

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

FLORA M'DONALD

BEING

The Home Life of a Heroine

EDITED BY HER GRAND-DAUGHTER

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—Doctor Johnson.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL II.

EDINBURGH
WILLIAM P. NIMMO
1870

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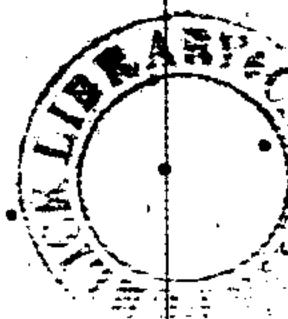
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FLORA M'DONALD.

For two whole dreary months had I been a prisoner; but it was not so much that fact which at times weighed on my mind, as the state of uncertainty regarding the Prince's movements, joined to the knowledge of my dear eld friend Kingsburgh's being at that moment confined in Fort Augustus, thrown into a damp dungeon, loaded with irons! And if his poor wife stand hear of it! My heart bled for her misery. Really, but for knowing all this, and being so far from home, I should have been comfortable enough; and truly did it assonish me to have to receive

Prison,

A lion.

ladies and gentlemen who actually came on , board to fee-whom do you fuppose, dear Maggie?—my ain fimple Highland felf! I was made-a fight of as being "The Prince's Preserver," which was a name I liked to hear from the Jacobite ladies; but others of a different way of thinking stigmatised me as "The fair rebel who had faved the Pretender's life." So there were daily crowds of people flocking to see the wonderful Miss M'Donald! How filly all this was! It was really abfurd. Yet some were very kind, making me nice pretty presents as remembrances of their visiting me on board the ship, and useful articles too. Plenty of threads and needles came for Katie, and a lady brought a Bible and Book of Prayer, which delighted me very much, no having been able to procure for myself a copy of God's blessed Word fince leaving home. I did, indeed, more than ever need its daily perufal, for Aftrengthening and confoling are its holy promifes at any time, but more especially in the hour of trial and distress.

Some of the lady vifitors came fo often, that Captain Knowler told me I was perfectly welcome to offer them refreshments, or even invite them to dine with me, if I wished.

And now I must mention an amusing sact. On one occasion Lady Mary Cochrane, who frequently visited me, had come to pass the day on board, and a breeze springing up, she requested leave to remain the night, being afraid of a small boat in such a high wind. She afferted this as the reason, but what, think you, was her sly motive? I really, although so long ago, can scarcely summon courage to state what may be considered, from my pen, a piece of vanity. There being no other ladies' cabin, of course she shared mine, and while we were preparing for rest, she confessed her sole desire for remaining on board was a wish to be able to tell her

Fancy.

friends, that she had slept in the same bed with Miss Flora M'Donald.

Bed.

Now, to explain this, I must tell you, Maggie, I had obtained leave to have the comfort of a bedstead, small as it was, in my cabin; for being so long a time in the ship, it would have greatly added to my discomfort to have been obliged to use the narrow bedding, mounted on a kind of shelf, which was called a berth, for a continuance. So I boldly asked for a proper bed, and got it. But for this, Lady Mary would certainly not have been able to obtain her wish. Oh, how I laughed at such nonsense! Yet this act was trisling to the flattering notice I received at a later period.

The vifitors frequently stayed until late in the evening, when sometimes they managed to have a dance, and seemed surprised when I declined joining. Ah! they could not guess the heavy heart concealed under many a forced smile! Had I not cause to feel sad,

when often, in the midst of their merriment, the thought would rise uppermost, that most probably all I had done was, after so much risk, of no avail?

One day I was made miferable by a young gentleman accompanying some ladies coming on deck with the—to me—disaftrous intelligence of Prince Charles being taken by a millitia troop in Moidart, and it was not until the next day that the idle report was contradicted.

Also the name of Malcolm M'Leod catching my ear, I was sair grieved to know he was a prisoner on board a sloop then bound for London. It was some time before I had the opportunity of hearing particulars of his capture, which was almost immediately after he took leave of the Prince, after having conducted his Royal Highness to Ellagol, the house of his brother-in-law, John M'Kinnon. The Prince was much affected, I was told, on parting from Malcolm, gave him his filver shoe-buckles, and warmly embraced him.

Another.

and he put ten guineas into his hand, which the

Captain floutly refused, suspecting the purse they came from was not too heavily filled; but the Prince assured him he had more than would be required while on the Mainland, and obliged him to accept the money. His Royal Highness gave Malcolm the pipe he was smoking, which, I heard in later years, has been preserved in a shagreen case, and is in the possession of another fellow prisoner,

Doctor Burton of York.

The pipe.

And while all this unhappy news was worrying my mind, I was expected to play the agreeable to many strangers, who were designated by the ship's officers eas Miss M'Donald's guests. I had no objection to sing a few of my simple Highland ditties, which they were seemingly pleased with; but as for exerting myself by dancing, I could not and would not, and when pressed almost beyond the verge of politeness, I spoke out boldly:—" My dancing for the present, under

the circumstances in which I am placed, is out of the question, for I am too anxious about the Prince's safety, and that of my near relations and friends, to be able to divert myself in any way." The rebellious tears started to my eyes while thus speaking, and some of the ladies expressed sympathy for me; indeed, there were a few for whom I began to entertain a sincere liking, but the many came to stare at me, as if I had been a wild animal just exported from the Blue Mountains.

At last, to my joy, The Bridgewater was put under sailing orders for London. She lest Leith Roads the 7th November, and reached the Nore on the 28th; and as poor Katie and I were to be transferred to another vessel, Commodore Smith and Captain, Knowler took a most kind leave of me, expressing their hope of all going well, and of my soon being at liberty. They also promised to speak in my favour to parties high in office, but whether they did exert their influence or not, I never heard.

The Nore.

Well, now behold us on board another fhip, The Royal Sovereign - a compliment, I imagined, to him who was filling the place of Prince Charlie's royal father, which fovereign was foft Geordie of Hanover. However, I would not vex myself by thinking of what should have been. No indeed; my thoughts were otherwise taken up, for it must be confessed, I felt nervous on hearing from the conversation around, it was fully expected I should be imprisoned in the fortres of London, the difmal dark Tower about which I had been accustomed to read from childhood, and at home we had a large engraving of it hanging in the room where we took our daily leffons.

Gloom.

How strange are the vicissitudes of life! Little did I formerly think the day would arrive when I should be incarcerated in such a gloomy place, and possibly landed in a boat at the stairs of the Traitors' Gate!

It was on the 6th December, a cold, raw

day (as cold as my poor heart was), when we were taken to London and lodged in the Tower. I say we, because honest Katie was more my friend and companion than my servant.

It being late in the evening when we arrived, the effect of the dark shadows thrown on the time-worn walls of the dreaded massy pile of stonework was gloomy indeed, and equally gloomy were the sad reflections of the lonely Highland lassie, who then began to realise the probability of losing her life.

Yes; it was more than probable I might never again pass those stern, forbidding-looking portals until on the way to a scaffold!

But not a question would I ask, or betray the least sign of fear, while following the warders to the rooms assigned to "Flora M'Donald and her personal attendant, a young Highland girl," for thus were we poor prisoners designated in a huge piece of parchment, which was read out in due form as soon as we had passed the wicket-gate of the

Firm

Dull.

portcullis. I fancied the rooms were in a private part of the building, for although very small and low, with high narrow windows, they were not meanly furnished. But enough of bolts and bars, as you may suppose. However, to the use of these unfriendly articles by that time I was pretty well accustomed.

Oh! how monotonous were the hours I passed while kept a prisoner, with sew books, no wheel for spinning, only a little needle-sewing and speaking Gaelic with Katie. Really, but for the companionship of that kind, simple girl, I think my brain would have turned. The only relaxation we were allowed was an occasional walk in the dull old garden—at least in the spot of ground they called a garden—of burnt-up grass, and walks covered with dusky moss and lichens.

Yet is was a change to be taken from our low rooms and to feel the air. How my heart panted for a mountain breeze! My stepfather would have grieved had he seen the

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fading cheeks of his bonnie Highland rose!

Most fervently did I pray that the dear ones at home might be kept in ignorance of my perilous position.

But in the midst of such distress, I could not be left quiet, for even a portrait-painter hunted me out, having got permission from the Constable of the Tower, not only to see me, but to request "the honour" of my granting him a sitting. I was very provoked, and at first slatly refused; but the man looked so disappointed, and as the poor wretch had his canvas and paints ready prepared, I could but consent,—in truth, more to oblige Katie than to please myself, for I felt much too quiet and sad to have any transactions with painters at that moment.

The honest girl was quite excited on the occasion, and was rushing to the bexes to get out a better gown than I usually wore while in captivity, but I positively refused to dress up. "No," said I, "the English folks who

Drefs.

Picture.

I am." So if hereafter a picture of my wonderful felf should ever be forthcoming from perhaps some pawnbroker's shop, of a disconsolate-looking damsel in a dark russet gown, with a white rose stuck in the hair, named on the back "Miss Flora M'Donald, pinx: 1746," the finder will, I hope, consider he has got a treasure.

While with Lady Primrose, at a later period, she insisted on my sitting to some of the first artists, and then her Ladyship had me dressed in grand style. I really sorget how often I had to undergo this penance, but at that time I was in brighter looks and spirits than when I felt so miserable in the gloomy Tower.

And in thinking of those I loved at home, ay, and of another far distant—of that one who then filled my heart, and who was in after-years to be my own—such reflections made me sad. Where were they? How occupied? Possibly longing to hear of me,

without an idea of the danger I should have incurred by attempting to get a letter passed through those dismal portals!

At last the joyful tidings came that I was to be released from the Tower, and received into the house of a private family, who were to keep guard over me until further orders. Really, the high authorities did not appear to know how to deal with the young rebel! Katie was now quite fure that "the daughter of her father's house" would ultimately escape punishment, return to the homestead, and that we (for she always included herself in such details) should be most marvellous additions to the wonders of the world!

It was indeed with a deep-drawn figh of relief that I turned my back on the dreadful fortress so renowned inchistory, but of which I had had more than enough for my experience. We were taken in a close coach, guarded by a troop of the Tower folk, to the gentleman's house, where we had comfortable

Change.

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accommodation. The ladies of the family received me very courteously, yet without a remark as to the length of my stay, or when I might expect to be finally released from the Argus-eyes of my persecutors.

It is strange that I have quite forgotten the name of these worthy people, to whom I owe a debt of gratitude for sundry little acts of considerate kindness and forethought, knowing the awkwardness of my position while under their care.

While thus, as one might have faid, on the ladder of liberation from captivity, how was I aftonished to hear that I might possibly be honoured by a personal visit from "His Royal Highness Frederick, Prince of Wales!" It appeared he had much curiosity to see "The Pretender's Deliverer," for such was my designation at the Elector's court, and had been heard to ask where I was, for he wished to question me himself.

Accordingly, one bright afternoon, when I.

Fisitor.

was fitting in the best room with the lady of the house at our sewing-work, a plain dark-painted coach drove to the door, in which were three gentlemen. The servants were in handsome livery coats, but there was nothing in the appearance of the equipage to denote its belonging to a person of consequence; so, as I was in the habit of having people coming frequently to see "Miss Flora M'Donald," I thought these visitors might be some of them, therefore continued my occupation very leisurely, when the room door was thrown widely open, and "The Prince of Wales"—alas! not my Prince—was announced.

We instantly rose, but in a very courteous way he begged us to reseat ourselves, and requested to know which of the ladies he was to address as Miss Flora M'Donald?

I must tell you the lady was about my own age. He motioned to the two other gentlemen to be seated, and then turning to me, he said, in a grave, constrained manner—

Visit

Questioned.

"I am here, madam, by his Majesty's commands, it having been represented to him the very extraordinary course of conduct you have lately purfued, in having aided the escape from Scotland of the Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart. I would ask why you have done so, and been guilty of an act which not only involves the greatest danger to yourself, should it be his Majesty's pleasure to carry out the punishment of treason, the crime of which you are accused, but also imperils the lives of several of your countrymen, and I believe your relatives, who have entangled themselves in difficulties, the effects of your rathness? That fuch a young girl as you are should have joined in this headstrong scheme, appears almost incredible. And for what purpose? Let me ask you, Miss M'Donald, to explain the motive which induced you thus to hazard your life. When you engaged in this transaction, you must have known it was an act

of rebellion against the crown of England.

I ask you, therefore, why did you do it? what induced you to think of doing it?"

While he was speaking, I had cast my eyes down to hide a quivering lip, for I did feel nervous when he talked of treason and losing life. I felt he was looking earnestly at me; but towards the close of his address, his manner and voice were less stern, which gave me courage to recover myfelf, and reply-" Your Highness does me injustice by supposing that either in thought or deed T had a defire of acting in any way contrary to the laws of this country; nay, it is true, and can be proved, that when it was proposed to me to aid the Prince"—(I was determined to style my ain Charlie by his title)—"I firmly refused, nor was it until I saw the miserable state of destitution in which he was plunged, that I reluctantly confented to carry out the plan proposed." Here he interrupted me, quickly faying, "Who proposed it to you?"

Not guilty.

True.

"I must respectfully decline answering that question. Many, whom I know, are in trouble on account of this affair, and far be it from my lips to fay the word that would injure them. Your Highness is pleased to ask my motive: I fimply followed the dictates of common humanity in endeavouring to save a human being from misery,—perhaps starvation. That was my fole motive in agreeing to take him across the water, and as I was going home to my mother in Sleat, the Opportunity was feized on. I did convey him to Portree, and I am neither forry for it, nor ashamed of having done so. If your Highness or any of your family had applied to me distressing circumstances, I under fimilar should, with the blessing of God, have acted in the same manner."

He was filent for a few minutes, as if in deep thought, then, in a kinder manner, he said, "Well, madam, I am glad to have heard your version of this unfortunate affair, and

from what you state, it seems to me that your advisers, whoever they may have been, are much to be blamed for having placed you in the awkward position you are at present. Most reprehensible has been their conduct, and when the case is represented to his Majesty I feel assured he will be of the same opinion. I trust, also, he may be disposed to view your conduct more leniently, yet I can promise nothing." He then rose, and addressing the gentlemen, who up to this moment had fat like two dumbies, faid, "Come, my lords, we will no longer encroach on the time of these ladies." They all bowed and left the room. So much for my interview with royalty. And just after the coach horses were heard clattering over the frony street, who should burst into the room, and rush to me with a kiss of warm affection, but the best of all good-hearted creatures, Lady Primrose, a Jacobite lady with whom I had become acquainted fince being released from the

Acquitted.

Listen.

Tower. She was one of the many who overwhelmed me with kindness, and continually sent gifts of every description. I was very fond of her, and that you may judge of her manner, her Ladyship shall speak for herself.

"Well, my dear foul, I am so delighted to be the first to tell the news! Don't be furprised, my dear, or accuse me of being a mean listener, for I plead guilty to having hid myself on the stairs while those Hanoverian deputies were cross-questioning you. and what did I hear his Royal Highness-for fo I suppose in these days one must call him fay, as he descended the stairs? These were his words to those gentlemen with him - I really never was more perplexed, for the evidently meant no harm to the Government; the best plan, I think, will be to fend the young lady back to her native country.' And then, my love, he said more, something about 'female courage' that I could not exactly catch. there's a joyful hope of your foon being at

liberty, you dear thing; and then I shall have you with me, go about everywhere, see all the sights of London, you yourself being the chief show of the season. Rely on it, Geordie will let you go in a few days, for although he is always quarrelling with Prince Frederick, yet his son has great influence over him."

This lady, the dowager Lady Primrose of Dunnipace, was quite a leader of fashion in the Jacobite circle, therefore she was desirous of having "The Prince's Preserver" to exhibit.

But I was feeling very desponding, like a caged bird panting to be free; for so many months had dragged themselves slowly away, it being now July, my spirits drooped. No tidings from home; no means of hearing of those friends who were implicated equally with myself. It made one's blood run cold to read in the news-sheets of the frequent executions and horrible cruelties practised towards those chiefs of clans and heads of families who had taken part in the unhappy

Fashion.

Culloden battle. Alas! alas! and where was the Prince now? and were my own relations free to return home? I had no means of afcertaining their fate. However, a bright gleam of hope that across my chequered pathway, by the announcement of a free pardon being granted me, contained in an official letter with the Government stamp and a huge seal attached, which merely stated that I might consider myself at liberty to return to Scotland.

Free.

Oh! this was joyful news! and when I could realife the fact, the first thought uppermost was the delight of being able to send letters, and hear from home—dear home! which, after all the troubles I had gone through, would be more loved than ever.

Katie was almost demented, screaming in Gaelic, and weeping for joy, to the amusement of the English ladies of the family. Indeed, this lady and her step-daughter—I wish I could recollect their name—as well as the

gentleman of the house, treated me with much kindness. They really seemed to regret the prospect of my leaving them; but it had long been settled, that as soon as my release came, I should go to the residence of good Lady Primrose.

Nor did her Ladyship forget my promise, for the very next day she came in the rumbling old family coach, rushed up the stair, would help Katie in putting up our things, and seemed as pleased as a little child with a new toy.

And thus it was that I became a refident with this worthy lady—fo kind she was in every way.

"And now, my dear," faid she, "you must just be candid in telling me what money you have—perhaps none?—never mind; you shall want for nothing while with me. So I am just looking over your wardrobe—no offence, my dear!—to see what will be required; for with so many of my friends and grand people.

A toy.

coming to see "The Prince's Preserver," indeed, my dear, I must have you well dressed.

I was obliged to acknowledge having very little left of the fum my dear mother had fealed up in a small packet at parting, and slipped into my pocket; for having been in confinement so long, nearly six months, the necessity of paying extra for various needful comforts had nearly exhausted my small fund, and the stock of wearing apparel Katie had packed in such a hurry was well night worn out.

Short.

Her Ladyship turned over all my possessions, and her investigation ended in the coach being ordered round, and her taking me to a sassionable warehouse, and selecting a complete outsit of every article I could possibly require. One piece chosen for a company-gown was the sweetest thing I ever saw; a silk so thick and rich, it would stand alone. It was a pale rose-colour, with alternate stripes of green shaded with brown. Oh! I loved that pretty

gown beyond all the others, and have kept the remnants; they are in my boxes somewhere.

Well, as foon as I was duly equipped, looking, as Lady Primrofe faid, like a majestic heroine (I must enter this nonsense, Maggie), I found myself fairly launched on the ocean of London gaiety. It was little to my taste, for the simple pleasures of a quiet Highland life, the cheerful enlivening bagpipe, the lively reel, and our strathspey, and the gown ornamented with the freshest and most fragrant heather, were preferable, I thought, to the noify music, the stiff formal dance they called a minuet, which began in couples, moving so flow, one would suppose they were marching at a funeral, and the costly nosegays of greenhouse flowers the ladies either carried in their hands or adorned their enormously high headgear with. But these thoughts I kept to myself while appearing pleased and happy in the grand fociety of those whom I might never see again.

Cages.

Auctions.

And to be in the fashion in London, the people appeared to me to live more out of their houses than in them; in the afternoon visiting, driving in their family coaches, attending salerooms where trumpery articles were fold by auction to the highest bidder, sometimes really fcarcely worth taking home; for the principal part of the amusement consisted in the ladies outbidding each other, and generally amongst friends, so that large sums of money used to change hands in this frivolous way, which no doubt made their husbands very cross. However the town ladies would, and I suppose ever will, contrive to have their own way. came the formal dinner-parties—oh! how I used to yawn behind my fan-and often we went to see the play in Drury Lane, and if it chanced to be a mournful tragedy, I could not help being fo filly as to cry, it all feemed fo natural and like real life. The best actor was Mr Garrick, and he certainly was a great man in his profession. Mrs Cibber also was wonderfully clever: these were the first stage-performers at that time. There have been several since, I believe, as clever; but it is not likely I shall ever again be in England, nor, indeed, would I, at my age, waste my hours on such idle and unprofitable vanities.

oh! then there was another evening amusement we went to see, or rather hear—the Opera, which, Maggie, is a pretty, but very strange performance, and surprised me at first. It was a play set to music, and sung as well as acted: very sine, with dazzling showy dresses and scenery. However, it was dull for me, being in the Italian language. I often wished myself away from such gaieties, for I could not be happy while my mind was loaded with care.

Yet my heart was relieved of a great burden in being able to receive letters from dear Scotland. All were well in my home, but I grieved fair for poor old Kingsburgh, then Opera.

lying in Edinburgh Castle, after having been set at liberty from Fort Augustus in mistake for another Alexander M'Donald; so, while on his way home, he was again taken, and treated with much severity. However, in about six weeks from this time, he was discharged in the same manner as myself, without a question being asked.

Fires.

Alas! some of the chiefs suffered sad loss. Lochiel's house at Auchnacary was burnt about the end of May; Kinlochmoidart's, Keppoch's, Glengary's, Cluny's, and Glengyle's, properties were also laid in ashes. Cattle, sheep, and goats were driven off; and, dreadful to relate, poor people, men, women, and their bairns, found dead on the hills, supposed to have been starved!

The worthy lady I was with had loft a near relation, who was executed at Carlifle, Sir Archibald Primrose of Dunnipace. She felt it acutely at the time, yet her zeal for the Stuarts was so deep-rooted, that she said one

day, while discoursing on the subject, although he had been a dearly-loved member of her family, yet for Prince Charles, had ten been sacrificed, she could have borne the sorrow.

Lady Primrose was never tired of hearing anecdotes connected with Prince Charles, for whom I really believe she would have shed her heart's blood.

I remember one day in particular, when there was a wee pig on the dinner-table, she caught a smile on my countenance. "Now, Flora, I will know your thoughts—of what are you thinking, dear child? Something about a pig I am sure—come, let me hear!"

"And pleased you will be, dear Lady Primrose; for that dish, of which I assure you I intend to partake, reminds me of what the Prince said when alluding to his royal mother; and fancy, dear Lady Primrose, until he told me, I was not aware of her having been the King of Poland's grand-daughter."

The pig.

"Oh, you ignorant thing! Well, never mind. What about the Queen and the pig?"

I then related that while on our wanderings, a large fat pig ran out against us with such a grunt as never was the like. The Prince burst out a laughing, and after having indulged in an imitation of its melodious sound, and giving a pull at the flopping frill of his cap, which action highly amused me, he said, "Whenever I meet one of those animals, I always take off my hat (bless me! I forget this Betty Burke cap!) for the take of my dear sainted mother, who used to call me her pretty pig. This was in consequence of my having feen, when quite a child, a huge boar's head as a centrepiece at a court banquet, when, in preference to all the nice sweets and rich dishes handed round, I screamed out, loud enough for all the princes, lords, and ladies, and other grand people to hear, 'Give me fome piggy! I will have fome piggy!""

Squeaking.

which of course caused a general laugh at the little Prince's childish folly.

"Thank you, Flora! I am glad my roafted favourite has been the means of my hearing another anecdote connected with our dear Prince. But really you ought to have known that his mother was the Princess Clementina, a grand-daughter of the deposed John Sobieski. Ay, and that reminds me of two valuable portraits you shall see in the house of a friend of mine, of the Prince's father and mother, painted by Sir Peter Lely. He was a first-rate artist, and knighted by Charles II., having gained the king's favour by painting all the good-for-nothing ladies of of the court. Oh, my dear! they were very wicked in those days!"

"And, Lady Primrose, the Prince told me another circumstance about his mother, which I will try to repeat in his own words—'My mother,' he said, 'was such a zealous Catholic—nay, if it is not undutiful to her memory to

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Sobiefki.

Bigot. C

use the word, I would say, she was bigoted to that creed, in which I and my brother were brought up. Perhaps,' he said with a sigh, 'had it been otherwise, and that I could in conscience, Miss M'Donald, have embraced the Protestant faith, I might not have been in my present disastrous condition.' After this remark, he was very grave for a few minutes, and then, with the natural liveliness of manner so peculiar to himself, and which never entirely forfook him, even when under the heaviest missortune, he turned the conversation. Oh! how I have longed for more of his fociety, to have heard from himself of his early life, of his companions, of his royal parents, and the general habits of the country in which he was born and educated. really, while going about in such a scrambling manner, every moment in dread of discovery, it was impossible to converse freely."

"You may well say that, my dear; and Charlie must have been just a charming creature when superbly dressed, as he always was at the court of the French King. But never mind; your adventure with him has made you a true illustration of a riddle I met with lately;—now attend:

The two first letters are male.

The three first . . . female.

The first four . . . a brave man.

The whole word . . a brave woman.

And that's what you are, dear Flora," and the kissed me,—" a heroine!"

"But now, in return for your interesting stories about Charlie—mind you give me some more nice recollections—I will tell you what I heard to-day about that little crooked Scotch nobleman, Lord K——, who is samed in London for being the greatest owl in the world. He was saying to Lady Dermot that there were offices established in Scotland where every Scotchman was obliged to apply for a passport before leaving his country, and

Rebus.

to undergo a satisfactory examination as to his intellect, education, and so forth, otherwise it could not be obtained; and that the person was sent back, even a second or third time, until he reached the required standard of abilities. Then I am sure,' replied Lady Dermot, that when your Lordship left Scotland for other countries, you must have been metamorphosed, possibly caged, as the bird of wisdom.' Capital idea, was it not? I suppose poor Lord K—— will never open his mouth again in Lady Dermot's drawing-room."

Air.

While staying with Lady Primrose I had few opportunities of enjoying country air and exercise, which young people require if only for health's sake. Her Ladyship was very thoughtful in this respect, confiding me to the care of an elderly person, who was a kind of semale sactotum in the samily, most thoroughly trustworthy, and a native of the West Highlands. When on our walking-excursions, Katie accompanied me, but Mrs

Dale was needed to efcort us, for we did not know the neighbourhood of London.

An adventure happened to me while on one of these expeditions, when we wandered through a pretty village into a retired lane leading to a wood. A pair of country lovers were seated on a rustic bench, too much intent on themselves to hear our sootsteps on the soft grass.

"What! deceive you, dear Phœbe? I would tear my base heart out first! No; all will soon be settled, for father will give me a few pounds a year, so with my daily work, which you know is paid every week, dear love, we shall do very well. Never fear! I love you too dearly ever to forget you. Father says the lord of the manor has lowered his rent and granted a new lease, and the steward is to call to-morrow to settle it all."

The poor girl looked up in his face, a tear gliftening like a dewdrop. "O William!

Love.

how happy you make me! how kind of the good gentleman! We must be grateful in thanking the worthy steward for managing it so well."

Blushes.

At this moment Phoebe saw our party, so she rose up, giving William a nudge to notice our approach, and she dropped a bobbing courtesey, just as the Prince had done not long before, while the lad jumped up, with a hasty pull at his hair in country fashion.

I entered into their interesting little love prospects and samily history, saying I wished them success, and should come again in a few days to make further inquiries after them. Katie, who always had a word on any subject where her mistress was concerned, screamed out, as we continued our walk, "Ay! and wouldna the good leddy at hame" (Lady Primrose) "gie ye some gear for house-warming? Ye'll mak' a bonnie pair, though ye're likely, I ween, to ha'e mair luve in the heart than siller in the purse." Now, this being ex-

pressed by honest Katie in Gaelic, the poor peasants stared with eyes and mouths wide open at hearing a jargon in an unintelligible language, which Mrs Dale gave them the meaning of, in a more subdued voice than Katie made use of.

A few days after, on returning to the village, the whole aspect of the lovers' bright hopes had changed, and it was with difficulty I could make out poor Phæbe's simple tale, owing to the fobs which burst from her heart on meeting us again. It seemed that the false steward had his own views in persuading his mafter to act kindly by the farmer's family. He was in love with pretty Phœbe, who indignantly rejected his dishonourable offers, which he ascribed to her partiality for William; and he had spitefully told false tales of the family, which induced the lord of the manor to order them off his property; added to which, a recruiting-party being in the village, he had taken means to have poor

Clouds.

William decoyed into the ale-house, well plied with drink, and given the shilling for being enlisted. Fancy poor Phœbe's distress on seeing the gay ribbons in the hat of her lover, and the agony of her mind greatly increased by his upbraiding her for having listened to the worthless steward. She madly assured him of her innocence, went on her knees to the corporal to try to buy him off with all the money she possessed, a miserable eight shillings, but a guinea was required.

Tears.

She told her ftory so pathetically, I believe I dropped a tear, and as for Katie, she blubbered aloud, vowing vengeance on the gentleman and his overseer. My hand was in my pocket. I gave her the guinea, and good Mrs Dale added her trifle.

The name of the lieutenant in command was given to me. Strange to fay I knew him, for he vifited Lady Primrofe; so I took an opportunity to interest him in the affair, and he kindly sent William home, when,

after a meeting with Phœbe, the lovers were reconciled, everything explained, and they were very foon married; not, however, before they had kissed my hands in gratitude.

There is a great delight in being inftrumental to the happiness of our fellow-beings, in whatever path of life they may move in. Lady Primrose assisted them in furnishing their little cottage, and I have often inquired after the welfare of my rustic couple.

Believe me, dear Maggie, my life while in England was not exactly an uneventful one. I can inftance a circumstance that occurred while I was with Lady Primrose. She had country friends about fifty miles from London, Sir Archibald and Lady B——, with whom, from so constantly meeting, and their uniform kindness, I selt myself on intimate terms.

They were not Scotch, but they were so bit by the Jacobite mania, that all affairs connected with the bonnie Prince were regarded with peculiar interest, which also made me come in for Events.

a larger share of their admiration than such a simple Highland lassie would otherwise have merited. To reach their residence, it was usual to take the daily coach, a public conveyance holding four inside and eight on the roof. True, I might have gone to the expense of a posting-carriage, and, as matters turned out, I devoutly wished I had; but how happy it is for us that we cannot foresee events and probable dangers!

Alone.

Katie did not accompany me on my vifit to Highton Park, for really her strange ways and noise amongst Lady B——'s fashionable airified English servants, would have made me very uncomfortable, so I determined to take the journey alone. Lady Primrose saw me to the coach, and my only fellow-traveller was a young man of elegant appearance, with a gentle, pleasing countenance. I smiled farewell to Lady Primrose, the sootman saw my box placed on the roof, and the coach rattled on.

My young gentleman was most polite, raised and lowered the windows to suit my convenience, and after a while entered into a most agreeable conversation respecting foreign countries and habits. He had a travelling book in his hand, the leaves of which being uncut, he used a paper-knife. Maggie, you have seen the kind of knife a hundred times, an ivory cutter, with penknife at the end. Oh! how well I remember that knife!

Well, all went on smoothly, and might perhaps have continued so, had I not made a very natural, yet, as it turned out, a most unfortunate remark. "Sir," said I, "you appear to have been a great traveller." No sooner were those words said, than he raised his hands in a most excited way, almost shouting out, "Traveller! yes, indeed, I have been a traveller! and for what, madam? Tell me why, and for what cause I have travelled, madam?" Here he motioned nearer to me, at the same time flourishing the cutter with

The fpring.

Mad.

its open blade.—" For my health, yes; madam, for the recovery of my health from a brain fever. They faid I was out of my mind, mad for some time; but that was a lie, I was foon as well as I am now."—He laughed in that dreadfully idiotic way so peculiar to infanity.--" I am quite recovered-as well as ever I was. You see I am quite well. Tell me directly you do not doubt it. Tell me fo." And then he started up, catching hold of my wrift, while his eyes glared like a wild bull. Oh! how alarmed I was! in fact I was too frightened to scream, and had I done so, perhaps he would have used his knife. heart beat to that degree, I could hear its pulsations. I dreaded the weapon being plunged into me. "You don't think me mad! Say you see I am all right! Tell me so directly, or, madam, I'll put you out of the window!"

I faltered out, "Oh, yes; you are perfectly well; nothing whatever is the matter with

you. How could any one think otherwife?"

I spoke in that way, having heard that insane people must, for safety's sake, be always humoured, whatever their vagrant sancies may be, and thank God I recollected the caution. The poor, deranged young man went on with his ravings.

"Ay! you are a fensible young woman. You view the matter as every person should have done. But I might indeed have gone absolutely mad; for, madam, they treated me like a dog—like an animal"—here he let go my wrist—" tied those two wrists together—kept me in bed when nothing on earth ailed me. However, I had a fort of revenge, I bit the sheets to rags. And imagine a vile old wretch being placed in the room, who took away all my clothes—the horrid thief!—fed me with spoon-meat, ay, and even my razors were nowhere to be found. But I determined to outwit their supposed clever-

Stark mad.

ness. Madam, I had a strange feeling. You know what that feeling is. Tell me instantly you do; for I see you have had sever yourself. You may have been even worse than I was—perhaps really mad—insane—deranged—say you have; ay, I see you can enter into what my feelings were. Haven't you been mad?"—and he started up, his eyes glaring more than before. I meekly answered, "Yes, fir, I know it all."

Worfe.

"Then you have been mad?"-"Yes."

"There, now, I knew I was right; fo you shall hear what I did. I had a wish to put an end to myself. You must know what that feeling is; you have also had the inclination; you have also seen a black imp in the corner of the room telling you how to do it? Say you have—I know you have! "—another tug at my poor wrist. So I gently said, "Yes, I have several times wished to destroy myself." "And seen the imp?"—"Yes."—"Well, madam, and I should have done it, but for that

vile beldame with her owlish eyes always fixed on me. At last I feigned sleep, and soon heard the old creature limping down stairs. Ha! what did I do? Sprang out of bed, rushed to the washstand, smashed the drinking-glass, and rushed into bed again with two large pieces."

Here I thought it wife to pretend ignorance of his motive.

"What did you break the glass for?" said I, my poor heart beating as fast as before, yet I spoke in a quiet tone.

"What for? Why, you must know, madam, what my intention was. Something whispered in my ear—'Kill yourself, kill yourself.' You have heard that voice. I know you have—for you have evidently been worse than I was—every feeling you have experienced. So, just on the point of working away at my throat, who should bounce into the room but the lame creature, who was so inspired, that she really rushed at me, and,

Worft.

with her iron grasp, forced me to relinquish the glass. 'Oh, my lad,' said she, 'I'll have none of them there pranks, so please to behave yourself, or there's a nice sitting waistcoat for you.' I believe I was a little strange, and no wonder, while enduring such treatment; but I have never had a return of sever from that time to this, and soon became as well as I am at this moment."

Over-

Then came another idiotic laugh, which frightened me almost as much as his violence. After that he said no more, leant back in the coach, apparently intent on the road, when, on coming in fight of a handsome house and grounds, he sprang up and called to the coachman, "Hallo, coachy! here I am at home; let me out, I say." He was put down at the lodge-gate, and now that the paroxysm of infanity had passed off, he resumed his former manner, and made me as elegant a bow as any nobleman might have done. Alas! poor young man! he was not fit to

travel alone, although, on the present occasion, he might have got on quietly enough, if I had not unhappily hit on the tender word of his weakened brain—traveller. Indeed, his violence had so unnerved me, it required all my kind friends' attention, on reaching Highton Park, to calm my agitation. Lady B—said I should not again be subjected to such a scene of real danger; and that knife might have put it out of my power to be now writing this account of the transaction. Therefore, on returning to London, she sent her maid with me, and the journey was made without any awkward adventure.

But this vifit was fated to be one of more interest than I had anticipated.

Dear Maggie, before commencing these memoirs, I told you that mine was too uneventful a life to note down its particulars; yet, as my pen runs on, and various scenes arise from their hidden depths of memory, I begin to think the reverse, and even while.

Paft.

visiting Highton Park a remarkable incident took place.

A lady, I should say about thirty years of age, was staying in the house as a guest, Lady B informed me, for the was uncomfortably fituated in life, her father, an influential country squire, having taken a fecond wife, who infifted on Mifs Bingly feeking a home elsewhere. Having had an excellent education, she was well qualified to take a fituation as governess, and Lady B--mentioned her case to a friend who was intimate with a French lady, the fecond wife of an Italian nobleman, the Conte D'Orani. The Conte's daughter by the former marriage was about eighteen, and the Contessa had one child, quite a young boy. While in England the Contessa was inquiring for a lady to reside with her in Italy as governess for their little fon, and also to be a friendly companion to herself, as she was much alone, the Conte - generally being absent, either in Florence or

Governess.

Paris. The family refidence was quite in the country, an ifolated, gloomy, old castle, and the Contessa had scarcely any society; but all this and other discoveries Miss Bingly made when, on accepting the fituation, the accompanied the Contessa to Italy. She stayed abroad about eighteen months, then returned to London and renewed the fociety of her former friends. She, however, was not communicative; far from it, for a kind of mystery seemed to hang over the cause of her leaving fuch an eligible fituation: her lips feemed fealed on the fubject of what had taken place while she was in the castle. the faid was, that it was too dull a refidence to fuit her naturally lively disposition, there being fo little fociety either vifiting at the caftle or in the neighbourhood, and also that the young Signorina Giulia was too overbearing and haughty to be under the control of any "In fact," faid Miss Bingly, "after being there a month, I did not intend

Silence.

to stay—I was much too unhappy—I could not remain for a continuance, although the Contessa would have doubled my salary, and she was a charming person; but no power on earth should have kept me an hour after the time agreed on. I only regret I stayed beyond the first week."

In vain her friends demanded the cause, but to no purpose; she would reply to no questions, always repeating, "I was too unhappy to stay."

Solicitude.

"Nor have I," faid Lady B—, while giving me these particulars, "the slightest idea of her reason, or why she is so altered both in manner and appearance. She used to be lively and ever ready to oblige, now you must perceive how grave and abstracted she is; there is evidently something on her mind which I have tried to get at,—not, I assure you, dear Miss M'Donald, from idle curiosity, but from the wish that she had a friend to conside in. We all know what a relief it

is to an overburdened heart, to let it burst the bonds of a concealed grief. Ah! little did Lady B—— know how my heart could reply to that sentiment! "Besides," continued her Ladyship, "Miss Bingly is really not in spirits to take another situation, and as I have a sincere regard for her, and pity her position, she is most welcome to a home with me. I am not without the hope of some day so far thawing the ice of concealment as to induce her to tell me the cause of the extraordinary change that has come over her."

And little did Lady B—— then conceive that the strange mystery—at least a part of it, for the after-details which I shall have to relate were most horrid—was to be explained on the following day.

Thus it was:-

We were fitting in Lady B——'s morning-room, her Ladyship and I at needlework, Miss Bingly as usual with a book in hand, although too abstracted to use it, nay, for matter of.

Sadness.

Clairvoy-

that, I verily believe she held it upside-down, when we were startled by her uttering a violent scream. She sprang from her seat, clasped her hands, and, with a horristed look, appeared to be addressing some one in the verandah. "O Giulia! Giulia! you wicked, bad girl! I thought as much! You have then killed her!" With those words she fell down in a swoon, nor was she restored to her senses for several hours. At last, on opening her eyes, she sighed deeply, and exclaimed, "Where am I? where is that dreadful girl? take her away!"

We gradually calmed her, and a flood of tears greatly relieved her, after which she was able to tell us what had occasioned the shock.

"I was in deep thought," faid she, "my eyes fixed on the window, when the shadow of a female figure closely mussled up seemed to glide across the verandah. She slowly raised the long veil, held out her hand, in

which was a glass goblet, and looked fixedly at me, with a triumphant yet ghastly smile; then turned the glass as in the act of emptying it. Oh, horror! That phantom was Giulia d'Orani, and in her other hand was a bloody dagger!"

Poor Miss Bingly was too agitated to say more at that time, but later she sent for Lady B——, to whom she made the following disclosures.

"No doubt you have been furprifed, dear lady, by my so constantly refusing to state particulars relative to my manner of life while with the Contessa in Italy, and the cause of my leaving the castle; and, indeed, up to yesterday I should ever have kept a strict silence on that painful subject. But now it becomes needful I should break through that apparently strange silence, for from the appearance of that dreadful sigure, I am led to believe that what I so much feared has come to pass. I feel certain the life of the

Relief.

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Hate.

amiable Contessa has been taken away through the instrumentality of her wicked step-daughter. Yes, Lady B—, you may well start. That bad girl hated the Contessa, and even has gone so far as to say to me, that she would some day silence her mischievous tongue. Part of her hatred was caused by the resusal of the Conte to sanction her marriage with a person of inferior birth and no fortune; and because the Contessa urged her to give up her lover, the wretched Giulia determined to seek an opportunity of wreaking vengeance for, as she said, her step-mother's vite influence over her father.

"I fuspected the manner she contemplated taking the poor lady's life, knowing the Signorina was not unacquainted with the nature of various poisons, which was the easiest mode of effecting her purpose, the Contessa being in the habit of taking tisanes of many kinds; so I carefully watched the girl's proceedings, and even had an antidote

in case my poor friend's life should be-For this reason it was that I attempted. reluctantly agreed to stay longer at the castle; indeed, the Contessa entreated me to do so with tears; also the Conte said he would be forry if I meditated leaving his little boy, who was fond of me, and paid attention to whatever I taught him. He was a very dear child, most engaging; but altogether mine was an uncomfortable life, a daily witness of the Contessa's unhappiness, and having to endure the daughter's insolence. It was painful also to fee the Conte's indifference towards his wife, whom he had only married for her large fortune. They had but one subject on which they could agree, and that was in thwarting the daughter's difgraceful love affair. had I been even more unhappy, I could not in conscience have left the Contessa at the mercy of such a bad-hearted girl, and might have remained, had not an attempt on my own life urged my departure. I shall always think

The boy.

Attempts.

it was made in consequence of my having feen some queer-looking substance in a bottle of medicine prepared for the Contessa, my suspicions being previously excited by Giulia's anxiety to ascertain whether the medicine had been taken. There was a thick fediment in the glass, which the unfortunate lady was in the act of raising to her lips! I rushed across the room, and dashed away the glass, just in time to avert the catastrophe. The Contessa shook her head, looking mournfully at me. I fee her now!—that last look! 'Ah!' said fhe, 'fome day-fome day!' That was all she uttered; but full well did I know she dreaded the fatal event. And now, dear Lady B—, it has happened, for the vision I saw yesterday tells me she has died by foul play. Yes! and I have a strong presentiment that the wicked young murderess is also numbered with the dead. Alas! had I remained, the dear Contessa might still be living. But how could I do fo? My life had been endangered

by poisoned soup. Yet, not knowing how to act, I confulted an old lady who lived not far off: she was English, a widow, and a great comfort to me in my loneliness. It was by her advice I determined to quit the hateful castle, though not without difficulty. dear, amiable Contessa !-- it cost me much distrefs to part from her and her pretty boy. And it is the pressure of a solemn promise she exacted from me of not divulging the cause of my leaving that has kept me filent, and the constant dread of what might happen to her has taken away my energy and spirits. Do you forgive me, my dear friend? for, indeed, I can scarce forgive myself for not having treated you with the confidence your kindness has ever merited."

Lady B—— begged she would say no more, but be calm and composed, for which purpose she was leaving the room, when Miss Bingly called her back, with the request that Miss M'Donald might be made acquainted

Sealed.

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with what she termed "her melancholy tale." "I like that girl," she said, "for she is sensible, and must be admired for her devotion to the Prince. Yes! I should wish her to know why I have been so dull, and unable to enjoy her agreeable society."

Egotift.

I am no egotift, Maggie, yet obliged to record these flattering remarks, or should be no true chronicler.

Miss Bingly received a long letter, indeed, quite a packet, from her friend, Mrs Hutton, which arrived just three days after the verandah-scene. It had a black seal and the Italian postmark, so before it was opened we guessed the fatal contents. In truth, Miss Bingly was too agitated to read it, and handed it to Lady B——. It was as follows,—for the history of this unhappy family was such a curious one, so full of painful romance, I requested permission to take a copy, which I knew Lady Primrose would feel interested in perusing, and I insert it in these memoirs.

"Dear Miss Bingly,—I am truly diftreffed in fending you fad, very fad news.
Our dear Contessa is no more! and there is
every appearance of her death having been
caused by poison. Ah! our suspicions were
only too well founded, for that bad bold girl,
in an exulting way, almost confessed the deed.
But I must even shock you still more, for the
tragedy only two days since enacted in that
odious castle will scarcely be credited. I
feel at a loss for words to express how the
horrid events occurred, and will try to be as
concise as possible.

"All three are gone—father, mother, and daughter! I scarcely know what I am writing; but you will be so, anxious for particulars. It seems the Contesta's confidential French maid was as strict in guarding her mistress against the plots of that wicked girl as you were; but poor Louise was lying dangerously ill, which, no doubt, gave the Signorina her long-wished-for opportunity.

Murder.

The poison was administered in a glass of Hungary water,—the doctor fays to openly; but not all his skill could save her. Conte, I must say, is very kind, and declares the perpetrator shall be brought to justice, even should the affassin be his own daughter; but he will not believe her guilty. His brother-in-law is at the castle,-Monsieur de St Marlean,—and he attended the funeral with other relations of the Contessa, who left immediately afterwards. Monfieur is going to have the affair thoroughly investigated; even if it should be necessary to exhume the The daughter's hand destroyed her body. father! The details are frightful. She had a violent altercation with the Conte, in such a loud tone as to be overheard from the apartment adjoining his fludy. She braved his authority, faying, she was resolved on marrying that low man—you know whom I mean -and demanded as a right the money falling to her share on the Contessa's death.

Horror.

"'Never,' faid the Conte, 'shall you inherit a sous of your victim's property!"

Shame.

"Victim!' she cried, in a scoffing tone; 'prove your words, my Lord! Ay! if you dare to defy me, or refuse to sign these papers which are duly prepared by a notary, giving me on your death full possession of the castle and estates, I will damage your reputation in such a way you will be obliged to sly this country, and perhaps hide in your dear favourite France, from which hated clime you thought it sit to bring a woman to place as a step-mother over my head. But enough of that story, all now sinished. Sign those papers, or I will be avenged.'

"Giulia!' fighed the poor father, 'you have ever been a most undutiful heartless daughter. I cannot control your disgraceful marriage intentions, but these estates are hereditary and '——

"'I know they are, and I am your eldest born.'

- "'Not fo; they will belong to my fon.'
- "'Oh! then you wish to place that puny brat over my head!' She gave an ironical smile. 'But my dear little brother requires a sister's care and attention—he must have medicine—a strong dose, my Lord!'
 - "'Giulia! wicked girl! you must be mad to entertain such horrid ideas! Surely one victim will suffice on whom to work your wickedness!"
 - "Say these words again at your peril, and I will—but stay; sign those papers,' she cried out, with a menacing attitude, 'or dread my vengeance!'
 - "'Never! I will not fign away my boy's inheritance!'

Struggle.

- "After these words scuffling sounds were heard, and a deep groan, mingling with dreadful shrieks.
- "The attendants rushed in. Oh, what a horrid sight! There lay the Conte almost dying from a dagger-wound in the breast,

and the wretched Giulia extended on the floor in a pool of blood—dead! The point of a dagger was still in her heart. The table was overturned, so the supposition is, that in the act of stabbing her father, she had dragged the table over her, in the sall occasioning another unsheathed dagger to strike her wicked heart. No doubt it all occurred in this way, for she was of too cowardly a nature to attempt her own life, therefore the crime of self-murder is fortunately not to be added to her black catalogue of crime! The sheath of the dagger was in her girdle.

Nemens.

"The Conte furvived only an hour; gasping for breath, he was unable to speak beyond a few almost indistinct words to Monsieur de St Marlean, in whose hand he placed those of the poor orphaned child. His look was suplicating. Monsieur understood his meaning. 'Yes, D'Orani,' said he, 'I accept the charge, and will never forsake my nephew.'

"The Conte faintly smiled, his eyes became •

fixed and glassy, and with a deep groan he expired.

Rage.

"He will be interred with the Contessa in the family-vault. Alas! so soon to be reopened. Not so the young murderess! for the neighbours are so exasperated, especially the peasantry, that some of them declare they will kick the cossin to pieces, and throw the body in a deep pit! therefore she is to be buried at an unknown hour, perhaps at night. Thus ends this dreadful affair. I feel quite upset at witnessing such horrors!

"You remember Madame de St Marlean—
a nice person! Monsieur inquired for you, regretting you were no longer with little Henri.
It is melancholy to hear the poor child; he is so constantly lamenting his 'petite maman.'
I really think, if you would like to be so placed, they would be very glad for you to reside with them near Paris, and to have the superintendence of the little boy. In fact,
Monsieur told me to hint the subject to you;

fo think of it, dear Miss Bingly, and give an answer soon.

"I cannot write any more. It will be fome time before I shall get over the events of the last few days. Write soon to

"Your fincere friend,

JANE HATTON."

This fad history made us all melancholy, and poor Miss Bingly was quite overcome. She reflected on her friend's advice, and accepted Sir Archibald's kind offer of communicating with Monsieur de St Marlean; fo, when I left my kind friends to return to Lady Primrose, to whose house Sir Archibald kindly escorted me, on taking leave of Miss Bingly, she told me that it was her intention to travel almost immediately to France, and take charge of her little favourite.

But I leave this melancholy tale, and go on to fay how tired I foon became of the conftant whirl of London fashionable life—out Sympathy.

all day in her Ladyship's coach, and every night to some public place: different kinds of amusement to while away the late hours. fick of the compliments paid me; indeed, in many cases the attentions of gentlemen went beyond compliments. I am fearful of being thought vain in repeating such matters, yet, after the lapse of so many years, I may say, that, had I been so disposed, I might have been most eligibly married, for I had offers far above me in position and wealth. The eldest son of a Cambrian baronet, well known for his riches and the possession of a noble estate, was very devoted; he really feemed attached to me, and his fuit was warmly advocated by his friend, Lady Primrose; yet it pained me to reject a person evidently amiable and talented. I could not acknowledge the residence of a partiality in my heart for one who had perhaps forgotten me. So, Maggie, the beaux who flattered a fimple Highland laffie with propo-

Propofals.

fals of marriage, could not fucceed in their hopes. But enough of this.

It was reported to me that the Princess of Wales had been displeased by Lady Margaret M'Donald having appeared at court (she was obliged to go, Sir Alexander having been in attendance on the hateful Duke of C——), saying, "She was forry she had not previously known that Lady Margaret had been concerned in the escape of the Pretender."

"Well, madam," replied Prince Frederick, to whom the remark was made, "suppose you had known it! Would you not have acted in the same manner if that unfortunate man had appeared before you in such calamitous circumstances? I know, I am sure, you would."

No doubt the Princess felt the rebuke, and was ashamed of such a heartless speech.

Regarding myself, I heard the Prince would not allow any one to speak but with becoming respect relative to Prince. Rebuke.

Character.

Charles's escape. He once said, "he could appreciate the worth of my exertions, although they were used for the safety of a rival."

Prince Frederick was an amiable man, noble minded and generous in character, far different to his father, who was passionate, obstinate, and dreadfully stingy in his habits. Therefore, the father and son being so opposite in disposition, the reports bruited about of their disagreements occasioned no surprise to those who could withdraw the veil from the concealment of inner court-life.

And one day I saw passing in a royal coach such a pretty child—Prince George, the son of Prince Frederick—who, many years from this time, mounted the throne, the property of the Stuarts, as George III. of Great Britain; for Prince Frederick dying in 1751, this boy, then only thirteen years of age, succeeded his grandfather, Old Geordie, as he was always named in the Highlands.

was returned to Skye when Prince Frederick died, and truly concerned I was to hear of the fad event. But how I do digrefs! My friends will be tired of reading all this. So I go on to the time of my leaving the hospitable roof of dear Lady Primrose; for, after receiving the Government pardon, oh! how I longed to be at home again. Also, I was tired of being stared at; for such an ado was made of the little act by which the dear Prince had escaped, as never was the like! The curiofity of the people was really annoy-Sometimes I felt the colour mount to my cheeks, and tears in my eyes, when young men so far forgot what was due, not only to a stranger in their country, but to the shrinking timidity of a simple-minded girl, as to fland in groups around the doors of the houses where I accompanied Lady Primrose to parties and routs to look at me! And frequently I heard disloyal remarks about Prince Charles, which vexed me

Vexed.

even more than their inconfiderate rudeness to myself.

Return.

But all this was to come to an end, for the time drew nigh for me to begin journeying to dear Scotland. The recollection of its blue hills and fweet heather was too deeply impressed on my memory to make me regret quitting England; nor could I ever wish to revisit a land where so many of my days had been passed in anxiety and weariness. Nay, even while my kind hostess did all she could to amuse and cheer me up, yet the uneasiness I was enduring about all the dear people at home, no one had a distant idea of. I think her Ladyship guessed my secret wish to be with those I loved; for one day, while at our needle, the remarked on my altered looks, which the supposed was caused by the close air and late hours of London "So, my dear, although I wish you could stay with me altogether, yet, as health is the first consideration, and much I shall

grieve to part with you, my dear creature, I must not be selfish; your friends must be wearying for your return. Only you must not think of going until I shall have arranged a nice plan for your travelling comfortably What do you think of Malcolm M'Leod being at liberty, and about to return to Raafay? I heard this yesterday. So, my dear, it is all fettled in this head of mine, that you and he, and that half-mad scarecrow Katie, shall journey back together-the opportunity is too good to be loft. And another thing I have to tell you. Now, my dear, your Highland pride must not be · offended by the knowledge of my having raised a little fortune for the fair 'Prince's Preserver.' Ay! my dear,—do not look so aftonished,—I have been about it all this time. And now look here, my dear foul! here 's a nice present to take back to your home."

She went to a cabinet, and drew out an

Efcort.

Dowry.

elegantly-knitted filk purse, saying, as she placed it in my hand, "There's just fifteen hundred pounds—a pretty little fum," added she, fignificantly, "to help on the intended wedding." Then she kissed me and smiled. I knew the allusion, for Lady Primrose had often joked me about having an admirer in a fly corner, on occasions when I declined receiving attentions from one gentleman in particular whom she much wished me to marry. I fear at this moment my conscious cheeks told her the true tale. "Well, my dear, there's no controlling these little heart affections. Be married and happy, dear Flora! and may I live to see you so, should I ever visit again the bonniest of all countries-my native Scotland.

Was she not kind, this dear lady, who had been like a second mother during all my troubles?

Well, true to her word, the very next day Malcolm M'Leod came to dinner; and well

do I remember how he made us laugh by mentioning a circumstance which happened while the Prince was concealed in a cave during his wanderings in Raasay. "Only two men were with him," said Malcolm. "I forget their names,—a M'Donald, of course, Miss Flora"—looking archly at me—"for Charlie always managed to have one of that faithful clan with him."

On this occasion they were foraging for provisions, and left the Prince alone. Night came on, and having no light, he lay down in his plaid, and tried not to feel the hard rough stones under him; but the intense cold drove away all chance of sleep. Then recollecting an old blanket which was in a bundle at the end of this dismal hole, he sprang up, groping his way down the cave, which was so narrow, that by stretching out his arms he could touch the sides. It was a gradual descent towards the end, not more than three feet in height.

Content.

As he advanced thus flowly, he heard a queer found, like the clattering of a person's teeth from cold. Naturally thinking of a concealed enemy, and having not even a stick to defend himself, he thought of retreating, when, through the chinks of the broken rock—his eyes by this time more accustomed to the gloom—a strange sight made him start.

Spy.

"And what d'ye think it was? My lady, ye'll never guess. I can't help laughing when I tell this story, and so did his Royal Highness afterwards. A poor little old monkey, sitting all of a heap, shivering and clattering his jaws like a pair of nut-crackers!" But the wise creature had tried to make himself comfortable under existing circumstances, having burst open the bundle, scattered the things about, stuck a red night-cap on his head in most jaunty fashion, and wrapt around him was the blanket intended to shelter the shoulders of royalty! Oh! he grinned and chattered, with such strange

howlings, the Prince feared the noise would attract the attention of the sentinels who were everywhere about.

However, the fage gentleman clung to his stolen property, resisting every attempt of the rightful owner to gain possession of the blanket.

Fancy the surprise of the two men when they returned, and saw their Prince side by fide with fuch a companion! The poor animal had probably entered the cave for shelter, and was nearly dead from hunger; but after having had the honour of partaking of food with the Prince, in due time it received a hint to leave, being driven forcibly from the cave. The Prince used to enjoy this joke, and in mentioning it always imitated the animal's queer gestures. He supposed it had escaped from some private residence in the neighbourhood, as monkeys were fo feldom feen in those parts; and during their three days' hiding they never faw any more

A pair

Feast.

of their favage friend. "Perhaps," added Malcolm, "the fare was not good enough for the gentleman, being only dry cheefe and oatmeal, with nothing but water from a fpring hard by. Poor Charlie! how he would have done justice to a dinner like this, my Lady Primrose!"

"Ay! and I wish his Royal Highness washere to partake of it; indeed, how happy I
should be to know where he is at this
moment. But I will not despair of seeing
him some day, when Charlie shall come 'to
tak' his ain again.'" This line her Ladyship
was so fond of repeating, from a song of the
day! And, dear Maggie, I have good reasons
for believing that Lady Primrose did not only
see Prince Charles, but received him into her
house for a few days, when he was in London
many years after under a disguised name.
The reason was obvious, although no other
attempt has ever been made of his "takin'
his ain again."

And now all was fettled for our journey two days after. Her Ladyship managed everything—hired a conveyance—helped me and Katie with our packing, not forgetting to slip in the boxes sundry useful articles as remembrances—and insisting on being at all the expense of the journey. As for my kind-hearted companion, he was vastly amused when told he was to take charge of me.

"Why, Miss Flora!" said Malcolm, "here am I, who came up to London to be hanged, going back to Scotland in grand style, and with you in a braw post-chaise!"

He congratulated me on my little fortune, but its possession did not make me seel comfortable; the sact of a subscription rather annoyed me, and possibly would be displeasing to my Highland relations. However, to have resused the money would have justly offended my excellent patroness; so the long purse was carefully ensconced at the bottom of the travelling-trunk.

Pride.

Nor must I forget to mention a lovely gift Lady Primrose made me, by placing on my finger such an elegant ring which, she said, I was never to wear without remembering her.

The ring.

I think, Maggie, you have feen it. However, for my other friends who may read these jottings of a defultory pen, I will describe it-In a basket of the finest gold filigree was contained a tiny bunch of wee roses composed of diamonds and leaves of green enamel and emeralds; the part round the finger was a band of white enamel, with an inscription in finall gilded letters, in Latin, the meaning of which was, "Flora, Preserver of the White Rose!" Oh, so pretty! I had many more articles of jewellery given me by various ladies, who were so kind as to say they never could do enough for me; but this beautiful ring I preferred to all the other prefents, and I knew it would please every one at home, the device being so gracefully complimentary.

Well, after nearly finishing our travelling arrangements, tired enough I was, for Lady Primrose insisted on taking me to call on such a number of people who were anxious to bid good-bye to Flora M'Donald; so I felt quite overwhelmed when, the chaise at the door, Malcolm in readiness as the escort, and honest Katie waiting for me to step in after having arranged the parcels to her liking, I threw my arms around the dear mistress of the house, who had so bestriended me. We were both in tears. In another moment the steps of the chaise were pushed back, the door banged to, the postboy cracked his whip, and off we were!

I cannot describe my sensations, mingled as they were with joy at going home, and regret at leaving some dear friends, whom it was not likely I should again meet.

I promised to write occasionally to Lady Primrose, and did so, until her death a sew years since. Parting

While we journeyed on, Malcolm told me of much that had passed in the Highlands during the last few months relative to the Prince's movements, he having conducted his Royal Highness from Raasay to many other places,—to the M'Donalds of Morar, the M'Donalds of Borrodale and Glenaladale, and the M'Kinnons of Corry. John M'Kinnon was Malcolm's brother-in-law, and he took a warm interest in the royal fugitive, and during some of their wanderings the Prince was disguised as his servant, passing by the name of Lewis Caw, the supposed son of a surgeon in Crieff.

Difguife.

Malcolm related an amufing tale of the Prince while going about as his fervant. In the course of their wanderings, they had fallen into a bog; so, on reaching the house of John M'Kinnon at Ellagol, the Captain told the girl in Gaelic to bring hot water and wash his feet. While she was doing this, he said, pointing to the poor, despised, ill-looking Lewis

Caw, "You fee that poor fellow yonder? How fick he is!. It will be a charity to clean his feet. Indeed, he more needs attending to than I do."

"What!" faid she, "ask me to do such a service? No; if I wash the feet of your father's son, they are the master's; but to touch the toes of his mother's son—a low peasant! very sine truly! No; I canna do it!"

Servantgalifm.

Malcolm, however, at last persuaded the offended damsel to lower her dignity; but, in the act of washing poor Charles's legs and feet, she was so cross at being obliged to do it, so very rough in her handling, he begged M'Leod to desire her not to rub so hard. He spoke low, lest she should hear he had no Gaelic.

"And truly a strange figure he was," said Malcolm; "his wig taken off, an old clout of a handkerchief on his head, with a cotton nightcap drawn over it, and leather thongs instead of buckles to his old brogues; such a

guy! his own mother wouldn't have found him out!"

Old Corry had accompanied them, and would have gone farther, but the Prince declined his services in consequence of his age; fo John M'Kinnon of Ellagol continued his guide until his Highness was left in Borrodale's charge; and M'Kinnon, on returning homewards, had nearly reached his house when he was taken by a party of militia, sent up to London, where, after some months' imprisonment, he was allowed to go back to Scotland. "In truth, Miss Flora," said Malcolm, "we are all lucky to escape so well; but I suppose that wretched Duke of C--- has hanged for many, he is tired of fuch fun. These missortunes have deeply affected our unhappy Prince. I often heard him murmuring in his broken fleep, speaking incoherently in Italian, French, and English. Once he said distinctly, 'O God! poor Scotland!' It sair grieved me, for it fhowed how bitter his thoughts were."

Traps.

Captain M'Leod'also told me of a curious fact connected with his Royal Highness's hairbreadth escape—a singular circumstance.

When hard preffed in the direction of Glenmorriston, he was indebted to a band of feven Highlanders for protection during feveral days. These men, having fought for their Prince, could be trusted. They were felf-outlawed, to fave their lives from a cruel Government, supporting themselves as best they could; and bad enough as that was, the fituation of their unfortunate Prince was a great deal worse, he having been obliged to take shelter from the musket-shots of the soldiery, who were scouring the country to destroy the poor creatures who had fled in terror to hide themselves amongst the hills. The Prince had never been in greater danger, so the party of faithful M'Donalds then conducting hurriedly concealed him in a fmall hole amongst the bushes. Alas! how miserable must have been this place! so narrow and short, that he

Friends.

could not lie at full length, and exposed to hunger, fatigue, and rain in towents.

In this diffress the party resolved to have recourse to "the seven men of Glenmorriston," as they were called, knowing they were to be found somewhere in that neighbourhood.

Their names were Gregor, Alexander, Donald, and Hugh, of the Chisholm clan, John and Alexander M'Donald, and Patrick Grant. At first, the rank of the Prince was concealed from them, but on going to the place of meeting, they recognised him, so the three present took an oath of fidelity to their royal master. The others, who were at a distance foraging for plunder, returned the next day, and they also swore to be faithful; indeed, so truly did they keep their pledge, that not until they heard, long after, of the Prince's safe arrival in France, did they acknowledge having affisted him.

Oaths.

With these rough yet good-hearted men he was kept for three weeks, well fed, and at

A Pennyworth of Gingerbread.

night made as comfortable as a bed of fresh heather admitted of, and one of them was often sent to Fort Augustus for information respecting the Prince's chance of getting away to France. "And what do you think," said Malcolm, "of a noble gift to the Prince from one of the band, on returning from Fort Augustus? You'll never guess, Miss Flora, so I'll just tell you. It was a pennyworth of gingerbread! which the poor sellow thought would be considered a dainty bit for his Royal Highness.

We both enjoyed this joke, which I only mention as a proof of the man's kind feeling. They accompanied the Prince and his companions as far as Loch Arkaig, and then, after a friendly farewell, returned to their wild course of life.

And now, Maggie, I will tell you a curious story I heard many years ago about one of these men, Hugh Chisholm, who, when in Edinburgh, was visited by several persons from

A gift.

whom he received sums of money, but in shaking hands he always gave his left, saying, that "as his right hand had been shaken by the Prince at parting, from that moment he resolved never to give his right hand to any man until he saw Charles Stuart again." A strange sancy was it not? I wonder whether he was more courteous to ladies!

Réward.

I also heard that when the Prince got safely across the water, he sent these men twenty-four guineas, as a recompense for their rude hospitality at a time when he was sorely in need of help.

It was about this period that poor young Roderick M'Kenzie met his death. He had ferved in the Prince's regiment of life-guards, and being tall and elegant-looking, also somewhat resembling him in countenance, he might well have been mistaken for his Royal Highness. While skulking in the Braes of Glenmorriston he encountered a body of Hanoverian soldiers, and attempted to escape,

The Duke's Delight.

but they furrounded him; so knowing his life must be forseited, and recollecting his likeness to the Prince, he exclaimed, in a tone of authority, "Villains! you have sain your Prince."

A loyal lie.

The foldiers, delighted at having fecured their prize, cut off the head of the unfortunate young man, took it to Inverness, and there are people who say that the brutal Duke of C—— had it packed in a basket, and journeyed with the ghastly treasure to London. However, on its being shown to one Morison, a former valet of the Prince, who nearly fainted at the horrid sight, he swore positively it was not the head of his royal master. Poor M'Kenzie! his sate was hard, and let us hope he was pardoned for dying with an untruth on his lips.

But to continue our journey.

On reaching York, we went by invitation to the house of Dr Burton. This gentleman had just been liberated from a long confine-

ment in jail for the part he took in ferving the Prince.

We were not there many days, for I was fo impatient to get home to my dear mother, and feel fecured in our quiet retreat from future danger. The troubles I had undergone were beginning to affect my health, but all was forgotten, and my heart cheered, when the first peep of the blue hills reached my eager fight. The "Highland rose" was not so bright as formerly, yet it would now soon regain its hue and vigour.

Home.

But let me pass over the happy meeting with my mother and kind step-father, who could now praise me for what I had done, which commendation added to the pride I felt in exhibiting all the presents given to me from so many grand people,—"to be kept," said Armadale, "as heir-looms in the family." And so they are, dear Maggie, as you so well know, having seen so many of the pretty articles which ornament our best room; and I have also

fome trinkets of value, that I wear on grand occasions.

When I came to the bottom of the box, and in a hefitating way placed the purse in my step-father's hand, telling him its history, he remarked, "The money being given you in kindness, it must be accepted as such; yet I would rather it had not been offered."

I assured him, that was also my feeling, but dear Lady Primrose would not hear of a refusal, which alone induced me to take it.

Malcolm M'Leod was present when this was said, and came to my rescue.

"Indeed, Miss Flora, ye could not do less than accept the bounty, for otherwise the good leddy would have gone right demented. Ye weel deserved the siller, and more than as much again."

The kind-hearted Malcolm said this on parting, shaking me warmly by the hand as

The purfe.

he left us, after a few days' stay at Armadale, to return to Raasay.

So, when I was comfortably fettled at home, again taking to my quiet occupations, after feeing those of my friends in the neighbourhood who were curious to learn all the adventures which had befallen "The Prince's Preserver;" the joy of meeting dear Angus, who came over from Miltoun to, welcome back his "rebel" fifter, as he jokingly termed me; the pleasure of renewing our country walks, rides, and unchaining the wee boatie for a fail on the friendly lake; my little pony neighing and rubbing its rough head on my shoulder, while honest Sidger, jealous of any attention to another favourite, barked and gambolled around his happy miftrefs to his heart's content; -all this brought me my former peace of mind. I will now confess why I had named him Sidger: it reminded me of one then far away, a foldier with his regiment, for that is the meaning of the Gaelic word.

Old faces.

Every day I gleaned some news of the changes which had occurred during the many months I had been absent, and amongst them none pained me more than hearing of the unhappiness of our dear friends at Rowan's Dyke, the M'Dougals, who were made so miserable by the loss of their son, my former tormenting admirer, poor half-mad Jamie.

It feems that after ferving as mate of a merchant ship, the vessel was wrecked off the coast of Guinea, and all the crew supposed to have perished, for none were ever heard of, except our poor lad, who was washed ashore, nearly dead from exhaustion and hunger. He had been for two days on a small rock in the ocean, exposed to the rays of a burning sun, which at last was so overpowering, he must have lost all consciousness, and been dashed by the waves off the rock, more dead than alive. In this wretched state he was sound by a most excellent man, who took him to his house. He was a Romish priest, who

Castaway.

Qafis.

had lived for years in that defolate fpot with a favourite nephew, whose recent death had nearly broken the old man's heart. He was so loved and respected by the few inhabitants of that quite remote part of the world, they fought his advice in all their little affairs, and many a poor foul was he the means of comforting in their earthly distresses, and pointing. them to the path of everlasting peace and joy. Although a foreigner, yet he had a flight knowledge of English, by which means he made out poor Jamie's history as soon as his weakened strength enabled him to speak, but it was many days before he gave a fign of recollection. The poor people were so kind in their humble way, and the good father watched him with the anxiety of a parent.

"Dear boy," faid the worthy man, "God has taken my last support, the prop of my old age; therefore, should it be His blessed will to restore you, stay with me, be in his place, the comfort and solace of my old

age. I will leave you all I possess, and when summoned to a brighter world, you can return to your native land. It will not be for long; I feel the aged tree is bending beneath the blast it has lately endured?"

But it was not so to be. The poor lad rallied for a few days, and then gradually sank; the shock had been too much for a frame previously weakened by the heavy drudgery of a seafaring life. And when all was over, the good priest mourned his loss, and buried him by the rites of the Romish Church, in the same grave with his nephew.

All these particulars were sent to the samily at Rowan's Dyke as soon as the old man had the opportunity of meeting with a person who could write a clear letter in English, which was not for some months, and he also managed to send home the remains of poor Jamie's silver watch. I say the remains, for with the knocking about on the rocks,

Poor Jamie!

it was broken in pieces, the works and case smalled almost flat. However, such as it was, the unhappy parents have treasured it as a melancholy remembrance of their hapless boy. The old laird was almost beside himself with grief, nor less bitter were the mother's feelings, although in a great measure consoled by the information that Jamie had expressed on his death-bed sincere contrition for having caused his parents to much forrow, and had he lived, he would have returned to them a changed character. Alas! poor fellow! there certainly had been room for improvement.

Repents.

My early friend Jessie M'Dougal was well married during my absence, but as her home is in a distant island, it is not likely we shall often meet. She has no family. It is now many years fince the old man died; he never recovered the hos of his idolised fon; and Mrs M'Dougal lived to a great age, respected and loved by all in the neigh-

bourhood, by none more so than myself, although there was such a difference in age. Rowan's Dyke is still standing, but possessed by other parties.

How true is the remark of fome, author, that in this world, if we feek for more happiness than can be afforded by a feeling of calm contentment, we must expect to reap disappointment! In my heart's core there was a spot filled with anxiety, nor was it removed for many weeks after returning home, until the joyful news, which had been long in coming, reached our distant part of the world, that the dear Prince was safely landed on the coast of Bretagne, and was to proceed from Morlaix to Paris.

I think I have before mentioned that Niel M'Eachan had accompanied his royal mafter, and a letter came from that worthy man, giving most interesting particulars of their hairbreadth escape from danger, the vessel having been chased by two British ships of

France.

war. Alas! poor Prince! he had to encounter peril even at the last moment of leaving his dear Scotland.

Banished.

Niel faid the Prince despatched two letters from Morlaix, one to his father, King James, and a fecond to his brother, Prince Henry. Later, we heard of Prince Charles being well received at the French Court; but after a while, it seems, he gave offence to King Louis, and was ordered to quit Paris. Then he went to Avignon, from which town M'Eachan's last letter for some years was dated. No doubt, he wrote fometimes, but at that period it was difficult to get letters from foreign parts, and a news-gazette was an event to the family who received it, obliging them to make it a circulating epiftle In these days, matters for weeks afterwards. have altered for the better, for although, like angels' vifits, "few and far between," yet we are occasionally gratified in our quiet nook with the fight of a news-sheet.

Knowing of the Prince's fafety relieved my mind; my fervices and troubles in his cause had not been in vain: this certainly was a satisfaction which drew out one thorn from its concealed recess in my heart.

And now, dear Maggie, as I write this narrative to interest you, I will relate a circumstance that occurred in our family about this time, causing some talk amongst the neighbours. It will amuse you, Maggie, and I cannot help smiling while writing it down.

My half-fifter Annabella had grown from a fine girl into a handsome young woman, and was generally admired by those who had an opportunity of searching out such a violet in the shade.

One day a gentleman, who was faid to be ftaying in the village, occupying the only ftranger's room the little inn afforded, came to Armadale House, sent in his name-card, requesting to be favoured by seeing "The Prince's Preserver." Now this I knew full

A beauty.

Smitten.

well was but the pretext for a call, as we had noticed him the Sabbath before, making use of his eyes in Annabella's direction, which had rather disconcerted the poor girl; therefore, on his now presenting himself at our house, my mother and I—for my father and Angus were out—received him very coldly.

However he talked away, telling us about himself; that he was English, a baronet's son, unmarried, very fond of scientific pursuits, in fact it was a geologising expedition which had brought him to the Highlands, and that hearing of Miss Flora M'Donald's fame, he was desirous not only to see that celebrated young lady, but also to make her acquaintance, and that of her amiable family.

While he rambled on in this flattering strain, I had time to recollect having heard the name on his card during my long stay in London. It was a good name, but I refrain from mentioning it, he having returned to his estate, I suppose, and the object of his

affections, my dear fifter, being now married and comfortably fettled at Cuidrach, furrounded by a group of pretty young things. So I will call him Mr Smith, as being less likely to be traced, that name being, I am told, the most numerous in England. Well, now to describe him. He was very plain, I thought ugly, and by no means gentlemanly in appearance; hearly forty, with dark hair and whiskers, short, and rather stout.

Such was Annabella's admirer, for fo he proved to be after a few weeks' acquaintance; and whether walking, riding, or boating, join us he would, so we were forced to submit. Once in the house, he was scarcely ever away from it. I never saw a man more in love, but to no avail, for my fifter hated him. At last our father was obliged to tell him to discontinue attentions which were really annoying. Besides, he was too fond of his glass, for in addition to using a small hammer for knocking about all the rocks and hills in the country

Looks.

Autobiography of Flora M'Donald.

in fearch of wondrous specimens, he also, report said, was given to strike off the heads of sundry bottles of brandy, which well accounted for his face being so coarse and red. He gave one the idea of being, if not absolutely tipsy, rarely quite sober. Horrid man! a fine beau for my darling, sweet-mannered sister.

Hated.

As for Angus, he could not tolerate a person who, although a gentleman, did not conduct himself as one. And rich too, he was; I cannot tell the liberal settlements my sister would have had.

But now comes the comic part of the story, which you will like to hear, Maggie; for I know you are a merry girl, who enjoys a little fun.

Well, this Mr Smith could not tear himself from the village, although a hopeless lover; and at last became so troublesome, that my father forbade his coming to Armadale, so we saw nothing of him for perhaps a month, when

one night, just after supper, we were preparing for our usual Scripture-reading, when a loud knocking at the outer shutters and front door alarmed us; we thought a thief was trying to enter. My step-father and Angus rushed to the entrance, when who should have caused the disturbance, but our worry and torment, old Smith, and fo intoxicated, that the gentlemen called to us to run up the stair out of his way! However, we heard his vulgar voice, as all in the house must have done, bawling out how he loved his own dear Annabella, and would not be denied an entrance by all the lawyers or constables of the land; a fingle lock of his loved one's hair he would have ay! that very night too; and to obtain it he would fight his way even by fire and faggot!

The man did not know what he was saying; nor could he be pacified. Armadale tried to coax him away, but all attempts were vain. As for my brother, he was so irritated, we Drunk.

thought the men would have come to blows; for although out of the way, yet from the upper-landing we saw all that passed. Suddenly, to our astonishment, Angus burst out laughing: a strange thought came into his head. "Stay; father let him alone: he shall have a lock of hair; for the drunken fellow will not go away without it." So saying, he mounted the stair, laughing immoderately.

"O Angus! what have you faid? how could you make fuch a promife? he shall not have it!"

I said this rather angrily, feeling annoyed.

The pony.

"Tut! tut! you filly girl! It's only fome of the pony's mane he shall have. Why the man is so drunk, he'll not know the difference; so quick, give me the scissors, and find a piece of bright ribbon to tie it up! Our Annabella's hair must be presented in due form and with becoming respect. Do make haste, it will be rare fun!" He rushed off, and, I am sure, was not away five minutes, came

up-stairs, met us with a lovely bit of sky-blue ribbon, to tie up the precious lock of my pony's shock head in most approved fashion.

We eagerly waited the conclusion of the pantomime, all our alarm having changed to merriment, which was shared by my father also on knowing the cause.

Mr Smith was still violent, but when Angus went towards him with the neat little packet, saying, as he held it sirmly in his hand, "There, Sir, is the prize you wish for. With much difficulty I have succeeded in obtaining it: even a kick from the young lady I have had to encounter; for believe me, the owner of that hair is at times a troublesome, highmettled, spirited fair one. Treasure the gift, and I hope you will duly value it, and estimate the compliment paid you, for never before has any gentleman received a lovelock from your adored one's head—on my honour, this is the first ever taken from it."

All this time the man was staring and

Treasure.

Satyr.

blinking his stupid eyes, seemingly not to comprehend my brother's meaning, until a snatch at the paper revealed the coveted hair, and then his gestures and antics would have suited the see exhibition I saw in London of a clown's performance; for he skipped with delight, kissed it, and placing it near his heart, vowed that Angus was a right good jolly boy, whom he should love as a brother; never, no never more, should he and his dear Annabella be parted.

Oh! it was so droll to see the punchy little man thus playing the fool! And as for my sister, who was peeping over the banisters, I thought she would have expired with laughter. However, at last my father got tired of the man's bussionery, particularly as all the servants were in hearing, so out of the house Mr Smith was marched in charge of the lads.

Now comes the best part of this absurd history; for, in the morning, my step-father

received the most insolent, violent letter, to the effect, "that the insult offered to him, a gentleman, and member of a family who could trace their ancestry from-oh, dear! I forget the man's folly-William the Conqueror, I think centuries back, demanded the penalty of blood to wash out such a foul stain on his escutcheon; that he should feel degraded by remaining in the neighbourhood of those who were in no way his equals; so that, however much he should ever adore 'The Flower of Armadale,' yet his honour was even dearer to him than love. He should go direct to his native country in the West of England," naming the town, "where he would be ready to fight either or both of the Armadale gentlemen, with piftol or sword."

Of this elegant epiftle, which in joke I said ought to have been framed in glass, of course no notice was taken, except that of amusing us most excessively. We never saw or heard of Mr Smith from that day to this;

Bounce.

but we often laugh over Annabella's love adventure, which at the time afforded fo much merriment to our large circle of relations, and John Kingsburgh, Allan's brother, ever regretted not having witnessed the fun.

Wooed.

But it was not long after this affair that I had to meditate deeply on a subject which, involving, as it did, so completely my life's happiness, the recollection is fraught with interest on the page of memory even at this distant date.

Our intimacy with the Kingsburgh family, and my friendship with dear Anne, then happily settled at Strathaird, who often had me to stay with her and delight myself with her little ones, was the means of my being more than ever in the society of her favourite brother; therefore, no surprise was expressed—nay, on the contrary, the warmest satisfaction—when the fact of my engagement with Allan M'Donald became generally

known; and joy it was to me, now that every feeling of restraint, so natural to be existing in the heart of a woman while uncertain if her regard is mutual, had passed away, to give place to the fullest considence in conversation, to be assured that our affection had been reciprocated for a long time, although he deemed it best to be silent until he had a comfortable home to offer me. I now felt his silence on the subject was prudent on his part, and honourable towards myself.

ave ted

His kind father, knowing his wishes, gave him possession of a small property situated on the east side of Trotternish, on Lord M'Donald's estate. It was called Flodigary, a place I had often seen, yet little thought it would ever be my residence.

However, the marriage was delayed until the house was thoroughly in order, there was so much to do in the way of furnishing and other expenses, towards which I conEngaged.

Autobiography of Flora M'Donald.

Half-pay.

tributed the greater part of my Jacobite fortune.

Allan had attained the rank of Captain in the 84th Regiment, and preferring a quiet Highland life to the buftle of a military one, he retired on half-pay. As for myfelf, my reminiscences of England were not so agreeable as to cause a wish to return to it. No; on this subject we both felt alike, being contented to remain in the circle of attached relations and friends who had known us both when we both were wee little bodies.

My narrative now arrives to the end of 1750, when, on the 6th of November, I became a happy bride.

The wedding was numerously attended, every one looked bright and cheerful,—my loved mother and warm-hearted step-father doing the honours of the well-spread table with true Highland hospitality. My happiness was also increased by the affection evinced for me by every member of my husband's family.

I was so warmly welcomed into their circle, it cheers my heart even now to think of that brightest of all days within my recollection.

The music which I copy into this little story of my sayings and doings will perhaps surprise you, Maggie; but I will tell you all about it. It is a ditty I wrote myself years ago, at the time I was so interested in Prince Charles, and the tune also came into my head; but I never made it public until, on the day of my marriage, a request came in the name of all the guests, that I would sing it, so I was obliged to do so. Some years after, an English lady heard of it, and asked my leave to write down the tune as I warbled it in my simple way, by which means the air has been preserved, for I was not elever enough to write down musical notes of any kind.

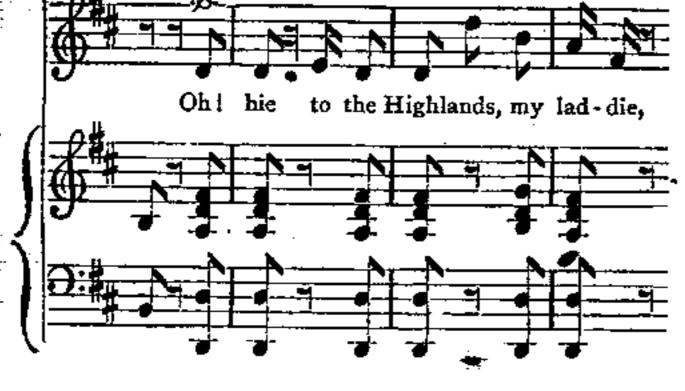
So now I have given the history of my little song, to which I should not have alluded had I not been writing about my wedding. I hear and certainly with surprise, that the

The fong.

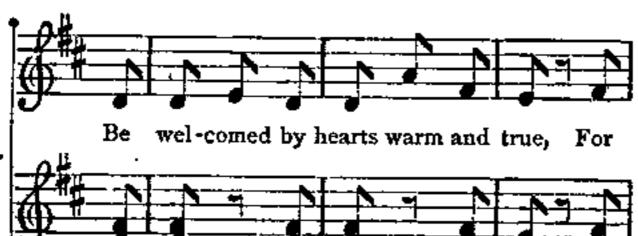
lady introduced it into England, where it has attained a kind of popularity, as being the humble production of "The Prince's Preferver."

Original.

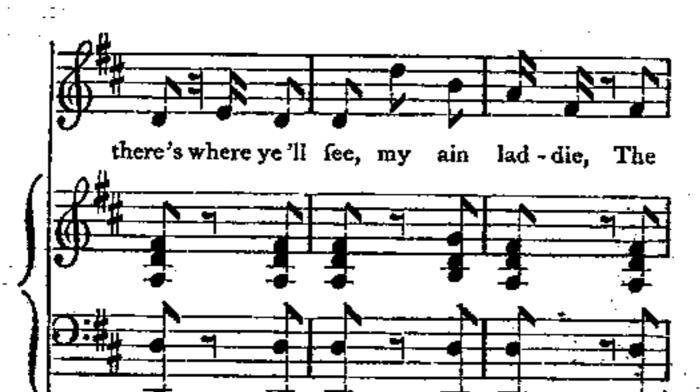


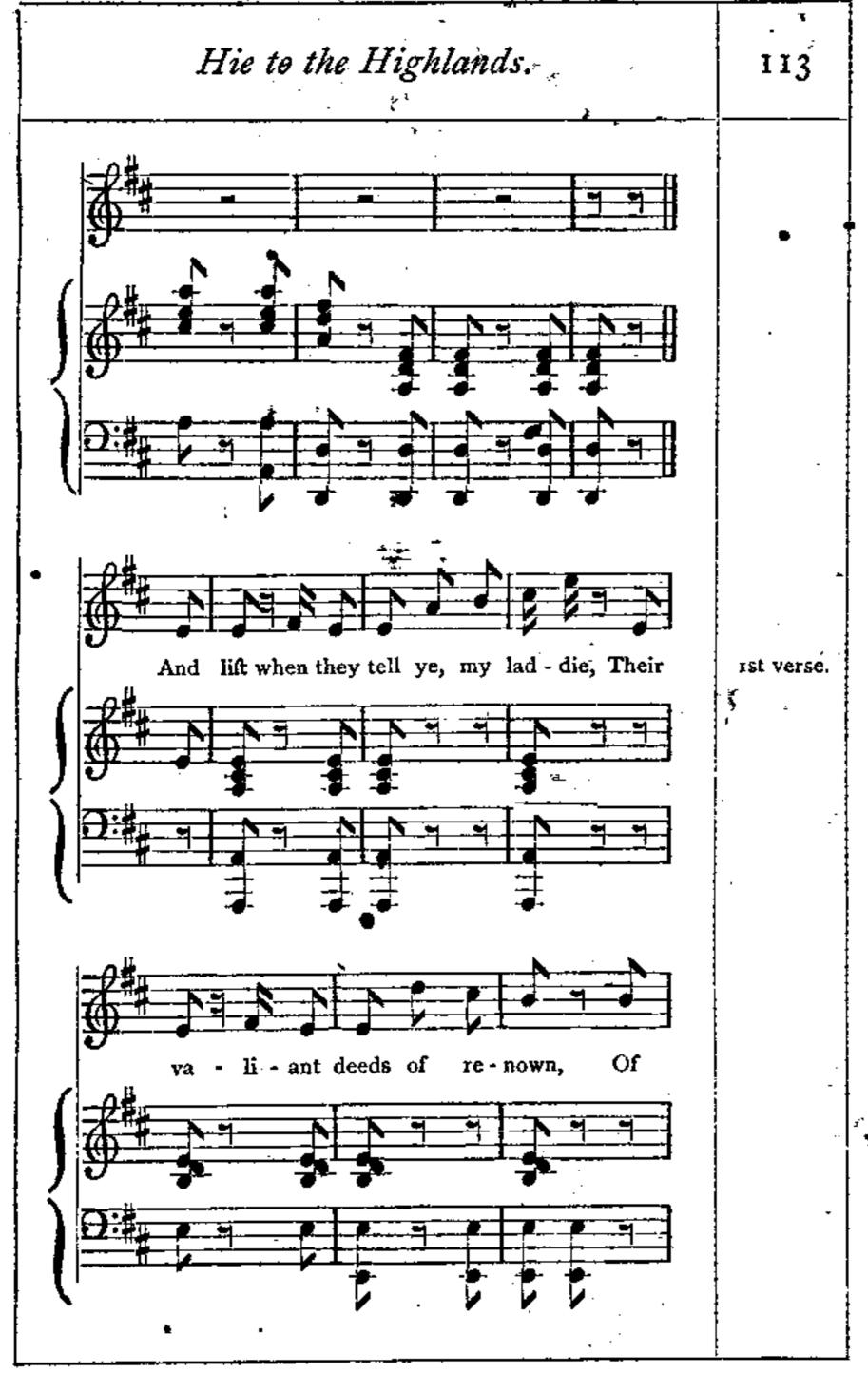


Chorus.









Autobiography of Flora M'Donald.



Ye'll hear of the chieftains of old,
Those sons of valour and worth;
But Charlie's own favourite clan was
M'Donald! the pride of the North!
Oh! hie to the Highlands, &c.

III.

Ye'll meet with the lassies sae bonnie,
I sear ye will love them too well;
But heed not their smiles, my ain laddie—
Your love I'll keep all to mysel.

Oh! hie to the Highlands, &c.

After our marriage, we were a great deal at Kingsburgh; indeed, my father and motherin-law were always kind to me, and even at this distance of time, I cannot charge my memory with a word of discord having passed between us. The proverb in our country of "happy the wife that's married to a motherless son," was not a matter of experience on my part. I have a vivid recollection of dear old Mrs M'Donald's bright fmile of welcome, when, in after years, and furrounded by a group of darling children, I found time to go over to Kingsburgh. Allan was equally pleased to have his parents at Flodigary; so, thus contented and happy in ourselves, my wedded life glided on as peacefully as the unruffled lake for many years, no particular event occurring worthy of notice.

Our domestic circle was added to by the marriages of my brother and John Kingsburgh,—the former to an amiable girl, a M'Donald, distantly related to us, and the latter chose his

Harmony.

Katie.

wife while vifiting a family in South Uift. They both had children, who often were with mine at Flodigary. Oh! the noise of their merry voices I have now in my head; to which was combined the screaming of worthy Katie, who was never so much in her element as when nursing the bairns of her beloved "Miss Flora." She never called me otherwise, honest creature! and go wherever I might, she would accompany me. On such occasions the wee bodies were completely a secondary consideration to her.

I remember Katie was my companion on an occasion which is deeply impressed on my memory; indeed, the secollection of what I am about to relate causes me a shudder of horror. Yes, it was a dreadful scene!

We had some friends in a dreary part of the Highlands, who scarcely ever left home, but were accustomed to enliven the solitude of a habitation in a village that could only boast of a sew scattered huts for the poor

fishers and their half-starved families, by inviting friends to stay for months at a time. Most hospitable they were, yet they were more pleased to welcome guests than were the visitors to remain long in such a dull house. I went there once when a girl, and determined not to repeat the vifit; but my parents went frequently, being on most intimate terms; and once a letter from Mr Douglas being received by my mother, faying he hoped the would immediately come to his wife, who was far from well, and wanted her fociety, my mother entreated me to go in her place, for she could not then leave Armadale conveniently, and as she agreed to look after the bairns and other matters, Katie and I started on this duty visit.

When arrived and domesticated with these kind people, it was a difficult concern to get away. However, when Mrs Douglas was sufficiently recovered to afford a loophole of escape, I did contrive to gain a reluctant con-

Dull.

fent to our departure; and it was on our homeward journey an adverture occurred that I shall never forget—I wish I could.

An inn.

The distance between Burnshiel and Armadale obliged me to fleep on the road, fo I stopped for the night at a miser low kind of inn, if such a hovel was worthy of being so called. I had arranged that Katie should continue her journey with the boy driving the little Highland cart and luggage, and I was to follow the next day on horseback with a guide, for I felt too tired to go on without rest. As for the honest girl, it was the same to her whether she jogged on by night or by day; so, after partaking of food, which she and the lad seemed to relish, off they went, leaving me in the only decent bedroom in the house. This room was over the kitchen, which I foon found out from the puffs of smoke down the chimney, as. well as the voices of men below.

I did not see a woman about, and believe

two men only were in attendance, for one of them showed me into the room, and brought my supper.

It was a gloomy place to be alone in, for the high road was at some distance from the heath on which the inn stood. The night, although dry, was chilly, and gusts of wind shook the old window-frames, one of which I kept open to let out the smoke.

Not feeling fleepy, or inclined to try the untempting-looking bed, I thought it a good opportunity to write a letter to our kind friend and relation, Sir Alexander M'Kenzie of Delvin; fo taking writing materials from a small box I usually carried in my hand, and seated in a corner as far as possible from door or window, I got on as well as the light of a tallow-candle would allow of.

All this time the men were talking earnestly, in Gaelic, of course, when it seemed to me as if there was a kind of dispute, for one of them spoke in a higher

The box

The plot-

tone, and a word or two I overheard rather alarmed me; so I softly opened the door, and went to the stair-head. They talked in a fort of whisper, but fright opened my ears to hear clearly enough that these villains were only waiting until they thought I was asleep, to enter the room and get possession of the letter-box, which they expected contained money or valuables.

"And if," faid one of the ruffians, "she is likely to be troublesome, we know how to filence her—the same as the last. Ah! that was like to be a bad job, wasn't it?"

Oh! how can my horror be described? Thank God I did not scream, or make the least sound; my feet seemed rooted to the ground, and yet the necessity for immediate slight slashed on my mind. In a second a plan of escape was formed. I softly closed the door, and in stooping to draw off my noisy boots, oh, horror! what did I see? A stream of blood slowly oozing from under the bed,

which made me raise the valance—a dead body!—a man apparently recently murdered!

A faint fickness came over me; I feared becoming infenfible; but offering up a few words of fervent prayer for help from that bleffed fource of strength in every danger, I hastily tore off the sheets and blanket, knotted •them firmly together, and tied one end to the bed-post, as securely as my poor trembling hands could do it. The other end'I passed over the fill of the window, which, thank God, was open; caught up my writing-box and small linen bundle, gently mounted the window-fill, and feizing hold of the sheets, which I prayed God might support my weight, flid down to the ground. Fortunately I landed on foft heather, so not a sound was heard. I had taken the precaution of blowing out the candle, that the vile men might have more trouble, on entering the room in the dark, to feel about for their intended victim, who trusted to be a mile or two

The rope.

on her road before her departure was difcovered!

The cold and fresh air revived me; fright was as wings to my feet; for although long after midnight, and too dark to see a step before me, I paced on, nearly running, and frequently stumbling over those pieces of stone which are generally on mostly ground. It was a great exertion for a female no longer young, besides being so nervous; one might have heard the beatings of my poor heart.

A couch.

At last I came upon a stone-dyke, which, on climbing over, I found was a boundary-wall from the high road. This was some comfort, and also afforded me a rest; so drawing my warm cloth cloak closer around me, and half reclining on the small bundle, I actually fell asleep! really asleep, Maggie. Here I must have rested for some hours, for on being awoke by the rushing sound of a neighbouring burn, the dawn was breaking sufficiently for me to find my way on,—but whether on the

road to my home, was a mystery time only would solve.

The clear water washing the sparkling pebbles was tempting to the poor foot-sore wanderer, so I drew from my bundle a leathern cup, which always journeyed with me, and was rendered facred in my estimation from its having touched the lips of the bonniest Prince in the world, and took a draught of the fresh water, then trudged onwards, tired and jaded; yet the sight of the dawn gradually rising from behind the hills, the streaks of gray and pink-red, so often seen in early morn, which appeared to kiss the high dark mountain peaks, was so enchanting, I thought neither of the chilly air nor of my troubles.

The fight of a young red-haired lassie crossing a field to milk some cows, cheered me with the hopes of getting a draught of it; so, at the cost of a sew bawbees, I was much refreshed; also glad to be told that a village The cup.

was not far off, where I should be able to get a sharry-dan to take me home. The girl seemed curious to know more, but I only ascertained from her what I wished to find out—where the Manse was situated, and the name of the Minister. My reason for seeing him, was to tell the strange adventure; also that inquiries might be instituted relative to my dreadful discovery, which might lead to the murderers being brought to justice.

Justice.

One of the wretches I could have sworn to if required; but, at all events, the thought struck me of informing the Minister, who would act as he judged best in the matter.

However, it was yet too early to knock up the family at the Manse, so after the girl had done with the cows, she conducted me to a small, rather tidy-looking bothy, where her mother was bustling about, preparing the bairns' porridge. The good woman made me welcome, and truly glad was I to have a share of it, and a rest for my wearied limbs. No doubt she was curious about me, but I did not enlighten her, or indeed care what she thought. I simply said I had business at the Manse.

After an hour or two, the woman fent one of her children to show me the way. A respectable looking elderly man was in the garden, overlooking a boy who was at work. This person I concluded was the minister, so I told him the horrid tale, and hoped he would kindly act a friendly part towards me.

On hearing my name he expressed much interest, having heard such wonderful things of my poor simple self years agone. He promised to have the affair investigated by a friend of his, who was a Justice of the Peace.

I was introduced to the ladies of his family at their hospitable breakfast-table, and they all praised me for the courage I had shown in my night adventure.

The Manfe.

Most kind they were, wishing me to rest a

few days, and fend a line to my husband of what had occurred; but I was impatient to continue my journey; so, as soon as arrangements could be made, a Highland car with a driver who knew the road, for I was miles out of the direct way home, was at the gate, and I bade farewell to this amiable family, whose acquaintance, commencing under such strange circumstances, has ripened into an intimacy that will, I hope, ever continue. The old man is dead, but the wife and daughters, now living in the village, the Manse being occupied by another minister, we sometimes go and visit. You have heard me often speak of them, Maggie,—the Gunns, formerly of

I wished to get home, for when the excitement of danger, which had braced up my nervous system, had passed off, I felt a languor coming over me, that might rapidly increase, and longed for complete rest.

Friends.

Oh! it appeared an endless journey! At last, however, home was reached in safety. My dear husband's open arms received me with his usual affection and anxious inquiries as to the cause of delay. I had just strength to tell him briefly what had happened, when I fainted and lost all recollection for above two hours.

I was for days in bed, fuffering from the fatigue and exposure from the cold of that dreadful, never-to-be-forgotten night of horror, which even now I hate to call to mind; so shall finish the tragic tale by merely stating, that Mr Gunn's friend was most active in tracing out the scene of the murder, making minute inquiries after the two men, but the wretches had decamped, leaving the evidence of their crime in the house, being, it was supposed, too hurried to inter their unfortunate victim, nor was it ever discovered who he was.

The inn has been pulled down, which from

III.

that day no one would occupy, for, of course, it was said to be haunted. On our visits to Burnshiel, I always shudder on passing the spot.

About the year 1766 there was brought to our distant world news from abroad which was of interest, for it informed us of Prince Charles's father, James III. of England, having died at the end of December 1765, at the age of seventy-eight. He had long been ailing, and unable to leave his residence in Rome for three years; so in our hearts we considered our Prince as King Charles III.; but our informant went on to state that he was never liked at the Papal Court, being suspected of having become a Protestant, termed by the Romanists, a heretic; but whether he is so or not, his pretensions are not likely to be acknowledged by the Pope.

Charles III.

He and his brother Prince Henry, Cardinal York, are not on cordial terms, possibly for this reason, that the Cardinal, as a stanch Romanift, could not, confistently with his high clerical position, sanction a wavering in the religious tenets of the Prince. Our friend told us that the latter is living in or near Florence.

Herefy.

No occurrence of any family importance interrupted our usual quiet mode of life, fo I pass over a good many years, during which time our children were growing fine lads and lassies; for between the dates of 1751 and 1766, we had seven olive branches sporting around us, all born at Flodigary. They were named Charles, Ann, Alexander, Ranald, James, John, and my youngest, little Fanny. I am rather sorry now that neither of my daughters were called after me. Let us hope in due time the name of Flora will be remembered, and that it may become a common family-name.

Alas! the next change in our domestic circle brought great forrow to my husband and myself—the death of his dear father; by

which event Kingsburgh House becoming Allan's property, we left Flodigary to reside in the family-mansion.

Changes.

It was long before I could feel myself the mistress of a house in which I had lived so often as a guest. I thought much of years gone by, and of the warm-hearted affection ever shown me by my kind father-in-law; a better man never existed. His death occurred in 1772.

A curious circumstance took place somewhere about this time. I do not precisely recollect the date, for I am now upwards of sixty-five, and at that age the memory begins to have little holes which let slip such sundry particulars. What I have to relate concerns a wraith; so wrick up your sharp ears, dear Maggie.

I was visiting at our relations the M'Queens, when staying there was a lady whom I was told to notice, as she had the faculty of seeing ghosts—real spirits,

Maggie! not only at night, but also in the daytime. At first I was inclined to treat the subject jokingly, requesting Mrs M'Queen would ask her not to give a specimen of her accomplishment while I was in the house; but it was not long before a fact occurred which took away all the mirth I had indulged in.

This lady, Mrs M'Queen, a young lassie, also a visitor, and myself, were sitting around a cosy fire in the bedroom of our kind hostess. Suddenly the lady gently touched Mrs M'Queen on the shoulder, saying, in a low voice, "Turn round, and tell me who is standing by the drawers."

We all looked: I saw nothing, but heard the rustle of a silk dress, at the same time a whiff of air seemed to pass close to me, causing a cold shuddering sensation I had never felt before.

Mrs M'Queen, starting up, put out her hand, and welcomed some one by name;

Ecrie.

then she screamed, crying out that it was a spirit, for the young lady had faintly smiled and disappeared, "as if she sunk into the ground."

. That was her description of this strange affair. The little girl saw nothing, nor did she feel the chilling puff of wind. laughed at us, faying it was all nonfense. However, I relate simply what occurred, so people may judge for themselves. Perhaps many would be inclined to think it was an illusion of a vivid imagination; yet as certain I am of a spectre having appeared in that room as that I am now writing these lines; and a further proof was given of Mrs M'Queen's not having been mistaken, by the arrival of a letter some days later from a relation of the young lady, who mentioned that her fifter had died precisely at the time the spirit appeared in Mrs M'Queen's bedroom.

Fact.

Although by no means a nervous person, yet I avoided that room ever after.

Sometime in the year 1773—I forget the exact date—Kingsburgh House received no less a personage than the great Doctor Samuel Johnson, he having brought a letter of introduction from one of my former London friends. He was accompanied by Mr Boswell, an intimate companion, whom he called "Bosey;" and the purport of their visit to the Highlands was to make up a book, to be printed, with all the wonders they faw in our simple country. Of course the greatest of those wonders was the once celebrated "Miss Flora." So after liftening with becoming gravity to the flattering praises of the talented Doctor, I promised him the gratification of resting for the night in our guest-room, in which was the bed with the tartan hangings rendered so precious to us as having been slept in by the dear Prince.

Doctor Johnson remarked afterwards, that the ambitious thoughts he had anticipated from sleeping in a bed occupied, as he expressed Notes.

it, "by the last of the Stuarts," did not trouble his repose. On taking leave, I said how honoured I selt by his visit; which little piece of civility, added to our humble show of hospitality to himself and friend, must have pleased the old gentleman, for he afterwards wrote very polite things of me in his printed book, and as he greatly disliked Scotch people, a sentiment easily discerned in his conversation, besides being rather a woman-hater, I confidered myself most particularly savoured.

Lucky.

It is fingular how frequently the cleverest persons are addicted to queer habits! Why, this Doctor Johnson, this man of deep learning, never entered a room without placing his right foot over the door-sill, and if by forgetfulness the left chanced to present itself, he would retire a few steps to enable the guilty member to act with propriety! He gave as a reason "that better luck attended the right than the left."

Oh, most sapient Doctor! you were wrong

to ridicule Scotch people and their superstitions. But certainly he wrote most clever books.

So much for Dr Johnson's visit to Kingsburgh, nor was I sorry to have seen the man whom all the world spoke of as being the greatest scholar of the age.

In 1775 my husband put in practice a plan he and I had often talked over—that of joining the emigrants who were leaving their native hills, to better their fortunes on the other side of the Atlantic.

We were induced to favour this scheme, more particularly as a succession of failures of the crops, and unsofeseen family expenses, rather cramped our small income. So, after making various domestic arrangements, one of which was to settle our dear boy Johnnie under the care of a kind friend, Sir Alexander M'Kenzie of Delvin, near Dunkeld, until he was of age for an India appointment, we took ship for North America. The others went

Hard times

with us, my youngest girl excepted, whom I left with friends: she was only nine years old.

Family.

Ann was a fine young woman, and my fons as promiting fellows as ever a mother could defire.

Believe me, dear Maggie, in packing the things, the Prince's sheet was put up in lavender, so determined I was to be laid in it, whenever it might please my Heavenly Father to command the end of my days.

On reaching North Carolina, Allan foon purchased and settled upon an estate, but our tranquillity was ere long broken up by the disturbed state of the country; and my husband took an active part in that dreadful War of Independence. The Highlanders were now as forward in evincing attachment to the British Government as they had furiously opposed it in former years.

My poor husband, being loyally disposed, was treated harshly by the opposite party,

and was confined for some time in gaol at Halifax. •

After being liberated, he was officered in a loyal corps, the North Carolina Highlanders; and although America fuited me and the young people, yet my husband thought it advisable, at the conclusion of the war, to quit a country that had involved us in anxiety and trouble almost from the first month of our landing on its shores. So, at a favourable season for departure, we sailed for our native country, all of us, excepting our sons Charles and Ranald, who were in New York expecting appointments, which they soon after obtained: Alexander was already, dear boy, at sea. Thus our family was reduced in number.

On the voyage home, all went on well until the vessel encountered a French ship of war, and we were alarmed on finding that an action was likely to take place. The Captain gave orders for the ladies to remain

Situations.

below, fafe from the skirmish; but I could not rest quiet, knowing my husband's spirit and energy would carry him into the thick of the sighting, therefore I rushed up the companion-ladder, I think it was so called, and insisted on remaining on deck to share my husband's sate, whatever that might be.

Well, dear Maggie, thinking the sailors

been—and they appeared creftfallen, as if they expected a defeat—I took courage, and urged them on by afferting their rights and the certainty of victory. Alas! for my weak endeavours to be of fervice I was badly rewarded, being thrown down in the noise and confusion on deck, I was fain to go below, suffering excruciating agony in my arm, which the Doctor, who was fortunately on board, pronounced to be broken. It was well set, yet from that time to this, it has been considerably weaker than the other. So you see I

have perilled my life for both the Houses of

Loyal.

Stuart and Brunfwick, and gained nothing from either fide!

On our return to Skye we were warmly welcomed by a host of relations and dear friends; yet, alas! many a gap there was in the family circle. Death had been rife on our native hills, and fincerely we had to mourn the loss of several valued friends. My dear mother and my dear relations at Kingsburgh had long gone to their rest, even before we went to America.

There was also a change at Strathaird, for my fister-in-law, Anne M'Alister, having become a widow, in due time remarried with M'Kinnon of Corrythatachan, a widower with a family; and one of his sons formed an attachment to a daughter of Anne's, which ultimately led to a marriage.

Mrs M'Kinnon has had no family in her fecond marriage. She was a dear creature, and made as good and amiable a wife at Corry as she had done while at Strathaird;

Welcome.

indeed, the was a kind fifter-in-law, whom I loved most dearly.

Son-in-law,

There was another link added to our chain of family relationship, by a marriage at Cuidrach between my fister Annabella's son, a sine young man, Donald M'Donald, and my dear Fanny, our youngest daughter. This union afforded my husband and myself much satisfaction. How proud we were of Fanny—she was such a sine young woman! "Hey, ma'am, she's just a magnificent cretur!" as an old Highland laird styled my darling girl. She was very young, scarcely out of childhood, when Donald took her from us, and never have we repented giving her to such a good amiable man.

One of my nieces, a daughter of Annabella, fettled at Courthill, having married her coufin, Major M'Donald, all these intermarriages formed a strong band of family affection, creating a feeling of interest which, while our enemy Time wears on, is increased instead of

being diminished. In only one sense, perhaps, is the bond rendered more painful,—when cousins happy in married life are severed by the stream of death. This I have had to witness in many cases.

In this catalogue of family-weddings that of my eldest daughter, Anne, to Major M'Leod, was entirely with the fanction of her parents; a more excellent worthy husband she could not have found anywhere. She has now a group of interesting children; and indeed, at the time I write this, my return home from attending her during one of her confinements is very recent. My daughters keep Grannie's time pretty well occupied by having to take these journeys, which remind me of our family fymbol, "Per mare per terras," for some one told me that these words Englished mean "By fea and by land,"—the origin of which fentence I will explain, dear Maggie, by inferting here the Highland legend attaching to it.

In the early days of Scotland's state of bar-

Motto.

barism, when our ancestors had no fixed laws to govern their savage actions, when might was right, and daily conflicts occurred for the possession of unappropriated lands, the Island of Skye was coveted by the chiefs of two clans: one was a M'Donald; I have sorgotten the name of the other, it being long since I read the account.

After bitter hostilities between these men, each determined to obtain the island for himself and his posterity, they agreed to settle the dispute in this manner.

A day was fixed, and friends of the combatants appointed as umpires to decide the merits of a boat-race; for the conditions were, that whichever of the men first reached the shore, the island was from that moment to belong to him and his heirs.

It was a hard pull, and M'Donald's antagonist had every prospect of success, when suddenly our ancestor seized a hatchet, chopped off his arm, in the hand of which was the cross

Teft.

crosslet, this conflict taking place in the time of the Crusades, and slinging it with the force of a savage on the shore, exclaimed, "M'Donald has gained; his slesh has first touched the land!"

This, dear Maggie, was the origin of our motto, and fince those savage times the Isle of Skye has been in the possession of the M'Donalds.

I often think of "fea and land" on my interesting family journeys; for on the occasion of being summoned by my eldest daughter, I have far to go to cross the water, and my youngest is settled very far inland.

I do not expect to see much of our sons, for having chosen their professions, they will find a difficulty in obtaining leave to visit Scotland. Alas! dear Maggie! you know the affliction I and his father were in, on learning the sad tale of our dear son Sandie, who was lost at sea—swept off the deck in a violent storm. It cut me to the heart; he

Origin.

was such a noble spirited lad—oh! how dear to me!

Doing well.

We have good accounts of the others, all doing well, and are, by what we hear, much Charles has his liked in their regiments. captaincy in the "Queen's Rangers." Ranald is also a Captain in the Marine service: he is the handsomest of all my sons. James is now serving in Tarlton's British Legion; and from our dear John, now in India at Fort Marlbro', we receive the most dutiful, sen-He has it in his power to fible letters. show his talents, being in the Engineering department of the East India Service. Not only was he educated at the High School of Edinburgh, but he also had the advantage of his classics being attended to while under the care of kind M'Kenzie of Delvin, who made him work at his books during the holiday-time, which I believe Master Johnnie did not much relish, yet now he will find the benefit of it. Indeed, he often expresses a

grateful feeling for the worthy old gentleman, who, as my fon fays, meant well by urging on his fludies, although a young lad might be excused, if he showed a difinclination to turn out of a warm bed on cold winter mornings, to pore over Latin and Greek exercises, especially during the few weeks usually spent in home-recreation.

Johnnie told me he never should forget Sir Alexander M'Kenzie's daily habit of arousing him before daylight, with the same Latin sentence dunned into his ears every morning, something about "the Muses being early rifers." However, whether they were so or not, Johnnie did not care, and only had the boyish feeling of vexation at having his rest disturbed; but now he can estimate the kindness of the old gentleman, and has often written to him from India.

John has a sensible face, with fine expressive eyes, otherwise he is not so good-looking as his elder brothers. Ranald is, as I said Hardship.

Autobiography of Flora M'Donald.

before, exceedingly handsome, and Charles is a splendid fellow, on whose appearance my husband and I have been complimented by Lord M'Donald, with whom he is a great favourite.

Proud.

Am I a vain mother, Maggie? If you, and other readers of these pages confider me so, I crave forgiveness on the score of maternal affection.

Yes; I am proud of all my children; and when together in the family-circle, none of them can feel more cheerful than the "auld mither" in her arm-chair.

Ranald is especially plucky, as the lads say, about his adventures, having been with Rodney at the taking of St Eustatia. When on that subject he rides the high horse to perfection, and gives such a graphic account of the engagement, that we get most interested in listening to him.

And next to my own family, every member of whom is so entwined in the cords of my

heart, there is yet one object to interest my feelings of friendly regard—the one for whom I suffered in early life so much misery and anxiety of mind. You know, Maggie, to whom I allude, to our own dear Prince, now in a foreign land, at this time residing near Florence under the title of the Count of Albany.

Albany.

His brother, Cardinal York, is in Rome, and it was only lately my husband and I had intelligence of them, which was in confequence of a conversation that occurred between the Cardinal and a Highland gentleman, not very long since, relative to myself.

It seems the Cardinal, knowing he was from the Isle of Skye, made inquiries as to what had become of the young Highland lady who had so courageously aided his brother in cscaping from his enemies? And then added, that he did not know in what circumstances I might be, but that—mind the condition, Maggie!—if I would change my

Refufal.

creed, and become a Romanist, he would offer me a pension yearly, for any fum I liked to name.

My friend, judging rightly as to the state of my religious seelings, took upon himself to decline such a proposal, respectfully adding, that I did not require pecuniary aid; even if I did, he was certain the offer, with such a condition attached, would be considered the reverse of a compliment in the case of a person who is, as well as each of her family, a stanch Protestant. No; had I been starving, I would not have accepted the Cardinal's savour. Yet I believe his Royal Highness meant kindly; so, viewing the matter in that light, he has my thanks and gratitude for the recollection of a simple body in a far-off country.

Indeed, Prince Henry's inquiry after me showed more thoughtfulness than has been evinced by Prince Charles, or rather, our Sovereign, for such he now is, who up to the present time, I am told, has not once asked

whether I am dead or alive, or ever alluded to his "Preferver."

I understand he has married a foreign Princess, young enough to be his daughter, and that, like all matches contracted between persons where there exists a great disparity in age, it has turned out very unhappily.

Poor unfortunate Prince! What a fad fate is his! How painful must be his thoughts when memory traces back the hills and dales of Scotland, and the devoted band of faithful Highlanders who bled and died for his sake! Nay, so peculiarly sensitive is he on this subject, that on the occasion of a Scotch gentleman being honoured by an invitation to dinner, the conversation turning on the Battle of Culloden, and the brave conduct of his soldiery, his Royal Highness was so agitated, he fell down in a fit, on which a lady, said to be a very near relation, who resided with him, came hurriedly into the room. "Ah, Sir!" said she, "you must have touched on a forbidden sub-

In 1772.

Autobiography of Flora M'Donald.

ject: the Prince is always so excited when allusion is made to Scotland and the Highlanders. I must request you will not venture on it again!"

Alas! poor Charlie! He is, in all probability, fated to be the last of the Stuarts.

We Highlanders confider him now as our legal Sovereign, Charles III. of Scotland and England, his father, King James, having, as I faid before, died in 1765; but I hear he is only thus acknowledged abroad by his friends and dependants.

Alas! he may not last long, being feeble and sadly broken-down in spirits. His chief amusement is music, of which he is passionately fond; and many of his evenings are passed with a musician named Corri, who plays the harpsichord, and the Prince the violincello.

Also, his Royal Highness is a good composer of songs and all forts of music.

People do say that within the last few years

Charles III.

he has fometimes vifited England under a feigned name; but whether fuch a report be true or false, he has never reached the Highlands. No; if he had ever come to our blue hills he could not have concealed himself, the warmth of our hearts would have found him out, dear persecuted Prince!

My step-sather was told that at a public assemblage of Highland and English gentlemen, the Prince being present, he was so much affected at hearing a young Highlander sing the old pathetic ballad of "Lochaber no more," he was obliged to leave the room; he was in tears. How he is belied by the many who state that Prince Charles is wanting in feeling! Quite the reverse; he is only too sensitive; and they are no true friends who make any allusion to Scotland before him.

But how my pen does run on! I am furprised at myself. Really it is full time I should finish filling up so many quires of

Senfitive.

Sufpicions.

letter-paper,—I believe the greater part of the stock-in-trade of the worthy grocer, who also deals in stationery, in the adjoining village. Perhaps he is under the delusion that I am plotting against the Government in my old age, for he gazes with astonishment when "the leddy at the big house" so frequently purchases from his last investment; and as for my husband, his good-humoured smile comes over his bonny old sace when, on entering the room, he sees me occupied in "dotting down," as you called it, Maggie, the recollections of former days.

Giving way to the memory is like opening the flood-gate of a rushiff stream: its power cannot be checked; nay, it is even added to by the force of the waters it meets with in its course. So is it with this MS., which on commencing I intended should only extend to a few pages, but my mind has been aroused, as if from a sleepy dream of the past, to exert its dormant powers in an

humble endeavour to exercise a usually sluggish pen, for the pleasure of being enabled to interest my friends by a perusal of that which, I can assure them, has also interested me in the writing.

It is true much that is painful has, as in a picture, been brought out in vivid colours to my mind's eye, yet, at the same time, here and there the picture of my life is interspersed with dashes of happy recollections, which even now cheer the heart of the "auld Highland mither." The rainbow succeeding a shower is a pleasing sight, but my contentment is equally bright, and less evanescent, than that most beautiful of Nature's works.

So now, having nothing more to add to the many pages that perhaps some of my friends, who are too sincere to flatter me, may truly consider had far better not have been written, I have only to say good-bye to my little MS., which, having been originally commenced for your edification, my dear Evening.

n

young friend, after it has gone the round of my relations, and afforded them a few hours' amusement in the perusal, I intend as a present to yourself; to do what you like with, for I never care to see it again.

Love.

While writing these last words, my husband, who unknown to me was looking over my shoulder, startled me by exclaiming, "Give it away, indeed! No; my dear wise shall do nothing of the kind: it shall never be parted with. So remember that I receive these papers into my own possession after Maggie and the others who are clamouring to read them have satisfied their curiosity. Whatever they may think, mind, dear Flory, the handwriting of one so dear to me shall never run the chance of being lost or destroyed."

So, Maggie, what my lord and master says, I, like a good wife, must abide by. Therefore you must accept the inclination as the act; and pray take care of the MS., which it seems the laird of Kingsburgh so highly values. Possibly

he confiders it will hereafter prove a splendid addition to the literature of our dear native Highlands!

You will perceive I finish this in my own home, but it was begun in your mother's pretty residence, where, if you recollect, Maggie, I was on a visit when you first suggested the idea of my "dotting down" the curious circumstances which have occurred in my life's journey of now fixty-five years.

Your wish has been responded to. Fare-well, dear girl! and that every present and future happiness may be yours, is the sincere and heartfelt desire of your very affectionate old friend.

FLORA M'DONALD.

Kingsburgh House, 1787.

Good-bye.

APPENDIX.

EDITORIAL.

As the reader may feel interested in the after-life of many persons mentioned in the foregoing pages, the following particulars are added by the grand-daughter of the "Preserver of Prince Charles."

EDITORIAL AND SUPPLEMENTARY.

FLORA M'DONALD retained to the last a great dislike to hear allusions made to the reigning monarch of England, nor would she ever name George III.; and on one occasion she not only very sharply reprimanded her ton John for styling the latter "His Majesty," but actually slapped the poor boy's face, saying, "she would hear nothing of 'Soft Geordie."

Her life was passed in Skye, and at her death, which occurred the 5th March 1790, in her sixty-ninth year, the sheet she had preserved for so many years was used as her shroud.

The sheet.

She was interred in the burial ground of

Epitaph.

"In the history of Scotland and England is recorded the name of her by whose memory

will confider that in Flora M'Donald were united the calm heroic fortitude of a man, together with the unfelfish devotion of a woman. Under Providence she saved Prince Charles Edward Stuart from death on a scaffold, thus preventing the House of Hanover incurring the blame of an impolitic judicial murder."

Flora M'Donald died in the house of a dear friend and relative, Mrs M'Queen of Penendoune, wife of the Minister of Snizort, who lived not far from Kingsburgh.

Her husband survived her for two years. He died at Kingsburgh in 1792, and was interred at Kilmuir in Dannish, Dunvegan.

Their eldest son, Charles, was an elegant, accomplished man. He survived his parents a few years; and at his funeral, his chief,

All dead.

Flora's Grand-daughter.

Lord M'Donald, on seeing the coffin lowered into the grave, turned to the mourners, and said, "There lies the most finished gentleman of my family and name." His Lordship was very partial to Captain Charles, and often received him at his house.

Charles and Ranald were unmarried. James married Amelia, a daughter of M'Donald of Skyboste. He had two sons, both in the East India Company's service, and a married daughter. None are living.

John.

John was twice married—first in India to the widow of L. Bogle, Fiq., and he had two children, who died in their infancy.

On his return to England, he married, fecondly, Frances Maria, eldest daughter of the late Sir Robert Chambers, Chief-Justice of Bengal, by whom he had a family of seven sons and two daughters, who are all deceased,

excepting his eldest daughter—who edits this autobiography.

Ann, Mrs Major M'Leod, had a family. None are living.

Fanny, Mrs M'Donald of Cuidrach, had a family: all deceased.

Many of the above-named grandfons and grand-daughters of Flora have married, and their children and grandchildren are numerous, and they can thus count four generations from their renowned ancestress. To give the names of all these descendants would be beyond the limits of this little work.

Niel M'Donald M'Eachan, who accompanied Flora in the boat, eventually joined. Prince Charles, and went with his Royal Highness to France.

At his royal master's request, Niel was

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Charlie's Sorrow.

appointed a Lieutenant in Ogilvie's Regiment of the Scotch Brigade in the service of France.

He married a French person, and his son, also in the army, became one of Napoleon I.'s greatest Generals, Mareschal M'Donald, Duc de Tarante.

Niel's fon.

In one of Niel M'Eachan's letters, he mentioned that on the occasion of Prince Charles being ignominiously treated by the French King, who had him sent to the Castle of Vincennes, where he was placed in a shabby room, with no attendant but M'Eachan, he gave way to his wounded feelings. Throwing himself on a chair, he clasped his hands together, and burst into tears. "Oh! my faithful mountaineers!" exclaimed he; "would I were still with you!—I should never have been thus insulted!"

He wept bitterly, but not until alone with his faithful companion; for while the French officers and guards were present, his manner was dignified and lofty.

Prince Charles Edward Stuart, virtually King Charles, died in January 1788, in his fixty-eighth year. He was interred in the Cathedral of St Peter's in Rome. He had married in 1772 a German Princess, Louisa Maximiliana Carolina of Stolberg-Guederan, from whom he feparated shortly after. was thirty-two years younger than himself. His widow furvived him nearly thirty-fix years, dying in January 1824. She was a warm friend and patroness of the poet Alfieri, to whose memory the erected a monument by Canova. She refided in Paris after leaving Prince Charles, but at the time of the French Revolution she returned to Florence; and after the death of Alfieri, she made a left-handed marriage with a French painter, Francis Xavier Fabre, who had been a friend of the poet.

Charlie's Daughter.

Prince Charles had a daughter by a Miss Walkinshaw, whom he created Comtesse d'Albany. She resided with him until his death, and he left her all his property.

George III., having heard that Henry Stuart, Cardinal York, was reduced in means owing to the first French Revolution, allowed his distressed royal relative four thousand per annum, which pension he enjoyed until his death in 1807, in his eighty-third year.

Henry IX.

By the death of Prince Charles, Prince Henry became entitled to his brother's rights respecting the sovereignty of Great Britain, but he wisely made no attempt to gain the crown. On his death, he bequeathed, as Henry Stuart, to George IV., then Prince of Wales, the crown-jewels of his grand-father, James II., among which was included the Order of the Garter as worn by Charles I.

The Cardinal's death made George III.

King by inheritance from the Stuarts, as previously he had inherited only from the House of Hanover.

Over the remains of James III., Charles III., and Henry IX., Kings of England, a noble monument has been erected in St Peter's at Rome, at the expense of the House of Hanover. The inscription is as follows:—

JACOBO III.

JACOBO II. MAGNÆ BRIT: REGIS FILIO,
KAROLO EDWARDO,

ET HENRICO, DECANO PARRUM CARDINALIUM, JACOBI III. FILIIS,

REGIÆ STIRPIS STUARDIÆ POSTREMIS,
ANNO MDCCCXTX.

BEATI MORTUI
QUI IN DOMINO MORIUNTUR.

LINES by Mrs Grant of Laggan, to Colonel
John M'Donald, the youngest son of
"Flora."

"Let those of wealth and empty titles proud
Dazzle with idle pomp the vulgar crowd;

'Tis thine a nobler ancestry to boast
For courage famed, for virtue honoured most.
Calm fortitude in female graces drest
Adorn'd the generous Flora's dauntless breast,
With ev'ry milder-charm that sweetens life,—
The tender mother, and the virtuous wife,—
And all that loyal truth and courage claim,
Such honours deck the gentle heroine's name,
Who now to thee bequeaths her well-won fame."

FLORA M'DONALD:

"A name that will be mentioned in history, and if courage and sidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour. She is a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence."

So wrote Dr Johnson.

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Scottish artists, is produced by a Scotch printing-house, and is issued by a Scotch publisher, and our Caledonian brethren may be proud of this result of their labours."—Court Circular.

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