

Extracted from
Memoirs of the Jacobites of 1715 and 1745
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Flora MacDonald

THE character of this celebrated woman, heroic, yet gentle, was formed in the privacy of the strictest Highland seclusion. She was born in the island of South Uist, in 1720: she was the daughter of Macdonald of Milton. The Clan of her family was that of Macdonald of Clanranald; the Chief of which is called in Gaelic, Mackire-Allein, and in English, the captain of Clan Ranald. The estate of this Chief, which is held principally from the Crown, is situated in Moidart and Arisaig on the continent of Scotland, and in the islands of Uist, Benbecula, and Rum. His vassals, capable of military service, amounted in 1745 to five hundred. (*General Stewart's Sketches of the Highlanders, vol. ii. p. 5. App*)

The Hebrides were at that time regarded in the more civilized parts of Europe somewhat in the same light as the Arctic regions are now considered by the inhabitants of England, and other polished nations: "When I was at Ferney in 1764," Boswell relates, "I mentioned our design (of going to the Hebrides) to Voltaire. He looked at me as if I had talked of going to the North Pole, and said, "You do not insist on my accompanying you?" "No, sir." "Then I am very willing you should go." In this remote, and, in the circles of London, almost unknown region, Flora MacDonald was born and educated.

The death of her father, Macdonald of Milton, when she was only a year old, made an important change in the destiny of the little Highland girl. Her mother married again and became the wife of Macdonald of Armadale in Skye. Flora was, therefore, removed from the island of South Uist to an island which was nearer to the means of acquiring information than her native place.

It was a popular error of the times, more especially among the English Whigs, to regard the Highlanders of every grade, as an ignorant, barbarous race. So far as the lowest classes were concerned, this imputation might be well-founded, though certainly not so well as it has much longer been in the same classes in England. Previously to the reign of George the Third many of the peasantry could not read, and many could not understand what they read in English. There were few books in Gaelic, and the defect was only partially supplied by the instruction of bards and seneachies. But, among the middle and higher classes, education was generally diffused. The excellent grammar schools in Inverness, Fortrose, and Dunkeld sent out men well-informed, excellent classical scholars, and these from among that order which in England is the most illiterate - the gentlemen-farmers. The Universities gave them even a greater extent of advantages. When the Hessian troops were quartered in Atholl, the commanding officers, who were accomplished gentlemen, found a ready communication in Latin at every inn. Upon the Colonel of the Hessian cavalry halting at Dunkeld, he was addressed by the innkeeper in Latin. This class of innkeepers has wholly, unhappily, disappeared in the Highlands. (*Sec General Stewart's Sketches*)

But it was in the island of Skye that classical learning was the most general, and there an extraordinary degree of intelligence and acquirement prevailed among the landed gentry. "I believe," observes General Stewart, "it is rather unique for the gentry of a remote corner to learn Latin, merely to talk to each other; yet so it was in Skye." The acquisition of this branch of learning was not, indeed, expensive. Latin was taught for two shillings and sixpence the quarter, and English and writing for one shilling. Indeed, it is scarcely more now. The people seldom quitted their insular homes, except when on service; and, to the silence of their wild secluded scenes, the romance of poetry and the composition of song gave a relief and a charm.

The education of Flora Macdonald received probably little aid from the classical teacher; but her mind was formed, not among the rude and uncultured, but among those who appreciated letters; and the influence of such an advantage in elevating and strengthening the character must be taken into account in forming a due estimation of her heroic qualities. Thus situated, Flora passed her life in obscurity, until, at the age of twenty-four, the events which succeeded the battle of Culloden brought those energies, which had been nurtured in retirement, into active exertion. Indeed, until about a year before she engaged in that enterprise which has rendered her name so celebrated, she had never quitted the islands of South Uist and Skye; she had, at that time, passed about nine months in the family of MacDonald of Largoe in Argyllshire, and this was the only change of scene, or of sphere, which she had ever witnessed. (*Chambers. Note, p. 106*)

Her stepfather was an enemy to the cause which, from her earliest years, her heart espoused. A company of militia had been formed to assist the British Government by Sir Alexander Macdonald, the chieftain of one division of the clan, and in this regiment Macdonald of Armadale

held a commission as captain, at the time when the Duke of Cumberland was "making inquisition for blood" throughout the western Highlands. But the prepossessions of Flora were unalienably engaged in favour of the exiled Stuarts; and they were not, perhaps, the less likely to glow from being necessarily suppressed. Her disposition, notwithstanding all her subsequent display of courage, was extremely mild; and her manners corresponded to her temper. Her complexion was fair; and her figure, though small, well-proportioned. In more advanced life Boswell, who with Dr. Johnson visited her, characterized her person and deportment as "genteel." There was nothing unfeminine, either in her form or in her manners, to detract from the charm of her great natural vivacity, or give a tone of hardness to her strong good sense, calm judgment, and power of decision. Her voice was sweet and low; the harsher accents of the Scottish tongue were not to be detected in her discourse; and she spoke, as Bishop Forbes relates, "English (or rather Scots) easily, and not at all through the Erse tone." In all the varied circumstances of her life, she manifested a perfect modesty and propriety of behaviour, coupled with that noble simplicity of character which led her to regard with surprise the tributes which were afterwards paid to her conduct, and to express her conviction that far too much value was placed upon what she deemed merely an act of common humanity.

In Skye, the "Isle of Mist" of the poet, she could hear imperfect intelligence of the wanderings of the Jacobite leaders. She was connected by kindred with some under whose roof the Prince had taken refuge.

The first movement which the Prince made after taking leave of Lord Lovat at Gortuleg, was to repair first to Fort Augustus, and then to Invergarie near Fort Augustus. Here he took leave of those followers who had attended him as he quitted the field of Culloden; and retained only Mr. O'Sullivan, Captain O'Neil, Captain Alan Macdonald, and one Burke, a servant. It was not until he had remained a whole day at Fort Augustus that the Prince could be persuaded that all hopes of his troops re-joining him were at an end. On Friday, the eighteenth of April, he went to Lochnargaig, where he stayed one night with Dr. Cameron of Glenkearn; and on the following day he proceeded to Oban, which is situated on a corner of Clanranald's estate. He was, therefore, under the protection of a kinsman of Flora Macdonald. He pursued his journey on the next day to the country of Arisaig, and rested at a small village called Glenbeisdale, whence he proceeded to Boradale, the place at which he had first landed in beginning the enterprise which was now terminated.

It had been the opinion of Clanranald, one of the Prince's most faithful adherent, that he ought not to leave the mainland, but to take shelter in different small huts, which should be built for his accommodation; whilst Clanranald should take a trip to the Isles, and look out for a vessel to convey the unfortunate wanderer into France. By the influence of Mr. O'Sullivan this counsel was overruled; and Clanranald, finding that Charles was determined to sail for Long Island, provided an eight-oared boat, which belonged to Alexander Macdonald of Boradale; and, having provided it with rowers and other requisites for the voyage, the party set sail from Lochnanuagh for the Isle of Uist on the twenty-fourth of April. They assumed false names: The Prince was called Mr. Sinclair; Mr. O'Sullivan was old Sinclair, his father; Captain Alan Macdonald, a relation of Clanranald, became Mr. Graham. (Lockhart's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 540). Donald Macleod the pilot, and about six men, rowers, also accompanied the Prince, but did not change their names; a clergyman of the Church of Rome attended the party. The design which Charles Edward had formed, was to reach the Long Island, under which name are comprehended those Western Islands which run in a straight line from north to south, and are at a short distance from each other. From some part of the Long Island Charles hoped to procure a vessel in which he could escape to France, or at any rate to Orkney, and thence to Norway or Sweden. At this time a proclamation, offering a reward of thirty thousand pounds for his apprehension, had been issued by the British Government.

The Prince set sail on the evening of the twenty-sixth of April, embarking at Boradale, on the very spot where he had landed, with just sufficient daylight to get clear of Loch Luagh; for, as the coast had been guarded by English ships ever since his arrival in Scotland, it was not safe to go beyond the mouth of the Loch in open day. Before the voyage was commenced, the Prince was warned by his faithful pilot that there would be a storm that night. "I see it coming!" But Charles Edward, anxious to leave the mainland, where parties were dispersed in pursuit of him, was determined to trust his fate to the winds. The party, therefore, entered the boat, the Prince seating himself at the feet of the pilot. There was also another Macleod in the boat; this was Murdoch, the son of the pilot, a boy of fifteen years of age. The character of this youth was of no common order. When he had heard of the battle of Culloden, he had provided himself with a claymore, a dirk, and a pistol; and had run off from school to take his chance in the field. After the defeat he found means to trace out the road which the Prince had taken, and to follow him step by step; "and this was the way," related Donald Macleod, "that I met wi' my poor boy."

Another person who was in the boat, and who afterwards made a conspicuous figure in that romance of real life, was Ned Bourke, or Burke. This man had belonged to a most valuable class, the chairmen of Edinburgh, whose honesty is proverbial; their activity and civility almost incredible to English notions. Bourke was not, as his name seemed to imply, an Irishman; but a native of North Uist. He had been a servant to Mr. Alexander Macleod, one of Charles Edward's aides-de-camp; and was the man who had led the Prince off the field of battle, and guided him all the way to Boradale: for Ned Bourke knew Scotland, and indeed a great portion of England, well, having been servant to several gentlemen. In this, his most important service, the honest man did not disgrace his ancient and honourable calling as a chairman. "Excellent things" were spoken of him to Donald Macleod, who seems to have made some demur as to his Irish name, and to have objected to taking him on board.

Thus guided, and thus guarded, Charles Edward might fear the winds and waves; but treachery was not to be dreaded. Not far had the men rowed before a violent storm arose; such as even Donald had not, from his own account, ever been "trysted with before," though he had 'all his life been a seafaring man. The Prince was now as impatient to return to the land as he had been to quit it; "for," he said, "I would rather face cannons and muskets than be in such a storm as this!" But Donald was firm in proceeding on the voyage: "Since we are here," he replied, "we have nothing for it, but, under God, to set out to sea directly." He refused to steer for the rock, which runs three miles along the side of the loch; observing, "Is it not as good for us to be drowned in clear water, as to be dashed to pieces on a rock, and drowned also?"

A solemn silence followed this decisive reply. Everyone expected instant destruction. The night was pitch dark; and there was no light in the boat. They dreaded being landed on some part of the island of Skye, where the militia were in arms to prevent the Prince's escape. But, to use the words of the pilot, "As God would have it," that danger was not encountered. By daybreak the party discovered that they were close to Rushness, in the island of Benbecula, having run according to the pilot's account, thirty-two leagues in eight hours. During this perilous voyage the spirits of Charles never sank; he encouraged everyone around him, working himself at the oars: "he was," says Mr. Maxwell, "the only one that seemed void of concern."

Such were the circumstances under which Charles Edward landed in the Long Island; - the event which brought him into communication with Flora Macdonald. She was at that time calmly engaged in the usual duties of her station; but the spirit so prevalent in the Highlands was not extinguished in the Western Islands, either by the dread of the English militia, or by the defeat of the Prince. All the Jacobites of that period, to adopt the language of President Forbes, "how prudent so ever, became mad; all doubtful people became Jacobites; and all bankrupts became heroes, and talked of nothing but hereditary right and victory. And what was more grievous to men of gallantry, and, if you believe me, more mischievous to the public, all the fine ladies, if you except one or two, became passionately fond of the young adventurer, and used all their arts for him in the most intemperate manner." (*Stewart, vol. i. p. 105*). It was not, however, an idle, romantic fancy, but a fixed sentiment of duty, acting upon a kindly heart, which originated the enthusiasm of Flora.

Whilst the Prince was traversing the Long Island in poverty and danger, a desolate wanderer wanting the common necessaries of life, but still patient and cheerful, ever hoping once more to assemble his faithful Highlanders, living at one time four days in a desert island, then putting to sea pursued by ships, Flora Macdonald had accidentally quitted her usual residence at Armadale in Skye, for the purpose of visiting her step-brother at Milton.

During her abode at Milton, Captain O'Neil, who was loitering about the country for the purpose of gaining intelligence for Charles Edward, formed an acquaintance with this young lady, and, it is said, paid his addresses to her. More than two months had now elapsed since Charles first trusted his hopes to the chance of finding a vessel on the coast of the Long Island, to take him to France. During that period his fortunes had assumed a far more threatening aspect than at any previous time. Friends had proved faithless; Murray of Broughton, whom the Prince then still regarded as one of the "firmest, honestest men in the world," had shown to others his real motives, and the deep selfishness, cowardice, and rapacity, of his heart. In his utmost need, when the Prince was in want of food, that wretched man had, in reply to a message from Charles asking money, answered that he had none; having only sixty louis-d'ors for himself, which were not worth sending. What was perhaps of more immediate moment was, that, whilst the friends of the young Chevalier had diminished, the number of his foes around him had increased. Fifteen ships of war were to be seen near the coasts of the Long Island, thus most effectually destroying all hopes of a French vessel being able to cruise near the shore. To complete his misfortunes, the Duke of Cumberland, upon learning that his unfortunate kinsman had sheltered himself in the Western Islands, had sent Captain Caroline Scott, an officer as infamous as Hawley and Lockhart, to scour the Long Island.

Such were the circumstances of Charles towards the latter end of June 1746. He was then coursing along the shores of the Long Island, until, pursued by French ships, he was obliged to land, happily for himself, on the island of Benbecula; between the North and South Uist. Providence seemed to have conducted him to that wild and bleak shore. Scarcely had he reached it, then a storm arose, and drove his pursuers off the coast. Here the Prince and his starving companions were overjoyed to find a number of crabs, or, as the Scottish pilot termed them, partans; a boon to the famished wanderers. From a hut, about two miles from the shore, Charles removed, first to the house of Lady Clanranald; and afterwards, by the advice of Clanranald, he went to South Uist, and took up his abode near the hill of Coradale in the centre of the island, that being thought the most secure retreat: Here Charles remained until again driven from this hut by the approach of Captain Scott, with a detachment of five hundred men, who advanced close to the place where he was concealed. The unfortunate Prince then determined upon a last and painful effort to save those who had braved hitherto the severities of their lot for his sake. He parted with all his followers except O'Neil. Donald Macleod shed tears on bidding him farewell. Macleod was taken prisoner a few days afterwards in Benbecula, by Lieutenant Allan Macdonald, of Knock, in Slate, in the island of Skye. He was put on board the Furnace, (*Brown's Highlands, p. 284*) and brought down to the cabin before General Campbell, who examined him minutely. The General asked him "if he had been along with the Pretender?" "Yes," said Donald, "I was along with that young gentleman, and I winna deny it." "Do you know," said the General, "what money was upon the gentleman's head I no less a sum than four thousand pounds sterling, which would have made you and your family happy for ever." "What then," said Donald, "what could I have gotten by it? I could not have enjoyed it for two days, conscience would have gotten the better of me; and although I could have got England and Scotland for my Prince, I would not have allowed a hair of his head to be hurt." (*Donald Macleod's Narrative, in Bishop Forbes's collection*).

After this separation, the Prince, accompanied by O'Neil, again returned to traverse the mountainous districts of South Uist. He walked in the direction of Benbecula, and about midnight entered a shealing, or hut, which belonged to Angus Macdonald, the brother of his future deliverer. The interview which shortly took place between them, was not, as it may readily be conceived, unpremeditated. Home, App. p. 45. Repeatedly, before the meeting, had O'Neil asked Flora whether she would like to see the Prince. She answered with emotion that she would. She had even expressed an earnest desire to see him; and had said, if she could be of any use in aiding him to escape from his enemies, she would do it. O'Neil had had various opportunities of studying the real character of Flora Macdonald. He must have had an extraordinary notion of her energy when he first proposed to her, whilst they met in Clanranald's house, to take the Prince with her to Skye, dressed up in woman's clothes. This proposition appeared to Flora so "fantastical and dangerous," that she positively declined it. "A Macdonald, a Macleod, a Campbell militia were," she observed, "in South Uist in quest of the Prince a guard was posted at every ferry; every boat was seized; no person could leave Long Island without a passport and the channel between Uist and Skye was covered with ships of war." Such was her resolution whilst she discussed the subject with O'Neil at the house of her kinsman, Clanranald. Nor does that sense of the dangers of her undertaking lessen the heroism of the enterprise. But her woman's heart, however timid it might be at Clanranald's castle, was touched, when she beheld the Prince; and compassion, from which spring the noblest resolves, inspired her to exertion.

As the Prince, attended by O'Neil, drew near to the hut belonging to Angus Macdonald, the latter quitted Charles, and went aside, with a design to inform himself whether the independent companies of militia were to pass that way, or not, on the following day, as he had been informed. Such, at least, was his pretext; but he had an appointment with Flora MacDonald, who was awaiting him near the hut. To his question, she answered that they would not pass until the day after." Then O'Neil ventured to tell the young lady that he had brought a friend to see her. She inquired in some agitation "if it was the Prince?" He replied that it was, and he instantly brought her into the shealing. The kind heart of Flora was afflicted at the sight. Charles was exhausted with fatigue and misery; he had become thin and weak, and his health was greatly affected by the hardships which he had undergone. He and O'Neil had lost indeed the means of personal comfort; they had but two shirts with them, and every article of wearing apparel was worn out. To a feeble mind, the depressed state of Prince Charles's affairs, his broken-down aspect, and the dangers which surrounded him, would have inspired reluctance to serve one so desolate. These circumstances, however, only softened the resistance which Flora had at first made to the scheme suggested for his escape, and renewed her desire to aid him.

After her first introduction, the discourse for some time turned upon his dangerous situation; the best remedy for which was, as both the Prince and O'Neil hinted, for Flora to convey him in disguise to Skye, where her mother lived. This seemed the more feasible, from the situation which her father-in-law held, and which would enable him to give a pass for herself and her servant.

The Prince assented to the expediency of the proposal, which originated with O'Neil, and immediately asked Flora if she would undertake to carry the plan into effect. Flora answered with great respect and loyalty, but declined, saying that "Sir Alexander MacDonald, who commanded the militia in Skye, was too much her friend for her to be the instrument of his ruin." O'Neil endeavoured to combat this opinion, representing that Sir Alexander was not then in the country, and could not therefore be implicated: he added, that she might easily convey the Prince to her mother's, at Armadale, as she lived close by the waterside. O'Neil also told her of the honour and immortal fame which would redound from so glorious an action; and the Prince assured her that he should always retain a deep sense of "so conspicuous a service." The firmness of Flora had resisted the arguments of O'Neil; but it was overcome by these few words from the Prince. She consented to let O'Neil know on the following day at what time every arrangement would be made for the plan which had been proposed, and she left the Prince and his adherent to shelter themselves in the mountains of Coradale. (*O'Neil's Narrative*).

On leaving the shealing, Flora at first returned to Milton; but, having fully made up her mind to undertake the enterprise, she set out for Ormaclade, the seat of Clanranald, on Saturday the twenty-first of June. Her journey was not without perilous adventures. On passing a ford, she was taken prisoner by one of the militia, on account of not having a passport. She inquired by whom they were commanded; and, finding that her stepfather was their captain, she refused to give an answer to the questions put to her until she saw him. She was made a prisoner for that night; her captivity being shared by her servant Neil MacKeehan, a clansman, who was the father of Marshal MacDonald, Duke of Tarentum. In the morning, Hugh Macdonald of Armadale, the stepfather of Flora, arrived, and liberated her; granting a passport for herself, her servant, and for another woman whom she styled Betty Burke, a good spinster, whom Armadale in the innocence of his heart recommended to his wife at Armadale, as she had much lint to spin. His letter has been preserved; and there is every reason to believe, that, when writing it, Armadale was wholly unconscious of the design of Flora. (*Brown's History of the Highlands*, p. 285, note, vol. iii)

The letter of Armadale to his wife ran as follows:

"I have sent your daughter from this country lest she should be frightened with the troops lying here. She has got one Betty Burke, an Irish girl, who, as she tells me, is a good spinner. If her spinning pleases you, you may keep her till she spins all your lint: or, if you have any wool to spin, you may employ her. I have sent MacKeehan along with your daughter and Betty Burke, to take care of them. I am, your dutiful husband,

"HUGH MACDONALD."

"June 22nd, 1746."

It was late in the afternoon of the Sunday on which Flora had obtained her passport, before she could communicate with her friends in the mountains; about four o'clock, however, they received a message telling them that all was well. The Prince and his companion, therefore, determined immediately to join their protectress.

Upon being set at liberty, Flora went immediately to Ormaclade, where she had, in Lady Clanranald, an enthusiastic assistant. She remained at Ormaclade for several days, making arrangements for the complete disguise of the Prince.

The Prince and O'Neil had only waited for the arrival of Flora's messenger to set out and meet their heroic friend; but the trusty individual who had brought them the tidings that all was well, informed them that they could not pass either of the fords which separated South Uist from Benbecula, as they were guarded by militia. In this extremity the Prince knew not how he should ever reach the place appointed for his meeting with Flora, which was Rossinish, in Benbecula, from which spot she was to conduct him to Skye. An inhabitant of South Uist, seeing his perplexity, offered him a boat: the proffered aid was accepted; and Charles, with O'Neil, was landed on a promontory which the pilot of the boat assured the Prince was the island of Benbecula. Charles therefore dismissed the boatmen, with orders to meet him on the opposite side of the island and began his journey. He had not gone far when he found himself surrounded with water, and perceived that the pilot had made a mistake. Neither Charles nor his companions had ever before been in this part of Benbecula. They looked around them on the desolate prospect, and perceived that they were on a peninsula, perfectly desert, and which at highwater was separated from Benbecula. At first Charles hoped, that, when the tide was out, some passage might be discovered; but the waves retired, and no passage appeared. The Prince was not disheartened; for his courage, never justly questioned, had gained its best allies, patience and fortitude, during the adversities of the last few months. He supported the fainting spirits of his companions; and, to encourage them to search for a passage, said that he knew of one, although he was in fact as

ignorant as they were. At length he discovered a passage, and the party reached a little hut, which they were assured was in Benbecula. (*Maxwell of Kirkconnel, p. 178*). He marched on, exhausted as he was, to Rossinish, and arrived there at midnight, but found not the deliverer they expected; on the contrary, he learned that they were within fifty miles of the enemy. Hungry as they were, having eaten nothing all day, the Prince and his fainting companions were obliged to retreat four miles. Captain O'Neil was then sent to Ormaclade, to inquire why Flora had not been true to her appointment. She told him that she now considered that North Uist would be a safer place of refuge than Skye, and that she had engaged a cousin of hers to receive him there. O'Neil remained at Ormaclade, and sent a boy to inform the Prince, who was now only at eight miles distance, of this proposal; but that scheme was soon abandoned, the gentleman to whom Flora referred refusing to receive the Prince. In this dilemma, Charles was informed that his enemies had quitted Rossinish, and he therefore hastened to that place. His safe arrival there was, indeed, almost miraculous. Near him was a guard of fifty men; the island was full of militia; and the secret of his being in it was known to many a poor cottar. But, in these vicissitudes of his eventful and unhappy life, the Prince was thrown among a faithful and honourable people, in whose bosoms the conviction was planted, that to betray him would bring down a curse upon themselves and their posterity.

On arriving at Rossinish, Captain O'Neil was again dispatched to Flora to express the disappointment of Charles on not seeing her, and to beg her to join him. She promised faithfully to do so on the following day; and she kept her word. Having hired a six-oared boat to convey her to Skye, and appointed it to be at a certain part of the coast, she set out for Rossinish: accompanied by Lady Clanranald, whose participation in the cause was shortly afterwards punished by imprisonment; by a Mrs. Macdonald, and by MacKeehan, her servant. They entered a hut, where they found this unfortunate descendant of an ill-fated race preparing his own dinner. It consisted of the heart, liver, and kidneys of a sheep, which he was turning upon a wooden spit. The compassion of the ladies was roused by this sight; but Charles, as he bade them welcome to the humble repast, moralized on his fate. He observed, that all kings would be benefited by such an ordeal as that which he had endured. His philosophy was seasoned by the hope of attaining what he ever desired, - the hereditary monarchy which he believed to be his birth right. He observed, that the wretched today, may be happy tomorrow. At the dinner, Flora Macdonald sat on the right-hand of the Prince, and Lady Clanranald on the left.

After the meal was ended, Charles was requested by Flora to assume the female apparel which Lady Clanranald had brought. It was, of course, very homely, and consisted of a flowered linen gown, a light-coloured quilted petticoat, and a mantle of clean camlet, made after the Irish fashion, with a hood. Their dangers, as he put on his dress, did not check the merriment of the party; and many jokes were passed upon the costume of Betty Burke. A small shalop was lying near the shore, and Flora proposed that they should remove near to the place whence they were to embark, for her fears had been excited by a message which arrived from Ormaclade, acquainting Lady Clanranald that a party of soldiers, under the infamous Captain Fergusson, had arrived at her house, and had taken up their quarters there. Lady Clanranald hastened home, where she managed to deceive and perplex both General Campbell, who had lately arrived in Benbecula, and Captain Fergusson.

And now another trial was at hand: - it was necessary for Captain O'Neil and the Prince to separate. The Irishman would fain have remained with Charles, but Flora was firm, as well as kind; her opinion on this point was decided; and O'Neil was obliged to yield. This point was not gained without much difficulty, for Charles even remonstrated. O'Neil took his leave, and made his way, through a country traversed by troops, to South Uist, where O'Sullivan had been left. "I could now," writes Captain O'Neil in his journal, when he relates his departure from the Prince, "only recommend him to God and his good fortune." This kind-hearted man was afterwards taken prisoner by Captain Fergusson, who had him stripped and threatened not only with the rack, but also with being whipped by his hangman, because he would not disclose where the Prince was. These cruelties were opposed, however, by a junior officer, who, coming out with a drawn sword, threatened Fergusson with a beating, and saved O'Neil from the punishment which was to have been the requital of his fidelity.

When all were gone, except Flora, the Prince, and MacKeehan, the party proceeded to the seashore, where they arrived wet and wearied, and passed the night upon a rock. They made a fire to warm themselves and endeavoured still to maintain hope and cheerfulness. How picturesque and singular must have been the group, thus awaiting the moment which should perhaps only conduct them to fresh perils! As they reclined among the heath which grew on the rock, four wherries, filled with armed men, caused the little party to extinguish their fire, and to hide themselves in the heather. The wherries, which made at first for the shore, sailed by to the southward, within a gunshot of the spot where Charles Edward and Flora were concealed. At eight o'clock in the evening of Saturday, the twenty-eighth of June 1746, the Prince and she set sail from Benbecula for Skye.

The evening on which they quitted the shores which had been to them such scenes of peril was clear; but, not long after they had embarked, the sea became rough, and the weather stormy. Prince Charles resolved never to despond, sang songs to prevent the spirits of the company from flagging, and talked gaily and hopefully of the future. Exhausted by her previous exertions, Flora sank into a sleep and Charles carefully watched her slumbers, being afraid lest the voices of the boatmen should arouse her, or, in the dark, that any of the men should step upon her. She awoke in a surprise at some little bustle in the boat, and asked hastily "What was the matter?" What must have been her emotions at that moment

The next day, Sunday, was one of anxiety. The boatmen had lost their track, and had no compass; the wind had changed, it was then calm. They made, however, towards Waternish, in the west of Skye; but they found the place possessed by militia, and three boats were visible near the shore. A man on board one of the boats fired at them; on which they made away as fast as they could; for, in addition to that danger, several ships of war were now in sight. The Prince and his friends took shelter, therefore, in a cleft of a rock on the shore, and there remained to rest the men, who had been up all night, and to prepare their provisions for dinner. The party then resumed their voyage: fortunately it was calm, for otherwise, in any distress of weather, they must have been overtaken and have perished, for an alarm had already been given of the appearance of a strange boat, and the militia were upon the watch; the promised reward set upon Charles having excited all the vigilance of his enemies. At length, after rowing some time, they landed at Kilbride in Troternish, in Skye, about twelve miles to the north of Waternish. But several parties of militia were in the neighbourhood. Flora now quitted the boat, and went with Neil MacKeehan to Mugstat, the residence of Sir Alexander Macdonald: here she desired one of the servants to apprise Lady Macdonald of her arrival. The lady was not unprepared to receive her, for a kinswoman had gone a short time before to tell her of the enterprise in which Flora had engaged.

Lady Margaret was well disposed to give the cause every assistance in her power. She was the daughter of the celebrated Susanna, Countess of Eglintoune, and of Alexander, ninth Earl of Eglintoune, who was supposed, while ostensibly supporting the family on the throne, to be a secret friend of the Stuarts. (*Chambers' Traditions of Edinburgh, p. 255*). Lady Margaret was one of seven sisters, famed for their loveliness, and for the "Eglintoune air," a term applied to that family as a tribute to the lofty grace of their deportment." It was a goodly sight," observes Mr. Chambers, "a century ago, to see the long processions of sedans containing Lady Eglintoune and her daughters devolve from the Close, (Eglintoune House was situated on the west side of the old Stamp office Close, High Street. It is now occupied by a vintner (*Chambers' Traditions, p. 256*) and proceed to the Assembly Rooms in the West Bow, where there was usually a considerable crowd of plebeian admirers congregated, to behold their lofty and graceful figures step from the chairs on the pavement." Lady Margaret was greatly beloved in Skye. When she rode through the island, the people ran before her, and took the stones off the road, lest her horse should stumble. Her husband was also very popular. Such was the hospitality of Mugstat, that every week a hogshead of claret was drunk at his table. (*Boswell, p. 320*)

Lady Margaret had now been married six years to Sir Alexander Macdonald of Macdonald. She was the mother of three sons, two of whom were eminently distinguished. The first, Sir James Macdonald, was a young man of singular accomplishments, and the friend of Lord Lyttleton; he was endowed "with great talents for business, great propriety of behaviour, great politeness of manners." To these acquirements he added those amiable qualities, which, united to great erudition, procured him the title of the "Marcellus of the Western Isles." His early death was regarded as a general calamity; his tomb was honoured by an inscription composed by Lyttleton. When Dr. Johnson visited the isle of Skye, this young man, who died at Rome in the twenty-fifth year of his age, was still mentioned with tears. His brother, Sir Alexander, the English-bred chieftain, but ill-supplied his loss. He was no Highlander. "Where I in your place, sir," said Johnson to the young chieftain, "in seven years I would make this an independent island. I would roast oxen whole and hang out a flag as a signal to the MacDonald's to come and get beef and whiskey." Sir Alexander, of whom Johnson had heard heavy complaints of rents racked, and the islanders driven to emigration, bore with politeness the rough assaults of the Doctor he nevertheless started difficulties. "Nay, sir," re-joined Johnson, "if you are born to object, I have done with you, sir. I would have a magazine of arms." "They would rust," was the meek reply. "Let there be men to clean them," cried the Doctor, "your ancestors did not use to let their arms rust!" Such was Lady Margaret's second son. The third, and youngest son of Lady Margaret, revived, however, all the fondly remembered virtues of Sir James. Some persons may still recall the benignant appearance of the late venerable Sir Archibald Macdonald, Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer in England: there are many who must recollect his virtues and acquirements with respect.

The character of Lady Margaret was not that of her second son; but of a spirited generous woman. She was not one who would allow the arms of her ancestors "to rust." Before the Prince's

arrival, her energies had been employed in contriving the fittest route for him to take after leaving Mugstat, for she was as enthusiastic an adherent of Charles Edward, as any of her female relations. Whilst he was in North Uist, he had sent Lady Margaret a letter, enclosed, by Hugh Macdonald of Balishair, to his brother Donald Roy Macdonald, with orders to deliver it to Lady Margaret alone; and, in case of attack while at sea, to sink it, by tying it to a stone. This letter revealed the secret of the Prince's intention to quit the Long Island: it informed Lady Margaret that Charles wanted almost all necessary habiliments; and desired that some shirts and blankets might be provided for him; the Prince having hitherto slept only in his plaid, a custom which he retained almost constantly during his wanderings. Balishair's letter had also unfolded a plan at that time in contemplation, that Charles should take refuge on the small grass island called Fladdanuach, belonging to Sir Alexander Macdonald, and having only one tenant upon it. Thither Lady Margaret was to send Donald Roy Macdonald with the articles to be in readiness for the Prince.

Lady Margaret had instantly complied with these injunctions. Eventually the notion of making Fladdanuach the retreat of Charles was given up; but the zealous Lady Margaret had made the most careful preparations for that scheme, and it was not from any negligence on her part that it was abandoned. The packet sent by Balishair contained, however, another valuable paper. This was a letter written in Prince Charles's own hand, chiefly one of compliment, and full of gratitude to Lady Margaret for sending him newspapers, which had been delivered to him through Macdonald of Balishair.

This precious letter had, some time before Flora had arrived at Mugstat, been delivered to Lady Margaret. When she received it, she rose from her seat, and kissing it said, alluding to a precaution which had been recommended, "I will never burn it; I will preserve it for the sake of him who wrote it to me. Although King George's forces should come to the house, I shall find means to secure it." Afterwards, however, her house being searched by the dreaded Fergusson, she considered it necessary for Charles's safety to burn it; although, as it proved, there was no search whatsoever for papers.

Lady Margaret had been aided in her efforts and plans by a zealous kinsman, Captain Roy Macdonald, who had been wounded at the battle of Culloden. This person was still under medical care and was living in the house of a surgeon named Maclean, at Troternish. When Charles landed at Skye, Roy Macdonald, wounded as he was, had sailed to Fladdanuach, at Lady Margaret's bidding, with clothes and money, and had returned just in time to witness her perplexity at the Prince's unexpected arrival. Upon that event being made known by Flora Macdonald to Lady Margaret, she sent a message to Captain Roy Macdonald, entreating him to come to her immediately. He complied, and found Lady Margaret walking in the garden of Mugstat, talking very earnestly to Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who acted as factor, or chamberlain, to Sir Alexander. As Roy Macdonald approached, Lady Margaret exclaimed, holding up her hands, "Oh, Donald Roy, we are ruined for ever!" It was then imparted to him that the Prince was within a quarter of a mile from Mugstat, in woman's clothes; that Lieutenant Macleod, who was employed to guard that part of Skye, and three or four of his militiamen, were about the house; a number of others being not far distant: what was still more alarming, Flora Macdonald and the Lieutenant were at that time conversing together in the dining-room.

A consultation immediately ensued as to the plan the most proper to ensure Charles Edward's safety. Donald Roy Macdonald declared, that, whatever they should agree upon, "he would undertake (God willing) to accomplish at the risk of his life." - Kingsburgh was first called upon to give his opinion. He proposed that the Prince should sail by the point of Troternish to Raasay, because it would be impossible for him to remain in Skye with safety. This plan was, however, opposed by Lady Margaret, who said, that, if the Prince was to sail for Raasay, it was better that he should remain at Mugstat all night. In short, no scheme appeared practicable; and the consultation was frequently broken off in despair and renewed only to start fresh difficulties. At last Donald Roy said, "What do you think, Kingsburgh, if the Prince should run the risk of making his way over to Portree by land?" Kingsburgh, notwithstanding that he was full of apprehension, thought that the plan might be tried, although the distance from Mugstat to Portree was fourteen long Highland miles. At first it was decided that Donald Roy should be the bearer of this scheme to the Prince; but it was afterwards argued, that, since the Prince must make "a monstrous figure" in woman's clothes, there might be some suspicion excited by Donald Roy's talking to so singular a stranger. It was therefore determined that no one except Flora Macdonald should be entrusted with the perilous task of taking messages to Charles at his station on the shore. Lady Margaret in the course of this conversation expressed "that she was in great difficulties." It was impossible that she could apply to any of the Clan for assistance. The general belief was, that Sir Alexander Macdonald was unfriendly to the Prince, and that no greater favour could be shown by the chief than seizing the royal fugitive. This increased the danger of Charles's remaining in Skye, and threw her entirely upon the good offices of Kingsburgh and Roy Donald.

During this conference Flora Macdonald was keeping up what she afterwards described to Bishop Forbes as "a close chit-chat" with Lieutenant Macleod, who put to her questions which she answered as "she thought fit." Lady Margaret, meantime, could not forbear going in and out in great anxiety; a circumstance which Flora observed, and which could not but add to her embarrassment; nevertheless, this extraordinary young woman maintained the utmost composure. She even dined in company with the Lieutenant without betraying her perplexity in a single instance never was the value of that admirable quality, presence of mind, more forcibly seen than in this instance. It had been the office of the Lieutenant to examine every boat that had landed, and to investigate into the motives and destination of every passenger. How the boat which had conveyed the Prince to Skye escaped search has not been explained. At all events, Flora completely baffled every inquiry; and perhaps no one could do so better than a Scottish woman. The ordinary caution in reply, observable in Highland females is very striking. The Prince was awaiting his fate all this time upon the rock at the shore, not above a gunshot from the foot of the garden. The faithful and anxious servant MacKeehan went to him repeatedly, but without molestation; and Macdonald of Kingsburgh, who could not control his anxiety to see Charles Edward, providing himself with a bottle of wine and some bread, also repaired to him. The Prince was then sitting upon the shore, having started a flock of sheep, the running of which first attracted Kingsburgh to the place where he was planted.

Charles had removed to a more distant spot than that which he had at first selected, for he had been apprised by Neil MacKeehan of Kingsburgh's intended visit, and conducted by that faithful servant to the back of a certain hill, where he was requested to wait until Kingsburgh should reach him. It was also announced to Charles by Neil, that he was to go to Portree, resting by the way at the house of Kingsburgh, who was a staunch Jacobite.

When Kingsburgh drew near to the place where Charles awaited him, he saw the Prince approaching him with a short thick cudgel (not a very feminine appendage) in his hand. "Are you," cried Charles, "Mr. McDonald of Kingsburgh?" "Yes, sir," replied Kingsburgh. "then," said Charles, "all is well; come let us be going!" Macdonald, however, first begged the Prince to partake of some refreshment, which he did; the top of a rock serving for a table. This being done, they proceeded on their journey; Kingsburgh telling his fellow-traveller with no less admiration than joy, "that he could recollect no cause either of business or duty for his being at Mugstat that day." "I'll tell you the cause," said the Prince; "Providence sent you hither to take care of me."

They were now interrupted by some country-people coming from the kirk. These sociable rustics were disposed to favour the Prince and his companion with their conversation. Kingsburgh could think of no other way of getting rid of them than saying, "Eh, sirs! cannot ye let alone talking o' your worldly affairs on the sabbath 1 and have patience till another day?" The poor people took the pious hint and moved off. (*A Genuine Account of the Prince's escape. - Scots' Magazine for 1749*)

For some time after the Prince had set out, Flora remained at Mugstat, where Lady Margaret, who could only speak to her in presence of the officer, pressed her much to stay, and feigned a great anxiety to retain her - for a few days, telling her that she had promised to do so the first time that she came that way. But Flora excused herself, saying that she wanted to be at home in these troublesome times, and also to see her mother. She was at length suffered to depart, accompanied by Mrs. Macdonald of Kirkibost, the lady who had apprised Lady Margaret of her visit, but who was not in the secret of the Prince's disguise. This lady's maid and man servant, and MacKeehan completed the party. Lady Margaret during the whole of this agitating affair never saw the Prince "in any shape." (*Captain Roy Macdonald's Narrative. Forbes, p. 419*)

Flora and her companions soon overtook the Prince and Kingsburgh. They found the curiosity of her companion somewhat inconvenient, for Mrs. Macdonald was very anxious to see the "strange woman's" face; but it was always turned away from her inquisitive gaze. Yet Mrs. Macdonald made her observations, nevertheless. "She never," she said, "had seen before such an impudent looking woman - and she must either be an Irish woman, or a man in woman's clothes!" Flora; who had the happy and rare art of not saying much, replied that "she was an Irishwoman, for she had seen her before." The maid who attended Mrs. Macdonald took notice of the supposed Irish woman's awkward way of managing her petticoats, and remarked what long strides she took in walking. In particular, in wading a rivulet, the Prince lifted up his troublesome garments so high, that MacKeehan called out to him for God's sake: to take care, or he would discover himself." Charles laughed heartily, and thanked him for his cautions: he much feared that they would be neglected. Flora began to be apprehensive of the loquacious and observant mistress and maid. She, as well as Mrs. Macdonald, was now on horseback, and she proposed that the ladies should go on a little faster, and leave those on foot to take their time. There was another object in this arrangement: the country was traversed by parties of militia, and it was necessary for the Prince and Kingsburgh to diverge by a crossroad over the hills to the place of their destination. They went therefore by bye-paths, south-south-east, to Kingsburgh's house, which they

reached at midnight; Flora having arrived there a short time before. She had parted with her other companions on the road.

During this journey of seven long miles, which were performed in a drenching rain, there was no slight risk, owing to the very singular demeanour of the Prince, and to the awkwardness with which he performed his part. Betty Burke was regarded by the gazing passers-by as a very strange woman. When the country-people greeted him with an obeisance, he returned it with a bow instead of a curtsy; and in all his gestures he forgot the woman, and retained the man. After the remonstrance upon holding his skirts too high, he let them fall down into the streams which often intersected his path. "Your enemies, sir," remarked Kingsburgh, "call you a Pretender, but you are the worst at your trade that I ever saw." "Why," replied Charles laughing, "they do me perhaps as much injustice in this as in other respects. I have all my life despised assumed characters, and am the worst dissembler in the world."

Lady Kingsburgh, not expecting her husband that night, had retired to rest; and her house was not at this time in the best possible condition for receiving visitors. Kingsburgh, however, introduced Charles into the hall, and sent a servant up-stairs to desire Lady Kingsburgh to rise and dress herself. But the lady was not disposed to comply with her husband's commands that night. She sent a message to beg that he and his guests would help themselves to whatsoever they found in the house, and excuse her absence. As soon as she had despatched this answer, her daughter, a child of seven years of age, ran into the room, and told her, with much astonishment, that her father had brought home the most odd "ill-shaken-up wife" that she had ever seen and had conducted her into the hall. Kingsburgh now made his appearance, and entreated his wife to come downstairs, her presence being absolutely requisite. (*Chambers. Edit. for the People, p.101*) Lady Kingsburgh was now really aroused. She could not help suspecting that her husband had taken into his house some of those proscribed and wretched fugitives who were skulking about the country. She could well imagine the distress of many of the Jacobites, for a paper had been, for some weeks, read in the kirks, forbidding all persons to give any sort of sustenance to a rebel, under pain of being deprived of it themselves. (*Note in Scots' Magazine for 1749; from a MS. by Colonel Macalister*).

She now dressed herself, sending her little girl into the hall to fetch her keys. The child went downstairs, but returned, saying that she could not go into the hall, the "strange woman" was walking backwards and forwards in so frightful a manner. Lady Kingsburgh therefore went herself but stopped short at the door on seeing the stranger, whose aspect seems to have been unusually gaunt and unwomanly. Her husband, however, bade her go in for her keys, and at last she found courage to enter.

As she walked into the hall, Charles arose from his seat and advanced to meet her. According to the custom of the day, which applied both to ladies and gentlemen, he offered her the compliment of a salute. Lady Kingsburgh felt the roughness of no woman's cheek against her own. Alarmed at the discovery, she nearly fainted; she spoke not, neither did the stranger. She went hastily towards Kingsburgh, and told him her suspicions. No reproaches were uttered on her part for the introduction, which had evidently some risk connected with it; she merely asked, "Does this strange woman know anything about the Prince?" Her husband, taking her hand, replied, "My dear, this is the Prince himself." "The Prince!" returned Lady Kingsburgh; "then we shall all be hanged!" "We can die but once," answered Kingsburgh; "could we die in a better cause? We are only doing an act of humanity."

He then desired her to send in supper. "Let us have eggs, butter, cheese, or whatever can be procured in the shortest time." The lady remonstrated. "Eggs, butter, and cheese for a Prince he will never look at such a supper." "Ah, my dear," returned Kingsburgh, "you little know how this poor Prince has fared of late. Our supper will be a banquet to him. Besides, any formal preparation would excite suspicion. Make haste, and come to supper yourself." Lady Kingsburgh had now a new source of alarm. "I come to supper!" she cried; "I do not know how to behave before a Prince." She was reassured by her husband, who told her that there was no difficulty in behaving before this Prince, who was so easy and obliging.

The party, who had undergone such a day's journey, sat up nearly till dawn, and became merry over their supper. Never was there a more joyous or inspiring guest at a feast than the unfortunate Charles. He was now in the house of a trusted adherent; and his spirits, which had been unaltered even in huts and caverns, gladdened all present. His favourite toast, was "To the Black Eye!" by which, as his pilot .to the Long Island, Donald Macleod, relates, he meant the second daughter of France; "and I never heard him," said Donald, "name any particular health but that alone. When he spoke of that lady, which he did frequently, he appeared to be more than ordinarily well-pleased." (*Donald Macleod's Narrative. Forbes, p. 391*)

The Prince ate heartily, and drank a bumper of brandy to the health of his host and hostess. When the ladies had retired, he took out a little black pipe of tobacco which had been his consolation in all his wanderings, and began to smoke. Like most persons who have recourse to a similar practice, Prince Charles framed an excuse for it on the plea of health, telling Kingsburgh, that

he had found it essential, in order to cure the toothache, from which he had suffered much. His pipe had obtained the name, among his companions, of the "cutty."

A small china punchbowl was then produced by the host, and was twice replenished with the very popular beverage called toddy, of which the Prince expressed his unqualified approbation. Conversation, thus aided and exhilarated, flowed freely; and the charm of Charles's gay courtesy was long remembered by his Highland landlord, who thus, at the risk of all that was dear to him, welcomed the unfortunate wanderer to his home. Morning dawned before either the Prince or Kingsburgh talked of retiring. At last Kingsburgh became anxious. He knew that it was necessary for Charles to proceed to Portree early the next day; and he earnestly desired that the Prince should have some rest. He refused to fill the bowl again, and began to urge his Highness to retire. Charles eagerly pressed for another supply of usquebaugh (whisky) and warm water. In the contention, the bowl, which Kingsburgh had brought from Mugstat for the Prince to drink the wine out of on the shore, was broken. This ended the altercation, and Charles retired to rest.

The next day was far advanced before the Prince, after his conviviality of the preceding evening, was aroused; and the watchful Flora in vain sent Kingsburgh into his chamber to persuade him to rise. Kingsburgh had not the heart to awaken the fugitive from a repose which he so rarely enjoyed, and, on finding him in a profound sleep, retired. At last, one o'clock had struck, and the Prince was summoned to begin another journey. Kingsburgh, inquiring if he had had a good night, was answered that he had never enjoyed a better one in his life. "I had almost forgotten," said Charles, "what a good bed was." He then prepared to set out. He was first to go to Portree; his destination being, ultimately, the island of Raasay. The choice of this place as a retreat originated in the ancient league which subsisted between the families of Macdonald and of Raasay. Whenever the head of either family died, his sword was given to the head of the other. The chief of Raasay had joined the Highland army, but had saved his estate by conveying it to his son, young Macleod. Sir Alexander Macdonald, on that occasion, had thus addressed his neighbour and ally: "Don't be afraid, Raasay; I'll use my interest to keep you safe; and, if your estate should be taken, I'll buy it for the family. And he would have done it." (*Boswell's Journey to the Hebrides*, p. 207)

On quitting Kingsburgh, the Prince was determined to cast off his disguise. Kingsburgh was favourable to the change, but Flora would not consent to it: it was necessary, she thought, that the wanderer should leave the house in the same dress as he had entered it; so that, if inquiry were made, the servants would not be able to describe his appearance. He, therefore, once more figured in the habiliments of Betty Burke; and the only change, which was at the suggestion of Kingsburgh, was in the article of shoes; those in which he had walked being now worn out; a new pair was therefore supplied by Kingsburgh. When the exchange was made, Kingsburgh hung up the old shoes in a corner of his room, observing, that they might still do him some service. Charles inquired, "How?" "Why," replied Kingsburgh, "when you are at St. James's, I shall hold up these shoes before you, and thus remind you of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof." Charles, with a smile, desired him to be as "good as his word." These precious deposits, never being required to appear at St. James's, were, after old Kingsburgh's death, cut into pieces, and kept as relics by the Jacobite ladies, and even by the, grave but enthusiastic Bishop Forbes. (*Chambers*, p. 102, and note)

It had been decided that Flora MacDonald should proceed on horseback to Portree by a different road, and should meet the Prince there. She therefore took a temporary leave of Charles; and Kingsburgh accompanied him to a wood not far from his house. When the Prince had departed, Lady Kingsburgh went up-stairs, and folded up the sheets in which he had slept, declaring that they should never be washed nor used till her death, when they should be made into her winding-sheet. She was afterwards induced to divide this valuable memorial with Flora MacDonald.

MacKeehan, and a little herd-boy by way of a guide, alone accompanied the Prince, as he set out upon a laborious walk of fourteen miles towards Portree. It would have excited much suspicion, had any more important persons attended him. At an appointed place Charles threw off his female attire, and again "grasped the claymore." His clothes were concealed in a bush until they could be carried to Kingsburgh's house, where they were burnt upon the alarm of a search on the part of the military. The gown only was retained, by the express desire of Kingsburgh's daughter. (*It was, be it known, for the gratification of those curious in such matters, "Eprigged with blue."*) The Prince now once more wore the Highland dress, which had been furnished him by Kingsburgh.

Meantime, Captain Roy Macdonald had gone to seek the young Macleod of Raasay, or, as he was called, Rona, whose very brother-in-law, Archibald Macqueen, was then in search of the Prince in South Uist. Young Macleod, though at first indisposed to confide the place where his father had taken refuge to Roy Macdonald, ended eventually by expressing, both on his own part and on that of his father, the strongest desire to serve the Prince, especially in his distress. "Then," said Roy Macdonald, "I expect the Prince this night at Portree and as there is no boat on this side fit to carry him over to

Raasay, you must do your best, Rona, to get one for the purpose to ferry the Prince over to Raasay, for thither he means to set out from Portree." Rona undertook this service, but was unwilling to leave Portree until he should see the Prince; for he had not been "out" in the last campaign. But, being repeatedly urged by Roy Macdonald, he at last embarked in a crazy old boat which filled perpetually with water, and could only with assistance be made to convey passengers from Portree to Raasay, a distance nearly of five miles. Before young Raasay embarked, Roy Macdonald had received a note from Kingsburgh, importing that Flora Macdonald was so fatigued that she could not go to Portree so soon as she had intended; and ordering the captain to provide a boat to ferry her about to Strath, because it would be easier to her to make it out by sea than overland. Captain Roy Macdonald took the hint, and judged exactly for whom the boat thus carefully alluded to was to be provided. On Monday the thirtieth of June, young Raasay, and his brothers Murdoch Macleod and Malcolm Macleod, arrived after a short, but perilous voyage within a mile of Portree. Malcolm went to the shore, leaving Rona in the boat. As he walked from the beach, he saw three persons approaching. It is said, that at Raasay nine months of the year are rainy. This June evening was one of the rainy periods; and Malcolm Macleod could not, through the darkness, discover who these three persons were. The place of meeting agreed upon was a small public house near the shore, about half a mile from the port of Portree; to this house Malcolm Macleod sent to Captain Roy Macdonald, desiring him to come out and speak to a friend. Roy Macdonald complied with the summons, taking with him a half mutchkin stoup full of whisky. Macleod then informed him that Rona and his brother Murdoch were on the shore with a boat, which, with much difficulty and danger they had brought from Raasay to convey the Prince to that island; he begged that they would not delay, as it was raining very heavily

Donald Roy Macdonald then told Malcolm that the three persons whom he had seen going towards the public house were the Prince, MacKeehan, and the herd-boy. Of their approach he had been apprized by the energetic Flora, who had arrived at Portree some hours previously.

Donald Roy Macdonald, who is described as the model of "a perfect Highland gentleman," shared the enthusiasm of Flora. Although still lame from the wound in his foot, he had, during the course of that evening, looked out incessantly for the Prince, but was unable to see him. He had not, however, been long in the public house, before the voice of the herd boy calling for the landlord, and desiring to know if one Donald Roy Macdonald were there, drew his attention. He stepped out, and was told by the boy that there was a gentleman, a little above the house, who desired to speak to him. The captain sent the boy away, and immediately went to the spot where the Prince stood. Charles embraced him, putting his head first over one shoulder, and then over the other; and telling Donald to use no ceremony, for that it was impossible to know who might be observing them. When Donald expressed his regret at the darkness of the night, Charles said, "I am more sorry that our lady" (so he called Flora Macdonald) "should be so abused with the rain."

After they entered the house, a curious scene took place. "The Prince," relates Donald Roy, (*Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 448) "no sooner entered the house than he asked if a dram could be got there, the rain pouring down from his clothes; he having on plaid, without breeches, trows, or even philibeg. Before he sat down, he got his dram; and then the company desired him to shift, and put on a dry shirt, Captain Roy Macdonald giving him his philibeg. The Prince refused to shift, as Miss Flora Macdonald was in the room; but the Captain and Neil MacKeehan told him, it was not time to stand upon ceremonies, and prevailed upon him to put on a dry shirt. By this time, they had brought some meat into the room, (the Prince having called for it before he would think of shifting,) which consisted of butter, cheese, bread, and roasted fish."

The Prince was so hungry and exhausted, after a walk from Kingsburgh to Portree, "seven good Highland miles," that he began to eat before he put on his coat. The supply of food which he had brought with him consisted of a cold hen, a bottle of brandy, and a lump of sugar in one of his pockets: these, with the addition of a bottle of whiskey procured at Portree, constituted his store of provisions until he reached Raasay. On seeing the Prince eat heartily, whilst only in his shirt and philibeg, Captain Donald Macdonald could not forbear smiling. "Sir," he observed, "I believe that is the English fashion." "What fashion do you mean?" asked the Prince. "They say," replied Donald, "that the English, when they eat heartily, throw off their clothes." "They are right," answered Charles, "lest anything should incommode their hands when they are at work." The Prince then asked, if any drink could be had. He was told that he could have nothing but whiskey or water, for no such thing as beer or ale was to be had in the isle of Skye. Then Charles asked if he could have some milk, but was informed that there was none in the house. The only beverage which seemed attainable was water, of which there was a supply in what Captain Donald Macdonald called an "ugly cog," which the landlord of the house used for throwing water out of his boat. This vessel though coarse, was clean. "The captain," relates Donald Roy, "had been taking a drink out of the cog, and he reached it to the Prince, (*Forbes*, p. 449), who took it out of his hand, and, after looking at the cog, he stared the captain in the face, who upon this made

up to him (the landlord being in the room), and whispered him softly in the ear to drink out of it without any ceremony; for though the cog looked ill, yet it was clean; and, if he should show any nicety, it might raise a suspicion about him in the landlord's mind. The Prince said, 'You are right', and took a hearty draught of water out of the rough cog, and then he put on his coat."

During all this scene, Captain Roy Macdonald could scarcely disguise his anxiety that the Prince should leave Portree. But Charles was reluctant to relinquish shelter and society; the rain was still heavily pouring down, and 'the night on which the unfortunate wanderer was again to trust his fate to strangers was very dark. In vain, therefore, did MacDonal, when the landlord had left the room, represent to Charles, that this, being a public house, was frequented by all "sorts of folks," and that some curiosity would be excited by his appearance. There was, indeed, no rest for the proscribed fugitive. Charles then asked for tobacco, that he might smoke a pipe "before he went off." MacDonal answered, that there was no tobacco, except that which was very coarse; only "roll tobacco." But Charles persisted in having it, saying "that it would serve his horn very well." The landlord therefore was ordered 'to bring in a quarter of a pound, which he did in scales, at four-pence halfpenny. The Prince gave a sixpence, but the landlord was desired by Captain MacDonal to bring in the change. Charles smiled at Donald Roy's exactness, and said he would not be at the trouble to pick up the halfpence; but Donald Roy persuaded him to do so, saying, that in his Highness's present situation he would find "bawbees very useful to him."

A bottle of whisky having been dispatched between the Prince, Donald Roy Macdonald, and Neill MacKeehan, and the pipe being finished, Charles reluctantly began to talk of his departure. He had learned to rely upon the fidelity of the brave Clan, one young and gentle daughter of which had protected him from South Uist, and brought him through a country swarming with militia to Portree. He was unwilling to be separated from Donald Roy, and entreated him in a low voice to accompany him. But Donald begged him to remember that it was not in his power to be useful to him, considering the open wound in his left foot; that he should only prove a burden to him, for it would be out of his power to skulk from place to place; and indeed it would be necessary for him to ride on horseback, so that any of the parties of militia who were ranging about would be sure to descry him at a distance, and that would be ruin to the chance of escape. Charles then said, that "he had always found himself safe in the hands of a Macdonald, and that, as long as he could have a Macdonald with him, he still should think himself safe." Again, and again he urged this point. It was affecting to see how confidently this ill-fated young man, noble in his nature, leaned upon those whom he had learned to trust. It is melancholy to reflect that a temper so kindly should ever have been worked up, and irritated almost to madness, by those intrigues and misrepresentations which eventually, combining with the wreck of his other moral qualities, alienated him from all who really loved him.

"The Prince," as Donald relates, "could not think of parting with him at all." This was the first time that Charles had entrusted himself, without a single familiar friend or attendant, to strangers. "Arc you," he said, again addressing Donald, "afraid to go' with me So long as I have, you shall not want." Again, Captain Macdonald referred to his crippled foot "he behoved to see," he said, "that his going would only expose the Prince to new dangers, of which he had already too many to contend with." In the course of the conversation he took occasion to tell the Prince, since he had honoured the MacDonal's with his regard, that, although Sir Alexander Macdonald and his followers did not join his standard, they wished him well. "I am sensible enough of all that," was the reply of Charles. Donald also inquired whether the Prince was well provided with money; as in case of need, Lady Margaret Macdonald would supply his wants. But Charles, after expressing his gratitude to Lady Margaret, declined her aid, as he believed that he had sufficient to carry him to the mainland.

This painful and memorable scene came at last to a conclusion. After being repeatedly urged by Donald to depart, Charles bade MacKeehan farewell. He then turned to Flora Macdonald: "I believe, madam," he said, "that I owe you a crown of borrowed money." She answered, in her literal and simple manner, "It was only half-a-crown." This sum the Prince paid her. He then saluted her, and said: "Notwithstanding all that has happened, I hope, madam, we shall meet in St. James's yet." In this calm, and, apparently laconic manner, he bade Flora adieu. But though fate did not permit Charles to testify his gratitude at St. James's, he is said never to have mentioned without a deep sense of his obligations the name of his young protectress. In her loyal and simple heart a sense of duty, enthusiastic reverence, and fond regret dwelt, whilst that heart continued to beat; and, through the vicissitudes of her after-life, the service which she had rendered to the Prince recurred like a ray of sunshine upon a destiny almost continually clouded and darkened by calamity.

Flora was left alone at Portree, attended still by MacKeehan, who afterwards escaped, re-joined the Prince, and went to France with him. MacKeehan was a man of good education, and was conjectured by Bishop Forbes to have been the author of the "Alexis, or the Young Adventurer," a romance embodying the principal incidents of Charles Edward's life; but of this there is no proof.

Meanwhile the Prince proceeded to the shore. He tied the bottle of whiskey, bought of the landlord, to his belt on one side, and the brandy, the cold hen, and the four shirts on the other. As he went, he saw the landlord of the public-house looking out of a window after him; on which he changed his road. He met young Raasay and his brothers at the appointed place; and it was there agreed, that in a few days Donald MacDonald should follow the Prince to Raasay. At his departure the Prince took out the lump of sugar from his pocket, and said, "Pray give this to our lady, for I fear she will get no sugar where she is going." The captain refused however to accept of that which seems to have been considered as a great delicacy. Charles then enjoined Captain Macdonald to secrecy as to his destination. "Tell nobody, no, not our lady, where I am going; for it is right that my course should not be known." (*Forbes, p. 413*) They then parted; and at daybreak, July the first, 1746, Charles sailed for Raasay. Captain Macdonald then returned to Portree, where he slept a great portion of the next day. Here he was closely questioned by the landlord, who said, that he had a great notion that the gentleman who had supped at his house was the Prince, for he had something noble about him. Probably the imprudent liberality of Charles, and his carelessness about money, may have added to the impression which his lofty air and fascinating manners generally produced. On the fourth of July, Charles, after various adventures in the island of Raasay, escaped to the mountains. This event was announced by a letter sent mysteriously by Murdoch Macleod to Roy MacDonald and delivered to him in the darkness of night. It had neither address on it, nor place, nor date; but was written by Charles.

"Sir,

"I have parted as I intended. Make my compliments to all to whom I have given trouble. I am, sir, your humble servant,

"JAMES HERMION."

This letter was burned by Roy Macdonald, though with great reluctance, on the day when he subsequently learned that Flora MacDonald had been made a prisoner.

Flora, after parting from the Prince, went to Armadale to her mother, after a very fatiguing journey across the country. Her emotions on separating from Charles have been expressed in a poem entitled 'The Lament of Flora MacDonald,' beginning thus:

" Far o'er the hills of the heather so green,
 And down by the Corrie that skips in the sea,
The bonny young Flora sat weeping her love-
 The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e.
She looked at a boat with the breezes that swung,
 And ay as it lessened she sighed and she sung,
'Farewell to t'le lad I shall ne'er see again!
 Farewell to my hero, the gallant and young!
Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again."
(*Curious Tracts in the British Museum, Vol. iv. Scotland*)

During eight or ten days Flora remained in her house at Armadale without imparting to anyone, even to her mother, the events of the last week. To make her mother a participator in that affair would indeed have been no act of kindness, at a time when the merest suspicion of being a Jacobite was regarded as a crime.

At the expiration of ten days Flora received a message from a person of her own name, Donald Macdonald of Castletown, in Skye, about four miles from Armadale, to bid her come to his house in order to meet there the commanding officer of an independent company, one Macleod of Taliskar, who had ordered Macdonald to surrender. Flora, a little suspicious of what might happen, thought proper to consult with her friends as to what step she should take. They unanimously agreed that she ought not to go; but "go she would." Then they consulted together what she should say in case of an investigation. But Flora had made up her mind as to the answers she should give. She set out to meet her fate. She probably expected that she should be released after a short examination; for she knew not then through what channel the part which she had taken in the Prince's escape had transpired. The fact was, that the boatmen who had brought her with Charles from Skye had on their return communicated to Captain Fergusson every particular of the Prince's appearance, and had even described the gown which he had worn.

Flora afterwards remembered, that at Mugstat Lady Margaret had warned her that this would be the case, and had pointed out to her the indiscretion of allowing these men to go back to North Uist.

As she went on the road to Castleton, Flora met her father-in-law, Macdonald of Armadale, who was returning home; and shortly afterwards she was apprehended by Captain Macleod of Taliskar, with a party of soldiers, who were going to seek for her at her mother's house. She was not suffered to take leave of her mother, nor of her other friends; but was carried on board the *Furnace*, a sloop of war, commanded by Captain John Fergusson, and which lay near Raasay. Happily, for Flora, General Campbell was on board, and by his orders she was treated with the utmost respect. At her first examination she merely acknowledged, that, on leaving Uist, she had been solicited by "a great lusty woman" to give her a passage, as she was a soldier's wife. Her request, Flora said, was granted; and the woman, upon being landed in Skye, had walked away, and Flora had seen nothing more of the stranger.

But upon finding that she was mildly treated, and on hearing that the boatmen had related every circumstance of her voyage, she confessed the whole truth to General Campbell.

The vessel was bound for Leith. About three weeks after she had been apprehended, as the ship cruized about, it approached the shore of Armadale. Here Flora was permitted to land, in order to bid adieu to her parents. She was sent ashore under a guard of two officers and a party of soldiers, and was forbidden to say anything in Erse, or anything at all except in presence of the officers. Here she stayed two hours, and then returned to the ship. With what emotions she left the island of Skye and found herself carried as a prisoner to Leith, it is not perhaps in these tranquil days easy to conceive.

After her apprehension, her father-in-law, Armadale, to use the phrase of some of the unfortunate Jacobites, "began a-skulking;" a report having gone about that he had given a pass to his daughter, although aware that she was travelling with 'the Pretender' disguised in woman's clothes. There was also another source of suspicion against him, which was his having the Prince's pistols in his keeping. These were given him by Macdonald of Milton, the brother of Flora; they had been received either from Charles himself, or from O'Sullivan or O'Neil; but still they furnished a proof of some communication between Charles Edward and Armadale. Another sufferer was Donald Roy Macdonald. Among not the least energetic of those who aided the escape of Charles Edward from the Long Island, was Donald Roy Macdonald. A model of the true Highland gentleman in deportment, handsome in person, his conduct fully bore out his character. To this warm-hearted disinterested young man, the Prince quickly attached himself. Crippled as he was, he was obliged also to "go a-skulking." He concealed himself in three different caves, where by turns he made his abode for eight weeks, wrapping himself up in his plaid, and making his bed of the heather; his subsistence he owed to the care of Lady Margaret Macdonald, who brought him food, though at the risk of her own safety. It is consolatory to find heroic friendship, or compassionate interest, enlivening the melancholy annals of civil contentions, of revenge and treachery.

The sufferings of Captain MacDonald during his concealment, although alleviated by Lady Margaret's care, were nevertheless considerable. During the months of July and August, which he passed in the caves, the midges and flies annoyed his frame, sensitive from the still open wound, and drove him for coolness into the recesses of the caverns. It was necessary to be very careful in stepping out, lest the country-people should discover his retreat. Late at night, or very early in the morning, he crept out to supply his bottle with water from some neighbouring burn or rivulet. At last, the act of indemnity set him free. Until the month of November 1746, his wound, exasperated by constant exertion, was very troublesome. His misery was solaced by the care and skill of a friendly surgeon, who sent Donald Roy dressings by a proper hand, even while he remained in the cave, and at last the wound healed. In an account of the Prince's escape, written by Donald at the request of Bishop Forbes, he says, "He (Donald Roy) now walks as cleverly as ever, without any the smallest pain or halt; and made his last journey from Skye to Edinburgh in twelve days on foot, and, as he came along, visited several friends and acquaintances." (*Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 447)

One cannot help rejoicing that Lady Margaret Macdonald escaped all inconvenience, except suspicion. The conduct of her husband, Sir Alexander, had been prudent. During the progress of the insurrection he had written to Keppoch, after the retreat from Stirling :-"Seeing I look upon your affairs as in a desperate state, will not join you: but then, assure you, I will as little rise against you." Of Sir Alexander's followers, a force amounting to five hundred men, only two had joined the Prince; these were James Macdonald of the isle of Hisker, A small isle about eight miles to the westward of South Uist and Captain Donald Roy Macdonald. Forbes. Narrative of Captain Donald Macdonald. The estates of Sir Alexander, therefore, remained uninjured, and his family continued to enjoy them.

The chief sufferers from the visit of Prince Charles to their house were MacDonald of Kingsburgh and his wife.

Upon hearing of the Prince's escape, Captain Fergusson went first to Mugstat; where gaining no intelligence, he proceeded to Kingsburgh. He there examined every person with the utmost exactness, and inquired into every particular of the accommodation afforded to one whom he styled

"the Pretender." "Whom you mean by the Pretender, I do not pretend to guess!" was the reply of Mrs. Macdonald of Kingsburgh.

Kingsburgh was made prisoner and was sent to Fort Augustus on parole without any guard, by General Campbell's order. But the clemency shown by Campbell ceased when Kingsburgh reached Fort Augustus. He was thrown into a dungeon, was plundered of everything, and loaded with irons. Sir Everard Faulkner, who was employed to examine him, reminded him how fine an opportunity he had lost of "making himself and his family for ever." "Had I gold and silver piled heap upon heap to the bulk of yon huge mountain," was the noble reply, "that mass could not afford me half the satisfaction I find in my own breast from doing what I have done!" Whilst he was confined at Fort Augustus, an officer of distinction came to him, and asked him if he should know the Prince's head if he saw it. "should know the head very well if it were on the shoulders," was the answer. "But if it were not on the shoulders?" said the officer. "In that case I will not pretend to know anything about it," returned Kingsburgh. His discrimination was not put to the test.

Kingsburgh was removed to Edinburgh castle under a strong guard of Kingston's Light-horse. He was at first put into a room with several other gentlemen, but was afterwards removed into solitary confinement, and not allowed to speak to anyone, except to the officer on guard, and the keeper, who acted as his servant. In this place he remained for a year, when by the act of grace, he was set at liberty on the fourth of July 1747; "having thus," as an author has observed, "got a whole year's safe lodging for affording that of one night!" (*Scots' Magazine for 1740*)

Before her farewell to her friends in Armadale, Flora Macdonald had exchanged the vessel which Captain Fergusson commanded, for one commanded by Commodore Smith, a gentleman capable of estimating her character. At Armadale, she procured a change of clothes, and took as her personal attendant an honest girl, named Kate Macdonald, who could speak nothing but Gaelic. This girl offered herself as a servant, finding that Flora could get no one else to attend her in her calamity.

Among her companions in trouble, she found, on returning to the ship, Captain O'Neil, who had persuaded her to undertake the enterprise which had produced her present imprisonment. This gentleman had also, when he urged her good offices, proffered his hand in marriage, in order that her reputation might not suffer by her adventure by "flood and field." When Flora saw him on board the vessel, she went up to him, and slapping him on the cheek, said, "To that black face I owe all my misfortune!" O'Neil however answered, "that, instead of being her misfortune, it was her highest honour, and it would yet redound more to her credit, if she did not pretend to be ashamed of what she had done." (*Note in Chambers' Memoirs of the Rebellion*). She was confined for a short time in Dunstaffnage castle. This now ruinous fortress, once a royal residence, is situated near the mouth of Loch Etive, a short distance from Oban, in Argyllshire; it stands upon a rocky promontory which juts out into the lake, which is one of the most secluded and solemn scenes that nature, in all the grandeur of those regions, presents. (Preface to the Jacobite Memoirs by Mr. Robert Chambers, to whom the public owe so much on this and other subjects) Near the castle is a convenient building, which is now, as probably it was in 1745, inhabited by the factors of the Duke of Argyle, who is the hereditary keeper of Dunstaffnage castle, under the Crown. It was probably in this house that Flora was lodged. The castle is on three of its sides little else than a shell; but the fourth is in tolerable repair. The entrance to this sequestered and solemn abode is from the sea, by a staircase; probably in old times a drawbridge, which fell from a staircase. The ancient grandeur of Dunstaffnage, long used as one of the earliest residences of the Scottish kings; famed also as the place from which the stone of Dunstaffnage, sometimes called the Stone of Scone, on which they were crowned, was brought; had long passed away before Flora tenanted its chambers. But the associations which it presented were not likely to dim the ardour of her loyalty to the last of that race who had once held their sway over the proud castle of Dunstaffnage; nor would the roofless chapel, of exquisite architectural beauty, near Dunstaffnage, where many of the Scottish kings repose, be an object devoid of deep and mournful interest to one who had lately beheld a singular instance of the mutability of all human grandeur. Two letters, which show the mode of Flora Macdonald's introduction to the keeper of the castle, Neil Campbell, have been preserved. (*Brown's Hist. of the Highlands, vol. iii. p. 309*). One of them is as follows :

"DEAR SIR,

"Horse-Shoe Bay, Aug. 1746.

"I must desire the favour of you to forward my letters by an express to Inverary; and, if any are left with you, let them be sent by the bearer. I shall stay here with Commodore Smith till Sunday morning. If you can't come, I beg to know if you have any men now in garrison at your house, and how many? Make my compliments to your lady, and tell her I am obliged to desire the favour of her for some days to receive a very pretty young rebel. Her zeal, and the persuasion of those who ought to have given her better advice, has drawn her into a most unhappy scrape by assisting the young Pretender to make his

escape. I need say nothing further till we meet; only assure you that I am, dear sir, your sincere friend and humble servant,
"JOHN CAMPBELL."

"I suppose you have heard of Miss Flora MacDonald."

Early in September the ship arrived in Leith Roads, and remained there until November. By this time the fame of this obscure Highland girl had reached the well-wishers to Prince Charles in Edinburgh, and many crowded to see her. Among these was the Rev. Robert Forbes, who happened at that time to be Episcopal minister of the port. At this period the Episcopal Church of Scotland consisted of a few scattered congregations, under the spiritual guidance of a reduced number of titular bishops. The Church was, however, deeply attached to the Stuarts; and the pious and enthusiastic man who now visited Flora in her adversity, was among the most zealous of the adherents to that ill-fated cause. He had himself known calamity, having been apprehended at St. Ninian's in the preceding year, 1745, and imprisoned until the following May. This circumstance, which had prevented him from taking any active part in the commotions, preserved Mr. Forbes in safety; and his exertions, which were directed to the purpose of collecting, from such of the insurgents as fell in his way, narratives of their several parts in the events of 1745, have been very effective. Through his efforts a valuable collection of authentic memoirs, from which extracts have been published within these last few years, have added a new light, and consequently a new charm, to the narrative of Prince Charles's adventures, and to the biography of his followers.

Mr. Forbes, at the time when he visited Flora, was residing in the house of Lady Bruce of Kinross, within the walls of Cromwell's citadel at Leith. It was one part of Mr. Forbes's plan, in the pursuit of which he contemplated forming an accurate history of the whole insurrection, to visit the State prisoners as they were either carried to London, or passed on their return to the Highlands. Most of his collection was therefore formed at the close of the last campaign, when the recollections of the unfortunate actors in the affair were vivid and accurate. Among other minor occupations was the acquisition of relics of Charles Edward, whom the worthy divine almost idolized. "Perhaps," says Mr. Chambers, (*Preface to Jacobite Memoirs*, xi), "the most curious and characteristic part of the work is a series of relics which are found attached to the inside of the boards of certain volumes. In one I find a slip of thick blue silk cloth, of a texture like sarcenet, beneath which is written, 'The above is a piece of the Prince's garter.' Below this is a small square piece of printed linen, the figures being in lilac on a white ground, with the following inscription. "The above is a piece of the identical gown which the Prince wore for five or six days, when he was obliged to disguise himself in a female dress, under the name of Betty Burke. A swatch of the said gown was sent from Mrs. Macdonald of Kingsburgh." Then follows a slip of tape, with the following note: 'The following is a piece of that identical apron string which the Prince wore about him when in a female dress. The above bit I received out of Miss Flora MacDonald's own hands, upon Thursday, November 5, 1747.'

In 1762, this reverend enthusiast was chosen by the presbyteries of Caithness and Orkney as their bishop and was consecrated at Cupar in Fife in the same year. He was the last bishop whose charge was limited only to those two districts.

Mr. Forbes was accompanied in his visits to Flora MacDonald, while at Leith, by Lady Bruce, Lady Mary Cochrane, Mrs. Clerk, and many other ladies; who made valuable presents of clothes to the heroine, and who listened to her narrative, as she delivered it to Mr. Forbes, with many expressions of sympathy and applause. When she related that part of her voyage from Uist in which the Prince watched over her whilst asleep, some of these fair Jacobites cried out,

"O', madam! what a happy creature you are, to have that dear Prince to watch over you in your sleep." "I could," cried Mrs. Mary Clerk, "wipe your shoes with pleasure, and think it my honour to do so, when I reflect that you had the Prince for your hand-maid!" Perhaps not the worst gift sent to Flora, during her stay at Leith, was a thimble and needles, with white thread of different sorts, from Lady Bruce. This act of friendship Flora felt as much as any that she received, for she had suffered as much from the state of idleness during her being in custody, as from any other privation. (*Chambers*, p. 106. *Taken from the Lyon in Mourning*, MSS).

Her time thus passed away almost cheerfully. Her gentle, prudent, and placid deportment won upon the esteem of those who were least friendly to her opinions. The officers who were appointed to guard her, although they could not permit her to set her foot on shore, were pleased at the attention which she received from visitors. Commodore Smith behaved to her with fatherly regard. Whilst she was in Leith Roads, in the Eltham, he presented her with a handsome riding-suit, in plain mounting, and some fine linen for riding shirts. He gave her advice how to act in her difficult and perilous situation, and even allowed the officers to go ashore to seek for good company for their prisoner; although persons who merely came from curiosity were denied access. Captain Knowles of the Bridgewater, also, in the

Leith Roads, was most courteous and considerate to the amiable prisoner. When her friends visited her, she was allowed to ask for such refreshments for them as she thought proper; as if she had been at her own fireside. Easy, modest, and winning, in the midst of all her anxiety for her friends, and in the uncertainty of her own fate, she was cheerful; yet a subdued and modest gravity gave an interest to her unpretending character. When solicited to join in the amusement of dancing, she refused, alleging that her " dancing days were over; and that, at all events, she could not dance until she should be assured of the Prince's safety, and until she had the happiness of seeing him again."

At length, carrying with her the good wishes of all who had conversed with her, Flora left the harbour of Leith. After being conveyed from place to place, she was put on board the Royal Sovereign on the twenty-seventh of November, the vessel then lying at the Nore, and conveyed to London. Here she was kept a prisoner under circumstances of great mitigation, for she was lodged in a private house. In this situation she continued for a year; when the Act of indemnity, passed in 1747, set her at liberty. She was then discharged, without a single question being addressed to her on the subject of her conduct. After being released, at the instigation, according to a tradition in her family, of Frederic Prince of Wales, she was domesticated in the family of the Dowager Lady Primrose, an ardent Jacobite, who afterwards, in 1750, was courageous enough to receive the young Chevalier during a visit of five days, which were employed by Charles in the vain endeavour to form another scheme of invasion. The abode of Lady Primrose was the resort of the fashionable world; and crowds of the higher classes hastened to pay their tribute to the heroine of the day. It may be readily conjectured, how singular an impression the quiet, simple manners of Flora must have made upon the excited minds of those who looked, perhaps, for high pretensions, for the presence of an amazon, and the expressions of a heroine of romance. The compliments which were offered to Flora, excited in her mind nothing but the most unequivocal surprise that so simple an act should produce so extraordinary a sensation. She is stated to have been presented to Frederic Prince of Wales, and to have received from him the highest compliment to her fidelity and heroism. When, in explanation of her conduct, Flora MacDonald said that she would perform the same act of humanity to any person who might be similarly situated, the Prince remarked, "You would, I hope, madam, do the same, were the same event to happen over again." The grace and courtesy of this speech may partly be attributed to the amiable traits which profligate habits had not wholly obliterated in the Prince; partly to his avowed opposition to his royal father, and the bad terms on which he stood with his brother. It must still be acknowledged, that Frederic displayed no ordinary degree of good feeling in this interview with Flora. His son George the Third, and his grandson George the Fourth, both did credit to themselves by sentiments equally generous towards their ill-fated and royal kinsman.

After this intoxicating scene, presenting in their most brilliant colours, to the eye of one who had never visited either Edinburgh or London, the fascinations of the higher classes of society, Flora returned to Skye. She left the metropolis unchanged in her early affections, unaltered in the simplicity of her manners. The country, presenting so lately the miserable spectacle of civil war, was now calmed into a mournful tranquillity, as she passed through it on her journey to Skye; but in the Highlands, and more especially in the Western Isles, the love and loyalty which had of old been devoted to the Stuarts were unaltered. It was, indeed, long before they were obliterated; and, for years after the fatal 1745, the name of Charles Edward was uttered with tears. Nor is this sentiment of respect even now extinct; nor will it, perhaps, ever be wholly annihilated.

The journey from London to Skye was performed by Flora in a postchaise, and her expenses were defrayed by Lady Primrose. Her companion was, by her own choice, Malcolm Macleod of Raasay, who had met the Prince at Portree, and had completed the work begun by Flora. He too had been imprisoned but had re-gained his liberty. "So," afterwards Malcolm related to his friends, with a triumphant air, "I went to London to be hanged, and returned in a postchaise with Miss Flora MacDonald!" They visited Dr. Burton, another released prisoner, at York. Here Malcolm was asked by that gentleman what was his opinion of Prince Charles. "He is the most cautious man not to be a coward, and the bravest not to be rash, that I ever saw," was the reply.

In 1750, Flora MacDonald was married to her cousin Alexander MacDonald the younger of Kingsburgh, who appears to have been worthy of his distinguished wife. In person, young Kingsburgh had completely the figure of a gallant Highlander, the graceful mien and manly looks which a certain popular Scots song has attributed to that character. "When receiving Dr. Johnson in after-years, Kingsburgh appeared in true Highland costume, with his plaid thrown about him, a large blue bonnet with a knot of black ribbon like a cockade, a brown short coat of a kind of duffil, a tartan waistcoat with gold buttons and gold button-holes, a bluish philibeg, and tartan hose. He had jet hair tied behind; and was a large stately man, with a steady sensible countenance." Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides. Such was the man to whom, after a short eventful period of peril and vicissitude, it was the lot of Flora MacDonald to be united. Kingsburgh is also declared by Boswell to have had one virtue of his country

in perfection—that of hospitality; and, in this, to have far surpassed the son of Lady Margaret Macdonald, Sir Alexander Macdonald of Armadale, an English bred chieftain, at whose house Dr. Johnson and his friend "had small company, and could not boast of their cheer." That gentleman, "an Eton-bred scholar," had few sympathies with the poor tenants by whom he was surrounded. So true is Dr Johnson's remark, "that the Highland chiefs should not be allowed to go farther south than Aberdeen."

In her union with young Kingsburgh Flora enjoyed a source of satisfaction not to be estimated lightly. She became the daughter-in-law of a man whose virtues were remembered with the deepest respect in Skye. (*Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides, p. 319*). When in 1773 Dr. Johnson and Boswell visited the island, they found Flora and her husband living in apparent prosperity in the dwelling wherein Charles Edward had been so hospitably entertained. Kingsburgh the younger, as the head of the house, received the Doctor at his door, and with respectful attention supported him into the house. A comfortable parlour with a good fire was appropriated to the guests, and the 'dram' went round. Presently supper was served, and then Flora made her appearance. "To see Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great champion of the English Tories, salute Miss Flora MacDonald in the isle of Skye, was," as Boswell observes, "a striking sight." In their notions Flora and the Doctor were in many respects congenial; and Dr. Johnson not only had imbibed a high opinion of Flora but found that opinion confirmed on acquaintance.

Conversation flowed freely. Flora told him that during a recent visit to the mainland she had heard that Mr. Boswell was coming to Skye; and that Mr. Johnson, a young English "buck," was coming with him. Dr. Johnson was highly entertained with this fancy. He retired however early to rest, and reposed on the very bed on which Charles Edward had slept so long and so soundly on his way from Mugstat to Portree. The room was decorated with a great variety of maps and prints; among others was Hogarth's head of Wilkes grinning, with the cap of Liberty on a pole by him. Boswell appears, as far as we can guess from his expressions, to have shared the apartment. "To see Dr. Samuel Johnson," remarks Boswell, "lying on that bed in the isle of Skye, in the house of Miss Flora Macdonald, again struck me with such a group of ideas as it is not easy for words to express." Upon Boswell giving vent to this burst of rapture, Dr. Johnson smiled and said, "I have had no ambitious thoughts in it." He afterwards remarked, that he would have given a great deal rather than not have lain in that bed. (*Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides, p. 217*)

On quitting the house, Dr. Johnson and his friend were rowed by Kingsburgh, across one of the lochs which flow in upon all the coasts of Skye, to a place called Grishinish; and here the Highland host bade his guests adieu. All seemed smiling and prosperous; but even at this time Kingsburgh was embarrassed in his affairs, and contemplated going to America.

That scheme was eventually accomplished. During the passion for emigration which prevailed in the Highlands, Kingsburgh removed to North Carolina, where he purchased an estate. Scarcely had he settled upon his property before the American war broke out. Like most of the Jacobites who were in America at that time, he sided with the British Government. He even took up arms in the cause, and became captain of a regiment called the North Carolina Highlanders. Many singular adventures occurred both to him and to Flora in the course of the contest. At length they returned to Skye, but not together; she sailed first. In the voyage home, her ship encountered a French ship of war. An action ensued. Whilst the ladies among the passengers were below, Flora stayed on deck, and encouraged the sailors with her voice and manner. She was thrown down in the confusion, and broke her arm. With her wonted vivacity she afterwards observed, that she had risked her life both for the House of Stuart and for that of Brunswick, but had got very little for her pains. Her husband remained in America for some time after she returned to Scotland but joined her at last.

Flora had a numerous family of sons and daughters. Charles, her eldest son, was a captain in the Queen's Rangers. He was worthy of bearing his mother's name. As his kinsman, the late Lord Macdonald, saw his remains lowered into the grave, he remarked, "There lies the most finished gentleman of my family and name!" Alexander, the second son, also in the King's service, was lost at sea. Ranald, the third, was a captain of Marines. He was remarkable for his elegant person, and estimable for his high professional reputation. James, the fourth son, served in Tarlton's British Legion, and was a brave officer. The late Lieutenant-Colonel John MacDonald, in Exeter, long survived his brothers. This officer was introduced to King George the Fourth, who observed, on his presentation, to those around him, "This gentleman is the son of a lady to whom my family (thus designating the Stuarts) owe a great obligation." Of two daughters, one, Mrs. Macleod of Lochbuy, died not many years ago.

The following letters refer to the family who have been thus enumerated. (*From the Collection of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. They were printed, on the occasion of the Queen's visit to Scotland, in the Edinburgh Advertiser for 1844.*)

FROM MRS. MACDONALD TO MRS. MACKENZIE OF DELVIN, BY DUNKELL.

"DEAR MADAM,

"Dunvegan, twenty-fourth July, 1780.

"I arrived at Inverness the third day after parting with you, in good health and without any accidents, which I always dread; my young 'squire continued always very obliging and attentive to me. I stayed at Inverness for three days. I had the good-luck to meet with a female companion from that to Skye. I was the fourth day, with great difficulty, at Raasay, for my hands being so pained with the riding.

"I arrived here a few days ago with my young daughter, who promises to be a stout Highland daire, quite overgrown of her age. Nanny and her small family are well: her husband was not sailed the last accounts she had from him.

"I have the pleasure to inform you, upon my arrival here, that I had two letters from my husband; the latter dated tenth May. He was then in very good health, and informs me that my son Charles has got the command of a troop of horse in Lord Cathcart's regiment. But alas! I have heard nothing since I left you about my son Sandy, (*So named, in compliment to Sir Alexander Macdonald of Slate, or rather to his wife, Lady Margaret, the friend of Flora MacDonal*) which you may be sure gives me great uneasiness; but still hope for the best.

"By public and private news, I hope we will soon have peace re-established, to our great satisfaction: which, as it's a thing long expected and wished for, will be for the utility of the whole nation; especially to poor me, that has my all engaged, fond to hear news, and yet afraid to get it.

"I wait here till a favourable opportunity for the Long Island shall offer itself. As I am upon all occasions under the greatest obligations to you, would you get a letter from my son Johny sooner than I would get one from him, you would very much oblige me by dropping me a few lines communicating to me the most material part of his letter.

"I hope you and the ladies of your family will always accept of my kindest respects; and I over am, with esteem, dear madam, your affectionate, humble servant, "FLORA MACDONALD.

"Please direct to me, to Mrs. MacDonald, late of Kingsborrow, South Uist, by Dunvegan."

Two years, it seems, elapsed, and the summer of 1782 arrived, and the fate of Alexander Macdonald was still unknown; yet the mother's heart still clung to hope, as it proved by the following letter. No murmurs escape from one who seems to have sustained unrepiningly the sorrows which reach the heart most truly; the wreck of fortune, not for ourselves, but for our children, and the terrors of suspense. One source of consolation she possessed: her surviving sons wore brave, honourable, and respected. But "Sandy" never returned.

MRS. MACKENZIE OF DELVINE, BY DUNKELL.

"Milton, third of July, 1782.

" DEAR MADAM,

"I received your agreeable favour a fortnight ago, and am happy to find that your health is not worse than when I left you. I return you my sincere thanks for your being so mindful of me as to send me the agreeable news about Johny's arrival, which relieved me from a great deal of distress, as that was the first accounts I had of him since he sailed. I think, poor man! he has been very lucky, for getting into bread so soon after landing. I had a letter from John, which, I suppose, came by the same conveyance with yours. I am told by others that it will be in his power now to show his talents, as being in the engineer department. He speaks feelingly of the advantages he got in his youth, and the good example showed him, which I hope will keep him from doing anything that is either sinful or shameful. (*This alludes to the attention paid him when young, and under the care of Mr. Mackenzie, by that gentleman and his family.*)

"I received a letter from Captain MacDonald, my husband, dated from Halifax, the twelfth of November '82; he was then recovering his health, but had been very tender for some time before. My son Charles is captain in the British Legion, and James a lieutenant in the same: they are both in New York. Ranald is captain of Marines and was with Rodney at the taking of St. Eustatia. As for my son Sandy, who was a-missing, I had accounts of his being carried to Lisbon, but nothing certain, which I look upon the whole as a hearsay; but the kindness of Providence is still to be looked upon, as I have no reason to complain, as God has been pleased to spare his father and the rest. I am now at my brother's house, on my way to Skye, to attend my daughter, who is to lie-in in August; they are all in health at present. As for my health at present, it's tolerable, considering my anxious mind and distress of times.

"It gives me a great deal of pleasure to hear such good accounts of young Mr. McKinnie: (*The late Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie of Delvine, Bart*), no doubt he has a great debt to pay, who represents his worthy and amiable uncle. I hope you will be so good as remember me to your female companions. I do not despair of the pleasure of seeing you once more, if peace was restored; and I am, dear madam, with respect and esteem, your affectionate friend,

"FLORA MACDONALD."

Flora died in 1790, having attained the age of seventy. Her corpse was interred, wrapt in the sheet on which Charles Edward had lain at Kingsburgh, and which she had carried with her to America, intending that, wherever she should be entombed, it should serve as her winding-sheet.

The life and character of Flora MacDonald exemplify how true it is, that, in the performance of daily duties, and in domestic life, the no loftiest qualities of a woman may be formed; for the hourly practice of self-control, the exercise of judgement, the acquisition of fortitude, tend to the perfection of those virtues which ennoble her career. In all her trials she acted a woman's part. Her spirit was fortified by strength that was ever gentle. She was raised by circumstances above a private sphere; when these ceased to actuate her, she returned cheerfully to what many might deem obscurity, but which she gladdened by a kind and cheerful temper. No vain-glory, no egotism, vulgarized her one great effort. The simplicity of her character was inherent and inextinguishable; and the deep interest which was attached to her character was never lessened by any display. Her enthusiasm for the Stuart cause ceased only with her life. When any person thoughtlessly, or cruelly, applied the term "Pretender" to the Prince whom she revered, her anger for a moment was aroused. But contention ill accorded with the truly feminine, yet noble and well principled, mind of Flora MacDonald. Upon the error or truth of that belief in hereditary and indefeasible right which she entertained, it is of little moment, in estimating her virtues, to pass an opinion. Perhaps we may venture to conclude with Dr. Johnson, "that being in rebellion, from a notion of another's right, is not connected with depravity; and that we had this proof of it, that all mankind applaud the pardoning of rebels, which they would not do in the case of murderers and robbers."