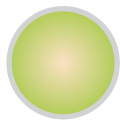


## Trail Guide:



**Go back in time and imagine yourself living in an English town in the middle of the 18th century, about six generations ago.**

### DERBY 1745

Imagine yourself a citizen of a small town in middle England in the first half of the 18th century, perhaps no more than six generations ago.

The year is 1745. The place is Derby. It is winter. It is Wednesday, 4th December and it is cold. You have lived all your life in this comfortable place and you know quite a few of its 6000 inhabitants. Your king, George II, 130 miles away in London, is remote in distance, and from your loyalty. Who are these new German rulers imposed on England just 31 years ago? Are they here to stay?

For weeks now, you have heard unsettling rumours that the "Young Pretender" is on the move southwards with his Scottish army.

This Pretender is no less a person than Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir Stuart, the son of James Edward, the Old Pretender to the British Crown, and grandson of King James II who was forced to abdicate in 1688 for his Roman Catholic faith and his tolerance of Catholic and Protestant dissenters. And because he had a son who may have continued his father's policies. And, although you don't yet know this, the approaching Scottish Highlander is neither a Scot nor a Highlander. Born to a half Scottish, half Italian father and a Polish princess, he was educated on the Continent and spent much of his youth in France.

Now what of politics? Whigs? Tories? Who are these people? You know that many of the grandees of the

town and country belong to one of these groups and it appears that the Whigs were the ones prepared to exclude James II's son from the succession in order to promote the Dutch William of Orange to the British throne. The Tories, it seems, were the ones who upheld the hereditary rights of King James despite the risks of Catholicism becoming the state religion.

And now news is coming through that Charles' army has reached Ashbourne, just 12 miles north-west of Derby. What should I do, who should I support: the monarchy, the established order, the law; or this legitimate intruder who just might reach London, might oust the Hanoverian George and appoint his own father as James III?

No use looking to the gentry for guidance. They have already fled. Nor to the hastily assembled Derbyshire Regiment [the "Derbyshire Blues"] under the Duke of Devonshire for all 700 have contrived to leave the town "in order to re-group". Not even the Mayor or the magistrates remain, fearful, no doubt, of violence or having, publicly, to take sides.

So what is to become of me, my family and my friends for we have no horses and fine carriage to take us to safety?

And now, soldiers are beginning to arrive on horseback followed by foot soldiers. The army seems to be a disciplined body even though some soldiers appear to be accompanied by their wives or girlfriends!

### Trail Key:



Walking



Car



Bus



Cycling



Scenic



Historic



2hr

Time



40<sup>km</sup>  
25<sup>miles</sup>

Distance

### Difficulty Rating for walks:



Easy



Moderate



Strenuous

This trail is one of 44 exciting trails to explore in the Peak District & Derbyshire.

As the day continues, more and more troops arrive heading for the **Market Place (1)** where local people have hauled wood to light bonfires, whether as a symbol of welcome, I'm not sure. But I sense that many hereabouts, being uncomfortable with change, are secretly sympathetic to the Jacobite cause though, of course, they would not dare to reveal such allegiance. The main business throughout the day is to find billets for the enormous quantity of visitors and though we can't guess their number, it feels as though our town has doubled in size within a few hours. The streets are congested, the stores overflowing.

We have tried to speak to some of the soldiers but even when their language is English and not Gaelic, we find it difficult to understand their foreign accent. Maybe they have the same problem with us! They treat us well enough though I must admit that I noticed a few pairs of shoes and the odd horse being "requisitioned". Though obviously tired, their general mood is one of high spirits and confidence coupled with a keen determination to press ahead quickly to the capital in order to complete their task.

I have spent much of the day in and around the **Market Place**, fascinated by the swirl of the pipes, the camaraderie of the troops, the smells of so much food being prepared and the warmth of the blazing fires. Now, however, it is early evening and I must walk along **Sadler Gate (2)** to collect a pair of shoes from the cobblers.

Coming out from the leather shop, I hear a deep rumbling in the distance and as I travel home down Sadler Gate, the rumble becomes louder and the sounds more distinct. As I reach the **Sadler Gate bridge** over **Markeaton brook**, I realise that this is the sound of hundreds of marching feet and they are marching towards me along **Friar Gate (3)**!

On foot, at the vanguard of this disciplined battalion is a six-foot tall, straight-backed, slender figure, proud and majestic, his hair in the fashionable bob-wig, capped with a green bonnet laced with gold. With a handsome face of good complexion, this must be Charles Edward Stuart, the Young Pretender, now turning his soldiers towards **Queen Street (4)**, the pale watery sun of winter falling on his Highland plaid and broadsword.

And later still that evening, the bells of **All Saints Church (5)** peal out to announce Vespers.

#### Thursday, 5 December

Some kind of High Mass has been celebrated which has caused consternation amongst some of the congregation. There are whispers that a French priest may have conducted the service.

Throughout the day, the soldiers mill about. Whilst no doubt enjoying their enforced rest they seem anxious to march onwards to London but before they can proceed, the Council of War must assemble at **Exeter House (6)** to resolve the marching plan and military strategy. As the first meeting ends, the Prince rides off with two colleagues. And, some days later, we learn that the Pretender had been to visit a number of Jacobite supporters in the area to drum up more money for his cause.

Following a second meeting of the Council, we observed the senior commanders, many angry or with long faces, disperse in several directions.

#### Friday, 6 December

To our utter astonishment, the troops are rallied early in the morning and instead of marching south towards **Swarkestone Bridge** which we know has been seized by the Highlanders, they march north-west from the town, back along those same roads by which they entered: back to Ashbourne!

Has the audacious revolution failed? What is happening? History is about to unravel!

For the full story and conclusion of this major episode in the history of our nation, there are many books to consult, chief of which are :

W.B.Blaikie: The Origins of the Forty-Five

Winifred Duke: various histories

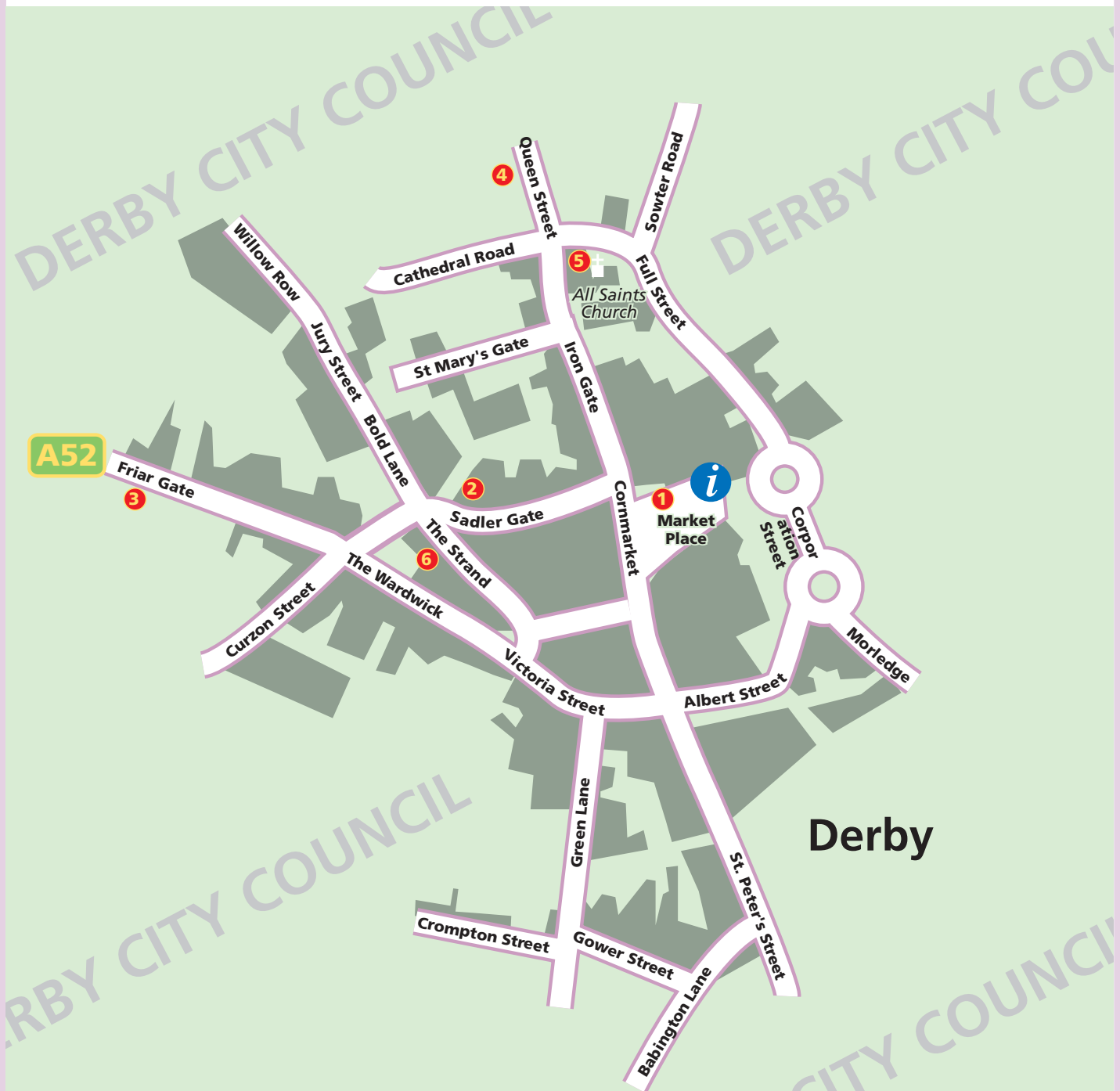
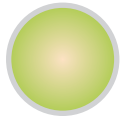
L.Eardley-Simpson: Derby and the Forty-Five

Carl.L.Klose: Memoirs of Prince Charles Stuart, Count of Albany [an excellent history]

Andrew Lang: Prince Charles Edward

Compton Mackenzie: Prince Charlie

For the atmosphere of the times, "Redgauntlet" and "Waverley" by Sir Walter Scott and "Midwinter" by John Buchan are well worth reading.



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DERBY CITY COUNCIL

This trail is one of 44 exciting trails to explore in the Peak District & Derbyshire.

