

1249-1

THE  
AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF  
FLORA M'DONALD

BEING

The Home Life of a Heroine

EDITED BY HER GRAND-DAUGHTER

"The preserver of Prince Charles Edward Stuart will be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour."  
—DOCTOR JOHNSON.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL I.

EDINBURGH  
WILLIAM P. NIMMO

1870



THE  
AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF  
FLORA MACDONALD

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY  
EDINBURGH AND LONDON







*Fanny McDonald*

*From an original painting*

*Fac-simile autograph from an original letter*



1249-1

THE  
AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF  
FLORA M'DONALD

BEING

The Home Life of a Heroine

EDITED BY HER GRAND-DAUGHTER

"The preserver of Prince Charles Edward Stuart will be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour."  
—DOCTOR JOHNSON.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL I.

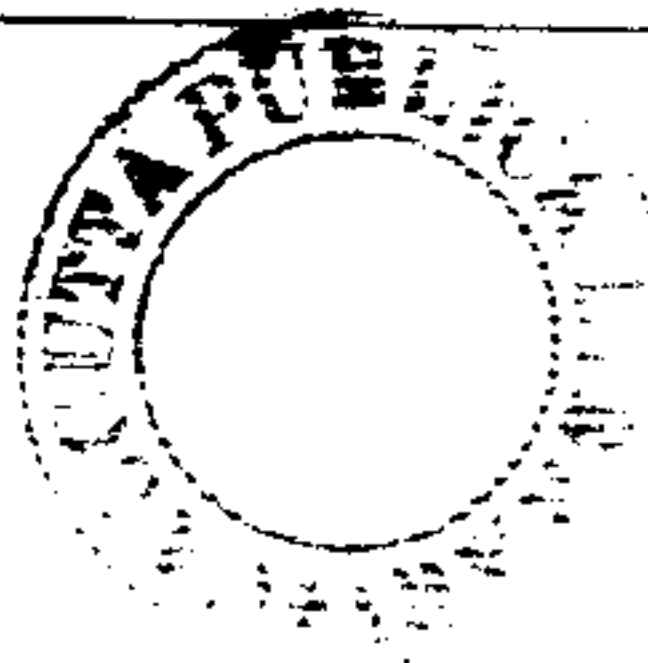
EDINBURGH  
WILLIAM P. NIMMO

1870









## EDITORIAL AND PREFATORY.



ON a fine summer evening, two Highland ladies were seated at a tea-table in the comfortably furnished sitting-room of a neat residence in the Western Highlands. One of them, a buxom lively young girl, was occupying herself with some useful household needlework, while her companion, who was considerably her senior, sat by quietly knitting woollen stockings. Neither of these ladies had spoken for some minutes, when the youngest, suddenly looking up from her work, thus addressed the other:—

“I am surprised, Mrs M'Donald, that you, who have done much in the world, and nearly sacrificed your own life to save that

Wander-  
ings ceased



2	<i>Autobiography of Flora M'Donald.</i>
Flora's modesty.	<p>of another, have never thought of writing your history."</p> <p>"History? nay, dear Maggie, you must be joking; and, indeed, the little that I have done, believe me, dear child, would, if put in writing, read but very tamely. No, no, it is not for such an humble individual as myself to force the actions of an everyday life on public notice."</p> <p>"Nay, then," eagerly answered the lively girl, "if not for your own pleasure, at least for the gratification of those friends who at present so love and esteem you, do take up a pen occasionally, and just dot down a few of the curious circumstances which have occurred to you; for besides your adventures connected with Prince Charles, much has happened to you, which at various times I have heard you relate with such energy and force of expression, that if written for the information of those who may come after you, would be so highly interesting. It need</p>




cause you little trouble in the writing—let it be as simple as possible and”——

Mrs M'Donald smiled, and, with the peculiar animated glance that so frequently lit up her features, she answered, “ Simple, indeed, dear Maggie—you are quite correct in that expression ; simple enough such a memoir would be, for what could I have to relate that would be of interest to those *out* of our ain bonnie country, and those who live *in* it have no occasion to recal such hackneyed events.”

Maggie rose from the table, threw aside her work, and coaxingly entreated her elderly friend to promise to grant her request. “ If only half-a-dozen pages, dear Mrs M'Donald, they will be so highly prized, do—*do* say yes.” Thus importuned, what remained but to give a reluctant consent, on the condition, however, of a free privilege as to the time when the MS. should be completed ; and the reader can readily imagine the pleasurable

Consents to write.

4	<i>Autobiography of Flora M'Donald.</i>
The MS.	<p>feelings of pretty Maggie, when the following pages were put into her hand, nor were they the less valued by being in the handwriting of her beloved friend. Thus it happened that the following MS. came into existence, and has been carefully preserved in the family record chest, until released from its dusty corner, and the tracings of the worthy old lady's pen made to appear in more legible characters, it is now transcribed for those who feel interested in the stirring and exciting events which characterised the middle of the last century.</p> 



AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF  
FLORA M'DONALD.

---

MY father was the son of Angus M'Donald of Garryvaltish of the Clanranald family, and the recollection I have of him is very indistinctly traced in my memory, indeed only a shadowy remembrance remains of a tall fine-looking man, who very often came into the nursery to see after his "pretty ain wee Flora," as he always designated me; and very glad was I when he took me from the nurse's arms to toss his darling nearly to the ceiling. My mother was a kind affectionate parent, anxious about her children; yet although I and my little brother Angus both loved her dearly, our father's presence gave us the most pleasure, and a scream of delight and a clapping of

Grand-  
father.

6	<i>Autobiography of Flora M'Donald.</i>
<p>Birthday uncertain.</p>	<p>our tiny hands invariably heralded his approach into the infantine dominions.</p> <p>My father was named Ranald M'Donald of Miltoun in South Uist, one of the most distant of the Western Isles of Scotland, and although he could not boast of a very liberal education, nature had indued him with a true and faithful heart, with good moral principles, and the feelings and manners of a Highland gentleman.</p> <p>I believe I was born in the year 1722. I say <i>believe</i>, being even now uncertain of the exact date, for the singular reason why my mother refused to tell me the day and year, was this: Not far from our village, resided an old man, who was regarded as a kind of wizard, a fortune-teller, or as the class-boys named him, "the wise man."—Now of this "wise man" I and Angus had the greatest dread, taking to our heels fast enough if we only espied him at a distance. And yet when I grew older, and could more fully appreciate the wonderful sayings and</p>



doings of "Auld Nicky," the desire I had to have my fortune foretold became so intense, that had I but been sure of the day and hour of my birth, old Nicky's talents would have been put in requisition; and this reaching my mother's ears, she frustrated my scheme by withholding the needful information. I suppose some tattling busybody was at the root of this mischief. Well, so much for my childish attempt to gather from the craft of man a foreknowledge of those events which in after-life are in store for us. I remember the sensible remark made by my mother some years after, when I was old enough to feel ashamed of my former eagerness to fly to the "wise man." "Let us not endeavour," said she, "by any unlawful means, to dive into futurity—we must rest satisfied with the lot apportioned to us, and seek for happiness in every sphere of life, by fulfilling the duties, and avoiding the temptations and snares, which fall in our daily path of useful action."

Mother's  
counsel.

Father  
dies.

Alas ! my good mother ! How often have I had occasion even throughout my uneventful life, to feel the truth of her advice.

But while I and my little brother were so happy in our nursery, the greatest of all misfortunes happened. Our dear father was suddenly taken ill, and notwithstanding that the best medical advice in the remote district where we lived was had immediately, he gradually sunk, and after lingering a few days, he died in the arms of his afflicted wife. We were too young to feel his loss, nor indeed could our little minds in any way comprehend the cause of the grief and distressed countenances of those around us, or the unusual circumstance of our not being allowed to see either of our parents. It did not satisfy us to be told, "Mamma was too ill to leave her room," or that "Papa was gone on a long journey, so far away that we should never see him again." No, it was not for such infants to realise what had occurred, or to understand that Death



had done his work, to be quickly followed by the dismal appurtenances of the tomb; nay, even at this distant period, I can recal the feeling of alarm, and shudder of fright with which we gazed on the men as they brought in the coffin. Angus whispered to me it was a long box, and wondered why it had been made so narrow, and all covered with brass nails. We were glad to get out of its way, and both of us declared we would never more go up the stair, unless the ugly thing was sent out of the house.

And then the servants came to seek us, telling us to be quiet and good, so as not to vex and disturb poor sick mamma. And why were all the blinds drawn down, everybody looking so sad, and some crying so?—But as the funeral party left the house, and our poor mother's scream of agony reached even the distant nursery, Angus began to cry, seized my hand, and we both ran to the window to find out what was going on.

All is dark.

Father is  
buried.

“Look, Flory dear, that black box is going away, and perhaps they have sent papa away in it! oh, we shall never see him again!”—The poor little fellow put his dear arms around my neck, and we both wept bitterly; true it was, that although neither of us understood what grim Death *was*, yet at that moment we *felt* his baneful influence; nor could we be comforted until permitted to go to our dear mother’s room, which the folks thought advisable, as it might have the effect of arousing her from the state of apathy she had been in since the corpse left the house. She sat like a statue, perfectly tearless, nor could the entreaties of the kind neighbours who came to console her under such a bereavement, induce her to speak a word. It was not until the children were brought, that she showed any sign of recollection; the sight of them caused a gush of grief that greatly relieved her bursting heart.

Mother is  
inconso-  
lable.

“Oh, my bairns, my wee ones! who is to



protect and support ye, noo *he* is gone! what is to become of me, left so young and so helpless a *lone* one—my all taken from me, the prop, the roof-tree of his house!" Thus did our poor mother give vent to her sorrow, nor could she take an interest in the affairs connected with the property for many months; however, gradually she so far recovered her spirits as to attend to business. By my father's will, Miltoun was to be my brother's on his attaining the age of twenty-one, up to which time my mother was to make it her home, so that as time, the softener of every grief, passed on, and our mother's spirits assumed a more cheerful tone, the daily routine of the little homestead went on as usual. We were both too young to require much in the way of education, but in a knowledge of heavenly things we were early instructed, and taught to revere the Lord's Sabbath, as soon as we were capable of holding up our little hands in daily prayer.

Father's  
will.

Flora's  
education.

Thus, in the peaceful retirement of our humble dwelling, two or three years glided away, during which time my excellent mother did not neglect to instruct me in useful things, at least I mean in the solid acquirement of needful knowledge. Of accomplishments I am not ashamed to say I knew nothing, nor, indeed, were they wanted in the rural simplicity of a country life—no, no, a Highland lassie has naught to do with harpsicords, guitars, and love songs; the simple ditties of her native hills are quite sufficient to amuse herself, and give satisfaction to those who are not so fastidious as to prefer *art* to *nature* in the sound of a voice. One of my chief enjoyments was to take my young child's story-book, and in a simple way put it all to music while fingering to my dolly, which even at such an early age I could well do, knowing by heart the sweet strains taught me by the Gaelic nurse.

Flora's  
compan-  
ions.

I had a young companion, who took part



in all our childish games, a little girl, whose parents living very near us, my mother induced them to let her be under our roof to play with me, and be brought up as I was. Her birth was humble, but that mattered little to me, for she was a dear, affectionate child, and truly grateful for any kindness shown her.

There was also another member of our family who made himself exceedingly useful, and was a great favourite with us all; for, being much older than ourselves, he was very clever at his books, and used to read us such pretty tales, both in the house, and while we played about in the garden and orchard. He was called Niel M'Eachan M'Donald, and so attached was he to my father, we thought the poor fellow would have died of grief at losing him. We always understood he was in some way related to our family, but I never could rightly make it out. In the matter of instructing Angus, Niel entirely

Faithful  
servant.

M'Donald  
of Arma-  
dale.

took him from our mother's charge, and succeeded so well, that he could read, write, and cypher a little, before he was eight years old.

About the time when I was nine and a half, and Angus a little younger, a gentleman who used to visit at Miltoun while my father was living, now came so frequently to the house, and always sat so long with my mother, as to cause some talk among the neighbours. I can remember one day on going into the room without knowing any one was there, I saw this Mr Hugh M'Donald talking in a low tone very earnestly to my mother, who shook her head and answered very firmly, "No, no, it never can and never shall be." I was too young to know the subject of their conversation, but this much I did notice, that he got up quickly, and in a stiff way wished my mother "good day." She seemed vexed at the time, but as he did not call again for



some months, she seemed relieved by his absence ; she evidently did not like him, and later years brought to my knowledge, that the scene I have here described, was on the occasion of her refusing him for the second time. There was not a doubt of his being very much in love, for my mother was a handsome woman, generally admired for her personal appearance, and also for possessing good sense and discretion, which latter qualities were truly to be discovered by the manner in which she brought up her children and conducted her household. There was another person who was very often at Milton, and who, I have since heard, had a tender feeling for the young widow, which folks did say was reciprocated on her part, but at this distant period it is better not to name one who is still living, ay, and in a neighbouring island too, a married man with a son and daughter who have now families of their own. He certainly was a great deal

Another  
admirer.

The favourite.

at our house, and well do I call to mind his kind good-natured face, also how fond he used to be of both of us children, particularly of Angus, who always darted off to the shore, as soon as his boat appeared in sight. One day Angus was at the window, when, clapping his hands with delight, he cried out, "Oh mamma, here comes dear Mr ———, I am so glad when he comes, but sorry that he goes away so soon; do, do let me ask him to stay here always;—I shall tell him you want him to live here altogether. Oh how nice that would be, and then I could be out in the boat all day long!"—Even children are physiognomists, and they are quicksighted in perceiving a change of countenance. We did not *then* know the cause of a sudden colour mounting to her face, nor why she sharply chid us for speaking so freely; maybe she was more displeased, because one of the servants was in hearing, and it all came out afterwards, that this gentleman's frequent visits were beginning



to be gossiped about. However, whether or no the parties ever came to an explanation, or were secretly engaged, none of the family knew their intentions, and the match was fated never to be; our mother's wedded destiny was soon to be fixed, but her future partner for life was he whom she had so often and so firmly refused, Hugh M'Donald of Armadale. His property was in Sleat, in Skye, a comfortable house, of which many a nice lass in the Highlands would willingly have been the mistress, yet he was too fond of my mother to think of the pretty young girls near him. My mother rejected all his solicitations, and confessed to an intimate friend, that his continued perseverance annoyed her to such a degree, she gave orders to her servants to say she was particularly occupied in domestic arrangements, whenever he came to the house. One would have imagined such a pointed rebuff would have changed his feelings from love to anger, which, by his absent-

Armadale  
perseveres.

Not to be  
denied.

ing himself for some months, my mother rather hoped was the case; but no, the marriage was *to be*, and the circumstances under which it occurred were so singular, I must relate the whole affair as briefly as possible.

One night, my mother had retired to rest at her usual hour after the accustomed family prayer in our sitting-room, and it might have been on the stroke of nine o'clock, when the lad who looked to the closing of the outer doors, putting up the bars and such-like precautions against the attacks of bad idle *ne'er do-weels*, called to Niel M'Eachan to look out, for there was a boat nearing the shore—the lights were to be seen flickering on the water. This appearance of a boat at such an hour caused much surprise, but my kind mother, with the usual feeling of Highland hospitality, immediately arose from her bed to prepare for the reception of some friend or relation, who, as she imagined, was to put up at Miltoun. Angus and I were fast asleep in



our little beds, which were in a small dressing-room adjoining my mother's; nor did we wake, until the sound of scuffling in the room below and on the stairs, and a loud scream from our mother, made us spring up and rush to the door, when what should we see, but my mother pale as ashes, and almost fainting, in the arms of Hugh Armadale, who was forcing her down the stairs! There were a number of men, who, obedient to the orders of their master, kept back the servants from rendering any assistance. Niel caught me up in his arms, but two of the ruffians seized and carried us off to the boat. We screamed very loud, being frightened by so many great big men, for there were eight of them besides the piper, who, to add to the confusion, played as noisy music as he could for the purpose, as we afterwards heard, of preventing our screams from being of service by arousing the neighbours. My poor mother was far too agitated to resist being thus forcibly torn from her

Violent  
love.

home. She was placed in the boat by Armadale, and in a tone of voice in which affection was blended with exultation, he was overheard to whisper, "Now you are mine, no other man on earth shall have you." Niel fought like a lion to protect his kind friend, but what was his single strength against so many sturdy boatmen? It is true the neighbours came to the rescue, but their attempts to aid the distressed lady were of no avail.

Forced.

Thus it was, that by the means of resorting to a species of outrage, my mother was forced into a marriage so abhorrent to her, and although most probably the friends for whom I am writing these pages, may deem the manner by which Armadale obtained a wife, strange and highly reprehensible, yet it was an expedient that was then not uncommon in the Highlands. In course of time my mother became not only reconciled, but also attached, to the man who had always loved her so devotedly, and by his affectionate atten-





tions and kindness to her children, her heart was gradually weaned from her former admirer, whom she had so much preferred, and was given *now* exclusively to her husband.

This event made a material difference in the family arrangements. Our home was now at Armadale House, the property of our stepfather, and it was agreed that until Angus was of age to look to it himself, the farm of Miltoun should be set to a tenant who would be careful of the stock, and take an interest in keeping the place in order.

There were some families in the neighbourhood with whom my mother soon became intimate. A laird named M'Dougal had a very nice wife, who was very amiable and of good manners, which latter quality was not possessed by all the ladies at that period, for truly the greater number were very deficient in education, in fact, far behind the girls of the present day; and there certainly was a roughness of expression and an awkward

**New home.**

## Neighbours.

Rowans  
Dyke.

bluntness in their ways, which, until they were well known, and people had an opportunity of appreciating the intrinsic worth of their disposition, would have impressed a stranger unfavourably. But our friend Mrs M'Dougal was a true specimen of a Scottish gentlewoman, quiet and retiring, of an interesting appearance, to which was united a mind of sterling good sense, with a natural dignity of address that charmed every one of her friends and acquaintance. I have found by experience the influence induced throughout the events of life, by *contrast*, a word of great meaning, which refers to a characteristic vein, that like a silver thread, runs through the entire system of existence. It is by the force of contrast, that we are impressed with a desire of admiration for virtue, and a hatred of evil. We are urged by it to endeavour to acquire the one and avoid the other. It is a species of lever, which works in our nature—a kind of inward monitor to regulate our feelings of right and

Flora philo-  
sophises.



wrong. Certainly M'Dougal of Rowans Dyke, Mrs M'Dougal's *gude mon*, was a striking contrast to his wife, yet I do not say this in any unamiable sense of the word, but in allusion to his general appearance and manner; a more worthy man could not be found, search where one might; he was a thoroughly upright, straightforward character, universally beloved by all classes; and if his rough, noisy habits gained him no admirers, the goodness of heart that dictated every action, excused his want of courtesy. Decidedly our excellent friend was not a ladies' man, and every one wondered at Mrs M'Dougal's want of taste, in having taken him in marriage. However, they always seemed, and I believe were, a very happy couple. They had a son and a daughter, Jamie and Jessie, the former was at this time about sixteen, and Jessie might be fourteen, for she was some years my senior, yet that difference was not heeded, and we became great friends.

Rough  
diamond.

A ne'er-do-weel.

She took after her mother in disposition, being sensible and steady ; but as for Jamie, no one much liked him, his ways were not approved by our careful mother, who always said he was a ne'er-do-weel, who would give his parents a fore heart, unless they looked more after him; but his father only laughed at his follies, saying, " It was impossible to stick old heads on young shoulders, and that Jamie in time would e'en do as weel as his neighbours, who might as weel keep a civil tongue in their heads." Such were the replies the ill-judging father made to those who complained of the idle lad's delinquencies ; for there was not a kail-yard but was trodden down, and every orchard was rifled, and the poultry-yards invaded by the mischievous youth. We often saw from our back windows the unhappy ducks and fowls in a state of commotion ; and when not looking out, the noise of their cackling told us, that Master James was throwing sticks and stones amongst them. And so rude as he was !

For when Jessie or I expostulated with him, he would take hold of the tip of his nose, grin like an ugly ape, telling us to mind the kail in the pot, and he would see to it while in the yard. Oh! he was a savage that Jamie M'Dougal, and, as my mother predicted, his ill-conduct in later years, was a great grief to his over-indulgent parents; not but that poor Mrs M'Dougal did all she could to correct him; this, however, was a useless attempt, while he had an ill-judging father to justify and screen the mischievous actions of his rude son. As might be supposed, this lad received scarcely any education, for it was not to be expected that the laird either had the capability or the desire to instruct him, and his mother could as soon have governed the winds as her headstrong boy; so Master Jamie only acquired the meagre knowledge of reading and writing, to which was added a sprinkling of cyphering, that the village dame-school afforded. He was sent there, to pick up

A fool.



Dutiful  
daughter.

what he *chose* to learn, being perfectly unmanageable at home. With Jessie it was quite the reverse, for she took pleasure in reading, and daily profited by the able instruction which her mother was so well capable of imparting to her daughter—Mrs M'Dougal having received the advantage of a school education in one of the large towns in England, which was an unusual circumstance at this period. She was well acquainted with the French language, and also read a little of the Italian, but such knowledge after all was of little use; for foreign books were rarely to be met with in our out of the world district, and as for dreaming of visiting any other country than our own, or even venturing so far as England, no one ever thought of such an event being possible. I can fancy the laird's astonishment had such an idea been suggested to the good worthy man! No, we were a stay-at-home neighbourhood, happy amongst ourselves, and not desir-

ous of change. I do not remember having seen a large town, until I was sent for a short time to a school in Edinbro', and yet I never had a dull moment; for my mother and step-father so frequently had friends and relations visiting at Armadale, while Angus and I were children; and when years passed on, our toys were thrown aside—by my brother to give place for the manly sports of fishing and shooting, and by me to be replaced with a spinning-wheel and sampler, I can truly say I never found the days too long. My mother was an early riser, and from childhood I had been accustomed to take a walk before our family breakfast; this is a habit I still retain, and even *now*, when no longer able to undertake long walks, I should not feel comfortable through the day without having had my morning stroll. The Highland climate is certainly damp and changeable, but there is scarcely a single day in which there is not a possibility of taking out-door exercise. My warm cloth

Exercise.

cloak and hat always hung on a peg near the entrance door, and with thick shoes, what was the rain, or even snow to me? Often have I returned from an early walk, and on taking my place at the breakfast-table, have been accosted by my good-humoured step-father with his smiling remark, "Welcome Flory—and how is our Highland rose this morning?" in allusion to my cheeks, which *then* were blooming and ruddy.

The M'Donalds of Largo in Argyleshire were very dear friends of ours; often was the time I went to them, passing sometimes weeks under their hospitable roof, for after my return from school, my mother did not object to my visiting about a little; and my brother, then about fifteen, a dear, amiable lad (oh, how fond I was of Angus!) had a nice rowing boat, in which we spent so much time, scudding about from one island to another, and were so frequently on the water, that whenever I was missed at home, the

Sister and  
brother.



fervants, on seeing the boat unmoored, knew their young mistress was off with Master Angus. He was my escort on these friendly visits; I fancy I see now before me the small portmanteau containing an extra dress or two, which my brother threw under the rowing seat. Indeed, this box attained quite a celebrity in the neighbourhood, being so well known, that if a corner of the leather covering chanced to peep out from under Angus's legs, the constant remark was, "Hey, Miss Flora, and where may ye be gangin' to noo?" to which my brother would reply, "he was not going to drown me this time." Oh! those were merry happy days, and many were the scraps of Gaelic songs we amused ourselves by singing while rowing in the little boatie!

A friend of my stepfather was Sir Alexander M'Donald, who with his lady resided at Mugstat. She was Lady Margaret, one of the beautiful daughters of the Earl of Eglington, and Sir Alexander was generally looked

A hero.

Lady Margaret.

upon as the Chief of the Isle-of-Skye branch of the M'Donalds. At their house I used to stay very often; indeed they were so kind as to send for me whenever visitors arrived at Mugstat. Lady Margaret was so lively and agreeable, it was a pleasure to be with her, and her ladyship's friendship for me I shall ever remember with grateful feelings. Such a graceful, elegant creature she was, with a heart so soft and gentle, so femininely alive to the wants and distresses of her poorer neighbours, that whenever, in the hour of trial or bereavement, comfort and consolation were required, they ever found sympathy in Lady Margaret's kindness.

We had also some relations who resided at Kingburgh, a property a few miles from Mugstat. The proprietor, Alexander M'Donald, was a dear old man, a true-bred Highland gentleman, who acted in the capacity of factor of the Mugstat estate. He was on terms of the warmest friendship with

Sir Alexander, who placed the highest confidence in his uprightness and integrity. His wife was one of the Castletoun M'Donalds. They had a family of two sons and a daughter—Allan, John, and Anne, with whom my brother and I became very well known, as we so frequently went over to Mugstat and Kingsbury, and they used to stay with us at Armadale; particularly Allan, who, although he was some years older than Angus, was one of his constant companions.

The M'Donalds of Clanranald were relations of ours on my father's side; we were on the most friendly terms, and saw a good deal of them. He was the chief of Clanranald, a fine hale-looking man, noble both in appearance and character. His lady was an amiable person and very comely. They lived at Ormaclade in Benbecula. Young Clanranald was a fine lad with an open expressive countenance. He afterwards entered the British army, and was gazetted to

Other relations.



a regiment about the same time as Allan Kingburgh. While they were boys, my brother was much with them—the wee boaties, or Highland cars, were continually going backwards and forwards. A wedding was an occurrence that caused us so much preparation and excitement, be the weather what it might, no snow if ankle deep, or frost, would keep us from joining the expected scene of merriment.

The family  
piper:

At the houses of the principal Highland gentry, there was always a family piper, who thought it no hardship to strike up his pipes to the tunes of the best reels and strathspeys for hours together; really sometimes I have felt quite sorry for the poor man, his face would become so red and puffed with exertion; however, to stop him would not only have hurt his pride, but have been a vain attempt, for pipe away he would even to the winds, if no one danced to his music. The pipers are still to be heard in large

houses; but I suppose that added years over my head, or the frequency of the sound of the pipes, has in a degree lessened the enthusiasm with which I formerly heard them. Donald M'Kay was my stepfather's piper, who was always on duty when the party was large enough to muster a reel or two, and we danced in the hall, not to disturb the best room, which was nicely carpeted: we did not mind a stone floor, for young feet will hop about on anything. The walls echoed our merriment on these occasions, and the abundance of shortbread, and nice spiced buns hot from the oven, that quickly vanished from the refreshment board, to which was added a little weak whisky toddy, showed we were not remiss in the eating and drinking way. Oh! those were happy days of youth, at which period every trifling event that, at a more distant date, would be passed over as too insignificant to fill a niche in the memory, is tinged with the roseate hue of innocent

Highland  
fare.

enjoyment, making the hours of country life as pleasurable to the rural lassie, as the elegant ball-room affords its delights to the fashionable English belle.

Second  
sight.

I remember, at one of these social gatherings, how a group of young folks being together in a corner, a young man, Sandy M'Gregor, was telling us a curious tale of an aunt of his, who was gifted (if such it may be called) with the peculiar faculty possessed by some Highlanders, called amongst us "second sight." It is termed in Gaelic "Taibhse," which means a vision or a spectre, and may be considered as a kind of impression made, either by the mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which means events distant or near at hand are seen as if visibly present. I heard a great deal of this from an old gossip in Uist, who was constantly seeing some strange things, sometimes early in the morning, or at noonday, and although she said nothing, the folk around knew by her



earnest gaze in one part of the room, in a fixed, vacant stare of the upturned eyes, that she either saw, or fancied she saw, all she afterwards told us. Many a death this old seer has predicted, from having seen the people in their shrouds, and a seat appearing empty when occupied, in which case the person in the chair would shortly die. When a young woman, in one of these deliriums she saw a handsome house, with laid-out gardens, on a barren piece of rough ground, situated on a spot where she had never been herself. People joked at her, but the woman was positive that what she stated was, or would be *fact*; and truly so it has turned out: she has lived to see a noble property in the place she predicted; and the spot particularly alluded to is the identical site of the house now inhabited by friends of Clanranald's, people whom he knew while visiting South. We often derived amusement in listening to this canny old dame, nay, I will

A vision.

M'Gregor's  
aunt.

confess, she sometimes frightened us with awful tales of things that had, and would, come to pass. She was thought to be half daft, and perhaps might have been. However, all she said was very curious about her wonderful visions and so forth. The lady young M'Gregor spoke of was frequently attacked in the same way, and although she lived a long way from us, we had heard strange things that she had seen and predicted, but none so extraordinary as the fact he related to us and the little party mentioned above. His aunt, a good and charitable lady, was much amongst the poor in her neighbourhood, knowing them all by name, and entering with interest into the particulars of their humble households and family troubles. Amongst these poor people were two families of fishermen—Sandie Nicolson and Donald Murchison. I am particular in giving their names, wishing to narrate precisely what young M'Gregor told us. "My aunt," said

he, " had been fatiguing herself the previous day, so, instead of rising the next morning at her usual hour, she rested in bed. However, do not fancy she was asleep, and therefore suppose what followed was a dream, for she was wide awake, conversing with an attendant in the room, when the usual symptoms of a vision seized her—the uplifted eyes intently gazing at the top of the bed, at a sheet which was stretched over the tester to keep the dust from the furniture. She remained in this state for about a quarter of an hour, and then slowly looked around, rubbing her eyes, as if to hide from them an unpleasant sight. She sighed deeply while preparing to rise from her bed. The servant advised her remaining where she was. 'What!' said she, 'would ye have me rest quiet when there's grief and bitter anguish in the house of the widow and wee orphan bairns? Ay! it's all true — I see it all — and there's mony a heart fair with sorrow at this moment.' She

An hour in  
a trance.



hastily dressed herself, and while doing so, was observed to look earnestly at the sheet. 'Ay, Madge! there they baith are! Puir laddies! their death-faces are fearful to see. That sheet is the shroud of Sandie Nicolson and Donald Murchison. Oh, how ghastly they look! But hark! I hear the gudewife's lament, and the cry of the bairns. Madge, let us go to comfort them.' The servant obeyed, but, as she afterwards said, more with the desire of humouring her mistress, than from the belief of what she stated, considering the circumstance so highly improbable of that particular sheet being used for such a purpose. However, she followed her mistress towards the village, taking their way along the road. A sad scene of distress awaited them, for in Murchison's cottage, on a chaff mattress in a corner of the room, lay his body, and also the corpse of his companion, Sandie Nicolson! They had been out in a sailing boat, which had been suddenly capsize by a

The trance translated.

strong gust of wind, and both the poor fellows were drowned. The bodies were just brought in, and one of the poor wives, while wringing her hands in an agony of grief, asked my aunt to forgive the great liberty she had taken, by sending to the 'big house' (as the villagers termed it) for a sheet to cover the poor men decently. 'Ay, that ye shall have, puir bodie, and anything else that ye need.' While so saying, my aunt glanced significantly at Madge, who turned pale at the recollection of what her mistress had so lately said; and the facts were precisely as she had stated; for on the messenger-boy reaching the house, and asking the loan of a sheet, my aunt having put away the key of the linen-closet, the cook, not liking to disturb the beds, pulled down the extra one that covered the bed in her mistress's room, and hurriedly gave it to the boy, whom my aunt met on returning home, *with that identical sheet under his arm!* My aunt looked thoughtful and grave, and

Ochone!

40	<i>Autobiography of Flora M'Donald.</i>
Youth and truth.	<p>as for poor Madge," said young M'Gregor, laughing, "I think she will scarce get over her fright. Perhaps she confiders my dear old aunt is a kind of witch."</p> <p>Such was the curious story we young people were attentively listening to, with alarmed looks, and cheeks paled with fright; indeed, Sandie was sorry he had said so much, seeing the effect on some of the party. "But really," said he, "I am so accustomed to hear such strange histories from my aunt of what she is constantly seeing, that I often joke with the old lady, which makes her furious; so pray do not mind what I have just now been telling you, and let us have a jolly reel. Come! the piper is about to strike up." So saying, we got up, and began jigging away as merrily as if no ghostly story had checked our gaiety. It was all very well in Sandie to try to laugh off the peculiarities of his aunt's strange gift; but he had told me before that he fully believed in all she saw and predicted; ay, and at the</p>

proper place in this memorial of my life's experience, I shall have a similar circumstance to recount. As to the question of my belief in the second sight, that opinion is as naught when abler persons give credence to it, from testimony received by themselves from people of the highest truth and probity, whose statements they could not doubt. All I can say on the subject is, that most thankful I feel not to possess such a melancholy faculty, which may be considered as a curse instead of a blessing for those who are so, as I think, afflicted.

But although I was always glad to visit about, as it was an agreeable change from our quiet home, yet I was not able to devote much time to my own enjoyments, for in whatever sphere we move, there are always our various duties, *home* duties, which must not be neglected; and, in my case, I had to attend to my mother's second family, who were delicate children. Two of them died very

Flora's  
duties.



Katie  
M'Donald.

young, and only my sister Annabella and two younger ones were my little companions. She was a dear child, so pretty and affectionate, with so much vivacity and quickness of comprehension, it was a pleasure to give her all the instruction in my power. The young person I have before alluded to who lived at Armadale, Katie M'Donald, was very useful in looking after the lively child, whom I fancy I see now, flying about the garden, her merry eyes sparkling with animation, and her generally smoothly kept hair, in sad disorder from the unruly wind. Not that little Miss cared for aught but her own amusement, and when she and Katie were frolicking about, it was no easy matter for me to get my little pupil quietly within doors. Katie was always screaming to the child in Gaelic, for all our attempts to teach the girl English were in vain: we had tried it for years, but to no purpose. However she was an honest-hearted, good girl, and not wanting in smartness in

everything except speaking any language but her own broad dialect. In appearance, too, she was truly a Highland lass—tall, large-boned, bright red hair, and small gray eyes, with a freckled skin. Combine these characteristic beauties of countenance, and our humble friend stands before my reader. I say *friend*, for the worthy creature proved so to me in after-years, as I shall mention in due course.

As for that piece of mischief, Jamie M'Dougal, he and poor Katie were constantly sparring. There was no peace when he came to the house, which I am sorry to confess was very often; for at this time I was a young woman, and sadly annoyed to find that the headstrong youth greatly admired me. His boisterous expression of attachment I considered as an insult. However, there was no remedy: I was obliged to be civil, his parents being such long friends of our family. At length, when he found his attentions were not acceptable, his manner changed to fulkiness,

Jamie  
M'Dougal.

Fire no fun.

so he kept more out of my way ; although I afterwards heard, he went about vowing vengeance against the person I might hereafter marry. He was universally disliked ; indeed, at the houses where the young people assembled, we did our best to exclude the riotous fellow. Why, Maggie, what do you think he did one night at Kingburgh ? While we were in the sitting-room, around a Pope Joan table, he rushed suddenly amongst us, screaming out " Fire ! fire ! Lads and lasses ! run away up-stairs to Kingburgh's bedroom ! " Of course all hastened up-stairs in the greatest alarm ; as for poor Mrs M'Donald, I thought she would have dropped. When lo ! and behold ! there stood the mischievous wight in the hall, laughing ready to kill himself. " Ay," shouted he, " there ye all go ! one fool makes many ! " which saying might have been applied to Mr Jamie himself, for his absurd folly in frightening all the party, especially our amiable hostess, who

was naturally a weakly person. Now I must tell you what the ridiculous youth had done. He got one of the servants to give him the key of a closet in Kingburgh's room, in which were a number of the old gentleman's wigs. These he got all together, and tied them up by the bag tails, to the top of the bed. Oh! I suppose there were at least twenty of them, of various shades and sizes, swinging and twisting about! It was impossible not to laugh, for the effect was most ludicrous. But he was too old to commit such folly, and so rude to behave in such a manner in another person's house. So, on discovering the false alarm raised by the mischievous Jamie, we returned to our game, and there he stood with his back to the fire, grinning like a red ogre, and calling us all "asses for our pains." We looked very grave at him, which probably not pleasing the gentleman, he left the room, possibly for the stable-yard, where he would find society more congenial to his taste. He

Folly.



A natural.

never dressed himself like any other of the young men, saying that any sort of clothes were good enough for such a set of "stuck up" people as we all were. Well, so much for one of Jamie's mad freaks. Oh! how he did vex his amiable lady-like mother—"his maternity," as he used to call her; but his father seemed to like him all the better for his vulgarity.

A few months from this time, however, saw Jamie far away from his native hills, for he took a whim in his half-cracked brain of going to sea, much to the vexation of his parents, who, opposing his wishes, a violent altercation between the undutiful youth and his father ended by his running about the village from one house to another, abusing his parents and every one who attempted to give advice.

As for poor me, I came in for my share of his violence; for although, on seeing him nearing the house, I hoped to avoid a meeting, he saw me through the window, and abruptly

entering the room, caught me by the hands, while he poured forth a volley of professions of what he called *love*, declaring that if I again refused him he would instantly leave his home, “ay, and for ever, Miss Flora, so you’ll have my fate on your conscience.” Although half-frightened by his impetuosity, I still adhered to my former rejection, on which he dashed away my hands, roaring out, loud enough to be heard by all in the house, “Oh! how mighty fine we are! Jamie M’Dougal is not good enough for a simple Highland lass! But have a care, my fine lady! or perhaps your dainty airs may land you in a garret yet before you die. Now hearken to my words: If ever you marry”—here he mentioned the name of one for whom he thought I had a preference,—“that fellow who is eternally here, I’ll have his life, ay, if I come from the other side of the earth to shoot him.” The savage shook his clenched fist with an air of defiance, and darted from the house.

Jamie  
threatens.

Those were the last words I heard from him, and I never told Angus, or they would have quarrelled finely. The following day he left Rowans Dyke, taking nothing with him but a kind of knapsack, and went off to sea. We found out afterwards he was taken on board a merchant vessel, of which he subsequently became a mate. He only had the grace to write once to his distressed parents. Poor Jamie! I can pity him now; for his fate was very melancholy, as I shall relate by and by.

Anne  
M'Donald.

Kingsburgh's daughter, Anne M'Donald, was near my age, and we were very close friends.

One day I was at a spinning wheel, my mother engaged about some sewing, with no sound to disturb us, but the whir-whir of the wheel, when our attention was drawn to a small boat rapidly nearing the shore, in which was seated my friend Anne. "Ay," said my mother, "there's no need of a

long guess as to why she comes here all alone." I smiled, and tried to look wondrous wise while rising to set aside the wheel. Anne greeted us in her usual warm manner, adding, "I'm here, Mrs M'Donald, to give you some bonnie news."

"Oh! lassie, we know it; and when is it all to be?"

"Well, as you are so well informed, I may spare myself the telling to you and dear Flory, of my intended marriage with—with"—— She laughed while trying to hide the blush that so quickly covered her fair face.

"With Ranald M'Alister, to be sure, dear Anne," said my mother. "Why, every one has settled that affair for you months ago. Old eyes are clear-sighted enough, when they are determined to make use of them, and ye could na have done a wiser act than by accepting the troth of sic a gude laddie; he's steady and weel-to-do in the world. I give ye joy with all my heart, dear child, and pray ye may

Anne a  
bride.

baith be as happy as two blithe young birdies.

She kissed the glowing cheeks of the fair bride-elect; and, after a little joking, I caught her hand to hurry her into my private room, but not until I had given her a verse of the Highland ditty,

“ Hey the bonnie, ho the bonnie,  
Hey the bonnie brest-knots ”—

a song so popular at all the Highland weddings.

Anne was very confidential, told me every particular, as to *when* and *how* the offer was made; of her future happy home, to which she was so soon (in a fortnight) to be taken; of all the clothes her mother was preparing, and of the company expected to witness the marriage.

All invited.

Of course, my father, mother, and myself, were not only to be invited, but I was to be her bridesmaid. “And to add to all my happiness, dear Flory,” said she, tears of joy



quivering on her pretty dark lashes, "my beloved parents are so pleased, and love my Ranald as if he already belonged to them, which makes me feel so light and joyous, oh! I could fly over the moon, I am so very, very happy. Now, dear Flory, time soon slips away, so begin arranging a dress to do honour to my lovely gown of soft muslin, garnished with knots of satin ribbons, to be worn over a pale cream-coloured quilted farcenet petticoat—oh! so pretty it will be! don't you think so? And, Flory dear, the ribbons are coming all the way from Inverness, from the finest shop there. And then Ranald's father is to give me a brooch and ear-rings, and a vest clasp that belonged to Strathaird's great grandmother. How I hope the good old lady will kindly be pleased by my wearing it, for otherwise I may see her ghost, and—— but, as I live, there's Allan crossing in the boat, so good-bye, dear Flora; kiss me, darling." She flew out of the room, telling me to be sure to come to Kingf-

Supersti-  
tion.

burgh very soon, adding, as her pretty face peeped in at the door with an arch smile, "and Allan shall see you safe home again; will he be a bore, bonnie lassie?"

She went off laughing merrily—I had no time to say a word. And what could I have said at that moment that my tell-tale cheeks would not have denied? for scarcely to my own heart would I have confessed the strong feeling of preference for Allan Kingburgh I had always entertained was daily gaining a firmer hold on my affections; yet, rather than have openly acknowledged this fact, I would have sunk into the earth, for he had never told me I was aught to him beyond being the dearest friend of his sister.

Flora's  
secret.

Thus rested the matter at that time; yet the hint of discovery of my heart's only secret, as shown in the merry countenance of his sister, determined me to be more cautious in concealing the state of my feelings from Allan. I have heard, in recent years, that my

friends suspected I had an attachment, it having become known how many offers I had rejected, and among them eligible ones. Our friends *will* settle such like affairs, always imagining that if a girl passes her teens without entering the magic circle of marriage, there must exist some strong motive for remaining in single blessedness, the reason of *course* being an early attachment, which convinces the worthy gossips, that the old adage is perfectly true that "the course of love seldom runs smooth."

And when Anne M'Donald's wedding-day came, the weather was fair, the sun shining cheerfully on the head of the bonnie bride. All the invited friends were merry, and many were the lively jokes cracked on the happy occasion. The moon shone brightly when the hour arrived for the departure of the young couple, and a gaily-decked boat was ready to land them at Strathaird, which was to be the future home of my dear friend. I need not

A happy wedding.

say what a happy day I had passed, for her brother's attentions to me had never before been so marked; and although not absolutely engaged by word of mouth, yet we *felt* we thoroughly understood each other. Ay, from that day I resolved to accept the love of no man while Allan M'Donald was single: no promise was given, but my heart was pledged. It also gave me satisfaction to see, that his parents, as well as my mother and kind step-father, to all appearance did not disapprove—they must have seen what was going on.

Gathering  
clouds.

But I will now leave my own affairs, and pass on to a later period; when a tinge of gravity fell on most of the Highland families; for the usual quietude of our little homesteads was likely to be ruffled by the arrival on our shores of many persons sent from England to spy out the political state of the country, people who tried to conceal their genuine motives under the mask of a frank sincerity in manner, that in the end did much damage to

the Jacobite cause, as they gained so great an insight into local affairs, which was turned against us at a distant time.

The cause I allude to was the probable coming over from foreign parts of our bonnie Prince, Charles Edward Stuart, to sustain his father's right to the crown of Great Britain. For months there had been surmises as to what would be attempted by an energetic young man, resolved to defend his birthright, and snatch the crown from the usurper's head. The Highland lads and lasses were in my young days early inspired with a sense of their country's wrongs, and a burning desire of freedom from the yoke of the Sassenach. Full well do I remember those lines—

“Geordie sits in Charlie's chair;  
The de'il tak him for fitting there.”

Now perhaps this Geordie, or George II., as the British people named him, was a good kind of man; but *we* wanted our own rightful King; and about this time, in January 1744,

Gentle Jacobites.



Cold water.

all parts of Scotland were thrown into a state of excitement on hearing that Prince Charlie had really left Rome by stealth, disguised as a Spanish courier, attended by only one servant, who was supposed to be a kind of Secretary.

After being exposed to many hazards, he managed to reach Paris on the 20th January, and begged an interview with the French King, which was refused; therefore he left Paris for some retired place on the coast, where he could consult with a few adherents, and arrange final matters for declaring war with England. But disappointed in his hopes of having aid from Louis XV., and also being dissuaded by many influential Scotch people, the plan of attack was given up, nor was it thought of again until June 1745, when he was visiting a young French nobleman, the Duc de Bouillon, occupying himself in hunting, fishing and shooting.

One day the Prince confided to his friend his intention of proceeding to Scotland, un-

known to his royal father; and succeeded in doing so, by embarking on the 26th June, accompanied by the Marquis of Tullibardine, Sir Thomas Sheridan (formerly his Royal Highness's tutor), Sir John M'Donald of the Spanish service, Francis Strickland, and George Kelly, a priest. Also Æneas M'Donald, a banker in Paris, and O'Sullivan, were with him. Many others also joined him; and in the disguise of a student of a French college the royal youth first put foot on Scottish ground.

One of our relations has left a journal, in which the Prince's appearance is thus described. He was then on board the vessel, from which he had not yet landed, and he had a kind of tent on the deck:—"There entered the tent" (wrote Mr M'Donald) "a tall youth of most agreeable aspect, in a plain black coat, with a plain shirt, not very clean, and a cambric stock fixed with a plain silver buckle; a fair round wig out of the buckle, a plain hat

Charlie's  
appearance.

First land-  
ing.

with a canvas string, having one end fixed to one of his coat buttons; he had black stockings and brass buckles in his shoes. At his first appearance I felt my heart swell to my very throat."

It was on the 25th July the Prince landed near Borodale, a farm belonging to Clanranald, and was soon surrounded with adherents, with a guard of one hundred men, who were all entertained by M'Donald of Borodale. It was on this occasion that Charlie drank the grace-cup in English. Not a word of our Gaelic did the poor laddie know. But a gentleman present rose and gave the King's (James's) health in Gaelic—"Deochs laint an Reogh," which the dear Prince, after asking what it meant, repeated very distinctly.

Thus it was that, by such small yet graceful condescensions, he gained the hearts of all, so that recruits were soon beat up for "The Yellow-haired Laddie."

From Borodale, Charles went to Kinloch-

moidart, a distance of about seven miles, where he remained while the chiefs friendly to the cause were assembling their clans, to be in readiness to march with Cameron of Lochiel to the appointed place of meeting, in the vale of Glenfinnan at the head of Loch Shiel, on which spot the Prince was to plant his banner. The flag was of silk, blue, white, and red, but there was no motto on it. The Marquis of Tullibardine was favoured by unfurling this important standard, and in a loud voice he proclaimed the Prince's royal father, as "James VIII., by the grace of God King of Scotland, England, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith," &c. The animated appearance of the usually quiet glen, now resounding with the martial strains of our dear bagpipe, the Prince at the head of twelve hundred brave, devoted Highlanders, all willing to risk their lives in his service, was truly a sight to inspire the hearts of all around with lively feelings of hope. I am proud to

James VIII

60	<i>Autobiography of Flora M'Donald.</i>
M'Donald's devotion.	<p>write that almost the first chief who joined the standard was a M'Donald of Keppoch, with three hundred clansmen, and a valuable horse was presented to the Prince by M'Donald of Tierndrioch.</p> <p>I think there must have been a peculiar vein running in the heart of every M'Donald, of love and devoted affection for their Prince beyond that of other clans. Am I illiberal in this remark? However, my reader must bear with me; and remember, Maggie, I must be privileged in my little MS. to enter my own ideas. Yes; I am proud of being a M'Donald, both by birth and marriage, who, had I been a man, would have laid down my life in the cause of the Royal Stuarts. How little did I dream at this period of ever being of service to a member of our royal family!</p> <p>But to continue. It was singular that, when the raising of the standard at Glenfinnan took place, there should have been an</p>



English officer present, who was then a prisoner in the hands of the Highlanders. As soon as the ceremonies were concluded, Charles courteously informed him "he was at liberty to depart, and might tell his General what he had that day witnessed, and that the Prince was coming to give him battle."

Sir John Cope, Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, was now assembling all the troops he could muster at Stirling, and publicly proclaimed a reward of thirty thousand pounds to any one who would seize the Prince "dead or alive." And I will here take the opportunity of stating, to the credit of our right-minded, warm-hearted countrymen, to whom the temptation of possessing such riches must have been great, that the barbarous offer was from every quarter indignantly spurned. Indeed, the feeling of devotion to the Prince was so strong, that had a daring hand been stretched out to grasp what was termed by every Highlander "blood-money," that man and his descendants

Carrian  
crows.

would have borne the mark of disgrace and ignominy. No! these poor fellows were ever faithful to the cause they had at heart. The Prince was urged to offer the same sum for the head of the Elector of Hanover, and for several days stoutly opposed what he termed "a practice so unusual among Christian princes;" but being obliged to study the wishes of his officers, he at last yielded, saying, he felt certain that no follower of his would be guilty of an act to merit such a reward. The concluding words in his declaration were, "should any fatal accident happen from hence, let the blame lie entirely at the door of those who *first* set the infamous example."

On march.

The Highland army daily augmented its forces, and many were the clans who joined heart and soul in the expedition, now proceeding, with the manly Prince at their head, towards Edinburgh. His attire was a Highland dress, laced with gold, a laced bonnet

with white rosette, a broadsword with a green ribbon; but he did not wear a distinguishing star. He was described as "a well-made young man, taller than any in his company."

His athletic form, and energetic willingness to share with them their hardships and exertions, was pleasing and encouraging to the honest sons of the mountain heights.

On his route he was entertained at the houses of many noblemen and private gentlemen; and by the 30th August reached Blair, the seat of the Duke of Athole (who ran away!) the honours of the castle being done by the Marquis of Tullibardine, the staunch old supporter of his youthful Prince. He stayed two days, and then went on to Perth, remaining there a week, to muster his men and collect needful supplies. The city granted five hundred pounds, besides additions of money from his adherents in Edinburgh. While in Perth, the attention he paid to

Athole  
canna  
thole a'.

Drill and  
dancing.

military duties, by rising early to drill the troops, was a cause of annoyance to the ladies, who had got up a grand ball in his honour; for after remaining a short time in the room, and only dancing once, he made his bow and withdrew, saying he would be obliged to visit the sentry-posts. This disappointed them much; but what silly women they must have been, to have considered their ball of more importance than military duties!

At Perth the Prince was joined by the Duke of Perth with two hundred men, and Lord George Murray, brother of the Marquis of Tullibardine. Both these noblemen had taken part in the rising of the clans in 1715.

The Duke of Perth had a narrow escape soon after attaching himself to the Stuart cause, for the Government sent a party of soldiers to apprehend him, and their commander, a Captain Campbell, behaved in a very treacherous manner. He partook of the Duke's hospitality, and when the dinner was

nearly over, by which time he imagined his troop would be in waiting, he coolly arose from table, took the Duke aside, telling him he was his prisoner.

The Duke expressed astonishment, but had presence of mind to request to speak to a friend privately. This was granted, upon which his grace slipped into the kitchen, and passed out by a back entrance into the Park at the same moment that the soldiers were coming up the front avenue. He seized the first horse that was saddled in the yard, and galloped off to the Prince's camp, leaving his ungrateful guest to remember the old adage—

“ 'Tween cup and lip  
There's many a flip.”

While at Perth a party of M'Donalds seized a valuable prize from Dundee, two vessel-loads of arms and ammunition, an acceptable addition to the troops, who, on the 11th September began their march towards Edinburgh,

A Windfall.



which was reached on the forenoon of the 17th, when the alarm of the inhabitants may be imagined; the fire-bell was rung, and a meeting summoned to decide whether or not the city should be quietly surrendered!

While deliberating, a letter was handed by a person from the camp, from the Prince, demanding immediate possession of the capital of Scotland. A deputation was sent to the Prince entreating for time to consult on the matter, and the Hanoverian troops under Colonel Gardiner were drawn up, to the amusement and curiosity of a Highland skirmishing party, who popping their pistols at them, the cowards wheeled round, scampering off as fast as they could, totally heedless of their officer's commands.

Canter of  
Coltbrigg.

This retreat was afterwards derisively termed "The Canter of Coltbrigg," the scene occurring near the bridge of Coltbrigg. At length the Cameron Highlanders seized the guard, and rushing into the principal entrance,

the city was taken, and by eight o'clock in the morning the Prince arrived within sight of Holyrood.

Even at that early hour the Park was thronged. When his Royal Highness alighted from his horse near St Anthony's Well, many persons knelt and kissed his hand, but on being told he would be more seen on horse-back, he remounted the fine animal which the Duke of Perth had given him, and rode slowly to Holyrood, amidst the cheers of the excited multitude.

Then came the proclaiming of his royal father at the Town Cross, and the evening was wound up by a ball in Holyrood Palace, which the hero of the day honoured the company by attending; on this occasion affording the ladies more of his society than he had previously done in Perth.

Meanwhile the *valiant* General Cope was advancing with his vaunted brave dragoons; on hearing of which the Prince summoned his

Breathing  
Time.

troops, and the two armies met on the 20th September near Prestonpans.

While arranging matters, I must tell you, the M'Donalds were rather troublesome, also the Stuarts and Camerons, each insisting on the prior claim to form the right wing; but at last it was agreed to favour *our* clan, and proud they were of the distinction. I dare say they would otherwise have been too sulky to fight!

Victory.

Well, Maggie, I have heard the particulars of the battle; however, at this distant date, I will not attempt to charge my memory by recalling faint recollections which might possibly lead my reader astray. The Prince was victorious, and on his return to Holyrood on the 22d September was everywhere welcomed by the Jacobite party with the greatest enthusiasm. The tide of public opinion was in favour of the Stuarts, and at the dinners at the hotels and private houses, the health of "The King," and "Prince of

Wales," were drank most rapturously. The Prince dressed suitably to his rank, sometimes in rich tartan of the Stuart clan, and frequently at night he appeared in an English court dress, wearing the Star and decorations of the Order of the Garter. Also he adopted occasionally the Cross of the Scotch Order of St Andrew.

After a stay of six weeks in the capital, the Prince's army received orders to march towards England, where the news of the Gladsmuir or Prestonpans victory had caused quite a panic. I have heard some of my military relations say, it would have been better for the Prince's cause, if he had marched sooner from Edinburgh, which was his wish, but he was overruled by his officers. The delay afforded time for the enemy to rally their forces, and so it proved.

The commencement of the march was encouraging, for after an assault on the town of Carlisle, the garrison was obliged to yield to

On to Eng-  
land.

Conster-  
nation.

its lawful sovereign, James III. (of England). The inhabitants, frightened almost to death, jumped over the town-walls, scrambled through ditches, and in a body compelled the Governor to hang out the white flag, and the Mayor and Aldermen to present the keys to the Prince.

On the surrender of this city becoming known in London, the English Government was seriously alarmed. Orders were issued to the ablest of their generals, to raise regiments in every quarter. The one commanded by Wade was ordered to encamp near London, for the protection of the capital. Also Chester and Liverpool were put in a state of defence; so what with the great number of regular troops, and a large body of militia, amounting in all to sixty thousand, while the Prince's army was not above four thousand five hundred, it was certainly a daring and impolitic act to proceed to extremities under such unequal forces. And so judged many of

his supporters, who endeavoured to persuade him to abandon the project, or at least defer it until a more favourable opportunity should present itself. Lord George Murray was strongly opposed to the project, as were many others, but the Prince shut his eyes to the disadvantages of his position, and firmly expressed his determination to proceed to hostilities. Alas! he should have taken the advice of skilful commanders, twice his age and less impetuous.

On the 28th November they marched into Manchester, where James was proclaimed, the bells set ringing, and grand illuminations and bonfires by order of the Prince, who also commanded those persons who had public funds to pay the money into the treasury. He was determined to push his way into the heart of England, sharing all hardships and fatigue with his soldiery; indeed, although a king's grandson, the habits he adopted were as simple as those of

Farther  
success.



the plainest man in his army.' One meal a-day sufficed him; and at night, wrapped in his plaid, he would take a few hours' rest, rising at four o'clock on those dark gloomy November mornings, to continue marching. Twenty miles a-day soon wore the soles off the royal shoes, and on one occasion, not having at hand a second pair, one of them was hastily patched with a slip of iron by a village blacksmith. The Prince good humouredly said to the man, "I believe you are the first who ever shod a king's son!"

Drooping  
spirits.

Whilst on route, a feeling of disappointment pervaded the troops on account of their forces not increasing so rapidly as was expected, and those of the gentry who joined the standard were not among the upper ranks; nor could the evident dread of the common people—who, if incited by curiosity, eyed the Prince and the soldiers at a distance—be accounted for, until it was rumoured they were in terror of the wild Highlanders, who they

supposed had trained dogs to fight, and that their masters were scarcely human in shape, with great frightful claws instead of hands ! Also, that these wild Highlanders were so savage as to delight in eating little children ! It was a fact that on the occasion of Cameron of Lochiel entering a house to take possession of his evening quarters, the woman of the house threw herself on her knees, and in tears entreated him "To spare her little ones." He asked what she meant ? half thinking she was out of her mind, when she assured him, that it was well known how fond the Highlanders were of devouring little boys and girls for supper ! She would scarcely believe the contrary, but when convinced the worthy man was harmless, she opened the door of a cupboard, crying out, "Come out here, children ; the gentleman says he is not going to eat you !" No wonder the peasantry kept aloof from these reputed ogres, until satisfied that a simple repast of oatmeal

Paidio-  
phagi.

porridge was more to their taste than the flesh of English children! I heard that Lochiel used to laugh heartily while relating this characteristic anecdote.

On the 1st December the army left Manchester for Cheshire, when, in fording the Mersey, the Prince fell into the river. Surely that was a bad omen. I will acknowledge my weakness in being rather superstitious. I believe most of the M'Donalds are so. Well, we cannot alter our nature, so I say again, it *was* a bad omen.

Now, I must tell you of a very infirm old lady who, when a child, having been held in her mother's arms to witness the landing of Charles II. in 1660, was so enthusiastic about Prince Charlie, that although nearly ninety years of age, she insisted on being taken to the river's bank to see his royal highness. Her loyalty was so strong in the cause of the Stuarts, that from the time of James II. being driven from his kingdom, this lady had

1660 and  
1745.

yearly set apart half of her income and sent it abroad for the use of the royal family. It was not known from whom it came. Now that his grandson was actually in England "to take his ain again," her plate and valuables were sold that she might present him with the proceeds. Her poor old eyes could scarcely trace a feature of the long-loved countenance; but she could grasp his hand, and raise it reverentially to her lips. It was said that in her joyful excitement she half whispered, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace;" but I trust such an improper and irreverent perversion of scripture has been falsely ascribed to the dear old lady, who a few days after died of grief, it was alleged, in consequence of the Prince's disastrous retreat from Derby.

The Prince's army, passing through Macclesfield, reached Derby on the 4th. The Duke of Cumberland, at the head of the English forces, was within a day's march of the

No farther!

Turning  
tide.

Highlanders, which determined Charles to hold a consultation with his officers,—not, however, that he would willingly follow their advice, foreseeing they were adverse to hostilities, until more certain of their numbers being increased. They were not aware of the panic into which London was thrown, when the news circulated that Prince Charlie had really penetrated into the centre of England. Indeed, it was afterwards given as a general opinion, that if he had pushed on towards the metropolis, instead of reluctantly following the advice of his officers by a retreat from Derby, the suddenness of the attack would have thrown the enemy's troops into disorder. But his bold enterprising spirit had to yield to the overpowering voice of his council. With sorrow and disappointment, orders were given to retreat towards Scotland. Nothing could exceed the discontent of the soldiers, who, starting almost at daybreak, could scarcely discern the road,

when they found themselves retracing their former route. Alas ! how ephemeral is public favour ! Now that the late hero of the towns through which he had so recently passed was returning in such a different position, there was no sort of annoyance the Prince and his troops were not subjected to ; which base conduct so exasperated the hot-tempered Highlanders, that they revenged themselves by acts of violence and theft—nor was it possible to restrain them until their rage by degrees softened ; and military order being again established, the army proceeded steadily towards the village of Clifton. This place being well known to Lord George Murray, he, at the head of the Glengary regiment, while scouring the country, succeeded in making prisoners of a militia officer, and a more important person, one of the Duke of Cumberland's footmen, from whom he discovered that the Duke, with a body of four thousand cavalry, was only a mile behind.

Like them.



All's not  
lost yet.

Lord George sent this man to the Prince, who by this time was at Penrith, also asking his highness for further instructions.

Meanwhile the Hanoverian army had formed upon Clifton Moor, and under favour of a dark night, hoped to surprise the Highlanders. However, a glimpse of moonlight showed the enemy; on which Lord George, followed by the M'Phersons and Stuarts, rushed sword in hand, crying, "Claymore," the pass-word. In a few minutes the English were repulsed, about one hundred killed and wounded, their commander, Colonel Honeywood, also left on the moor, severely wounded.

The Duke of Cumberland was not inclined to molest the enemy; so the Prince pushed on to Carlisle, arriving there on the 19th, where they passed the night.

The following day was the Prince's birthday, which the officers were able to celebrate, yet under the circumstances it would have

been as well to have passed it without notice. However, the troops were in high spirits at having been so successful at Clifton, so they left Carlisle with colours flying and bagpipes playing to the strain of, "O wha daur meddle wi' me?"

While thus marching, a gentleman, passing through the crowd of Highlanders, made up to the Prince, requesting "that dreadful groaning and whining might cease, a lady in a neighbouring house being ill;" so with his usual courtesy, his Royal Highness not only stopped the pipes immediately, but hearing there was a young baby, dismounted, requesting to see it. The infant was brought to him, on which he took the cockade from his ain bonnet and prinned it on the breast of the little thing. Oh! how I wish that white cockade was mine! I trust the family have kept and value it. It was by such acts of trifling kindness that our bonnie Charlie made himself loved by rich and poor, and even *now*,

An heirloom.

after so many years have gone by, it is pleasing to recal them to mind. Another circumstance, occurring on the same day, showed his preference of mind and kind feeling; for in fording the Esk, while he and his officers were riding a little below the place where the men passed, he noticed that two of them were rapidly driven down the stream—the Prince sprang from his horse and caught one by the hair, calling out in Gaelic, “Cobhear, cobhear” (help! help!) holding him fast until assistance came. Both men were saved, and the generous Prince not the less loved for his kindness.

Worn-out.

On arriving in Glasgow, a halt of eight days became necessary, to endeavour to raise funds, and re-clothe the men, who had worn their kilts to rags. The people of the town had no love for the Stuarts; they favoured the Elector's government. The gentlemen indeed openly showed their dislike of the Prince and his followers, and by so doing,

afforded a glaring contrast to the conduct of the female portion of the inhabitants, who, from the highest to the lowest, adorned themselves with the white badge of Jacobitism. Oh! how well I remember the old song supposed to be addressed to them by an apathetic husband! I must transcribe it, it seems so suitable.

The women are all gane wud :  
Oh, that he had bidden awa !  
He's turn'd their heads, the lad,  
And ruin will bring on us a'.  
I aye was a peaceable man,  
My wife she did doucely behave ;  
But *now*, do a' that I can,  
She's just as wild as the lave.

Jacobite  
women.

My wife she wears the cockade,  
Though she kens it's the thing that I hate;  
There's ane too prinned on her maid,  
And baith will tak their ain gate.  
The senseless creturs ne'er think  
What ill the lad will bring back;  
We'd ha'e the Pope and the de'il,  
An a' the rest o' the pack.

The wild Highland lads they did pass,  
The yetts wide open they flee :  
They ate the very house bare,  
An' ne'er spier'd leave o' me.  
But when the red-coats ga'ed by,  
D'ye think they 'd let them alane ?  
They a' the louder did cry,  
" Prince Charlie will soon get his ain ! "

Courtly and  
kind.

After a review on the Green, where were assembled numbers of the above alluded to Jacobite ladies, each delighted in having a share in paying homage to the bonnie Prince, who had just received them with such courtesy at a kind of courtly reception he had held at his residence in the Trongate, the drums beat, flags were waving and bag-pipes playing, as the little discomfited army left Glasgow, headed by its undaunted chief.

On reaching Stirling, they were joined by some other of the clans—Lord Lewis Gordon, brother of the Duke, with the Gordons, the Master of Lovat with the Frazers, the Earl of

Cromarty at the head of the M'Kenzies, and a considerable body of Irish and French troops. Old Lord Lovat sent his son to risk his life and estate in the Prince's cause, being too cowardly to head the clan himself; and the excuse the wily old hypocrite gave was, "that he was afflicted with an undutiful son, who was madly zealous in the Jacobite cause, and wilfully set his father's authority at defiance, for which he trusted the English Government would not hold him responsible." All this time it was well known the old wretch favoured the Stuarts, but was afraid of appearing to join in the fighting. However, I am really not sorry to be able to state, that eventually he left his deceitful old head on Tower Hill. Never was a man more despised by all classes than was Simon Lord Lovat. Also the army was increased by the M'Intoshes and the Farquharsons.

And here I must mention a little affair which makes good what I have lately related

Diplomacy.



regarding the enthusiasm of the Jacobite ladies, for the wife of the M'Intosh chief *herself* raised the clan, and placed herself at their head, which her husband could not do, as he held a commission under the British Government. It is said that when M'Intosh was taken prisoner, he was given into the custody of his wife, and on being brought before "Colonel Anne," she amused the Prince and his officers by greeting him with "Your servant, captain," to which he very demurely replied "Your servant, colonel." In after-life this was a standing joke between the married pair.

Rest.

The Prince and his troops, after a rest of ten days, during which they recruited their spirits and habiliments, set forward from Glasgow on January 3, 1746, the Prince proceeding to Bannockburn House, the residence of Sir Hugh Paterson, a most zealous adherent, while Lord George Murray occupied the town of Falkirk with the advanced guard of the army.

Charlie being resolved to gain Stirling, on the 5th January the Highlanders obliged the inhabitants to surrender, and were in great joy at being joined by troops under Lord Strathallan and Lord John Drummond, which increased their number to nine thousand; also a considerable quantity of stores had been landed from France, including cannon and some Spanish coin, which reached the army by a party of recruits from the Island of Barra. At this time General Hawley, to whom the Duke of Cumberland had entrusted the command of the English forces, was advancing from Edinburgh with an army of about nine thousand.

The General was heard to express the utmost contempt for "the Highland rabble," as my countrymen had the honour of being termed. In his wife opinion the Highland soldiery were a set of wild savages, against whom there was no occasion to exercise the formalities of military precautions; for, while

Refreshed.

he was entertained at Callender House by the Countess of Kilmarnock, a Jacobite lady, who wished to detain the English General in order to give the Highland army time to approach, the Prince had passed the river Carron, and was only separated from the enemy by Falkirk Muir. Coming suddenly upon them, the Prince's troops had greatly the advantage.

The clans.

I must record the number of clans which were clustered together when the order for battle was arranged. Besides others, were the M'Donalds of Keppoch (as usual, the brave Keppochs were never in the distance), then my ain M'Donalds of Clanranald, the Glengarys, Farquharsons, M'Kenzies, M'Intoshes, M'Phersons under Cluny, Fraasers under the Master of Lovat (the cowardly old father no doubt was snug by his ain firenook), the Stuarts of Appin, and the Lochiel Camerons. Many more names I heard at the time, but cannot now recollect them.

Then came the battle, and our Charles Stuart was victorious !

The "Highland rabble" did their duty valiantly, rather to the astonishment of the enemy. Indeed, a prisoner was overheard to say in a low tone to a comrade, "If Charlie goes on in this way, Prince *Frederick* will never be King *George*." I think this man must have been a *Paddy* by such a remark.

Alas ! one of our clan lost his life in a cruel way, for while engaged in cleaning a musket at an open window, the piece unfortunately went off and shot a son of Glengary.

The Prince exceedingly regretted this affair, and testified his respect for the deceased by attending the funeral as chief mourner ; but the clan of Glengary violently demanded the life of the poor man, so Clanranald was compelled to give him up to the merciless tribe, who shot him dead with a volley of bullets. It was a horrid business ; and even his unhappy father joined in the firing, to end

Avengers.

Alarm.

his lad's sufferings the sooner; nor were the clan to be easily appeased, many forsaking the Prince's standard, and returning dissatisfied to their several mountain homesteads.

There was a grand assemblage at the Elector of Hanover's palace in London, when the news arrived of General Hawley's defeat. It caused considerable excitement. People began to find that possibly "our Prince would have his ain again;" and it was only George himself, the Earl of Stair, and the *valiant* Sir John Cope, who conferred reasonably as to the steps to be taken—for it was a matter of necessity that another, and a more efficient General should be sent; therefore the Duke of Cumberland was ordered by his father to start immediately and retake the command. On arriving at Holyrood, it was singular that he occupied the same state-bed that had been used by Prince Charlie. His measures were prompt, for after being only thirty hours in Edinburgh, discussing military business with

the principal British Generals, and returning the compliments of numbers of people of distinction, many of whom, to gain popularity, had forsaken the banner of their ain King, the Duke hurried on to Linlithgow, and again occupied the same apartments which the Prince had used.

The next morning he marched to Stirling, where a considerable number of the Prince's adherents were taken prisoners. Amongst them was a lady, said to be a favourite of his—(I only give the gossip of the time)—Miss J——X——, who, report said, had headed her brother's clan when they joined the royal standard at Glenfinnan, he being absent on that occasion. I admire her for *that*: such conduct showed a patriotic spirit. But, in allusion to this young lady, I cannot resist (for my own sake) taking this opportunity of stating to my readers the pain that was in after-years caused to myself and my relations by *my* name having been substituted for that of Miss

La favorita.



X——, whose acquaintance with the Prince, if what was said was true, reflected no credit on the lady. Her conduct was certainly most extraordinary; and that *I* should be mistaken for *her* in the printed papers of the day, has ever grieved me, and deeply annoyed my friends.

Retire.

About this period in my narrative, the Prince was advised, by those of his officers in whom he placed the greatest confidence, to retire into the Highlands for the winter, with the hope that, on the approach of spring, an effective army of at least ten thousand Highlanders would re-assemble, ready to follow his Royal Highness's commands. This address, it is said, took him by surprise, for only on the previous day, Lord George Murray and the Prince had arranged a plan for the intended battle. When, therefore, he was urged to forego fighting for the present, his disappointment was extreme. "Good God!" exclaimed he, "have I lived to see this?"

and he endeavoured to argue the subject with the chiefs ; but at last he was brought reluctantly to acquiesce. The retreat, therefore, began on the 1st February, towards Crieff, where the army separated into two divisions, to make their way by different roads in the direction of Inverness. The Duke of Cumberland, whose headquarters were in Perth, pursued, but did not overtake them.

Meanwhile plots and counterplots were agitating the Elector's party in London ; but, my dear friends, having neither time nor space to enter into such histories, I must content myself, in this brief account, by simply tracing out the fortunes of the Prince.

On reaching Inverness, the Highland troops found it rudely fortified, and held by Lord Loudon's army of two thousand men. The Prince halted ten miles from the town, at Moy Castle, the seat of the Chief of M'Intosh. The Chief was serving with Lord Loudon, and when his Lordship found out

A halt.

Overheard.

where the Prince was located, a plot was concocted amongst his officers to entrap the Prince, for which purpose Lord Loudon, at the head of fifteen hundred men, was to lay siege to the castle at eleven o'clock at night. But however successful the scheme might appear, it was frustrated in a very simple way. In an inn kept by one Mrs Bailey, some of these officers were leisurely sitting over their wine, discussing their plans, but quite unheeding of a rough, sandy-headed girl who waited at table. She listened, and soon discovered what they were going to do. Off started the courageous damsel, and contriving to pass the sentinels, ran straight to Moy, to let the Prince know of his danger. The bonnie creature took off her shoes and stockings in true Highland fashion, for the double purpose of economising her foot property, and also to foot it more rapidly. Breathless she rushed in with the important information. There was no time for cere-

mony ; so the lady of Moy sprang out of bed, hastily threw on some clothes, and calling the Prince, hurried him off by the bank of Loch Moy, to be concealed until the danger was over.

And now I must tell you of a valiant blacksmith in the village, who, with a few companions as energetic as himself, waited in ambuscade until they heard the approach of the treacherous troops ; then was the time for Mr Blacksmith's attempt to defeat a body of fifteen hundred men ! The little party fired shot after shot, vociferating loudly for all the imaginary clans they could call to mind, to do their best. " Here come the villains ! fire away lads ! M'Donalds, M'Phersons, Frasers, Camerons, &c., &c.," and using the war-cry of the different clans. The alarm spread rapidly, and the whole fifteen hundred turned back, flying towards Inverness for their lives ! This bold exploit has been termed " The Rout of Moy."

Craft and  
courage.

Successes.

I cannot record the brave man's name, never having heard it; but let us conclude he was a M'Intosh, who, although an humble member, was an honour to the clan.

The Prince's next success was the taking of Fort George, by which means his army was supplied with an abundance of arms, ammunition, and provisions; and he was also enabled to retaliate on Lord Loudon's attempted plot of carrying him off, by ordering his Lordship's castle to be blown up.

The separated army now met, for the troops under Lord George had been coming in for some days in detachments. On reaching Elgin, the people were obliged to provide accommodation for five thousand men, with stabling for five hundred horses.

At the town-cross our King James VIII. was proclaimed. On the following day, the 19th February, the route was continued to Inverness, by way of Forres and Nairn. The Prince had sent on a body of three thousand

Irish troops to Fort Augustus, which town was soon taken, being defended by only one miserable sergeant with about twelve men, who, however, it was said, acquitted themselves very courageously. After this attack and success, the army proceeded towards Fort William, where it was to be joined by clans in the neighbourhood—M'Donalds of Kepoch, Camerons, and Stuarts of Appin. But the road between the Fort and Inverness was in such a bad state, the arrival of the French troops and artillery was so delayed, that it was the 20th March before all preparations were completed, by which time the Prince had taken up his head-quarters at Inverness, where his Royal Highness was received into the house of Lady Drummair.

Ready.

Before Lord Perth set off on an expedition after Lord Loudon, a circumstance occurred which illustrates the painful necessity, during the time of civil war, of friends, nay, even near relations, on different sides of the contest,



96	<i>Autobiography of Flora M'Donald.</i>
Sorrow.	<p>being so situated as to be in dread of shedding each other's blood.</p> <p>One of the Prince's officers was observed by a brother companion to be in much distress and grief. He ascertained the cause. The gentleman's son was serving with Lord Loudon's troops, the father having procured him a commission before he knew of the Prince coming to Scotland; and now that he was to go out against the very regiment in which he had placed him, the horrible thought of perhaps slaying his own son overwhelmed him with despair. His only hope lay in the chance of capturing him; which was the case, for on the return of the detachment, his friend, hearing a loud knocking at his door, was delighted to see the poor broken-hearted father of the preceding day <del>standing</del> there with a joyful face, and pushing forward a tall handsome young man—(a M'Donald of Scotch-house: indeed, all of the clan are handsome!)—he cried, "Here is the boy who caused me so</p>

much misery yesterday. I took him prisoner, myself; but being anxious to secure *him*, I could not trouble myself about the others."

Perth was too late in the pursuit of Lord Loudon and his troops, so the latter retreated from Sutherlandshire into Skye.

And now came the tidings of the enemy's army laying waste every peaceful hamlet through which they passed, so that the poor Highlanders, exasperated by hearing of their houses being burnt, and the provisions of their wives and bairns eaten by the soldiery, their little properties destroyed by a drunken rabble, were more than ever clamorous for revenge.

Accordingly Lord George Murray, with a body of six hundred, marched into the Athole country, and the enraged Highlanders made it a successful expedition by capturing about three hundred soldiery, without losing a single man on their side.

Trampled.

Darkening.

But alas! the poor Prince's disasters were commencing. His money had so nearly run out, it is said, he was compelled to pay the troops in oatmeal! The poor fellows were discontented, naturally supposing the officers were keeping back their pay to enrich themselves. It was not so, nor was the French king backward in his supplies; but owing to the Hanoverian vessels of war coasting about, the French ships, some containing valuables and money to the amount of thirteen thousand pounds, were seized by the enemy. One vessel, freighted with vast treasure, after hairbreadth escapes, was landed near the house of my Lord Reay, who sent a boat well manned to secure it; but owing to a cunning stratagem on the part of his Lordship's factor—whose name I purposely withhold, as the family are well thought of—the profits were unfortunately not fated to be for the Prince's use. The artful man pretended to examine the boxes of specie,

accounting for their weight by saying they only contained shot, so he managed to get the money into his own possession. However this base act of both dishonesty and treachery was not publicly noticed, yet there were many persons who marked their abhorrence of the factor's conduct by ceasing his acquaintance.

While the Prince was at Inverness, the Duke of Cumberland's head-quarters were at Aberdeen, a distance of one hundred miles. It was now April, with weather unfavourable for the troops to march. However, on its clearing, by the 12th April, the Duke put his army of about nine thousand men in motion, and on that day forded the Spey. While on march the English General and officers entered several houses of the gentry, plundering and making bold with everything that came in their way.

My father told us of a barefaced act of injustice towards a Mrs Gordon of Hallhead,

One hundred miles.

who was obliged to give up her house, with the promise of her goods being uninjured. However, General Hawley treated her very insolently, sent for all the house-keys, threatening, in case of refusal, to break open all the locks. On the keys being given up, a Major Wolfe, aid to the General, was sent to tell Mrs Gordon to consider nothing as her own except the clothes she wore. The lady asked for some tea. "It is very good," said the Major, "and tea is scarce in the army."

Robbery.

She then asked for chocolate—the same insulting answer was returned. She was anxious about the family china, on which she was assured, "It was very pretty, and that the General particularly admired old china; but perhaps she might get back some of it."

Mrs Gordon petitioned the Duke of Cumberland for the restitution of her property, which, although promised to be restored, the General gave orders for everything portable to be

packed, and the best articles were shipped off to Edinburgh.

Mrs Gordon valued these effects at six hundred pounds. In a letter from a brother of Mrs Gordon, Mr Bowdler of Bath, it was stated that a lady who recollected the china said she saw some of it in the window of a London china-shop, and on inquiry was told, that it had been purchased from a person of disreputable character, to whom it was given by *the Duke of C——* !!

Ducal.

I have heard similar anecdotes in connexion with the conduct of the Hanoverian commander, not much to the credit of a *royal* house. But I really must get on in my memory's history, or you will be tired out before I arrive at the detail of my share in the unfortunate events which soon followed the last engagement that our dear misguided Prince was fated to enter on. Alas! why did he enter on such a hazardous chance, at a time when he had to encounter so many



Enemies in  
Council.

drawbacks? More than two thousand of his men had secretly left the standard, preferring the prospect of the deserter's death to the probability of being starved, for literally their allowances were next to nothing. Officers were sent in every direction to recall them to duty, but uselessly.

By these means a third of the army was lost, and the movement advised by Charles's council abandoned, of a night-attack, which, by surprising the Duke's army while unprepared and sleeping heavily from the effects of a riotous celebration of their leader's birthday, might have changed the aspect of affairs in the Prince's favour. But it was not so to be, and the God of battles, the mighty Overruler of events, who ordereth all the ways and doings of men, who "doeth all things well," saw fit to frustrate the anxious hopes of our beloved Prince's faithful followers.

On arriving at Culloden House, with his

principal officers, at five o'clock in the morning, the Prince's first care was to dispense such provisions as the camp afforded to the soldiers, who were lying on the ground tired and dispirited. Many had gone to various places in the neighbourhood to get a few hours' shelter and rest.

About eleven in the forenoon, the Highland army saw the Hanoverian troops approaching Drumdroffie (or Culloden) Moor, and cannon were fired to awake the sleepers and summon those who were far off. The Prince, with Perth, Murray, and Drummond, rode instantly to the field. One of the Prince's aids had gone to Inverness, and more than half asleep, had dropped into bed, when drums beating and trumpets sounding to arms obliged him to hurry off to his duty.

Now the scene had changed, for the brave Highlanders, shaking off their weariness, were full of spirit, cheering lustily their Prince as he rode amongst them. More of the clans had

Up and war  
them a'.

These women!

joined that morning, so the army mustered five thousand against the enemy's nine thousand; and the number would have been less on the Prince's side but for the zeal of a Jacobite lady of the Stuarts of Appin, whose husband had raised his people in order to join the Duke, which plan his wife determined to defeat, for two reasons,—anxiety as to her husband's safety in the battle, and also from secretly favouring the Prince's cause; yet it was at the expense of the goodman's legs, for while preparing his breakfast, she contrived to pour the scalding water over him, saying, "He would fare better laying *alive* in bed, than perhaps a dead body on the battle-field." She anticipated her apparent awkwardness would most effectively deprive the Duke of Stuart's services; indeed, the active lady did more, for, unknown to her better half, she found a commander for the Appin Stuarts, and despatched them off to her bonnie Prince Charlie! Oh, the brave soul! Had I known

her, I should have embraced her most warmly—but not so *warm* as the water was in the useful kettle! She then had time to occupy herself in tending to the poor scalded legs. As for him, in his heart he thanked her, for he had misgivings as to taking arms against his lawful Prince, from whose standard he had only recently retreated.

An act of rash heroism was reported of a poor Highlander, who, thinking that if the Duke of Cumberland was killed, it would be for the good of his Prince, resolved to sacrifice his life by making the attempt; so passing to the English lines, he asked for quarter, and was sent to the rear. While walking about, apparently regardless of what was going on, nor minding the rude mockery of the soldiers, he saw the Duke's aid, Lord Bury, pass, and by the richness of his uniform mistaking his Lordship for the Duke, he snatched a musket from one of the men and discharged it at the young officer, but missed

Devotion.

his aim. The infatuated Highlander was immediately shot dead on the spot. Going far back into Scotland's history, one is reminded of a similar act which occurred at Bannockburn, when Henry de Bohun attempted the life of Robert the Bruce.

Paltry.

The mention of Bannockburn obliges me reluctantly to state a circumstance to the discredit of the three M'Donald clans—Clanranald, Keppoch, and Glengary. There had been, a few days before, a dispute between these chiefs as to their precedence of rank on the field. Their regiments were apportioned towards the *left*, whereas they claimed the *right* as their privilege, it having been accorded by Robert the Bruce to the chief, Angus M'Donald, Lord of the Isles, at the battle of Bannockburn, as a reward for his fidelity in protecting his king for upwards of nine months, since which time the clan had been proud of, and enjoyed such a post of honour. Lord George Murray having assigned

the right wing to the Athole men, in which he was upheld by Lochiel and the Camerons. The Clan M'Donald was sulky, and so ungracious that the matter was referred to the Prince, who at first refused to decide the knotty question. However, as time pressed, his Royal Highness prevailed on their commanding officers to waive their claim, to the discontent of the clansmen, who considered their deprivation as an ill omen. At Gladsmuir and at Falkirk, they had been properly placed, and murmured now so loudly, that the Duke of Perth, at the head of the Glengary men, in order to pacify them, said, if they behaved with their usual valour, they should make a *right* of the *left*, and he would change his own name to M'Donald. But no, they were too indignant to accept any such compliment. I fear our clan is a particularly proud and sulky one! And indeed I must be candid, and inform my reader, they all behaved very ill in giving vent to selfish ill-humour on such an

Pride and  
peril.

important day for the weal or woe of their beloved Prince and country.

The action began on the part of the Highlanders at a few minutes after one o'clock,—the Prince having a narrow escape at the commencement, for Colonel Belford, commanding the Engineers, aimed two pieces at a body of horse where it was believed the Prince was stationed, so near to his Royal Highness that the balls tore up the earth and killed a man who had charge of a led horse by his side! His coolness and self-possession attracted universal admiration from his devoted followers. A heavy fall of snow and hail, right in the faces of the Highlanders, added to the tremendous fire of the enemy, so maddened the troops, that the M'Intoshes rushed forward before Lord George had time to order an advance, followed by the M'Leans and M'Lauchlans, laying the ranks open to the murderous fire of the Campbells and Lord Loudon's troops. The Athole

Mars adversus.



Highlanders and Camerons, utterly regardless of their lives, dashed on the enemy sword in hand, almost blinded by the smoke of their assailants, throwing the ranks into dreadful confusion.

The clans likewise who distinguished themselves were the Stuarts of Appin, the Frasers, and many others, who showed the greatest bravery during this disastrous battle. Alas! for *our* clan!—I grieve to write it. Aggrieved, as they foolishly imagined, they stood moody, determined to keep their ground, but not to fight. In vain did Keppoch rush to the charge with a few of his kinsmen; they saw the chief fall by the enemy's shot and heard his dying words, "My God! have the children of my clan forsaken me!" Thus they stood until the right flank and centre of their army was put to the rout; then they fell back and joined the broken ranks of the second line. But an attempt to describe this memorable battle is so far above my powers that I shall

In Vain.

merely add, in the true feeling of every native of our Highland hills, the sorrow and disappointment caused by its failure.

Well might poor Charles Stuart in after-years exclaim, "Oh Scotland! my poor country!"

After.

Yes! the contest was over, and the disinherited Prince, looking down from the height where he stood with a squadron of horse, beheld his army routed, his last hopes blasted, the ruin of his father's cause completed. All that now remained to be done was for his adherents to rally around the person of their Prince, to protect him in securing his retreat. Poor young man! the bitterness of his feelings might be read in his tearful eyes, having anticipated a glorious victory instead of such a different result. But the honour of our Charles was as unfulfilled as the brightest steel; for the record of his brave and dignified conduct while under the heavy misfortunes which afterwards befel him, will ever be the admiration of future ages.

As a forlorn hope, the Prince would have rallied his clans, and led them himself, in spite of the entreaties of some of his officers, had not General O'Sullivan taken his horse by the bridle, and led his royal master from the field. On the way his bonnet fell off, which the superstitious Highlanders might have considered as a bad omen of the crown departing from him and his family.

The whole of this memorable battle was said to have been fought in forty minutes, a victory certainly on the side of the Hanoverians; yet more praise was due to the vanquished, who were not only fewer in number, but had to contend against the superiority of the enemy's artillery, on the ground chosen for the action, which being a flat, enabled the musketry and grape-shot-cannon to have the advantage over the claymores and scythes of the Highlanders. Upon quitting the field, the Prince and a large body of horse crossed the Nairn at the Ford of Falie, about four miles from

Valiant  
failure.

Still  
himself.

Culloden. With a few of his friends he set out for Gortuleg, the house of Lovat's factor, arriving at sunset, where was Simon himself, who at first, on hearing of the disastrous termination of the battle, selfishly forgetting his Prince's feelings and acute disappointment, thought only of his own old head's safety. However, after his fright was calmed, he ordered supper for the royal fugitive; but the party were anxious to pass the night at a greater distance from their inhuman conquerors; and therefore, after the Prince had taken the precaution of changing his dress, they left Gortuleg about ten o'clock for Invergarry, the property of M'Donald of Glengarry, which they reached at four in the morning.

The only being in this ancient castle was a solitary servant; they had neither bedding nor victuals; but, overcome by fatigue, the whole party lay on the floor, glad to have even such uncomfortable accommodation;

nor would they have had anything to eat the next day, if a fervant of one of them had not caught a brace of salmon, which, with the fresh water from a brook, was their repast. Alas! the poor Prince had to endure far greater hardships within a few weeks from this time.

The party proceeded to Arkaig in Lochaber, resting a night at Donald Cameron's of Glenpean, going the next day towards Glenboisdale, where they met Clanranald, Lochart, Aeneas M'Donald, and others, who advised his remaining on the mainland, there being so many of the enemy's vessels cruising among the Hebrides; but O'Sullivan was so certain of finding a ship in the Isles to convey the Prince to France, that his Royal Highness was more than ever resolved to seek a temporary shelter on the Long Island.

After being a few days in Glenboisdale, the Prince, accompanied by O'Sullivan, O'Neil, Edward Burke, and a Catholic priest of Clanranald's family, Allan M'Donald,

On, on.

embarked at Boradale, the place where he had first landed. How very different then must have been his feelings to what they now were ! Stepping proudly on Scottish ground, in the full expectancy of being its legitimate possessor, flushed with the sanguine hope of success, what a contrast did the present stealthy mode of quitting it afford to his mind's recollection ! But he bravely held up, and tried to hide the bitterness of his thoughts. Indeed those with him seemed more sad than he was.

The faithful.

Besides the persons I have mentioned, there were seven boatmen, and a trustworthy Highlander from Gualtergill, in Skye, named Donald M'Leod, who acted as pilot ; and he being well acquainted with the indications of the weather, strongly advised the postponement of the voyage, for a storm was brewing. But no ; his Royal Highness was as usual obstinate ; he had made up his mind to start that night. So, as was expected by the old seaman, they

had not gone far when the rain poured in torrents, lightning flashed, and the crash of the thunder rolling over their heads affrighted the whole party. Donald said he never had experienced such a night, and having no compass, they were obliged to trust to the fury of the waves, all the time in dread of being driven upon Skye, where the militia were skirting the island.

However they were coasting the Long Island, and at seven in the morning landed at Rossinish, a point of land on the Isle of Benbecula. Here they found an old bothy, in which they took shelter, lighting a fire to dry their clothes; and in this miserable tenement our dear Prince was glad to stay while on the island. The men having bought a cow, the flesh of the animal, with cakes of oatmeal, was all they had to support them. The Prince was supplied with brandy, which he shared with the others as long as it lasted.

Obstinacy.



He had also some money about his person, yet was afraid to be lavish of it amongst the poor natives of the quiet glens through which he passed, lest he should be taken for a person of rank superior to his appearance; for having changed clothes with one of the servants, he wished to pass unnoticed.

Tried and  
trusty.

Yet he need not have feared the fidelity of these honest true-hearted people; for, to the glory and honour of my native Highlanders, proud am I to state that the reward of thirty thousand pounds offered by the cruel Hanoverian Duke for the capture of the royal wanderer—nay, “for his head,” was the wording of the notice spread through Scotland—not one was found to betray their rightful Prince! Have I mentioned this circumstance before in these pages? If so, you must bear with me, not only in this particular, but for every repetition that occurs in my MS., intended, as it is, only for your perusal, my bonnie young friend, Maggie, and for that of an imme-

diate circle of dear relatives, who will, I know, not be too criticising.

Well, to continue my account of the poor Prince's troubles (which I dot down from recollection of what was the anxious gossip of the Highlands, there having been no such printings *then* as news-gazettes), the party were advised to get on to Stornaway, in Lewis, where, by representing themselves as wrecked from a merchant ship of the Orkneys, they might, under the pretext of going to those islands, hire a vessel and escape to France. This was on the 29th April, but again the weather was so bad, they had to put in at Scalpa near Harris, about half way to Stornaway. Here they were taken to a farmer's house, a friend of Donald M'Leod's, who, believing they were shipwrecked merchants, entertained them very hospitably for four days, when, on a boat being procured, they proceeded to Stornaway; but the wind being contrary, the Prince, accompanied by O'Sulli-

Wrecked  
indeed.

van, O'Neil, and a guide, after taking leave of the priest, Allan M'Donald, landed in Loch Seaforth on Lewis; started for a night-walk over a wild and dismal waste, which occasioned the guide to mistake his way to Stornaway. The Prince sent the guide to inform Donald, who had left them the day before to arrange about hiring a vessel, of their arrival and desperate hunger, not having had food for eighteen hours. However, brandy, bread, and cheese were soon provided, and they were taken to the house of Mrs M'Kenzie of Kildun at Arynish, where the Prince had a comfortable bed.

The plan of getting off the island was defeated, for a body of troops were in Stornaway, who heard of Charles Stuart's arrival, the news having been noised about from one of the drunken seamen, and they were in great fright, believing that the Prince was heading five hundred men. Alas! how untrue.

Fama vulgata.

Really these Hebrides people had no ill-will to the Prince, but were simply anxious he should leave the island; and yet they firmly refused the use of the boat Donald had hired for the very purpose—filly creatures!—so there was nothing to be done but to remain two days longer with kind-hearted Mrs M'Kenzie. However, on the 6th May, being alarmed at the sight of some men-of-war ships in the distance, the party embarked with a couple of seamen in a small boat, which landed them on an uninhabited island, only a few miles from Stornaway.

I never heard whether the kind lady of Kildun was aware of the rank of the disguised supposed shipwrecked merchant, who passed by the name of Sinclair, and son of O'Sullivan. Be this as it may, she was a useful friend in their distress, and placed a bundle in the boat, containing meat, oatmeal, and a pot of butter, which was afterwards most acceptable.

Off, off!

Misery.

While on this wretched island, the only place of shelter to be found was a poor hut, truly more like a hog-sty, over which they were obliged to spread the boat's sail, as a protection from the wind and rain. They lay on the bare ground, and for subsistence had only the salted fish drying on the beach, left by the poor islanders, who ran away in great alarm, mistaking the little boat and its occupants for a pressgang party from one of the sloops of war. They mixed oatmeal with the salt water, and to make these bannocks in any way palatable, the Prince's bottle of brandy had to be in requisition.

They made their way to the coast of Harris, and while crossing the mouth of Finnbay, a ship of war commanded by Captain Ferguson gave them chase, following for about three leagues. However, the brave little boatie sprang over the water, and, by dint of much exertion, they escaped this danger; but in passing the coast of North Uist, another war vessel was in

fight, which also pursued the little craft. It was a hot pursuit, yet were they enabled to escape, and to reach Benbecula in safety. Soon after, owing to a violent storm, both these vessels were driven off the coast, which circumstance made the Prince remark to his followers, that "Providence would not permit him to be taken at this time."

On going ashore, one of the boatmen found a crab, to the delight of the half-starved party; so, encouraged to search among the rocks, they filled a bucket, which the Prince insisted on carrying, while the others conveyed the few articles from the boat to a miserable hovel a couple of miles inland, which was the home they took possession of on the 11th May. It was Edward Burke who acted as his royal master's aid in every difficulty, who contrived to make it more endurable, by digging away the ground under the low entrance (as they were obliged to creep on hands and knees), and putting heather for the Prince's accommo-

A crab.

After-  
thoughts.

dation. Yet in the midst of such misery his brave spirit did not quail nor his health appear to suffer. No; what went to his heart's core and bitterly oppressed his mind, was the thought of the past; of his noble Highlanders who had died on the battle-field; of the survivors probably already so miserably and cruelly massacred, or still flying from the relentless enemy; and of the future fate awaiting his tried and dearest friends. He was of too unselfish a disposition to think calmly on these misfortunes, and many were the tears which he shed while brooding over the trials which he dreaded would have to be endured by the attached chiefs of some of the principal clans.

I remember hearing of the persecution one of the chiefs had to undergo, then an elderly man, for he was engaged in the 1715 action, —M'Pherson of Cluny— and I felt perhaps the more interest in his fate, considering that clan, and also the M'Intoshes, as almost of our own; for are they not, although separate



and independent chiefs, belonging to and generally included in the Clan Chattan?—whose motto is well known, and so characteristic of bravery—"Touch not the cat but the glove!"—the *but* in this sense meaning *without*.

I will here state the privation and intense suffering to which Cluny was exposed by his adherence to the standard of his legal Prince. It is true, in 1715 he had taken the oaths to the Government, and went out with Lord Loudon's Highlanders, but in 1745 his heart warmed in the cause of Prince Charlie, so he was induced by his enthusiastic clansmen to head them at Culloden. Alas! this step was his ruin. Great exertions were made by the Hanoverian commander to bring him to justice, but, to the honour of his honest-hearted clan, neither money nor danger would induce them to leave or betray him. The old house was burnt down, and he was actually concealed in a cave only a short distance from the ruin, for *nine* years. A description of this

Perjury.

Refuge.

cave was written out by a general officer, and printed many years after. I have a copy, so will give it in his own words.

“ This cave was in the front of a woody precipice, the trees and shelving rocks completely concealing the entrance. It was dug out by his own people, who worked at night, and conveyed the stones and rubbish into a lake in the neighbourhood, that no vestige of their labour might betray the retreat of their master. In this sanctuary he lived secure, occasionally visiting his friends by night, or when time slackened the rigour of the search. Upwards of a hundred persons knew where he was concealed, and a reward of one thousand pounds was offered to anyone who would give information against him; and it was known that he was concealed on the estate, so eighty men were constantly stationed there, besides the parties continually marching into the country, to intimidate his tenantry and induce them to disclose the place of his concealment.”

Sir Hector Monro, then a lieutenant in the 34th regiment, was two whole years in command of a party for the purpose of securing Cluny in Badenoch; but the M'Phersons were so faithful in gaining information of the enemy, and so secret and clever in conveying food and other necessaries to the cave, that he was able to baffle every attempt at capture. He used to visit his wife and friends, but on taking leave, would never let them know his place of concealment; in fact, his life was that of an outlaw, until, wearied with such an unhappy existence without a chance of pardon, he managed, by the aid of some friends, to reach a vessel and escape to France in 1755, where he died, literally heartbroken, the following year. He was a most unfortunate man, who, if he had taken the advice of his wife, an excellent good lady, a daughter of Lord Lovat, and a staunch Jacobite, would not have been implicated by joining Prince Charles at Culloden, for she dissuaded him from doing

Escape  
and death.

so on the score of conscience, asserting that, having taken an oath of allegiance to the Hanoverian party, nothing could justify an act (even although in a better cause) that began with perjury. She said it would be fatal to himself and his family, and the honest woman spoke truly. She was bitterly condemned by Cluny's friends for giving such advice, so they hurried him on to his ruin.

Peculation.

This chief had also another trouble which weighed heavily on his mind, for he was accused by many of having kept for his own use a considerable sum of money belonging to the Prince, and confided to his care by another person. Certainly in his difficulties there would have been scarcely a possibility of its ever reaching the Prince, but whether he afterwards received it or not, I never heard, although it may be fairly assumed the matter was made straight when M'Pherson in France could communicate with the Prince's friends; and this was not an uncommon case.

Alas ! after Culloden, it pained our hearts to hear of the atrocities committed by the brutal soldiery, who took pleasure in wallowing in the blood of the slain, and the barbarous treatment of the prisoners, their sufferings, and the execution of hundreds, which dreadful news, wanderer as he was, came to the poor Prince's knowledge. No wonder the tears gathered in his eyes at times, when he would sit silent and brooding over the dismal events of the last few weeks.

It was sad, very sad, for the last scion of a royal house, to be thus hunted from island to island, with a price put on his head ! Could a criminal have been worse treated ? Dear Charlie ! my ain heart is sore when I think of all this, although now so many years ago ! Poor Prince ! so often cold, and frequently wanting food, it was not surprising he should have comforted himself with brandy, of which he had now a good stock, brought by old M'Leod from Cameron of Lochiel, to

Humanity.

Begging.

whom the Prince despatched the worthy old man to bring him some money which was expected from France. It is true it had arrived, but was buried somewhere to prevent its falling into the hands of the unscrupulous enemy.

Another messenger was sent to Ormaclade to request the aid of the elder M'Donald in his distressed condition. I must here state that this old gentleman was warmly interested in the Stuart cause, although he took no part in the battle of Culloden: it was his son who headed the Clanranalds.

It was now that his good lady showed her true kindness of heart, by sending the Prince many useful articles in the way of linen, shoes, and stockings, with various things, to make the wretched hut more endurable. But as Clanranald did not think him safe there, on the 16th May the Prince removed to South Uist, and took up his abode in the house of a tenant of Clanranald's on the hill of Coradale.

The house was called the Forest House of Glencoradale, and was well situated in case a retreat should be needed either by sea or land.

There being a quantity of game on the island, the Prince employed his gun daily, which not only beguiled many a weary hour, but procured an acceptable change of food; besides, the society of some of his friends, and the anxious desire of Clanranald and his excellent lady to do all that lay in their power to mark their respect for his misfortunes, and their attachment to himself and his royal father, gave the poor wanderer spirits to feel his situation less irksome.

Sporting.

Here he stayed in apparent security for about a month, very nearly, though, betrayed by a little wretch of a boy, who, passing by when the Prince (who generally assisted in cooking) and Burke were preparing part of the day's sport, rushed in, and tried to snatch away some of the provision, for which Burke gave him a



130	<i>Autobiography of Flora M'Donald.</i>
Hemmed in.	<p>good cuff. "Nay, man," said the Prince, "you forget that Scripture commands us to feed the hungry; you had better give the boy meat than blows." So saying, he not only fed him, but even out of his scanty store found him some clothing. Now for the ingratitude of the young monster! He actually found out a party of the Government Highlanders, told them where the Prince was, and offered to lead them to his hiding-place; but fortunately they refused to follow him, not believing his story, so the Prince escaped the danger.</p> <p>The horrid little viper! I suppose he expected a large share of the thirty thousand pounds. However this circumstance showed the necessity of a removal from Glencoradale.</p> <p>Days passed away, bringing greater perils to the unhappy wanderer, for the Long Island was surrounded on every side by vessels of war, frigates and cutters, and upwards of fifteen hundred militia and regular troops, with</p>

guards at every ferry, to entrap him like a poor fly in a spider's web.

This alarming news was sent to him by Lady Margaret M'Donald, who, although Sir Alexander was a decided foe of the Stuarts, took a different part, and was the more enabled to assist the Prince, her husband having gone on the mainland in attendance on the Duke of Cumberland. The gentleman who brought the message found the Prince in his hut. Poor young laddie! his face was sooty, his hands blackened with dust and smoke, and his eyes aching from want of sleep; yet he would not dismiss the messenger without giving him the best of what his straitened means permitted. An old chest was the table; a board placed across a barrel, the seat; a glass of brandy, the dram to commence the feast, which consisted of a piece of beef, a lump of butter on a wooden platter, with two more clumsy, broken dishes to serve it on! Oh, my poor Prince! what a

Princely.

dinner was this ! But he was cheerful ; and although aware of his extreme danger if he remained in that place a moment longer, he would not go that night, telling Clanranald's brother, Boisdale (who just then had joined them), " It was seldom he had such friends near him, and therefore he should enjoy their society." Burke was ordered to prepare a bowl of punch, then came another, and I did hear a third was got through before the Prince could be induced to fix on any plan for escaping his enemies.

Grateful.

He wrote a letter of thanks to Lady Margaret for her welcome present of money (twenty golden guineas) and useful clothes, requesting his letter might be burnt. Her loyal heart, however, was far too warm in the cause to destroy such a valuable document ; it was put away in a locked closet, from whence, alas ! afterwards it was hurriedly snatched and flung into the fire to save it from the troopers, who audaciously came to

Mugstut to ransack the house, yet under the pretext of paying Sir Alexander's lady a visit of ceremony. Their suspicions were lulled; but the dread of its discovery, obliged her to destroy it. Oh! if that letter had been preserved, I really think my lady and I would have fought for its possession. I have not a scrap, of his royal writing, woe is poor me!

On the 14th June the distressed party again took to their little boat, for a body of militia were on the island of Eriska, a spot between Barra and South Uist. You, dear Maggie, and other friends who read this, know well the situation of these small islands. He was absolutely hemmed in by the wretched soldiers, and for four days and nights was rowing about, until the 18th June, when the Prince, with Burke and the faithful O'Neil, went to Rossinish, leaving O'Sullivan and M'Leod in Ouia. They grieved to leave, but their generous master urged it on account of their own safety; however, they insisted on

Wakeful.

Must we!

remaining until two or three days after, when the whole party were obliged to leave the boat, and take to the shelter of the hills, on hearing that a Captain Scott had just landed with five hundred troops, within a mile and a half of the place where the Prince then was. This was alarming intelligence, which determined his Royal Highness instantly to disperse his friends; so leaving O'Sullivan, M'Leod, and Burke with the boatmen, he and O'Neil went off to the mountains, with only a small bundle of oatmeal and a change of linen. Poor M'Leod shed tears at parting. And here I may take the opportunity of relating the after-fate of this faithful creature. Taken prisoner a few days afterwards, he was hurried on board ship, and severely questioned in the cabin by General Campbell. "Had he been with the Pretender?"—(horrid man, so to style our bonnie Prince!) "Yes," said Donald, "I was along with that young gentleman, and I wunna deny it." "Do

you know," said the General, "what money was offered for that gentleman's head?—thirty thousand pounds sterling! Why, with that sum, you and your family might have been happy for ever after." "Weel," replied the honest fellow, "what for that? I could nae have enjoyed it. If I could have had all England and Scotland, not a hair on his head would I have allowed to be touched. What! didn't he throw himself on the care of auld Donald M'Leod? Nae, sir, but I have a conscience."

The General observed he was not to be blamed. However, Donald was sent to London, where he was kept in confinement until June 1747; and, on arriving at Leith, on his return to Skye, a subscription was got up to provide money to carry him home, with several pounds extra, as an acknowledgment of his fidelity to his Prince. Also, while in London, a gentleman gave him a handsome silver mull, the lid of which had a represen-

Virtue.

Reward.

tation of an eight-oared boat, with Donald at the helm, over a rough tempestuous sea; with a great many more ornaments on the box that I cannot now remember sufficiently well to describe.

He never would use it, or even put snuff in it, saying, it should never be filled or used until Charlie had his ain again, when he would go to London, and put snuff in the box, go to the Prince, and say, "Sir, will you tak' a sneeshin out of my box?"

As for the other trustworthy man, Burke, he was obliged to be in hiding for seven weeks, skulking on the shore of North Uist, living on limpets and sleeping in a cave, until the troubles were over, when he found his way to Edinburgh, and earned a livelihood as a fedan-chairman.

Dear friends, you will wish to know what a fedan is; for simple Highland ladies, never perhaps out of their ain country, would not be likely to see such a conveyance. Well,



nor did I, until my misfortunes took me to that wonderful English capital, London; so for your information I will tell you. It is a kind of covered leathern chair, comfortably fitted with cushions, and carried by two men, on long poles; the cover opens on the top, and people sit in these chairs, jogging along to parties and evening-entertainments, many preferring them to hack-coaches. But I never could reconcile my mind to the idea of men being substituted for horses, besides the great inconvenience of the high top-knots worn by the ladies, obliging one to sit in such a cramped position. Well, dear Maggie, since you know what a sedan is, I will go on about the bonnie Prince, to whom about this time I was to be so unexpectedly introduced. Now that so many years have passed over my head, when I feel an old woman in the world, daily preparing for the grave, my sons away in foreign parts, and my daughters in their own married homesteads, I look back

Flora old.

on ~~the~~ past, and wonder to myself that energy was given me, not only to consent to the plan of aiding my Prince, but also firmly to carry it out. Indeed, never was I more surprised than when the proposal was made to me, of conducting his Royal Highness from these small islands to the mainland. And now I will simply relate how it happened.

Although I usually resided with my mother and step-father in Sleat, very often my dear brother Angus used to have me to stay with him at Miltoun, in South Uist; and I shall ever think that my chancing to be there at the very time when the poor Prince most needed help, was the means ordered by Providence for his rescue.

Some months before this time, I had become acquainted with Captain O'Neil, while visiting the Clanranalds at Ormaclade, and in conversing with him and others on the then interesting topic which engrossed the attention of all true-hearted Highlanders, the perils of our Charles

An accident.

Stuart, I remember expressing an ardent desire to see his Highness, without, however, the most distant idea that such an unlikely meeting would ever occur. At this time my step-father, Armadale, was in command of a party of Skye militia, then in pursuit of the Prince; he had really a friendly feeling towards the Stuarts, but to oblige his chief of Sleat, Sir Alexander, he was induced to act in opposition to his secret inclination.

At the present moment, he was not far off from Miltoun, heading the militia, M'Donalds. Also, as parties of the M'Leod and Campbell militia were roaming over South Uist, no person allowed to leave the island without passport, and a guard posted at every ferry, besides the channel between Uist and Skye being thick with war-vessels, just imagine the imminent danger of the poor royal wanderer, so hemmed in by the bands of cruel soldiers, who, as well as their leaders, were deaf to every voice of humanity.

Obliged.

I know my step-father felt acutely his painful position, for he afterwards told me, if it had been his ill chance to have taken the Prince, it would have been the bitterest act of his life.

Thus, during her husband's absence, my mother being alone at Armadale, I was anxious to go to her, but my brother was averse to it, on account of the disturbed state the Highlands were in. Angus had taken no part in the fighting, for being favourable to the Stuarts, he did not like to appear on the opposite side of that followed by his step-father.

Proposal.

While in a state of uncertainty as to returning to Armadale, I went over to Ormaclade for a few days, to ask dear Mrs M'Donald on the subject, telling my brother, if she also objected, I would give up going to Skye until it was safer to travel; not that I had an intention of going alone, for I well knew that good creature, of whom I have

before spoken, Neil M'Eachan, would take charge of me. Guess my astonishment, on reaching Ormaclade, to be informed that the poor hunted Prince was in hiding somewhere in the neighbourhood. Oh! how I longed to see him! "Weel, dear Flora, if such is your wish, ye may be satisfied," said Mrs M'Donald, "for the puir laddie is close by, and O'Neil with him, both in sad plight, although I do my best for them."

"Where are they?" said I; "I would give the world to see his Royal Highness."

"Hush, dear! it's no for his title to be breathed here—it would be his destruction. Not a body kens his whereabouts, save honest M'Eachan and myself; so we just go to the hut where the two puir creatures are sheltered, with a few victuals and a wee noggin of whisky, at dusk. I say not a word to Clanranald. He may guess whar I gang, but it is as well he should know nothing, in case of accidents."

Near him.

Accommo-  
dation.

I begged so hard to accompany her that evening that she agreed. They were concealed in an old broken-down bothy belonging to my brother, at no great distance from Ormaclade. Yet I cannot say why it was, perhaps it was the impatience I felt to see him on whom the eyes of Scotland had been for so long a period fixed in anxiety, but that night's walk, although favoured by lovely weather (it was, if my memory does not fail, about the 20th June), appeared more tedious than any I had ever before taken; yet the shieling was but a mile from Ormaclade. We entered it, and I again met Captain O'Niel, who, poor man, was much changed in looks since I had seen him before; the privations he had endured told on his usually bluff, hearty countenance. He received me very cordially, saying under what painful circumstances we then met, and while speaking, his Royal Highness came to the door. Mrs M'Donald rose on his entrance, and named me as a young

relation, "who possibly may be of service to your Royal Highness in your distress."

I really must have looked surprised, for in what way could such a simple body as I was be of aid in his emergency? "Surely," thought I, "the good lady is daft, or making a joke at my expense." But I soon saw, by the grave manner of the three, there was some meaning in the remark; nor was I kept long in ignorance of a scheme which had been concocted between Mrs M'Donald and the Captain before my arrival.

But I must first describe the Prince's appearance on that never-to-be-forgotten night.

Tall, slight, and even beneath the threadbare, faded jacket and plaid thrown over his emaciated figure, there was the grace and dignity of his noble race, too striking for concealment; his manner and voice were most attractive, nor did he seem so much depressed by surrounding danger as might

Disposal.



Royal  
hopes.

have been supposed. Yet a keen expression of anxiety was on his countenance while the "two conspirators," as I ever afterwards jokingly termed them, unfolded their plot, in which I was to be principally concerned. Indeed, as O'Neil warmed on the subject, and Mrs M'Donald seconded his entreaties, the Prince, quite overcome, started up, and leaving the hut, we could hear his steps while he was pacing up and down in an agitated manner.

And well he might be flurried, for, strange as it might seem, on my consent or refusal of the scheme hung his hopes of escape or certain death. In a few words, I was to be of use by conveying the royal fugitive to Skye. "Could anything be easier? Really," argued the warm-hearted Irishman, "my dear creature—excuse the freedom!—Miss Flora, it seems as if you arrived here on purpose to aid our plan. You are going to your mother at Armadale. You are to have a female servant with you—that servant is to be

his Royal Highness. Just put him, or rather her, into your boat; take Niel M'Eachan and your humble fervant as companions; let the boatmen—safe honest fellows on whom we can rely—pull for their lives; and that poor man yonder” (pointing to the Prince outside), “is saved!”

“No, no, O'Neil,” said Mrs M'Donald, “you must not be of the party; it would nae be discreet or wise.”

I knew what she meant, and I suppose looked awkward; for I may now acknowledge a fact, of which possibly my kind friend had not been informed: she might not have noticed, while he was at Ormaclade, the attentions of this young man to myself. Although not feeling any sentiment for him beyond friendship, I let him see my indifference. However, we continued on very friendly terms. This allusion was, therefore, as I said before, awkward; yet the good lady did not appear to understand why both her

Conscious.

auditors looked silly, to say the least of it.

He however, did understand; and, poor fellow! the tears stood in his eyes while he looked gravely at me, and said, with much emotion, "O Miss Flora! your goodness of heart and sympathy for all in distress, are too well known to your friends, for us to doubt your agreeing to help a fellow-being in such distress as our dear Prince. You alone can save him, and in the simple way proposed."

Trying.

"But," said I, "were I to consent to a scheme which strikes me as wild in the extreme, surely, Captain O'Neil, there are many obstacles to it. I am taken by surprise; have not even my brother here to counsel me; and, indeed, would my relatives approve of my acting such a part, which might hereafter bring them into trouble? For by taking the Prince to Mugstat, Sir Alexander and dear Lady Margaret might be seriously impli-

cated. Besides, the impossibility of having another lady in the boat as a companion, myself the only female, is to my mind an insuperable objection to my consenting. Indeed, dear friends, I cannot, must not undertake a transaction which would subject me to strange comments from friends and foes."

O'Niel was much excited, and made a remark in a low tone to Mrs M'Donald, who came near me, taking my hand in an affectionate yet grave manner. Something told me what was coming.

What?

"Flora," said she, "this is an unco serious matter. Our Prince must no be sacrificed—each of us must e'en do all we can to assist. I would, but dare not, accompany you; my gudeman's age could no battle against future troubles. God kens my heart is willing to brave all that might occur. Were I you I would venture; and this good laddie," pointing to O'Niel, "has just started an idea which

The ques-  
tion.

would tak away all blame. Come, O'Niel, speak it out. I have not been so blind as not to suspect what has been a heartfore to you, my good friend."

Imagine my confusion on his making me an offer of his hand, which, he said, in the event of my accepting, an immediate engagement would set all scruples aside, and enable him, not only to be the happiest of men—oh! dear Maggie, on such an affair, all men strike the same chord!—and my truest protector, but give us both the honour and glory of saving the life of our lawful Prince.

To his proposal I returned a firm yet kind refusal. I was concerned to perceive how he was hurt by my rejection of his suit. I felt his regard for me was very deep, yet I could not return it. No! my heart was not my own, although as yet unpromised. At this distance of time, I may make such a confession, and also say how safely I locked this dear secret in my heart.

Well, on recovering my self-possession, which this unexpected episode had ruffled, the Prince again joined us, and, after listening to the plan chalked out so neatly by the conspirators, he frankly entreated me to think favourably of it. He represented, with an eloquence and fascination of manner so peculiar to himself, the guarded state of the island, which, without a passport, no one could leave; the channel between Uist and Skye covered by ships of war; his harassed state of mind and worn-out strength; and that I was the very person who could, and he trusted in God would, aid him, more particularly as I should be able to procure passports for myself and a female servant, also for M'Eachan, from my stepfather, who knew I was just about this time returning to Skye. I felt bewildered, not knowing how to act. I entreated for a few hours' quiet to think over the plan, and promised an answer on the morrow. We then respectfully took leave of the Prince, and

Pleading.

Resolved.

O'Niel accompanied us by a bypath the greater part of the way home.

As may be supposed, little sleep closed my eyelids that night. My mind was made up. It was a great risk, yet I determined to save a life more valuable than mine. So at break of day, when Mrs M'Donald came into my room all anxiety to learn my decision, we arranged our plans; and in the forenoon I started for the place where O'Niel was to meet me, if on reflection I consented to the scheme. In a short conversation it was all settled, so I left him to return with the joyful tidings to the Prince, while I wended my way to Ormaclade; when what should I see but a party of militia, who accosted me civilly enough, asking for my passport.

"What! none? Then, Miss, we must just tak' ye afore our officer." And so I was walked off in charge, and confronted with—my stepfather! But not until the next morning, for the savages kept me locked in the guard-room all night.



However, this mishap was the means of placing my feet on the stepping-stone of good fortune, for Captain Hugh would sign the required passports. His surprise may be imagined on seeing his "ain bonnie Flora" as a prisoner; and he said my coming was very opportune, as he was going to send to Miltoun with an order for my return to Armadale, for the country was too disturbed for women folk to be moving about.

Well, I got the passports, and only waited while he wrote to his wife a letter which I was to take to her. Many years after this occurrence, I chanced to find the identical letter, which I copy :—

"DEAR WIFE,—I have sent your daughter from this country, lest she should be any way frightened with the troops lying here. She has got one Betty Burke, an Irish girl, who she tells me is a good spinner. If her spinning pleases you, you may keep her till

Winking.

the spin all your lint; or if you have any wool to spin, you may employ her.

"I have sent Niel M'Eachan along with your daughter and Betty Burke, to take care of them.

"I am, your dutiful husband,

"HUGH M'DONALD.

"June 22, 1746."

. . . . .

Seen wink-  
ing.

I have every reason to believe my step-father secretly favoured my views, and knew as well as I did who the assumed Betty really was; for he asked no particulars, nay, seemed rather to hurry me away, saying, as I afterwards thought, in a significant way, "Well, Flora, I wish you a safe crossing, and happy meeting with your mother."

I was thankful he did not appear to guess the truth, for although I had now fairly embarked on this hazardous enterprise, I felt the peril I was bringing my near relations and dearest friends into. I cannot say how

it was, but the danger to myself never had a place in my thoughts.

On returning to Ormaclade, and explaining about my night's lodging in the guard-house, Mrs M'Donald's anxiety was turned to joy on seeing the passports. "Weel, dear Flora, you're a bonnie, clever lassie! Our greatest difficulty is over, and what there is now to see to, is the getting up the claife for Betty, and taking it to the puir lad at the shieling. He maunna come here, where so many folks are ganging too and frae, so we'll just walk out this fine evening; ye ken I've a puir wee bairn to see to on the way," winking at me at the spoke.

We quickly set to work, and, with the help of one old body, whom we let into the plan, the disguise was completed. Shall I tell you what it was? A light-coloured quilted petticoat, a large white apron, with a mantle of a dun-coloured camlet, to which we attached a hood, sufficiently large to draw over Miss

Well begun.

Betty's face, if necessary for concealment. Also a cap with a broad flapping border. The petticoat was of common material, but the pattern was so pretty, a little purple flower on a light ground. I kept a piece of it, although worn almost to rags; but some time after, it was begged from me by a manufacturer, who gained a good deal of money by selling gowns of the pattern to our dear Jacobite ladies.

The boat.

I had now to see to hiring a fix-oared boat, with men, who were told it was for Miss Flora, who, with her maid and an attendant, were about to cross to Skye. So, all being prepared, we had only to convey the clothes, and tell the Prince to be ready to embark that night. In fact, my appointment to meet the Prince and O'Neil had been for the previous day; but I waited a reply from a cousin of mine in North Uist, whom I had asked to receive the royal wanderer into his house, thinking he would be safer there than

in Skye. However, he was cowardly enough to decline "the risk," which answer the more annoyed me, as it caused a loss of many hours, besides the appearance of my not adhering to my promise.

O'Niel came over to Ormaclade to know why the appointment had not been kept, and accompanied Mrs M'Donald and myself to the shieling, followed by M'Eachan with the important bundle under his arm.

The sight on entering the miserable hut brought tears to our eyes ! There stood the unhappy young man, the unfortunate descendant of a race of kings, before a wretched fire of furze and dry leaves, attempting to roast his dinner, the heart, liver, and kidneys of a sheep, upon a wooden spit ! We could not refrain from remarking on his destitute condition ; but he replied, " The wretched to-day may be happy to-morrow ; and perhaps many a great man would be the better for suffering as I am doing."

Hopeful.

He then playfully invited us to partake of his fare, placing himself between us, but I was proud to be on his right hand.

After dinner the Prince allowed us to try on his disguise, at which he laughed so heartily, I feared folks might be about and overhear. Then we left, also M'Eachan, for Ormaclade, where, to avoid notice, we busied about our usual employments until the evening, which was the set time for meeting the Prince and O'Niel on the sea-shore, not very far from the house.

We had brought supper, and had nearly finished, when a trusty servant came in a fright to say that General Campbell and Captain Ferguson, with a party of soldiers and marines, were at Ormaclade in search of the Prince. Mrs M'Donald took a hasty leave; and we afterwards heard she was strictly questioned as to where she had been; but she quieted them by saying she was returning from visiting a sick bairn.

The noble-looking Prince was now metamorphosed into a tall, awkward Irish girl, striding along in a most ungainly fashion! However, I had no time for remarks; for, dreading the enemy's approach, I hastily threw some warm clothing over my shoulders, and proceeded with my two *servants* and Captain O'Niel towards the boat, which lay hid behind some rocks.

It was now eight o'clock on Saturday night, the 28th June, when, after the Prince had gone through the painful task of bidding farewell to the warm-hearted O'Niel, who had so faithfully accompanied with him in his distressed condition for so long, and who earnestly entreated to be of the party, which I would not consent to, for many reasons, besides the ostensible one of having only three passports, we got into the boat, and safely off the shores of Benbecula.

The Prince had a strong oaken stick under his arm, but I gave it in charge of M'Eachan,

Started.



faying to the former that it was not suitable for a female servant; nor would I let him hide a loaded pistol under his gown, in case of discovery.

It was fine when we started, but, as is usual in a country wherein no dependence can be placed on the weather, we had not gone far at sea when the heavy dark clouds portended a fall of rain.

It is he !

By this time the boatmen were informed by M'Eachan who the assumed Betty Burke really was. He judged it best to do so, as they were talking together in Gaelic, looking suspiciously at the queer servant whom Miss Flora was taking home. However, they had enough to do in managing the boat, for the rain came pelting down, the wind blowing a hurricane. My spirits were sadly depressed; I could scarcely refrain from tears; for a night voyage of thirty or forty miles in an open boat in rough weather, with the constant dread of being seized by one of the numerous vessels

plying about, and the responsibility of the act I had undertaken, so evidently oppressed me, that the Prince exerted himself to the utmost to pass off my anxiety. He was the most composed of the party, for even the boatmen were alarmed by the storm. So, to amuse us, he told many curious anecdotes, and sang—oh! he had a charming voice!—several songs, one was a lively air composed on the restoration of his great-uncle, Charles II. of England.

I suppose the singing lulled me to sleep in spite of the roaring wind, for on awaking I found myself nicely placed in the bottom of the boat, the Prince guarding me carefully, with his hands cautiously spread above my head, to prevent any accident from the falling of a sail that one of the men was setting.

Mrs M'Donald had given him a small quantity of very good wine, but so thoughtful he was of me, nothing would induce him to touch it—every drop, he said, was for “his amiable preserver”—such he always called me.

Aweary.

Before the  
wind.

Oh! it was a fair, long night. However, by the time day dawned, whether it was my sleep, or the wine had revived me, I do not know, but I felt strong enough to encounter any danger; and truly it was nigh at hand, as you shall hear.

Not having a compass, the men did not keep on the right tack, but at length the wind turned favourably, and we distinctly saw the headlands of Skye. We sailed towards Waterish; but judge our alarm on being fired at from the coast by a party of M'Leod's militia.

The Prince called to our boatmen to pull lustily, and not to fear the villains. The honest fellows, who managed to make themselves understood in English, said, they did not care for themselves, only for "his ain fel." "Oh, no fear of me!" he replied, in a cheerful tone. However, he was anxious to shield me from the bullets which were pelting on the boat, so he entreated me to avoid

the danger by lying at the bottom of it. I earnestly implored him to do so, for in the thick of danger of what consequence was my insignificant life, when his was in jeopardy? Such an act of selfishness would have eternally disgraced the name of M'Donald.

Spirit.

What! to think of *my* danger when my ain Prince was standing by? No! I resolutely refused, unless he would do the same; so, by stooping very low, almost at the bottom of the boat, we managed to avoid the unfriendly bullets, and our boatmen used all their energies to pull us beyond danger. Poor men! they were hard-worked and requiring rest. After proceeding a few miles further, they tried to put into a small creek; but we were soon obliged to set off again, for a village near gave signs of hostility.

I had hoped for an hour or two of quiet security by the sea-shore, and perhaps my countenance expressed disappointment, for his Royal Highness showed such anxiety lest I

Princely  
care.

should be over fatigued, and, with the assistance of Niel M'Eachan, arranged the seat of the boat more comfortably, with an old sail and the few haps I had brought with me from Ormaclade.

Was I not honoured to be thus attended to by such illustrious hands? Oh! he was so very thoughtful of my comfort in every way! for during the preceding night, when he fancied I was asleep, although my eyes only closed from weariness, I heard him often chiding the men for making so much noise with the tackle.

At length the tedious voyage came to a close, for the oarsmen landed us near to Sir Alexander M'Donald's place; and knowing he was away with his *amiable* leader, the Duke, at Fort Augustus, I set off on a walk to Mugstat to tell dear Lady Margaret to prepare to receive the royal visitor, who had written himself to her Ladyship about a week before, enclosed in a letter from Hugh M'Donald of

Balishair, in North Uist, to his brother Donald, with an order to deliver it into her ain hand, therefore she was in the way of expecting him. Lady Margaret was the more induced to assist, being aware that her husband, in spite of appearances, was not unfriendly to the Stuarts.

Well, I left the Prince in the boat, taking Niel M'Eachan with me, and fortunate it was he stayed behind; for on entering the parlour, who should be there, and begin his tiresome questioning about my journey, but M'Leod, a militia officer? However, I put on the most innocent, natural face possible, which completely baffled the young man's suspicions; and Lady Margaret, to whom I whispered a word in the hall, although greatly alarmed, had nerve enough to hide her anxiety. She knew who was coming to Mugstat, for Mrs M'Donald of Kirkeboff, just from the Long Island, was staying with her, and was informed of the Prince's movements. So leaving this

As well.

lady to amuse the military spy, and giving her a hint to make herself most particularly agreeable, Lady Margaret took me aside, saying that Mr M'Donald of Kingsburgh was then in the house, and we should ask his advice. She then sent off a boy to Trotternish for Captain Roy M'Donald, urging him to come over directly : he was a warm friend to the cause.

Not yet.

On his arrival, the Captain found Lady Margaret and Kingsburgh in the garden, in serious talk, while I impatiently stood by, dreading that during my absence some misfortune might overtake poor "Betty." Her ladyship rushed to Donald Roy, exclaiming, "O Donald ! we are ruined for ever !" But after a long consultation (poor Mrs M'Donald in the parlour most probably yawning all the time), it was settled that the Prince should be taken to M'Leod of Raafay, and in the meantime, until M'Leod could be communicated with, Kingsburgh would give him shelter.



The dear old gentleman—many years after, dear Maggie, to be my father-in-law—set off to meet the Prince, sending on Niel M'Eachan, who was to take him to a hill near, to avoid the observation of stare-about, of which there are always so many when least wanted.

On Kingburgh's approach, the Prince was found sitting on the ground, but starting up on seeing a stranger, perhaps the oak stick might have been raised, if he had not quickly named himself.

"I am M'Donald of Kingburgh, come to serve your Highness."

"Ah, that's well!" said the Prince, taking his hand.

"And now," replied Kingburgh, "while you are eating what I have brought in this basket—there's some capital whisky, too—I will tell your Highness the plan proposed by Lady Margaret, after which the sooner we go forward the better."

Yet in the midst of his anxiety, the royal

Who's  
there?

"yellow-haired laddie" could not abstain from a hearty laugh with Kingsburgh about his queer female disguise—"so ably prepared," he said, "by my fair protectress."

While this was going on, my reader may imagine how nervous I was lest he should be discovered before Kingsburgh joined him. Lady Margaret also could scarcely compose herself to do the honours of the dinner-table; for, to secure Lieutenant M'Leod from doing mischief out of doors, her Ladyship insisted on his partaking of her family fare. So we had to keep up a fire of conversation with a young man whom we thought next door to a fool, assisted by our friend Mrs M'Donald of Kirkeboft. She seemed to understand and pity my side look of despair at being so long detained, for it would not have been prudent to leave the table too soon. But as everything comes to an end, so did the dinner, when I arose to take leave.

Now our little concerted plan began to be acted upon.

"No, indeed, dear Flora! you're not going away after having so long promised me a visit. Sit down, lassie, and make yourself happy at Mugstap. I feel fair lonely while Sir Alexander is absent. Besides, here's Mrs M'Donald says she cannot stay another day; so its vera unkind, Flora, to think of leaving me."

Indeed!

I excused myself on the score of being so anxious to get back to Armadale, otherwise I should have been so pleased to remain: in fact, no end of civil compliments passed, in order to hoodwink the shallow-pated officer. I also urged that Mrs M'Donald's departure was very opportune, as we might travel together. This had also been settled between us, for I knew Mrs M'Donald was dying to see the Prince, and might safely be trusted.

Her servants, however, were only to be told that Miss Flora was taking an Irish woman with her, as a useful servant in her mother's house.

Well, after this interchange of entreaties

168	<i>Autobiography of Flora M'Donald.</i>
Gleg and glib.	<p>and refusals, Lady Margaret permitted us, apparently very reluctantly, to depart. So off we started on horseback—in those days, Maggie, I was a capital rider—myself, Mrs M'Donald, M'Eachan, and the two servants, taking the public road until we overtook the Prince and Kingsburgh. But we soon turned into an unfrequented path, across a wild part of the country. I was so fearful lest the gaping servants should notice the way they went, that after passing the pedestrians,—giving time, however, for Mrs M'Donald to have a look at “Betty,”—I told the party to ride faster; for her maid was telling M'Eachan she “could’na think who that bold, brazen-faced huffy was, who was walking with Kingsburgh. Irish, indeed! I’d say she’s a man in woman’s claise! Lawk! what strides the jade tak’s, and drags up her petticoats in an unco strange way!”</p> <p>I told her she was talking nonsense about</p>

any man being dressed up; that the person she was speaking of was an Irish girl whom I was taking to Ormadale to spin flax for our family. However, the prying curiosity of both these servants rather frightened me, lest they should hereafter spread their idle clavers. So I was not sorry to find Mrs M'Donald was going in a contrary direction; therefore we soon parted company, to my infinite relief on that occasion, although Mrs M'Donald and I were great friends. She whispered to me, on taking leave, she would do all she could to keep her people from gossiping about Mistress Betty Burke!

Then I and M'Eachan took to the public road. Meanwhile Prince Charlie and Kingfisher trudged along a bypath,—rather a round-about way, but it was safer; for being the Sabbath (ay, and sad did I feel for travelling on that sacred day), many country-people were returning from the kirk, all of whom seemed struck by the Prince's uncouth strid-

•  
Danger.

The Pretender.

ing along, making a sort of bow to those who accosted Kingsburgh, instead of a courtesy, and as for the first ford we had to pass, oh, my! how frightened I was! for he was so afraid of dabbling his gown and petticoat in the water, he raised and twisted them round his legs in such a queer fashion, that Kingsburgh was obliged to take him to task! Poor Betty promised to behave herself better. Accordingly at the next brook, the unfortunate gown was dragging through the water! They could not help laughing; and I heard the old gentleman say, "They do call your Highness a Pretender: if you are one, all I can say is, that you are the worst of your trade that ever was seen."

Kingsburgh advised us to get on; so we trotted our ponies a little faster, in order to reach Kingsburgh House, if possible, before the family had retired. And late it was, for the large clock was striking ten when, tired and hungry, we rode into the back-entrance

yard. Mrs M'Donald did not expect her husband at such an hour, and was not only in her bedroom, but just stepping into bed, when a servant girl told her that Kingburgh had come with Miss Flora, and they were asking for supper.

"Weel, then, just tak' the keys with my love to Flora; but she'll excuse my ganging down; I am tired."

All this time I was striving to guard the Prince from observation, and telling the girl to make haste, despatched her to the kitchen. One of Mrs M'Donald's young relations rushed up-stairs in alarm, telling her that Kingburgh had brought with him "the strangest, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife she had ever beheld, and taken her into the large hall, too."

By this time Kingburgh entered his wife's room, and begged of her to come down as soon as possible.

"But, blefs the man! who are these people?"

Come and  
see.

172	<i>Autobiography of Flora M'Donald.</i>
You must.	<p>and at what an hour, too, to take us from our beds! Tell Flora to see to everything, and leave me quiet."</p> <p>However, Kingburgh said she should know all in time, but that she must oblige him by going down. He then left her, and she told little Jeanie to find the keys, which she had left in the hall. The child returned, saying she was afraid of the great tall woman who was striding up and down in it.</p> <p>Mrs M'Donald was now ready, and went towards the hall, but her nerves were also upset by the unfortunate object of our anxiety; so she called to her husband to bring her keys, when he opened the door and brought his wife into the room. The Prince, who had taken a seat, rose up, and saluted her according to our Highland fashion, as being the lady of the house. Oh, how frightened she was! She told me afterwards she felt ready to drop, for under</p>



Betty's hood she experienced the roughness of a man's chin! However, she was sorely troubled, and hastening to Kingburgh, asked an explanation, not for a moment supposing the stranger was any other than perhaps a partisan of the Prince, so she begged to know who it was.

"My dear wife, that person in the hall is the Prince himself."

"Eh! Kingburgh! then we are all ruined; we will be just hanged noo! How could ye do it? and Flora, too!"

"Hout! filly woman!" replied he; "we can die but once, and if hanged, it will be in the cause of humanity. But go, make haste. Flora is gone to see after the beds, and do you bring us eggs, butter, bannocks, cheese, or whatever can be had quickly."

"Eh! but ye're daft, Kingburgh! Eggs, butter, and cheese for a Prince! It's no for me to serve him in sic a gate!"

"Ah, wife!" said Kingburgh, "you little

•  
Amazed.

know how ill he has fared of late ! Our homely supper will be a feast to him. And the servants, too ! You see, if any fuss is made, they may suspect who he is. No ceremony, but come to supper and give the poor gentleman a right hearty welcome."

At this request poor Mrs M'Donald looked quite alarmed. I was just entering the hall, after having seen to things both up-stairs and in the kitchen ; for with this amiable family I was so intimate that their house was like a second home.

Fears.

"What !" said she, "*I* come to sup with royalty ! How should I behave before majesty ? Nay, ye must just gang in without me."

"You must come," said her husband. "The Prince is so courteous he wouldn't eat without the mistress, and you'll find it no difficulty to behave as usual, dear wife—he is so free and pleasant ; come, here's Flora, too, to support you."

We then entered together, and when the

table was spread, the Prince again did me the honour of placing me on his right hand, with Mrs M'Donald at his left. He seemed determined to reward me with this mark of distinction, and also each time I came into the room he rose from his seat.

Well, there we were, a cosy party of four, and my heart was joyed to see how much our Royal Charlie was pleased with his company, and what justice he did to our plentiful yet frugal meal. He called for a bumper of stiff brandy-and-water, to the health and prosperity of Kingburgh and his lady, and I came in for my share in the toast also.

When supper was over, Mrs M'Donald and I retired, when the Prince smoked a pipe—a habit acquired in his wanderings, and also to alleviate toothache, with which he was often troubled, brought on, no doubt, by the damp of a climate to which he was not accustomed. Indeed, Donald M'Leod told us afterwards, he used to smoke a good deal of tobacco,

A smoke.

176	<i>Autobiography of Flora M'Donald.</i>
Punch.	<p>using the broken pipes as small cutties, and placing quills into them to make them long enough. Donald said he never saw any one so quick as the poor Prince for finding out a makeshift, and that between his pipes he would sing to keep up their spirits. Donald should have seen him enjoying his supper! It would have rejoiced the worthy fellow as much as it did me.</p> <p>However, we took ourselves off to bed—for, dear Maggie, I was fairly tired out—leaving Kingburgh very busy with boiling water, lemons, and sugar, preparing a bowl of capital whisky-toddy.</p> <p>Shall I confess the sin of taking a wee glass on leaving the table? You know full well that we Highland ladies do thus indulge sometimes; and on this occasion I had to drink the health and future welfare of my ain Prince, to which <del>he</del> responded with a vivacity of manner joined to the easy elegance of a high-born gentleman.</p>

As for good honest Niel M'Eachan, although he should have been with us, yet he had supped comfortably below, for nothing would induce him to sit down with the Prince; he felt the same uneasiness in his presence as did Mrs M'Donald—so awfully afraid of “majesty.”

After we left, one bowl of punch was succeeded by another, the Prince seeming to forget his fatigue, and that he was to enjoy the comfort of what he had not felt for so long,—a warm bed. He was so pleased with Kingburgh's hospitality and friendly conversation, that a good-humoured contest at last occurred as to whether or not a third bowl should be prepared, the Prince saying yes, his host no, until, by pulling the china too violently, it broke in two, which, of necessity, settled the point. This bowl was afterwards mended and preserved in our family for many years, but I know not now what has become of it.

But it was not until past two o'clock that

To bed.

Kingsburgh induced his Royal Highness to leave the comfortable hall for the best guest-room, which, to deceive the servants, I told them was for myself, and to get ready an inferior one for the Irish maid. They were sent off to their sleeping-rooms by their mistress as soon as supper was laid, that they might be in ignorance of Mistress Betty's being regaled with the leddies in the hall.

A slip.

The conversation up-stairs with Mrs M'Donald reminded me how indiscreet I had been in allowing the boatmen to return immediately to South Uist, where they might be questioned, and obliged to confess the Prince's route. This danger had never struck me, and its probability made us very uneasy; I was also so provoked with myself for not having insisted on their going in another direction. My kind friend observing my vexation, consoled me as well as she could.

“ Weel, weel, dear Flora, dinna be fashed ;

it canna be helpit now. We muft get him awa in the morn wi' the petticoats on him; and I'll juft gang to Kingfburgh's claife-refs and take a braw fuit of his, which can be changed when on the way to Portree; fo Flory, ye needna be down-hearted. Run awa to bed, and make faft the door, or in the morn the girls may cackle about Mifs Flora's gowk being put in the company-room. I ken it's nae wife to do it."

Never  
mind.

This I acknowledged was true, yet not for the world's wealth would I, a daughter of the houfe of M'Donald, have refted in the beft gueft-room, while her royal Prince lay on a chaff mattrafs. However, that he might be fecured from idle remarks of the fervants, Mrs M'Donald promifed to make Kingfburgh fee that the door was well faftened. We then took leave for the night. At length I was right glad to hear fteps coming foftly up the ftair, the good-night whifpered at the door, and the bolt pushed from the

Prying.

inside, then I could sleep myself, feeling sure that the royal visitor was safely housed.

The next morning the family assembled for breakfast at the usual hour, and I fastened my door on going down, to prevent little Jeanie and the girl from making discoveries. As it was, I had to answer the child's simple question, "Hey, Flora! why cam ye <sup>to</sup> ~~lock~~ the big-room door in sic a queer way? I couldna mak' it open!"

I laughed, and gave as the reason there was something in the room she was not to see for a long time — this was true. Then the tiresome chatterbox added, "And Elsie ganged to call yonder gowk who cam yesternight. She thumpit wi' all her might, and got no word! Saw e'er mortal the like of sic an idle lazy loon, to keepit her bed langer than the leddies!"

I encouraged the child in the idea of the Prince being in the servant's room; and had all the benefit of Elsie's thumping at my



door, which had disturbed me earlier than I wished; and told Jeanie it was by my orders that Betty kept her room, as I did not care for the servants to laugh at her strange Irish ways. So this little matter passed off, to the satisfaction of Miss Curiosity.

Indeed, the luxury of a bed was so enjoyable, that on this occasion his Royal Highness slept for ten hours, Kingburgh not having the heart to disturb his rest until past midday, when he contrived to smuggle some breakfast into the big room, and the worthy host furnished the Prince with the Highland suit Mrs M'Donald had selected over-night; yet, for the sake of appearance, he was to leave the house in Betty Burke's attire.

So after he was dressed, Mrs M'Donald and I were summoned to arrange the petticoats and dun camlet cloak. Before pinning the cap, Mrs M'Donald spoke to me in Gaelic, saying she so wished for some of his

The wish.

182	<i>Autobiography of Flora M'Donald.</i>
The lock.	<p>hair; would I ask him? I replied that the request would be better from herself; in truth, I did not like to take such a liberty.</p> <p>While this discussion was going on, the dear Prince, who did not understand a word of Gaelic,—we really might have been plotting to get the thirty thousand pounds for ought he would have been the wiser,—asked me the purport of our conversation. I told him our wish, on which, in a joking manner, he bent his head on my lap, saying, we were right welcome to take as much of his hair as we pleased. However, I only cut one lock, which Mrs M'Donald afterwards shared with me.</p> <p>During the Prince's wanderings, his brogues were so worn that literally the toes might be seen through them; so King'sburgh brought him a new pair, and taking up the old ones, carefully tied them together, saying, "What does your Royal Highness think I shall do with these? They are to be safely kept until you are firmly established at St James's;</p>

then I will introduce myself by shaking them at you, to be a reminder of having been under Kingburgh's protection and roof." The Prince smiled, and enjoined his worthy host to keep his word.

I may state here, that he did keep them until his death, many years after, when they fell into the possession of a Jacobite gentleman, who boasted that he gave twenty guineas for them: however, I never heard this authenticated.

And when all was settled for continuing our march, I must tell you how gratified and pleased dear Mrs M'Donald was when the Prince, on taking leave, asked for a pinch from her ain mull, for he had observed she took snuff, which in those days was customary with married ladies. She presented the box, begging his Royal Highness would do her the great honour of accepting it as a keep-fake. He thanked her warmly, and expressed also his grateful acknowledgments

A gift.

for the kindness he had met with, "and an apology also, for indeed, dear madam, I believe my appearance affrighted you yesternight." He said this archly, but we understood he alluded to the salute under the hood! Oh, how we used to laugh at that circumstance in after-years!

Off again.

Well, the day was getting on, and Kingburgh was anxious to be off, as the Prince had a long march before him of fourteen miles to Portree, where we had planned to meet Captain Donald Roy, who was to take the Prince in a boat to the island of Raafay, to M'Leod's place.

As we passed out by the back-kitchen to the court-yard to meet our ponies, we had to encounter the servant girls and working-men about, who were staring at the strange maid accompanying Miss Flora. Indeed, I was alarmed, for the Prince almost betrayed himself in trying to act out his part, by making a bobbing courtesy of leave-taking to Mrs

M'Donald which almost upset her gravity ; and as for Elsie, she afterwards told her mistress, that surely Miss Flora was "daft to tak' hame sic a flaunting, gawky loon."

So off we started, I on horseback and the Prince and Kingburgh walking, M'Eachan following with the Prince's oaken stick. The good old gentleman carried under his arm his suit of clothes, which, after they had proceeded a short distance from the house, and gone together into a thick wood, he assisted the Prince to put on. They consisted of a tartan short coat and waistcoat, philibeg, and hose, a Highland scarf, bonnet, and wig. Most pleased, no doubt, was our royal friend to "tak' his ain again,"—alas! not in the form of a crown, but a more simple possession—the dress of a man. It evidently was a relief to be rid of Mistress Betty's attire, which Kingburgh tied up in a bundle, and afterwards gave in charge to his enthusiastic wife. The articles were subsequently \*disperfed

Relief.

amongst our family and friends, my share being, as I said before, a piece of the flowered cotton gown, which I now wish I had kept as a relic. However, I have some of his dear light hair in a small brooch, with a bit of my own plaited neatly together. I intend this brooch for my eldest daughter, Anne, one of these days.

Himself  
again.

After Kingburgh had made the Prince look like himself, so very different from "the gowk," as little Jeanie had named my elegant Irish attendant, his Royal Highness embraced his warm-hearted host, thanking him for his valuable services, "which," said he, "I never shall forget;" and, while taking leave, his nose bled. This he accounted for by telling us it often happened when anything agitated him. On wringing Kingburgh's hand, he turned away, and I could see he was weeping. Kingburgh then left, and in giving me a kiss expressed his anxiety, and whispered that I should take some means of letting him know

that I reached home safely. The Prince and M'Eachan then set off for a brisk walk across the hills, for Niel knew every inch of the way, both the by-paths and the high road. So did I; for you know, dear Maggie, how the Highland girls are accustomed to scamper about all over the country, as often alone as in company. Therefore I trotted my sure-footed horse in another and a shorter direction, so as to get to the little inn at Portree before my fellow-travellers.

Now I must relate the first act of dear Mrs M'Donald after the departure of her royal guest. She went up-stairs into the grand room, withdrew the sheets from the bed, folded them carefully, and locked them away, telling her husband, on his return from bidding farewell to the Prince, that they were not to be washed or used until placed around her when in her coffin, as a winding-sheet. They were of beautiful linen, made from the finest yarn spun in Kingburgh House. When

Fearless.

she afterwards told me this, I looked so beseechingly at her, she guessed I envied her such a valuable remembrance. She smiled, saying, "I ken, dear Flora, ye're over-covetous, and have ta'en a fancy for them yoursel. I shall be fair pleased if ye take one, for if a body in the world deserves it, 'tis your ain sel. You're a gude lassie, Flora, in all you've done for our bonnie Prince, by protecting him baith like a woman and a Christian." So she gave into my hands the treasured sheet, which is carefully laid by in lavender, to be used for my covering when in the cold grave. My dear husband knows my wish, and promises to fulfil it should I be taken first. Remember this, dear Maggie, should you be near me at my death.

Fright.

While we were journeying to Portree, Captain Donald Roy was doing his utmost to procure a boat to Raafay, and on our arrival he met us with the direful news that not one could be had. At length, after much discuf-



fion and anxiety, the young laird of Raafay recollected that a small boat was always ready on a sheet of water not far off; so with his assistance, and three active Raafay men (ay, and some women also helped), they had managed to drag it down to the coast. It was laborious work, nearly a mile over bog and precipice. Besides, as secrecy was required, a crew from Portree could not be trusted. Doctor Murdoch M'Leod, brother of young Raafay, was also there. He had been wounded at Culloden, but said he would again risk his life to serve the Prince, and the plan agreed on was, that the M'Leods should row over to Raafay, get the assistance of their cousin, Captain Malcolm M'Leod, in procuring a good large boat with strong able rowers, and then return to Portree to meet the Prince. However, it was needful to swear the boatmen to secrecy, for they stoutly refused to take oar in hand, until told where they were going and for what purpose. These men's hearts were

All help.

Hungry.

in the right place, for they then cheerfully put to sea, pulling with all their might. This was on Monday evening, 30th June, and the party landed about half a mile from Portree.

All this took place while I and my pony were journeying; and on arriving at the inn, we found Captain Donald Roy waiting for the Prince, who, with M'Eachan, soon joined us, as did also Malcolm M'Leod. Young Raafay and the Doctor remained at the boat. The rain fell in torrents; the poor Prince was thoroughly wet, and on Donald Roy taking him into the miserable inn, the first thing he asked for was a dram, after which he changed some of his clothes, and quickly too; for being half famished, he attacked the supper, which was all ready, devouring broiled fish, bread, cheese, and butter, before I had left the small loft above, after doing the best I could in the way of drying my riding-coat, for, indeed, it was little I had with me, only a small bundle. The rest of my clothes, Lady Margaret was

to forward to Armadale as she thought best.

As I entered the parlour, the Prince was asking for milk; not a drop to be had, nor any liquid, except whisky or water; nor was there such a thing in the house as a tumbler or jug, only a dirty-looking kind of bucket, which the landlord said "was fair useful for the folk ower drouthy wi' travel to tak' a drink out of."

A dram.

Donald smiled, saying to me in English, it was also very handy to bale the water out of the man's boat, a piece of information the landlord had not been backward in giving. This was too much for the poor Prince. Thirsty as he was, he looked disgusted and shook his head, but a look from Donald Roy induced him to follow his example by drinking out of the untempting bucket, lest any hesitation should cause suspicion in the inn-keeper's vulgar mind.

On this man leaving the room, Donald Roy

192	<i>Autobiography of Flora M'Donald.</i>
Move on.	<p>respectfully urged the Prince to hurry on his Raasay voyage, but he was little disposed to quit the shelter of even this miserable low public-house, which, he said, was preferable to encountering a rainy night at sea. However, on being told that the house was open to all kinds of people, and that there was danger in remaining, he agreed to start, but called for tobacco to smoke a pipe before leaving. So the landlord brought a small quantity in the scales, the sum amounting to fourpence halfpenny. The Prince handed a sixpence, and Donald told the man to bring back the change, at which his Royal Highness shook his head. "Yes, yes," said Donald, "ye must just take it; I ken ye'll find bawbees vera handy;" and the bawbees found their way into a snug corner of the royal sporran.</p> <p>In paying the reckoning, the landlord—his name was M'Nab, a crusty old fellow, he was well known in that part of the country—could only muster eleven shillings in change of a</p>

guinea, which the Prince was taking very quietly, as silver was so useful in his wanderings; but Donald told him, in a low voice, to insist on having the whole sum, or the man might be led to suppose his guests were superior to their appearance. After much difficulty the right change was procured, and in preparing to leave the inn, the Prince earnestly entreated Captain Donald Roy to accompany him to Raafay, although it had been planned he was to go no farther than Portree. "Come with me," said the poor Prince, taking him by the hand, "you are a M'Donald, I always have been safe with that clan; and truly do I feel that while a M'Donald is with me, I am safe from every danger." Alas, poor young man! I could almost have shed tears on hearing him thus express the helplessness of his condition. Donald warmly assured him how willingly he would serve his royal master by following him or sharing his fate, but that the wound in his foot, received

<sup>x</sup>  
Caution.

at Culloden, obliged his being so much on horseback, that, instead of aiding, he feared endangering the Prince's safety. However, he arranged to join the party at Raasay in a few days, and in the meantime would stay in Skye to glean all the information he could, connected with the movements of the enemy.

While this conversation was going on, I sat by silent, and, I acknowledge, very sad; for the moment had come when the dear Prince and I were to bid farewell, possibly never again to meet. I could not help feeling this deeply, for although only a few days before we had met as strangers, yet during the three days of our companionship, his manner towards me had been so courteous, so respectful and so unmarked by selfish anxiety for his own danger—on the contrary, exerting himself to the utmost for my comfort—I should have been most ungrateful, had not my thoughts been anxiously filled with earnest hopes for his ultimate safety from the perils which I

Three days.

feared would surround him for some time longer.

The tears started in my eyes; however, with an effort I drove them back, as the Prince came forward to me, and taking both my hands in his, clasped them warmly as he thanked me in the most grateful manner for the service I had so opportunely rendered, and he added:

“Although at present my affairs are but gloomy and unfavourable, yet the time may come, dear Miss M'Donald, when I shall feel proud to welcome my kind protectress at St James's. Farewell now, and may Heaven reward you as you deserve.”

He turned aside for a moment to hide the tears which gathered in his clear blue eyes, and then (dear Maggie, I am bound to confess the truth) he did give me a kiss on the cheek, which royal salute I shall ever consider was an honour never to be erased from my memory. He also took a friendly farewell of worthy

Parting  
tears.

196	<i>Autobiography of Flora M'Donald.</i>
No portrait.	<p>M'Eachan, little dreaming that the honest man would afterwards accompany his Prince to France.</p> <p>Many persons are impressed with the false idea of his Royal Highness having presented me with his miniature portrait, and I have repeatedly had to contradict such a statement, which, after a moment of reflection, no sensible person would give credence to. Was it probable that a poor persecuted young man, hunted for his life, and often without even a change of clothes, should be possessed of any personal ornament, still less have gone about with his own likeness? The idea was absurd, and the idle report added one to the many untruths that were so actively circulated about the sayings and doings of the unfortunate Prince.</p> <p>Well, he now arranged himself for departure, taking up a small bundle in which was the wardrobe of the poor wanderer.</p> <p>Shall I tell you of what it consisted? In a</p>



coloured cotton handkerchief, he had brought from Kingburgh four new shirts, a cold fowl, some sugar, and a bottle of brandy. A bottle of usquebaugh was purchased of old M'Nab, and it and the brandy were tied on each side of his belt, while he carried the bundle in his hand. Then he and Donald Roy left the wretched smoky inn, at such an early hour on the morning of the 1st of July, as to surprise the furly landlord, who cast many a suspicious look as they left his door, which Donald observing, he took the Prince in a contrary direction until out of his sight. They soon overtook Malcolm M'Leod, who conducted them to the boat, and then Donald Roy M'Donald took leave of his royal master, who earnestly implored him not to let any one know where he was to be taken to. He even said "his fair protectress was not to be told"—a precautionary measure of which I found out the necessity soon after.

On Donald's return to the inn, old furly

The stock.

198	<i>Autobiography of Flora M'Donald.</i>
White lies.	<p>was very inquisitive to find out the name of the gentleman who had just left.</p> <p>"Oh," said Donald, "I'll tell you who he is, an Irish gentleman, Sir John M'Donald, who has been in hiding amongst some of the Skye M'Donalds, so, being afraid of discovery, he is now off the mainland to the others of the clan, so keep it quiet, gude M'Nab."</p> <p>He looked very grave and replied, "Ay, ay, I need 'na ken a word about it, I fee weel I was wrang, for by the glisk of his e'en, I wad believe he was the vera Prince himsel', he looked fae noble. Weel, weel, after what ye tell me, I wunna fash mysel, I'll be thinking." So saying, he turned into his smoky kitchen, quite satisfied with Malcolm's explanation.</p> <p>And where was I all this time? up in the loft which M'Nab called a bedroom; to be sure, there was a thing in the corner, a sort of bed; however, it looked so uninviting, I did not attempt to try it, so sat uncomfortably enough on a hard chair, half suffocated by the</p>

smoke which puffed through the broken floor, not able to get a wink of sleep, and waiting for a summons from M'Eachan to continue our journey. He was anxious on my account, for he had misgivings about our furly host, whose manner on the preceding evening led him to suspect M'Nab was acting a double part. "So," said he, "Miss Flora, the sooner we are off the better; I've seen to your pony and my nag, they have had their wee bit, and will cut their road fair weel to Castleton. I could ha'e wished though, ye had time for a wee rest, puir lassie, I ken ye're overdone; but tak courage, and I'm a-thinking when aince we turn our back on the like of M'Nab, the folk may hae their idle clavers, and what for should we be fashed gin I get ye hame at Armadale, for it wadna do to stop lang at Castleton. I'll just gang and pay the reckening. Dinna be fae downhearted, dear lassie, a' will go well wi' oursel' and the bonnie lad yonder."

Let's away.

Forecasts.

'Alas! this kindhearted, humble relation did what he could to raise my spirits, which were indeed sadly low; I felt as if a hearty fit of weeping would ease my poor heart. The idea haunted me, "What, if after all I have done, those exertions should be in vain for him, and the safety of my relatives be imperilled?" However, this was not the time for me to give way, so putting on as cheerful a face as I could, I bid farewell to old furly, and mounted my little sturdy pony, M'Eachan having previously given the man to suppose we were going in another direction.

At a short distance from Portree, where two roads met, we branched off towards Castleton House, the residence of Donald M'Donald, who was nearly related to my dear friend, Mrs M'Donald Kingsburgh. However, it was not fated we should go there, for on the way we met a boy, who, eying us very closely, asked Niel, if it was Miss Flora M'Donald he was with?

The lad only spoke Gaelic, so did not know the contents of a dirty, twisted paper which he was to deliver into my ain hand. It was a line from Caftleton, to warn me that Captain M'Leod of Talisker, of a militia company, was on the look out for the young lady in whose company Prince Charles Stuart was supposed to be, and earnestly entreating me to proceed direct to Armadale, but to keep my mother in ignorance of the whole affair.

Thus the weaving of the web to entrap me was commencing. Poor M'Eachan looked so miserable, that careworn and jaded as I was, the impulse of laughter was too strong to be resisted, and it served a good turn by possibly misleading the boy's suspicions, if he was bright enough to have any, so determining to put him on a wrong scent, I gave him a silver piece with a message to Donald M'Donald, "which," said I, "you'll be a gude lad, and tell him, I'll be sure to send him the parcel he wants me to get ready, as

Lines laid.

Drawing  
close.

soon as ever I reach home ; so start off, young fellow, and don't be grinning at the silver as if ye never saw a bright sixpence since your dirty face came into the world."

M'Eachan stared, no doubt thinking me stark mad, for he had expected I should have shown alarm at the letter, for it went on to say that a government officer, Captain Ferguson, was sailing about in a sloop of war, in pursuit of the Royal fugitive and poor simple me ! However, after the boy had gone, and I had assured my good companion of my perfect sanity, we urged on our ponies towards Sleat.

Not a word passed, for my tears fell from sheer fatigue, and Niel was too anxious to be able to keep up a conversation, so on we galloped and trotted many a weary mile, when, to our amazement, who should overtake us but my step-father, also on his way home. This was a great comfort, for I now felt doubly protected. He asked me no questions,

no particular ones. Oh, I was certain he knew all about it, for his countenance wore a more anxious expression than was usual.

In a little while he was truly alarmed on my account, for an officer and a party of soldiers rode up, asking us who we were, as they had a warrant to arrest "one Flora M'Donald, a rebel lady who was to be taken on board the *Furnace Bomb*, commanded by Captain Ferguson."

I am sure I turned pale for a moment, but the blood rushed into my face on hearing the term "rebel." My eyes flashed; however, a look from my poor father restrained my lips.

I only said indignantly, "And for what cause, pray, am I to be thus treated?"

The officer gravely replied in a cool, quiet tone, which angered me still more, "You are charged, Madam, with having aided the escape of the Pretender" (Oh! the horrid

Trapped.

man!) "and we warn you it will be useless to deny the fact, for the boatmen you took over were not bribed to silence, which certainly showed a strange lack of caution on the part of yourself and companions. These men have confessed all, therefore, as you are now informed of the charge against you, it only remains for us to fulfil the unpleasant duty of taking you before the commanding officer, at present on board the vessel, General John Campbell—such are our orders."

Secured.

It may be imagined that neither of us felt very comfortable, but it would have been useless to demur; so on preparing to go with them, my step-father asked if I might be permitted to ride on to Armadale, guarded of course, to see my mother, but as they flatly refused this, and also my father's wish of accompanying me, I took a hasty leave of him and worthy M'Eachan, and was conducted to the *Bomb* ship, which was at no great distance.



The officer seemed disposed to converse, hoping, I suppose, I might criminate myself; yet he got no encouragement, as I felt too angry to say a word to the man. Tired to death, it really was a relief to find myself locked up in the snug cabin, and able to get my clothes dried, for, although not falling in torrents, the rain had been drizzling since early morn.

Well, I was not long allowed to remain in peace, for a guard knocking at the door said the General wished to speak with me. So I was marched off to the state cabin, and received in the most courteous way by General Campbell; indeed, his manner was so different to what I expected, and he questioned me in such a gentle tone of voice, I was quite overcome, and sinking into a seat, burst into tears.

“Nay, nay, my dear young lady, do not be agitated—I trust all will go well; but indeed you have acted a most imprudent part, and

Summoned

brought yourself into trouble. However, rely on my doing all I possibly can, consistently with my duty, to make you comfortable, and with this view shall give orders for your reception on board Commodore Smith's sloop, where I am myself on board for a few days, and shall see that you are treated with every attention."

I asked where the vessel was, and finding it was not far from Armadale, I told him of my anxious wish to see my mother, if only for a few minutes, if I could be permitted to land near the house. "Well, well," said he, good-humouredly, "we'll see about it; but now go down and get some rest, it is plain enough you require it," and he himself showed me into the cabin, ay, and shook hands at the door. I did indeed need a friend in my loneliness, and the kindness of the good-hearted gentleman, while he remained on board, I shall ever remember with gratitude.

Also I had every respect shown me by the

Commodore, and had there been any females near me, I might have been more comfortable, yet from having no occupation the time passed tediously. At length, the General informed me a boat was ready to take me from the vessel to Armadale, guarded, of course, but I was beginning to be accustomed to "durance vile," and the men, though Argus-eyed, were civil enough.

On nearing the shore, I eagerly looked around on all the well-known spots surrounding the dear old house. There was the little boatie which my brother and I had so often used in our pleasure excursions, now chained to the large tree a little way beyond. I strained my eyes to take in at a glance the various huts and shielings of the village, each occupied by poor people who were so proud of receiving the "leddies" from "the great house." Then the flight of the usually friendly sea-gulls, screaming at the noise of the rough sailors in the huge awkward boat ;

Memories.

Too much.

and in the paddock was my own pony, calmly cropping the grafs, as quietly as if no future difafter was to befall its unhappy mif-trefs! Yes, it was all too true, and for the first time fince being a prifoner could I realife that fact: the fight of thofe dear home fcenes, of again being with my darling mother, if only for an hour, and that hour poffibly the laft we might ever pafs together,—all thefe recollections coming fuddenly upon me, my poor heart felt burfting. And there fhe flood at the door, ready to welcome the comer in the ugly boat; did her heart tell her that it was her own child, her “bonnie Flora;” now vifiting the home of her happy youth as a prifoner—in a little time, perhaps, to be taken to a diftant land and poffibly fuffer in the good caufe as others were doing at that moment? How could I be the one to tell the tale? oh, how I longed to hear fhe had been already informed! and I gueffed fo, for on rufhing into her arms, her face wore a look

of care. I could not speak, but her warm careffes were fo comforting, that I felt I was forgiven for the diftrefs brought on our quiet homestead.

She was leading me into the houfe, when, in a half-startled manner, fhe turned to the fhip's officer—who, you may be affured, Maggie, would not lofe fight of his prey—faying he could enter the hall with her and her daughter; that we were only going up the ftair to get a few articles for my ufe, and he could fee where we went.

By this fpeech I knew fhe was aware of what I had done, and then we went to my bedroom, where was the worthy creature who was named in the beginning of this narrative, Katie M'Dowal. The kind-hearted girl fcreamed with joy on feeing me, and in the ftrongeft expreffions of her native tongue—for, as I faid before, no art could drive Englifh, or even Scotch Englifh, into her fimple brain—vowed fhe would go with me all over the

Mother.

world, nothing should prevent her, that the leddie wished it. Really she made such a stir, my mother and I could scarcely hear ourselves speak; so we sent her to the wardrobe to collect what was needful, while we talked in a low tone lest the man outside should overhear.

Warned.

A short note to his wife from Armadale had told her all, and that possibly I might be allowed to go and see her. As for himself, he feared to return home until matters were more quiet about what I had done, and it was as well his wife should not know where he was.

"Ah, Flora!" whispered my poor mother, "ye'll bring us into fair trouble; it's an awful thing you have done, and wae will be the end! Oh, my dear Flora, my ain bonnie bairn! when shall I see ye come hame again? I ken it's for the last time I'm looking on your face!"

It was indeed with a breaking heart I tried

to comfort her, by mentioning General Campbell's kindness, and that he gave me the cheering hope of soon being at liberty. This I said to relieve her anxiety, but the idea on my own mind was becoming firmly impressed that I should never return to my loved home.

"And where were the children?" I asked.

The young ones were out, and my pet sister, Annabella, by this time a fine girl of fifteen, was visiting a distant cousin, one of the M'Queens. It was a relief to me to be spared the pain of a parting with these dear ones.

My mother insisted on Katie going with me; indeed, the honest girl clung to my neck so affectionately, that I was thankful to think of having her as a companion in my forthcoming troubles. But then, would she be allowed on board? So I had to go down to the hall, and ask the favour of the officer, who at first hesitated. However, my poor

Despond.

On duty.

mother's distress had the effect of softening his refusal, and it was settled that she should go with me, on condition of being sent back if the Commodore did not approve of her remaining.

The officer had taken advantage of my mother's offer of refreshments, for even in her distress of mind, the true Highland lady could not forget the duty of hospitality, so the whisky and fresh-baked shortbread was ordered into the hall; but I could see he was impatient to be off, by constantly walking to the window, calling to the men to get ready, and near the boat to the landing-place hard by.

At this moment I was flurried in another way, for just as my dear mother was receiving what, alas! might possibly be the last kiss, while giving me in Gaelic her blessing, with earnest entreaties that I would lose no opportunity of relieving her anxiety by sending a line to any of our family or friends, what



should bounce out and spring upon me, but my dear Sidger, a favourite Skye terrier, barking furiously; and, with the long hair shaken off his eyes, he looked in my face, seeming to understand something was wrong with his mistress. I do not remember he had ever seen me shed tears: no; up to this time I was of too merry a nature. The poor loving animal kissed my hands—ah! how cold they were from agitation—and whined like a child. Altogether the pain I endured during that parting hour at Armadale will never be forgotten.

At length I tore away from my mother's arms, and making a sign to the officer, in some way I got down to the boat. I say in some way, because I felt weak and dizzy with grief. The worthy Katie followed, loudly screaming in Gaelic to my mother to keep a good heart, for she would take good care that no mischief should befall "the daughter of her father's house," which, you know so well,

Sidger.

Maggie, is an idiomatic phrase in the mother-tongue.

She carried a huge bundle, a motley collection of articles, no doubt, for I had neither time nor spirits to attend to anything, and two other lasses were laden with a good-sized trunk, so the poor girl was determined we should not want for clothes.

As for Sidger, the faithful creature followed as a matter of course, being so accustomed to a boat, and sprang in after me. The men had to put him out, and he was caught up by the servants, or he would have swum to me. This little incident added to my bitter grief at leaving home—for how long? or might it be forever?

Distracted.

But I was too unhappy to collect my thoughts; I sat silently crying by Katie's side, who, in her rough affectionate way, tried to comfort her broken-hearted mistress. The officer showed good feeling, for he stood silent, appearing sorry for my distress.

On reaching the ship he had a conversation

with the General and the Commodore about poor Katie, who was not only allowed to stay, but received from them a message, which I made clear to her in Gaelic, that it was their wish she would do her best to make me feel at home. At home, indeed! What an idea to enter their mind! A prisoner on board ship with a party of men to be at home! However the kind gentlemen meant well, yet it was a painful expression to use under the circumstances.

In a few days they informed me I was to be taken to Dunstaffnage Castle, so Katie was very busy in getting our things together, and General Campbell said he would write about me to the Captain-Commandant. I contrived to see the letter afterwards; the following is a copy:—

“HORSE-SHOE BAY,

*August 1st, 1746.*

“DEAR SIR,—I must desire the favour of you to forward my letters by an express to

Home!

Inverary; and if any are now left with you, let them be sent by the bearer. I shall stay here with Commodore Smith till Sunday morning.

“ If you can't come, I beg to know if you have any men now in garrison at your house, and how many? Make my compliments to your lady, and tell her I am obliged to desire the favour of her for some days to receive a very pretty young rebel. Her zeal and the persuasion of those who ought to have given her better advice, have drawn her into a most unhappy scrape, by assisting the young Pretender to escape.

“ I need say nothing further till we meet; only assuring you that I am, dear sir,

“ Your sincere friend and humble servant,

“ JOHN CAMPBELL.

“ I suppose you have heard of Miss Flora M'Donald.

“ To Niel Campbell, Esq.,  
Captain of Dunstaffnage.”

Well, "the pretty rebel" was now safely secured in the gloomy old castle; but really it was unlike being in a prison, for on arrival, the Captain had me conducted to his private apartments, where Mrs Campbell received me very courteously, and I was pleased with the good sense and tact she evinced, in making no allusion to the cause for which I was entrusted to the Captain's custody.

Prison.

But I remained there only a short time, being ordered off somewhere else. I cannot charge my memory, at this distant date, with the names of the places they sent me to, for I was like a shuttlecock, flying backwards and forwards for some weeks. As for poor Katie, she was in despair.

One day while on board some ship, some prisoners were taken in, and to my astonishment in one of them I recognised Captain O'Niel! He started forward to welcome me, so I playfully tapped him gently on the cheek, and told him, it was to him I owed all my

misfortune; to which he replied, " Misfortune, Miss Flora! how call you that misfortune which reflects on you so much honour? It was a brilliant deed; you should not repent of what you've done. No! be proud of it, and nobly acknowledge the act in the face of all the world!" Ah, Maggie! this young man had a true warm heart in the Stuart cause; it did me good to hear him talk in that way!

Bad news.

Alas! I was concerned to learn from him that the Prince was supposed to be still on the island; and to add to my distress, came the news of Kingburgh and Malcolm M'Leod being sent prisoners to Fort Augustus.

He gave me particulars of Kingburgh's arrest; and it was to Captain Ferguson, a most active emissary of the Hanoverian party, the worthy old gentleman was indebted for his imprisonment. This officer went first to Mugstat, inquiring "if Miss Flora M'Donald had been there with a tall female servant?"

"Yes," was the reply; "the young lady, being a relation of Lady Margaret, was often at the house; but on that occasion she was alone!" You will recollect, Maggie, that when I went to Mugfat to consult with Lady Margaret, I had left the Prince sitting alone on the shore. So the gentleman spy got no information there.

Then he followed on my track to Kingburgh House, where he questioned the servants, and found out that the tall female had been received, and had slept in the house.

"And pray, sir," said he to Kingburgh, "let me ask where Miss M'Donald and the person who was with her in woman's clothes were accommodated for the night? I must request to be shown the rooms they occupied."

"Why, as for that matter," replied Kingburgh, "I can tell you where Miss Flora slept; but really it's no my affair to ken the rooms the servants are put into; 'tis the

Fencing.

Discovery.

mistress gives the order ; and Flora must have been in the big room, as she always has it."

However, by making searching inquiries, both in the house and neighbourhood, the Captain discovered to his joy, no doubt, that the Prince had been placed in the best room, which being unusual accommodation for a servant, that fact was a convincing proof against the worthy laird, and he acted upon it by taking the old gentleman prisoner, and sending him off to the Fort. Thus, too late, was I made aware of my imprudence in having allowed the Prince to occupy the guest-chamber.

I had much to hear from O'Niel, who was concerned to see how deeply I was grieved by the sufferings of my friends, and did all he could to cheer my sadness. Indeed, I was obliged to this light-hearted Irishman for all his friendliness; yet, although he tried to make fun of many a serious matter, it was very visible he was uneasy on my account. Poor fellow !



he had endured much since parting from the Prince: he had been most shamefully treated by Captain Ferguson, and also, I am reluctant to state, General Campbell had used him ill, having given O'Niel his parole of honour that whatever money or effects he had, if left in the General's charge, would be sent safely to him; so, with a guard of soldiers, he was allowed to collect his money and gold watch, hid under a rock, being four hundred and fifty guineas, also a broadsword and pistols, which were conveyed to the General by Captain Campbell of Skipness; and on repeated applications for his property, he could not get it. "Nor do I expect," said he, "I shall ever see a farthing of it, now they have got me in limbo." And this was quite true; for years after, when we met again in the Highlands, he joked about his money, saying General Campbell should at least have sent him the interest of it, for which he would have been thankful while abroad.

His all.

Surprise.

But I had soon to take leave of Captain O'Neil, as he was ordered to another vessel. The name of the ship on which I was aboard was *The Bridgewater*, bound for Leith, commanded by Commodore Smith and Captain Knowler. These gentlemen were as kind as if I had been of their own family. As for the good Commodore, I was so pleased and surprised by a present which was made to me on board ! Oh ! such a handsome suit of riding clothes, with nice frilled under-vests of cambric, so complete, and of the best quality.

Nor was even Katie forgotten ; there was a whole piece of linen to make articles for her use. The honest girl I really thought would have gone crazy ! She would have set to work immediately but for a very important reason. In the hurry of snatching some clothes for the box from Armadale, threads and needles had been forgotten, and while at Dunstaffnage Mrs Campbell had been so

kind, I had not felt the want of sewing-work, or she would have furnished me with anything I needed. However, on the vessel anchoring in the Leith Roads, I did hope to be allowed to land. But no! In spite of kindness and the best of feeling shown by both officers and men on board, they took care to inform me I was to remain in the ship until further orders. I had to feel that patience is a virtue.

Patience.

END OF VOL. I.



PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY  
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

