchedness was unusually marked there. Hovels straggled in untidy rows alongside marble palaces. Ragged children howled and held out their dirty hands to beg coins from passing gentlemen in black silk stockings, silken capes and perfectly powdered wigs. Goatherds jostled aristocrats in embroidered waistcoats flashing with diamond buttons. Except in the worst weather the poor gathered, bedraggled and unwashed, in the piazzas, where they enjoyed the spectacle provided by the prosperous riding by in their painted and gilded litters or on their beautifully groomed horses, gleaming with silver bits and harness and gold saddlecloths. Most impressive of all were the carriages of the princes of the Church, carved and ornamented works of art inlaid with jewels.

If the contrast between wealth and poverty was unusually evident, that between spiritual and sensual was even more so. Rome was a city of clergy, their numbers so great that at times they appeared to form the largest element in the population. Yet in some quarters, streetwalkers and courtesans seemed to be even more numerous, parading aggressively along streets where religious processions were an equally common sight. And the greatest clerics were not infrequently the most worldly, using their vast wealth to subsidize very earthy recreations. The city's shrines to the Virgin and the saints, her chapels and oratories, her magnificent churches all invited the contemplation of divine mysteries. At the same time, the ruins of Rome's secular glory, the rich and pungent odors of her cuisine, even the fragrance of orange blossom and narcissus and jasmine rising from her gardens tugged visitors in the opposite direction, toward the voluptuous enjoyment of earthly pleasures.

The contrast between spiritual and sensual was at its most inescapable during the eight days of the Roman Carnival, just before the beginning of Lent on Ash Wednesday, when in a noisy outburst of exuberance the populace surged en masse up and down the Corso, disguised as Harlequins, Punchinellos, pirates, gods and goddesses, sultans, artists and buffoons. Their disguises making them daring, they danced and shouted their way along, throwing confetti and paper streamers and handfuls of flour at one another and at the spectators who sat in benches along the periphery of the avenue. The maskers wove in and out between carriages filled with more revelers, among them the city authorities and other prominent notables, and escorted large triumphal floats on which oriental potentates and exotic horsemen and mythological figures posed amid antique pillars and woodland scenes and artificial hills.

The spectacle went on throughout the day and evening, becoming wilder, more violent and lascivious as the day wore on. Toward the end of the afternoon the centerpiece of the Carnival day, the race of the Barbary horses, was staged. Soldiers rode down the length of the Corso, clearing it of carriages and merrymakers. A layer of sand was laid down over the paving stones to prevent the horses from losing their footing, and the crowd, pressed back against the walls of the buildings, waited for the race to begin. The horses, bred from Berber stock, were swift and high-strung, and were goaded to a bleeding frenzy by sharp barbs that cut into their backs and made them run crazily through the street as the crowd roared and cheered. The brutality of the spectacle only added to the pleasure it gave, and the owner of the winning horse became a local hero.

Every night there were comedies and dances in the great houses, and on Sundays the Carnival was brought into the churches. Musicians played, worshipers sang and the holy statues were garlanded with flowers. For eight days restraint and inhibition were forgotten, excess ruled. Then suddenly, when a signal was given signifying the beginning of Ash Wednesday, the tumult came to an end, and for the forty days of Lent Rome was quiet. Easter brought a return to noise and celebration, however, with the dancing, shouting and merrymaking resumed.

Rome was, in fact, in a near-constant state of celebration. There were some one hundred and fifty holidays during the year -church feasts, saints' days and other festivals. Beyond this, individual neighborhoods had their own celebrations and fairs, whose disruptive jollity discouraged people in adjacent neighborhoods from working. Seasonal celebrations too were observed, some of them pre-Christian in origin. And on days when there was no official holiday, the Romans looked forward to the constant entertainment offered by the pageantry of the papal court.

Every time a new pope was installed, he went through the streets in a gorgeous procession, escorted by a glittering retinue of prelates, nobles, papal troops on foot and on horseback. Ceremonies hundreds of years old were periodically reenacted by the pope and cardinals, or by other high-ranking members of the court. Foreign ambassadors on their way to and from the papal palace were accompanied by soldiers, guardsmen and escorts of pages and valets, and because the spectacle was too elaborate to miss the populace customarily turned out to watch. Splendid religious processions added to the list of public events. And on the greatest occasions, the palaces of the aristocracy might be opened to the public, along with their spacious gardens, and for several hours the denizens of the street could wander through the grand rooms, lit with brilliant candelabra, tasting delicate morsels offered them on silver trays by liveried servants.

Grand, dramatic, ultimately artificial, Rome provided the showy backdrop to Prince Charles's childhood. It was an environment which fostered fantasies and grandiose dreams of glory, extravagant living and bold bids for acclaim. Everything was theatrical, nothing mundane. Realism, intellectual rigor, even common sense were assaulted on every side by imagination and illusion, by the sense of timelessness and limitlessness. Such was the vivid, flamboyant urban stage which formed the young prince's conception of the grander stage of the world. (*you see where Brazil obtained some of its colour, and the lascivious hordes their loyalty to this church?*)

Scotland the Brave

The English, in the middle of the eighteenth century, thought of Scotland as an impossibly remote, sparsely populated region with a boreal climate and a bleak, treeless landscape. Its mountains were "black and frightful," one traveler wrote, its hills bore "a most hideous aspect." "The huge naked rocks, being just above the heath," another visitor commented "produce the disagreeable appearance of a scabbed head."

"The face of the country is wild, rugged and desolate," wrote John Home in his contemporary history of the 1745 rising, "as is well expressed by the epithets given to the mountains, which are called the gray, the red, the black, and the yellow mountains, from the color of the stones of which in some places they seem to be wholly composed, or from the color of the moss, which, in other places, covers them like a mantle." (Another writer suggested slightly different palette, describing Highland scenery as "of a dismal brown drawing upon a dirty purple, and most of all disagreeable when the heath is in bloom.")

To venture forth into this blighted wilderness was an act of reckless courage, for

there were no roads in the usual sense, only narrow dirt tracks and the paths beaten out by cattle being driven to market. These deeply rutted, boulder-strewn pathways turned to swamps in wet weather, and in the long frigid winters the swamps froze over and were buried under deep snowdrifts. Horses could barely stumble their way along; for carriages the going was nearly impossible.

Before starting out, the intrepid travelers had to assure themselves that their carriage was in good repair, and some even took the precaution of carrying a wheelwright along with them so that when the axletree broke -as it almost invariably did -the driver did not have to leave them stranded while he searched the deserted countryside for a blacksmith. Often a footman rode ahead, armed with pistols and broadsword, to warn of obstructions in the path or fend off highwaymen, while two more footmen rode alongside the carriage carrying long poles with which to extricate it from the mud. Delays for repairs normally added several days to the journey. While they were being made, the travelers took refuge in the nearest tumbledown inn while the wind howled and rain cascaded down the mountainsides in torrents. Or, where there was no inn, they simply waited in the open air, at the mercy of the elements, while repairs were made on the road. The horses were unhitched, and villagers were recruited to bring carts and lumber and heavy tools out to the site of the accident. Many hours later, the journey was resumed.

Conditions in the Lowlands were bad enough, but travel in the highlands, to the west of a line stretching from Dumbarton in the the west to the Moray Firth in the northeast, was nearly impossible. No carriage could climb the mountains; indeed the going was rough even for horses, and most travel was on foot. Beyond the inconvenience and sheer arduousness of going even short distances, visitors were put off by the nature of Highland life itself. There were no cities or towns, no commerce, virtually no agriculture. The itinerant Highlanders devoted themselves entirely, it seemed to outsiders, to following herds of emaciated black cattle through the mountains, nearly starving in winter and reviving briefly in the chill far northern summer.

The hardihood of the Highlanders was inexhaustible. The clan chiefs and their principal retainers recreated themselves by taking to the high hills in winter, oblivious of the snow, to hunt for game. For days at a time they scorned shelter, sleeping on the frozen ground wrapped in their plaids, eating the game they killed and drinking the few bottles of whiskey they brought along with them. The common folk spent the winters in mean sod or turf cottages. sleeping on bare boards with heath or straw beneath them. In the summer they left the "winter towns" for the hill pastures, and lived there in temporary huts, moving on when the grazing gave out. They managed to subsist on fish and game, and on what the cattle provided -not only milk and butter and cheese but the thick pudding made from the blood of the cows, boiled and solidified.

Hardy as they were, people and cattle alike became enfeebled during the snowy winters and many did not survive to face another dark spring. In years of abnormally cold weather, famine and disease forced people down out of the Highlands into Lowland town or across the water to Ireland. These "hungry years" decimated the countryside; in some parishes fully a third of the population died. and the abandoned pastures and winter towns did not come to life again for decades.

Such desperate hardship was almost beyond the comprehension of the few English who found their way north of the Highland Line. A scant, starveling -if ferociously combative people clinging to their bleak hillsides and wedded to their backward customs: such was the impression the visitors received. Efforts by well-meaning outsiders to improve the lot of the Highlanders met with truculent rejection. When

ryegrass and clover were introduced for use as "hay" for winter feed, the Scots rejected them as "English weeds" and refused absolutely to change their traditional habits. And when for military use, roadways were built connecting the principal forts, the Highlanders complained that the gravel was hard on the hooves of their unshod horses, which traveled far more comfortably on heather.

Mutual incomprehension between the Highlanders and most outsiders -including Lowland Scots, who contemptuously referred to the Highlanders as "Irish" -was perhaps inevitable, for the Highlands were as remote culturally as they were geographically. The prevailing customs, particularly those of the islands off the west coast, mingled Christian and pre-Christian observances and were exotic indeed by English standards.

In his *Description of the Western Isles of Scotland*, Martin Martin, himself a Highlander, recorded his observations made on a tour of the islands in 1703.

Martin found the Western Isles to be a charmed world where, as on the island of Rona, the people repeated the Lord's Prayer and Apostles' Creed in their chapel on Sunday mornings and went home to propitiate spirits with gifts of milk and oatcakes. Whenever Martin put to sea in the course of his journey the steersman and crew of the boat recited a liturgy of blessing. "Let us bless our ship," the steersman called out, and the crew answered, "God the Father bless her." "Let us bless our ship," the steersman called again, and this time the answer came, "Jesus Christ bless her." A third repetition invoked the blessing of the Holy Ghost, after which came more questions and answers, ending with the resounding cry, "We do not fear any thing!"

All this was orthodox enough, but Martin noted that the sailors hung a goat from the boat's mast to ensure a favorable wind, and consulted oracles before starting out on their journey. He also recorded that they were careful, when turning around, always to turn "sun-ways" -that is, from east to west, in the direction of the sun -lest they bring bad luck on themselves or their ventures. A great deal of the islanders' attention and energy went into preventing misfortune. They were afraid of being carried off by ghosts, and of the fairies who came in the night to steal newborn babies. When there was a birth, friends came to stand in a circle around the cradle and guard the baby, keeping vigil all night and holding the Bible aloft to ward off danger. Another peril to be averted was that which arose from praising any animal without adding "Luck fare the beast," or admiring a child without saying "God bless the bairn" immediately afterward. Unless these propitiatory phrases were added, the cow might die or the child might grow up a cripple.

All the islanders used incantations and charms to protect themselves from *scaith*, or evil. They carried fire in a circle around their beasts to keep them safe from injury. They made pilgrimages to holy wells, where spirits lived, to seek healing or advice. They repeated magic words to make their cows give more milk and hung branches of mountain ash in their stalls to keep them healthy. On the first of May they built Beltane fires and danced around them, throwing pieces of oatcake over their shoulders and chanting, "This to thee, protect my cattle," "This to thee, O fox, spare my sheep," and "This to thee, O hooded crow, save my lambs."

Children in the Western Isles wore amulets made of beans to warn them of danger from the evil eye. The beans turned black if anyone with the "uncanny eye" came near -a likely occurrence, the Highlanders believed, because so many people possessed it.

Martin preserved vivid images of life on the more remote islands. images of young men riding at breakneck speed along the frigid beaches, whipping their horses forward

with a long piece of seaweed; of stalwart fisherwomen who waded out through the freezing water to their boats, carrying their husbands on their backs in order to keep the men's feet dry; (the women worked near the hearth, while the men were fishing all day) of drinking rituals lasting for several days, in which people drank whiskey distilled from oatmeal and so strong that to drink more than a spoonful of two "would presently stop a man's breath and endanger his life."

Here as elsewhere in the Highlands it was difficult to grow any sort of crop. The islanders laboriously broke the salty, stony ground with small wooden-toothed harrows, which they drew themselves, sparing the horses. Then, using spades, they turned the soil over, covering it with seaweed to fertilize it. Beyond what little they grew, their diet was augmented by milk and cheese, fish, and "sea pork" -the flesh of whales, hunted in the shallow island bays and driven in shoreward to beach themselves. When famine came the islanders were reduced to living on boiled goat's milk -and survived so well on it that the hardiest among them lived to a very advanced old age. Martin was introduced to one ancient islander who claimed to be a hundred and thirty years old, and who still had vigor enough to labor with his hands.

Throughout the Highlands scarcity and austerity were norms of life, for rich and poor alike. The clan chiefs lived in huge, turreted fortresses with wide moats and capacious courtyards. Yet such castles provided grandeur without luxury; indoors, the bare plaster walls were unadorned, the small, bare rooms were dark and freezing cold. Travelers were amazed to discover how simply the chiefs lived, rising early, eating gruel and oatmeal cakes from wooden or pewter plates, dressing in rather shabby plaids, and, as likely as not, slipping further and further into debt each year. Even the wealthiest and most powerful among them reckoned the value of their estates in the number of fighting men they could supply, not in money. Coins were scarce throughout Scotland; the only banks were in Edinburgh, and barter was common. Highland landowners in need of money drove their black cattle down to the market at Falkirk or Crieff and sold them to English graziers. They were a colorful sight in the cattle market, threadbare but dignified in their plaids and blue bonnets, their poniards and broadswords gleaming at their sides, speaking Gaelic and trying to make themselves understood.

The chiefs were princely, despite their relative poverty; the common folk, on the other hand, lived in uncommon squalor. "The nastiness of the lower people is really greater than can be reported," one traveler wrote. "Their faces are colored with smoke; their hair is long and almost covers their faces."⁴ Indeed it was nearly impossible for them to keep clean, for the peat smoke that warmed them left their skin brown and tough, and they had to share their cramped, smoke-filled hovels with their cattle. Besides, the layers of dirt helped to keep them warm. "Muck makes luck," went one proverb. "The mair dirt the less hurt."

Prosperous cottagers had two rooms, but most families had only one, whose walls were of turf or unmortared stone. A hole in the roof let out the thick smoke, but there were no windows; the only light came through small gables -which had to be stuffed with rags or straw when the wind blew. The workday began, between March and October, at four in the morning, and went on until seven or eight in the evening -even later during harvest time. The prized self-sufficiency of the Highlanders was earned at the cost of feeding and watering the cattle, digging peat and carrying it on horseback from the moors, spinning flax and woolen yarn to weave into cloth, and dozens of similarly time-consuming tasks. And all this labor often made a sordid ending, for when the Highlanders brought their cattle to market they were at the mercy of the shrewd buyers, who knew how far they had traveled and how desperate they were to sell their

emaciated beasts. More often than not the cattle brought only a few shillings a head, and the cycle of Highland poverty continued.

Such was the view outsiders had of the harsh life north of the Highland Line. Its ugliness repelled them, its inconveniences astounded them, its culture alienated them, and its squalor inspired in them more revulsion than pity.

But theirs was a partial and myopic view. For if the Highlands were not the mist-shrouded paradise of the Romantic imagination, and if they were largely Irish in culture, their own distinctive traditions being thin in depth and recent in origin, still there was more to Highland life than most visitors perceived.

For one thing, they tended to underrate the extent to which clan attachments compensated for poverty and physical hardship. "Though poor, I am noble," went one saying among the Macleans. "Thank God I am a Maclean." Who carried the clan chief's name carried at least some of his power and dignity; one chief claimed that the members of his clan, however lowly, were "all gentlemen." Pride of clan was a cohesive force that no outsider could fully comprehend; it gave each individual his or her identity, indeed it would not be much of an exaggeration to say that it gave life meaning.

The clans began and ended with the chief, the *Cean Cinne* or Head of the Kindred. As the senior member of the great extended kindred to which all clan members theoretically belonged, the chief was revered and loved with a fervor approaching idolatry. The Highlander's most sacred oath, wrote the historian John Home, was to swear by the hand of his chief. "The constant exclamation, upon any sudden accident, was, may God be with the chief, or may the chief be uppermost." Every clansman was ready to die for the chief. Highlanders had been known "to interpose their bodies between the pointed musket, and their chief, and to receive the shot which was aimed for him."

The clan chiefs, and the heads of the septs (the principal cadet branches of the family), or chieftains, looked on themselves as virtually independent sovereigns, secure in the natural fortresses of the inaccessible mountains and protected by the fighting men of their clans. They feared one another, but no outside power—certainly not the power of the English king, many hundreds of miles away to the south, or his ministers or Parliament.

The chiefs were a law unto themselves, and when disputes arose between them, they went to war, as often as not, for legal decisions of the Court of Session in Edinburgh had little practical force in the Highlands. To their clansmen, the chiefs were magistrate, judge and general rolled into one. They arbitrated conflicts and the decisions made at their tribunals were final.

There was something of the feudal lord about a clan chief, and even more of the patriarch. "His habitation," Home wrote, "was the place of general resort, the scene of martial and manly exercises; a number of the clan constantly attended him both at home and abroad, the sons of the most respectable persons of the name lived a great part of the year at his house, and were bred up with his children." Though the chief was not necessarily a landholder, and the ties that bound him to his clan members were strictly ties of blood and not of place or tenancy, in many cases the chief's lands were given out to his closest relatives, who in turn divided them among their relatives and adherents. Thus territoriality, along with a common surname and common ancestry, made the clan cohere.

To be sure, by the middle of the eighteenth century, changes had begun to come to Highland society. Some chiefs' and chieftains' sons were sent to the Lowlands to

college; there they learned refinement in dress, speech and manners, and unlearned to despise Lowland culture. Some chiefs had begun to cultivate business interests, with contacts in the Lowlands and elsewhere. Others invested in the West Indies trade, or speculated in land in the New World. There were small signs, here and there, that the absolute, unquestioned power of the chiefs was marginally eroding. But only marginally: if clansmen occasionally disregarded the interests of their chiefs, it was only in small things; they were still his to command, particularly in war.

Indeed it was the archaic, near-mystical force of the chief himself which made the clan system work. The Macdonald chiefs were called "Buachaille nan Eileanan", Shepherd of the Isles, and the idea of the chief as the protective shepherd of his flock, or father of his children, was pervasive. In the Hebrides, according to Martin, the MacNeill chief took responsibility for seeing to it that every widow and widower among his people remarried -and he chose new spouses for them all. The MacNeill also gave shelter to elderly members of the clan too feeble to care for themselves, and fed the clansmen lavishly at his own table. The fact that the chiefs, in their capacity as supreme judge, sometimes hanged members of the flock who displeased them -and hanged them, it must be added, for trifling offenses -did not diminish the reverence in which they were held. Rather it was a harsh reminder of the chief's superiority, and of the stark ferocity that made him a valued leader in time of war.

That the clan chief should lead his men in battle was long-established custom. His sons or nephews were his principal subordinate commanders; together with his piper, his swordbearer and armorbearer, they fought beside him and died, if necessary, to save him. When the clan marched out to make war, the chief drew blood from the first animal he encountered, sprinkling it on his banner to baptize it for the combat to come. He and his clansmen pledged one another's health in cups of their own blood from time to time as well. Such gory rituals were commonplace in the bellicose Highlands where feuding clans did their best to exterminate each other, burning and killing with exuberance and carrying on the quest for vengeance generation after generation. One ferocious clan chief earned the admiration of his clansmen for having killed an English officer by tearing out his throat with his teeth.

In such a climate of barbarity it was not surprising that neither the king's peace nor the law of the land was heeded. Within each clan the chief's word ruled, but when it came to conflict between clans, as Home wrote, "the sword was the arbiter of all disputes. Reprisal, rapine and revenge were everpresent facts of life. "Hence, fierceness of heart, prompt to attack or defend, at all times and places, became the characteristic of the Highlanders.

If they were to be perpetually ready for war, then they had to dress and arm themselves as warriors. And indeed they carried their broadswords and dirks, muskets and pistols everywhere they went -in defiance of the legislation which, in the aftermath of the Fifteen, banned all weapons in the Highlands. Even Highland clergymen carried broadswords when they went to church; their parishioners followed suit, and went to fairs, weddings, and other public gatherings accoutered as if going to war.

It was this warlike cast of mind, combined with the outlandish magnificence of their plaids and bonnets, that made outsiders fear the Highlanders -these things plus the knowledge that in facing a Highlander in battle, one was not facing an individual but an irresistible phalanx of clansmen. As soldiers they lacked discipline, Home remarked, "but the spirit of clanship, in some measure, supplied the want of discipline, and brought them on together; for when a clan advanced to charge an enemy, the head of the kindred, the chief, was in his place, and every officer at his post,

supported by his nearest relations, and most immediate dependents."

The force of blood was stronger than the force of discipline. Father, son and brother stood together, with cousins and uncles on all sides. Against such a force of nature, the hastily recruited, badly trained and bedraggled government regiments might be expected to lay down their arms and run. Or so Charles hoped, as he marched his men out of Perth on September 11, intent on capturing Edinburgh.

(and so Bonnie Prince Charlie did, and marched through the snowdrifts to within a hundred miles of London, too. But as Catholics that knew little or nothing of Protestantism or England, they were a made tools of cunning Popish and French ambitions. For this they were not only defeated by a vast army with cavalry and cannons loaded with grapeshot, but the whole Highlands were subjected to deliberate genocide afterwards.)

How would you like this for a mother in law?

Clementina's mother, Katharine Walkinshaw, was, according to her great-granddaughter who wrote of her in 1822, "a woman of superior abilities" with "a firm undaunted, I may say manly, character" whose boast it was that "she had never leaned back in a chair." She ruled her ten daughters with firmness, refusing to let any of them sit in her presence without her permission and regulating their lives energetically. Family tradition had it that when important relations came to call, Katharine permitted only the most attractive of her daughters to present themselves, locking the others in the garret until the visitors left. She lived to be at least ninety, and was still capable of dancing vigorously to country tunes into her tenth decade. (Berry, pp. 7-8.)



From: "Bonnie Prince Charlie" by C. Erickson. William Morrow & Co. Inc. NY

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