

## FLORA MACDONALD.

By LILY WATSON.

## CHAPTER I.

Sweet Highland girl! a very shower  
Of beauty is thy earthly dower; . . .  
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear  
The freedom of a mountaineer.  
A face with gladness overspread,  
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred,  
And seemliness complete, that sways  
Thy courtesies, about thee plays.

Wordsworth.



CRITIC who never erred on the side of flattery to women, and who never missed an opportunity of letting fly an epigram at Scotland and Scottish people, said, "The preserver of Prince Charles Edward Stuart will be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour."

Fortified by this opinion, which was uttered by no less a man than Dr. Johnson, we may turn with a clear conscience to trace the story of Flora MacDonald. No mere illogical enthusiast was she in the cause of a Pretender to a forfeited birthright; no feminine example of romantic and misplaced devotion! Her action was not the fruit of momentary impulse, but of brave, tender, compassionate helpfulness, such as any girl might be proud to imitate.

The fiction of modern days has taken us more than once to the wild and misty region of the Scottish islands, with their driving showers, wonderful gleams of sunlight, dark and desolate lochs, cloudy hills, and loud resounding surge upon the shore. Passionate is the attachment of the dwellers on these rugged coasts to their native spot, and when exiled they pine in bitter home-sickness.

"From the lone shieling on the misty island,  
Mountains divide us, and a world of seas,  
But yet our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,  
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

In South Uist, one of these remote western isles, Flora was born, about the year 1722. Her father, Ronald MacDonald, of Miltoun, was a kind and leal-hearted Highland gentleman, living on his estate, beloved by his tenants, his wife, and children; but while Flora and her little brother Angus were still in the nursery, he was taken ill and died. Although the bairns were too young to realise the loss, the disappearance of their father and the despair of their young mother made an enduring impression on their minds.

After a time the widow found comfort in teaching her little ones.

"We were both too young to require much in the way of education," says Flora, "but in a knowledge of heavenly things we were early instructed."

Both the children were perfectly happy, leading the free outdoor life that is natural and delightful to their age. As years went on, Flora studied with her mother the simple matters that then formed the staple of a country girl's education. Of accomplishments she knew nothing, but she loved to chant the

sweet, plaintive ditties of her native Highlands, and, taking her story-book, she would put the words to music, and sing them to her dollie in the crooning fashion of Gaelic melodies. She had but few childish companions in the wild remoteness of her home, but two humble relations, half friends, half servants, after the patriarchal Highland system, lived under the same roof. One of these was Niel MacEachan MacDonald, a boy a few years older than his cousins, to whom he was trusty playmate, tutor, and attendant. The other, Katie MacDonald, was Flora's devoted and affectionate companion.

In garden and orchard, by shore and moorland, the happy children played, until a great change took place in their fortunes. The young and beautiful widow, their mother, had been sought in marriage by more than one person, and a certain Hugh MacDonald, of Armadale, whose property was at Sleat, in Skye, had pressed his suit many times. But he was always refused, and at last the servants were ordered not to admit him to the house at Miltoun.

Some months after this, Flora and Angus were sleeping in their little beds, when flickering lights upon the water showed that a boat was nearing the shore. Mistress MacDonald had retired for the night, though it was only nine o'clock, but on being warned by the servant, whose duty it was to make all fast outside, that some one was coming, she rose at once to prepare for the untimely guest. Suddenly loud screams aroused the sleeping children; they rushed to the door and saw their mother borne down stairs by Hugh Armadale, while eight sturdy Highlanders kept the servants at bay. The faithful Niel caught Flora in his arms, but, despite his heroic efforts, two of the men seized the children and carried them off to the boat. The crew pushed at once from the shore, while Armadale, tenderly placing his half-fainting captive on a seat, whispered to her, "Now you are mine!" A strange voyage that must have been! Over the dark, mysterious waters the boat cleft its way; the lights of the invaded home grew fainter in the distance, while the shrieks of the terrified bairns were drowned by the piper playing his loudest. No rescue came; and the widow with her children were at length landed at Sleat, in the south of Skye, close to Armadale House.

It is a little startling to modern ideas to find that Mrs. MacDonald not only married Hugh Armadale, but became in course of time reconciled to her lot, and fond of her husband.

Such rough and arbitrary proceedings as the one described were not by any means unknown at that period in the Highlands, and many would have justified it by the proverb, "All's fair in love and war." In spite of this indefensible outrage, Armadale proved himself a devoted and tender husband, and the kindest of stepfathers to little Flora and Angus.

The children soon learnt to be very happy in their new home. Armadale House, like Miltoun, stood close to the shore, and was surrounded by a number of plantations. The combination of woodland and sea offered endless delight to the young people, who had a boat of their own moored to a tree, ponies in the paddock, and humble friends in hut and shieling to visit and help. Through village, garden, wood and glen they roamed with ever new enjoyment; looking forward without eagerness to the distant time when Angus should be of age, and return to manage his late

father's estate in place of the tenant who now occupied Miltoun.

Flora was sent to a school in Edinburgh, but only for a short time. Then she returned to her beloved Skye; and the record of her girl-life seems to bring a fresh breath of country air and energy to the reader. Early in the morning she would rise up for long walks over hill and dale; stoutly shod and warmly clad, rain and snow mattered little to her, and she would return to breakfast with cheeks glowing like the rose. Then away she and her brother would hie in their little boat from island to island over the changing sea, or along the romantic coast. Loch Scaivaig was not very far distant, and a few miles' voyage would bring them into this weird recess of the ocean, with its lonely, desolate basalt pillars, mountain background, and the "Mad Stream" hurling itself down into the sullen waters. Sir Walter Scott describes it in his "Lord of the Isles"—

"For rarely human eye has known

A scene so stern as that dread lake,  
With its dark ledge of barren stone.

Seems that primeval earthquake's sway  
Hath rent a strange and shattered way

Through the rude bosom of the hill.

And that each naked precipice,  
Sable ravine, and dark abyss,

Tells of the outrage still."

This free roving in Nature's most glorious and majestic scenes helped to mould a constitution physically and morally strong. Social influences also were not lacking, for numerous were the scattered kindred, all named MacDonald, but distinguished, like Flora's stepfather, by the name of the property belonging to each.

The most august member of the clan was one Sir Alexander MacDonald, who had married the beautiful Lady Margaret Eglintoun, and lived at Mugstat, in Skye. Another Alexander MacDonald lived at Kingsburgh, and acted as factor of the estate of his richer kinsman and namesake. With these Kingsburgh MacDonalds and their children the family at Armadale were on terms of the warmest friendship, and Lady Margaret also would send very often for her bonnie Flora to come and stay at Mugstat. Other relatives lived at Largs, in Argyleshire, and many were the occasions when, with her little portmanteau thrown under the seat, Angus would row his sister off to the mainland to pay them lengthy visits. But all her time was not spent careering about in pleasure-seeking, for her mother had a second family of children, and tender was the love Flora lavished on the little creatures. Two of them died in babyhood, leaving three surviving, who were carefully tended by their mother, elder sister, and Katie MacDonald.

One might linger long over the picture of this delightful girlhood, so free in its innocence, so happy in its emancipation from town-bred conventionalities, so healthful in its unselfish duties and simple pleasures!

Thrice blest is the maiden who can

. . . . "wander far away  
With Nature, the dear old Nurse,"

and from childhood upwards, learn the lessons she has to teach.

There were not wanting touches of the supernatural in the Highland girl's experience. She knew many a weird tale of the gift of second sight, and when the young people gathered on winter evenings at Armadale,



ghost stories and mystic legends would be recounted that caused the cheek to grow pale, until a diversion was caused by Donald Mackay, her stepfather's piper, striking up a merry tune to set lads and lasses dancing in the hall.

So the happy Flora grew to womanhood. She had an admirer in the shape of a certain Jamie MacDougal, whom she detested for his uncouth, noisy, selfish ways. But Allan Kingsburgh MacDonald, son of the factor mentioned before, early showed a preference for his cousin, which she returned. Although they were not formally betrothed, the wedding day of Allan's sister gave an opportunity for them to understand one another, and from that time Flora looked upon herself as pledged.

There was one topic that found never-ceasing discussion among the young people as well as their elders, namely, the wrongs and woes of the Stuarts, and the chance of Prince Charles Edward coming over to sustain his father's right to the Crown.

It will not be necessary to remind the student of English history that this prince was the grandson of King James II., a king who, for good reason, had been forced to abdicate in favour of William and Mary. The rights and wrongs of the question have now been set at rest long ago. But the Highlanders, seeing in Prince Charlie the descendant of their own line of monarchs, and the son of an unjustly used father, longed, with passionate loyalty, to see him recognised as heir to the throne of Great Britain. Now the most loyal of subjects to our Queen, they then detested the yoke of the Sassenach, and lads and lasses talked together of their own yellow-haired prince, the "White Rose over the Water."

At last, in January, 1744, when Flora would be about twenty-two years old, there came tidings that stirred all parts of Scotland. Prince Charlie had left Rome in disguise and by stealth, with only one attendant, but his enterprise did not find favour at the French Court, and it was not until June in the following year that the royal youth sailed with a little company of adherents from France, unknown to his father, the "old Pretender," as he was somewhat discourteously styled. It may be noted here that the word "Pretender" was not used by adherents of the House of Hanover, who wished to be civil. "Chevalier" was the term employed in designating Charles Edward.

One of the MacDonalds thus describes the Prince's appearance on board the vessel bound for Scotland.

"There entered the tent" (erected on deck) "a tall youth of a most agreeable aspect, in a plain black coat with a plain shirt, and a cambric stock fixed with a plain silver buckle, a fair round wig out of the buckle, a plain hat 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."

Ah, "that tall youth of a most agreeable aspect," how he stole away the hearts of rich and poor, young and old! For the sake of bonnie Prince Charlie, songs leapt into being, Highlanders hurried to arms. In the vale of Glenfinnan, at the head of Loch Shiel, in Inverness-shire, he planted his banner, and clansmen and chieftains flocked to join the cause. Although Hugh MacDonald of Armadale was not among the number, many of the MacDonalds were warm adherents of the Prince.

A reward of thirty thousand pounds to any one who would seize Charles Edward, dead or alive, was proclaimed by the Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Cope, as he hastily mustered his forces at Stirling. But not a Highlander would have been treacherous enough to earn the money, and clan after clan rallied round the Prince as he marched towards Edinburgh. The capital fell into his hands without bloodshed, and early on the 17th of September, 1745, he entered the Palace of Holyrood. Then his father was proclaimed at the High Cross of Edinburgh as James VIII., King of Scotland, England, and Ireland.

The battle of Prestonpans swelled the tide of success, and Charles rashly resolved to venture into England. At the head of about six thousand men he crossed the Border, took Carlisle, and pushed on to Derby; but the people of the towns through which he passed stared with astonishment at the wild Gaelic-speaking mountaineers, regarding them rather as an eccentric procession than as a force come in sober earnest to attempt the conquest of the kingdom. Few joined the standard, and by the time he reached Derby, on December 4th, it became evident that the enterprise was hopeless. The Duke of Cumberland, with a large army, was close at hand, and two other armies were marching up, which would number in all thirty thousand men. Nothing remained but retreat. The little Scottish band was rent by disunion among the chieftains, who agreed, nevertheless, in counselling instant withdrawal.

In deep discontent, shared by the Prince himself, the army began its homeward march.

The English troops followed. An engagement took place near Falkirk, in which the Highlanders were again victorious, but in such a manner, owing to the confusion of a driving storm and darkness, as to be of little avail to the cause.

On the 16th of April, 1746, the Duke of Cumberland, with his army, faced Charles and his Highlanders on Culloden Muir, a flat place that gave immense advantage to the musketry and grapeshot cannon over the Highland claymores and scythes. In less than an hour all was over with the Jacobite cause. The victory of the English, who numbered nearly twice as many as their starving and dispirited opponents, was signal and complete; and the barbarities committed after the battle were such as to disgrace the Duke of Cumberland in the estimation even of sympathisers with the Hanoverian cause, and to bring tears to the eyes of the Prince whenever he brooded over them.

Prince Charlie escaped from the battlefield and became a wanderer with a few faithful companions among the mountain fastnesses and glens of Inverness-shire. Everywhere soldiers were seeking him, and the vast price set on his head made his situation one of utmost peril. In the hope of finding a ship among the isles to convey him to France, he left the mainland, and fled from island to island, fed and sheltered by a faithful adherent now and then, but often suffering cold and hunger, and in constant danger from vessels of war and militia who were seeking him at every point. He seems to have been of brave and cheerful temper, kind of heart. While in hiding at Glencorradale, South Uist, he and his follower, Edward Burke, were cooking some game when a little ragged boy rushed in and tried to snatch away the food. Burke boxed his ears, but the Prince said, "Nay, man, you forget that Scripture commands us to feed the hungry; you had better give the boy meat than blows." He emphasised his words by handing the child a piece of game, and added to the gift a little clothing from his own scanty wardrobe. In return the wretched lad found out a party of the Government soldiers and offered to lead them to the Prince's hiding-place, but they disbelieved his story and refused to go.

This is only one out of many adventures, which are interesting enough, but which we must pass over to reach the point where Flora MacDonald becomes involved in the Royal fugitive's history.

(To be continued.)

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## EDUCATIONAL.

**DAISY.**—Respecting admission into Girton College, there is a local examination held in June and December, for which the fees are £1 and £2. An honour certificate in this admits to Tripos examinations members of Girton and Newnham colleges who have resided during a sufficient number of terms, provided the student has passed in a language and mathematics. Apply for all information to the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catharine's College, Cambridge.

**A WELL-WISHER OF GIRLS AND THE G. O. P.**—Mr. Haws has written "Chaucer for Children," which might answer your purpose.

**ALICIA VON HÖPER.**—The G. O. P. is not a political paper. The promoters are law-abiding and order-loving, and teach the divine rules laid down in the New Testament (see 1st St. Peter ii. 13, 14, 17, 18, and Romans xiii.) Your friend's guardian need not fear any evil influence such as that to which you refer. Let him read the counsel given in our moral and religious articles and our answers to correspondents, and judge for himself.

**BLACK CAT.**—Perhaps the Essay Club, conducted by Miss Annie James, Tutshill Villa, Tutshill, near Chepstow, South Wales, might suit you. Writing a little too large.

## ART.

**ZENA.**—You had better write direct to Miss Leigh on the subject, 44, Avenue Wagram, Paris. All her homes are not on the basis of charity, though opened out of goodwill. There is also a home for governesses in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, Paris, where they can have the advantage of speaking French. Write to Miss Pryde, 22, Rue des Acacias, Avenue de la Grande Armée, Paris. In Rome Miss Mayor has an Art Students' Home at 38, Via degli Artisti; in Berlin, Victoria Stift, Königgratzer Strasse; in Dresden, Pädagogische Verein, Johannes Strasse.

**MADDY.**—In water-colour painting, use Chinese white. That sold in the bottles will generally keep moist the longest time. Madder-brown and madder-lake are sold by all good artists' colourmen, and there should be no difficulty in procuring them.

**P. SMITH.**—To paint magic-lantern slides, use ordinary water-colours mixed with oxgall for the distances and light portions, and Canada balsam for the heavy tones and shadows.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**A PATIENT LITTLE INVALID** may read "Wives and Daughters," but not the other works of that author at her age. Some by Mrs. Craik would also be objectionable for you. Your handwriting shows some originality, and keeps its clearness all the same. Preserve the latter.

**SNUFF-DOG.**—That you should desire to marry your grandfather's wife's brother—your great uncle, if that wife be your real grandmother, and no relation if otherwise—is a case not provided for in the table of degrees in the Book of Common Prayer. Try to avoid using slang expressions.

**VERA.**—In reference to the advertisements offering remunerative home employments, the only person who gains any money is the editor or owner of the paper, not the impecunious advertiser.



up the bottles and other things they had used for experiments, that she had got tired of waiting, and as Ronald and Mr. Lethbridge had happened to look in to see if the girls were there, she had come home with them.

"Mr. Lethbridge happens to look in at your meetings pretty often, doesn't he, Nannie?"

Nannie blushed, but answered, half laughing, "It is only out of consideration for Elsie; you see, I told him that papa would consent to their engagement as soon as Mr. Morton was quite settled in his new practice, and of course they like being together, and no doubt they think me rather in the way, and as he is so soon going away it is everybody's duty to make them as happy as possible."

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," laughed Jeannette. "But now tell me about the meeting."

"Well, when we arrived, there was such an uproar going on inside, that no one heard our knocks, so we opened the door and went in; and the children, being left to their own devices, were behaving, as Elsie informed them, as if they had all gone out of their minds at once. Tommy Jones, the pattern boy in my Sunday-school class, had rolled up the exercise book containing his prize essay, and was giving a spirited imitation of a trumpet call through it, while that well-behaved little sister of his was accompanying him by drumming on the table with a ruler, and all the others were engaged in some such cheerful occupation."

"We had just succeeded in restoring comparative quiet, when the lady arrived who always helps Miss Massingham. She is a rather helpless creature, without the least faculty of controlling children, but she knew what ought to be done, so she requested Elsie to keep the children singing, while she marked the register and took the money."

"What money is that? Is it a Savings Bank?" asked Jeannette.

"Those who prefer to pay in there instead of going to the regular Penny Bank can do so; but they have to subscribe a certain sum every week for the privilege of being members. As these children are not very poor, they pay a penny a week, but at some of the other Bands they say the subscription is only a halfpenny. In return for this they get an illustrated temperance paper once a month, and are taken free to the annual excursion in the summer; and generally have a magic

lantern entertainment two or three times in the course of the winter, to which only the members are admitted free. Others may come, but they have to pay for admission."

"It must cost Miss Massingham a good deal; we ought to have offered to help with the expenses."

"I had a presentiment that you would say that, Jeannie, so I inquired about it afterwards; but that lady, I don't know her name, says that they do not spend very much more than is covered by the children's pence; and the little extra is paid by contributions from a few outside friends. Their expenses would be much larger if they had not joined the Band of Hope Union."

"What difference does that make to their expenses?"

"They send down a lecturer occasionally, free of cost, except just travelling expenses; and the same with magic lanterns: if they do not require a man to lecture, a boy comes with the lantern, and they have only just his expenses to pay. They provide books and papers, too, at a discount; so that it is really a great advantage to join them."

"I wonder if any of their papers give hints for managing the ordinary meetings, and giving the regular addresses to the children; that seems to me the most difficult part of it."

"Oh, yes, they give a great many suggestions; I looked over some of the magazines while the singing was going on, and they give very good outline addresses, and all sorts of hints for meetings. There is an examination, too, every year, at which members of any Band in the Union may compete, and prizes and certificates are given for the best papers."

"Did you go on singing till it was time for the lecture?"

"No, as soon as they were quiet, and the money was all collected, the doors were shut, and there was a short prayer; and then a variety of entertainments according to a programme Miss Massingham had written out beforehand. First, a boy gave a recitation, and did it so remarkably badly that I could not restrain my feelings, and actually got up and gave them a lecture as to how he ought to have done it, which seemed to amuse them very much; then four little girls sang a song with a chorus about the evils of drink; and Elsie read aloud a short story which was provided for her; and before the entertainment had begun to flag at all, Mr. Morton arrived, and gave them a thrilling lecture

on 'A man, and how to be one,' illustrated with the most startling pictures of weak, sickly-looking youths smoking cigars, and dissipated looking, decrepit old men with pots of beer, and experiments with bones soaked in various fluids, or burnt, to show how they become weak and yielding, or brittle with improper treatment when young. It really was a very good lecture, and I was quite sorry when it was over. But there comes Elsie. What a remarkably long time it has taken her to walk home."

Elsie came in as she spoke, and, drawing up a low chair, sat down by the side of the couch.

"Jeannie," she said, after they had sat in silence for a few minutes, "I have been thinking it is just a year since Nannie and I were grumbling that we had nothing to do, hardly more than a year since you had your accident, and how much has happened since then! Life seems so much more interesting when one has plenty to do."

"I was thinking the same thing while you were both out this evening," replied Jeannie, as she laid her hand caressingly on Elsie's. "Who would have thought a year ago that Jack would ever take such interest in the poor boys here? We have to thank Nannie for that; I think she has beguiled him into it."

"And Mr. Morton," added Nannie.

"Yes, we won't deprive him of his share of the credit, though he does want to steal Elsie away from us. I think we have all learnt some lessons during this winter, and for my part I shall never forget how much I have to thank you two for. A year ago I felt unhappy and despairing at the thought of the long months of idleness before me, and then mother reminded me one day of those brave words of Jeremy Taylor's, a greater sufferer than I was ever likely to be: 'I must bear it inevitably; and by God's grace I will bear it nobly.' And then I determined to ask you to help me to live a useful life through this winter. You have helped me most lovingly, and by the time you both go away and make new homes for yourselves I hope I shall be quite strong again, and able to carry on some of your work; and at any rate you will have taught me the lesson that the happiest girls in the world are those who think least of themselves and aim the most at making others happy."

THE END.

## FLORA MACDONALD.

By LILY WATSON.

### CHAPTER II.

I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
Of hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly  
breach,

. . . And often did beguile her of her  
tears

When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
That my youth suffered. My story being  
done,

She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;  
She swore in faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing  
strange,  
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.—

*Shakespeare.*

WHEN Angus MacDonald came of age he established himself at Miltoun, South Uist, and Flora, who dearly loved her brother, often went to stay with him at the old home where

they both were born. She had now reached womanhood, and, from the portrait that remains of her, had evidently a charming face, bright and open, full of vivacity and kindness, framed in clustering curly hair. In later life she was described as of "middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence."

She and her brother were privately zealous adherents of the Prince's cause, and having been thrown into the society of one Captain O'Neil, a trusty follower of Charles Edward, she expressed to him an intense desire to see his Royal master. When, several months after this occurrence, Flora went to stay with Angus, in the summer of 1746, the two young people had but one engrossing topic of conversation, the woes and wrongs of the hunted scion of the Stuarts.

The stepfather, Hugh Armadale, was also in South Uist at this time, heading, half un-

willingly, a party of militia in pursuit of the Prince. Precautions of the utmost stringency were taken. It was known Charles Edward was in hiding there or near at hand; no one was allowed to quit the island without a passport, and war vessels swarmed in the channel between Uist and Skye. How could the unfortunate adventurer hope to escape the fifteen hundred soldiers in search of him, and the frigates and cutters coasting around?

Angus had not taken part in the struggle, because he was on a different side from his stepfather. His reluctance shows the good understanding that prevailed between them, for at that time it was not unusual for father and son to meet face to face in opposing regiments.

A pathetic story is told of one of the Prince's officers who had a son with the Hanoverian troops, and who, terrified lest he should see or hear of his death, had no peace



until he managed to take him a prisoner unhurt.

But the times were too restless and disturbed for women either to be travelling or to be alone at home. Flora had anxious thoughts about Mrs. MacDonald, left at Armadale House without her husband, and wished to return to Skye at once, under the escort of MacEachan, who was near at hand. But of this Angus disapproved on account of the perils by land and sea for his cherished sister.

In a dilemma, Flora rowed herself across to the little island of Benbecula, there to consult one of her numerous relations, Mrs. MacDonald of Ormaclade. She obtained considerably more than the advice she sought; namely, the information that Prince Charlie was in hiding not far away.

Oh, what excitement and amazement filled the girl's breast! "I would love to see him," she cried.

"Then ye may just be satisfied," returned her friend, "for he is close by, and O'Neil with him. Ne'er a body kens it, save MacEachan and myself, and we take the puir creatures food at dusk."

It is not easy to describe the passion of loyalty that rose in Flora's heart. The man on whom the eyes of all Scotland were fixed, whom the young and ardent woman regarded as the rightful heir to the throne, was actually near at hand, succoured by a kinswoman of her own! She begged to be taken to his presence, and Mrs. MacDonald readily agreed.

When the sun had set, the two women, carrying a little store of provisions, went forth together. The air was still warm, but fresh with the breath of the Atlantic. A wonderful lambent twilight suffused the world; and even those who were accustomed to the summer nights of the Northern Isles could not but feel the pathos of the tender hues on sea and wold, and the solemnity of the mysterious stillness that brooded over all. Strange meditations haunted Flora's mind; the infinite pitifulness of human life, the changefulness of destiny—nay, rather the stern working out of laws too strong for man to break, that had taken the crown from the Stuarts, and placed their heir in yonder miserable hut—who shall say what thoughts unspoken strove for ascendancy in the Highland maiden's breast, as she came to the shieling door?

It was almost a relief to find that only Captain O'Neil was within. He started up with pleasure to greet them. But Flora was concerned to see the alteration that a few months had produced; she would scarcely have recognised his worn, pinched face as the same she had seen hale and hearty a while ago. Then came the thought of the cause in which he suffered, and the loyal girl pitied him no longer. As they talked of the all-engrossing theme, a step was heard and Prince Charles Edward came to the threshold.

No *debutante* who curtsies to her Sovereign amid the glamour of a Court, feels more emotion than did Flora MacDonald upon the young man's entrance. Her own words shall be quoted from her "Autobiography":

"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 have been supposed."

Sir Walter Scott also testifies to this personal charm. "That Charles Edward had the advantages of a graceful presence, courtesy, and an address and manner becoming his station the author never heard disputed by any who approached his person." And one of

his followers, James Maxwell, of Kirkconnell, says—

"Everybody was mightily taken with the Prince's figure and personal behaviour. There was but one voice about them. Those whom interest or prejudice made a runaway to his cause could not help acknowledging that they wished him well in all other respects, and could hardly blame him for his present undertaking."

He was a tall, fair-haired youth with well-formed, regular features, and, as Flora has said, a noble bearing. In his presence one felt, despite his wretched clothing and surroundings, that he was of lofty descent, and there were not wanting some who complained that he exacted too much ceremony from those who were his companions in warfare. If this were so in the days when his fortunes looked brighter, it might well be forgiven, for he had been trained to believe in

"That divinity that doth hedge a king," and in his circumstances he needed to keep his privacy somewhat sacred from intruders. But nothing except grace and dignity marked his manner to his visitors. They rose at his entrance, while Mrs. MacDonald begged permission to present a young relative, "who may be of some service to your Royal Highness."

Although this met Flora's hearty wish, she was at a loss to conceive what her kinswoman meant. She was soon enlightened by the conversation that followed, for before her arrival it had been suggested that she might be of use in conveying the fugitive back with her to Skye. There the emissaries of the Duke of Cumberland were comparatively few, but at Uist, and the smaller islands, they swarmed both by land and sea; guards were posted at every outlet, and no one was allowed to leave without a passport. Unless the Prince could get away he must infallibly be discovered sooner or later, for the area within which he was known to be hiding was small, and the spies were many. But once safe at Skye without suspicion, he might hope to baffle his enemies, and in time to take ship for France. It was therefore proposed that he should accompany Flora to Skye, disguised as her female servant.

Eager as Flora was to serve the Prince, she hesitated to consent, fearing lest she should involve those nearest and dearest to her in ruin. Charles Edward, impelled by delicacy of tact as much as by natural agitation, rose hastily and left the hut, to pace up and down outside while the plan was further discussed.

O'Neil urged that with her trusty MacEachan and himself all would be safe, but Flora expressed a wish for the companionship of one of her own sex; she shrank from the loneliness of the journey across thirty or forty miles of sea in such circumstances. Great was her consternation when the Captain, suddenly throwing off all reserve, begged her to give him the right to take care of her by accepting him as her future husband. She had, it is true, noticed his attention to her when they met on the former occasion, of which mention has been made, but she little expected so abrupt a *dénoûment*, and could only return a firm yet gentle refusal. Like a gallant soldier he tried to stifle his disappointment, which was evidently shared by good Mrs. MacDonald, but there was no opportunity for further talk of so private a character, for the Prince re-entered.

"You hesitate, madam," said he, perceiving Flora's look of confusion and distress. "That is not wonderful. But let me remind you that from your stepfather, who, I hear, is commanding a party of militia not far away, you can obtain passports for yourself, a female servant, and MacEachan. Without such a passport I cannot leave the island; the channel is covered by ships of war, my foes are pressing me close, my strength is failing, and

though I would fain make a brave fight for it till the last, the end cannot be far off. I am loth to press you, but if you refuse to aid me I fear my cause is desperate."

"Will your Royal Highness grant me till tomorrow to think over the plan?" begged Flora, in great bewilderment.

"Certainly," returned the Prince; "but I ask you not to be over-anxious in the matter, for with the precautions we shall take I think my fair protectress will need to fear little danger."

Further discussion followed; then, respectfully taking leave of Charles Edward, Flora went home with Mrs. MacDonald, to bed but not to sleep. It was a more serious undertaking than at first sight appeared, for Prince Charlie dead was as valuable as Prince Charlie living, and less troublesome. "For his head," so ran the *brutal terms in which* the reward was offered, and suspicion once aroused on board one of the frigates in the channel might cost all the party their lives. But was it not possible easily to evade such suspicion by the proposed plan, and could she hesitate when her Prince was in danger? Flora decided that she could not, and met O'Neil the next day at an appointed place to signify her consent to the scheme.

And now her adventures were to begin in real earnest, for a party of militia in search of the Prince, with nothing in particular to do, and probably without much good temper to fall back upon, accosted her and demanded her passport.

"Passport! I have none," replied Flora.

"Then we must just take ye afore our officer," replied the chief in command.

Instead of being allowed to return to the hospitable home of Mrs. MacDonald, poor Flora was marched off to the cold comfort of a guard-house, where she was actually locked up all night. In the morning she was taken before the officer, and, to her great delight and their mutual surprise, she recognised her stepfather.

"What, my ain bonnie Flora, hoo cam' ye here?" he exclaimed. But he went on to say that he had been just about to send to Miltoun with orders for her immediate return to Skye. The country was so unsettled that she were best to be safe at home.

Without asking any questions, he prepared the passports she requested in the names of Flora MacDonald, MacEachan, and Betty Burke, the supposed Irish servant. He then wrote the following letter for Flora to take to her mother.

"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 she spin all your lint, or if you have any wool to spin you may employ her. I have sent MacEachan along with your daughter and Betty Burke, to take care of them.

I am, your dutiful husband,  
June 22, 1746. HUGH MACDONALD."

With regard to this supposed "Betty Burke," Hugh MacDonald asked never a word, but seemed to wish to avoid any confidence from his step-daughter. It is probable he knew who it was as well as she did, but he would have rued the day had it become necessary for him to seize the Prince.

Flora returned joyfully with the passports to Ormaclade, to reassure her terrified hostess, who must have imagined the worst possible catastrophes from the girl's non-appearance all night. The next duty was to concoct a disguise for Charles Edward; it consisted of a light quilted gown, a large white apron, a dun-coloured mantle and hood, and a cap with a broad border.



A six-oared boat with men was hired to convey "Miss MacDonald, a maid, and attendant" to Skye, and the two ladies, followed by MacEachan carrying the bundle of clothing, repaired to the hut to tell the Prince all was ready for his immediate departure.

Standing over a wretched fire of furze and dried leaves the descendant of the Stuarts was attempting to roast some scraps of mutton for his dinner. Flora and Mrs. MacDonald could not restrain their tears at the sight; but he replied to their expressions of pity in a brave and cheerful strain.

"Perhaps many a great man would be the better for having to undergo a little of this discipline," he said; "and to prove that I have learnt to be no mean cook, I will invite you both to share the results of my skill."

Flora was gratified to be placed at his right hand; and after the meal the disguise was tried on. The Prince laughed so heartily at the effect that his friends were afraid someone might be attracted to the spot. Then they separated for a little while, until the evening should make their enterprise safer.

At the appointed time they met for a picnic meal upon the shingle—a meal that must have been full of romantic charm to our heroine. Although a mass of clouds brooded in violet gloom upon the horizon, the sea was calm, and its dimpling plain seemed to allure them to their voyage. Supper was nearly over when their hopes were chilled by the sight of a servant rushing towards them in hot haste.

General Campbell and Captain Ferguson were searching Ormaclade for the Prince! Their departure had been timed not a moment too soon. Mrs. MacDonald hurried back to divert suspicion as best she could, and Flora, the supposed servant, MacEachan and Captain O'Neil repaired to the spot where the boat lay behind some rocks.

Flora viewed with apprehension the long stride and manly bearing of "Betty Burke" on the way; but her thoughts were soon diverted by the painful parting between the faithful O'Neil and his chief. The honest captain could not be of the party; there was no passport for him, and it was deemed foolish to peril more lives than were necessary. In many an adventure by flood and fell he had proved himself a gallant servant of the Prince, and the two were loth to separate. Yet Flora felt in her heart she was glad he was not to be with her on the voyage; the constraint caused

by the recent incident between them could not fail to be distressing to both.

Before they embarked she ventured to suggest to her august companion that he should hand his thick oaken stick to MacEachan, that not being an article usually carried by serving maids, neither would she allow him to secrete a loaded pistol under his gown. Like his father, Charles Edward had little notion of acting up to a disguise, and ill brooked the necessity of wearing one, but he amicably consented to Flora's wish. The last farewells were said, and the boatman pushed from the shore of Benbecula. Alas for any who count upon fine weather in the Highlands! The sky was darkening; white crests appeared in the distance on the tossing plain of sombre grey; a shrill wind hissed round the boat, and soon sheets of driving rain swept suddenly down, while the shore was veiled by hurrying mist. The prospect of thirty or forty miles of rough weather in the little boat added to the terror of a more pressing danger—the cruising war-ships. Thinking of the precious life in a manner entrusted to her keeping, Flora grew depressed and alarmed; the wind was rising very rapidly, and soon blew a hurricane, while the rain drove fiercely upon the unprotected voyagers. The boatmen were talking together in Gaelic, and looking suspiciously at "Betty Burke," until MacEachan thought it best to inform them who he was.

Their astonishment was soon swallowed up in the engrossing task of taking care of the boat, for the storm increased in fury, and the men, accustomed as they were to those wild seas, grew alarmed. In these circumstances Prince Charlie was the coolest of the party; he related strange anecdotes of his travels, and sang songs to amuse his companions; among others, one composed on the restoration of his great-uncle, Charles II.

The novelty of the situation and the noise of the storm could not keep Flora from sleeping, for she was worn out by fatigue and anxiety. When she awoke she found herself placed comfortably at the bottom of the boat, and the Prince carefully guarding her face by his outstretched hands, to prevent her from injury by the shifting of a sail. In every way that courtesy could suggest he tried to alleviate the discomfort of her position, but the thoughts of his "amiable preserver," as he called her, were rather turned upon his perils than her own.

Brief is the summer night in those high

latitudes, but long did it appear to the anxious Flora. Dawn came at last, and with it—welcome sight!—the mountainous outline of Skye arose before the voyagers. The wind turned into a favourable quarter, and they scudded towards Waterish Point, but as they approached the shore the alarming spectacle of a party of militia, posted at their proposed landing place, became visible.

Hurriedly the boatmen hauled down their sail, and rowed out to sea again, but such a suspicious proceeding at once aroused the attention of the soldiery, and shouts came from the shore challenging them to land, under pain of being fired at. The words soon received emphasis by the "ping" of a bullet whistling through the air; then came another and another.

"Pull lustily and do not fear the villains," cried Charles Edward to the boatmen. They managed to make him understand that their chief concern was on his account; but he replied cheerfully, and begged Flora to stoop down in the bottom of the boat. This she refused to do unless he would shelter himself in the same manner, so the two crouched low while the shower of lead came peppering about their heads, and the boatmen rowed with might and main until they were safely out of range.

Across a wide bay they steered their course to the shore opposite Waterish Point, where they put into a small creek for rest and refreshment. Willingly would they have landed here, but the inhabitants of a neighbouring village were evidently suspicious, and they were obliged to push off again.

The Prince's anxiety was all on behalf of his companion, and he tried to make her hard seat more comfortable by the help of wraps and a sail. Her own fatigue was forgotten in gratitude for the attention of one whom she regarded as rightfully her future King; but at last an end came to the weariful voyage. Near the estate of Sir Alexander MacDonald they landed without observation, and although the head of the house was away with the forces of the Duke of Cumberland, Flora hoped that his wife, Lady Margaret, might give them aid. While ostensibly a Hanoverian, Sir Alexander was half a Jacobite at heart, and it was with feelings of revived encouragement that the girl started to walk up to Mugstat, leaving the Prince in the boat.

(To be concluded.)

## INSIDE PASSENGERS; OR, THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF LUKE AND BELINDA.

By A LONDON PHYSICIAN.

### CHAPTER XIII.

POETRY IN PROSE.



YOU notice a difference, Miss Courteney, between this surface and any you have seen."

"Yes, it's not like the tongue. At least, not very. There is no tongue, and there are no teeth."

"Very good—very good indeed, Miss Courteney. Next time you see anyone bolting their food, just tell them you've been below, and that the stomach has no teeth; so that it's now or never."

Belinda stared.

"It is therefore clear that if the hard, solid

masses of food are not well pounded and broken up in the mouth it puts the stomach in a most unfair position, and eventually ends in dys-pep-sial. But now look at this surface, and compare it with the mouth. The tongue, for instance, is covered with little mounds of different shapes, the roof of the mouth with hard ridges, the pharynx with waving hairs."

"I call it, 'live velvet.'"

"A very good and original name, Miss Courteney. Well, perhaps you were too much agitated to observe that in our passage down the gullet the surface changed again and became perfectly smooth. Here, on the contrary, the whole cavern is everywhere honey-combed with pits."

"Yes, I am most anxious to hear about them."

"Perhaps the best way is to follow the course of the food. It first enters the mouth."

"After it is caught and cooked."

"Certainly, Miss Courteney," said Sutton, with some surprise, hardly accustomed to Belinda's unmannerly interruptions. "Then it is divided and pounded by the teeth, mixed with the saliva which digests the starchy portions, or rather turns them into sugar, coated with a sort of glycerine, passes from the mouth into the pharynx, and from that moment it is beyond the control of will. The whole of its further history takes place unconsciously and without an effort. No force of will can henceforth haste or retard its progress. The servants who do all this complicated work may be divided into two great classes. Those under the command of, and answerable to the brain for all they do, and those wholly independent of it—shall I say dependent on a higher authority still?—having received their fixed orders what to do under all circumstances at birth, and acting in strict accord-



every now and then to look at us, as if we could save them. They seemed to say, "Look at us; see how unfit we are for this, we who have been trained for so much higher work and nobler companionship." How could we interfere? But the remembrance is keen to rouse us when we see ill-treatment of noble things. You may have seen, as we have, grand pianos left open to collect all the dust of dancing, and found open in the morning—a very Desert of Sahara of dust and desolation. You may have seen, as we have, cups of tea cheerfully upset, and soaking amidst that delicate machinery which it would ruin, and the slight apology so charmingly received. But how about the manufacturer's feelings, whose property has been destroyed? How about the honour of those who have had a very valuable instrument trusted to them? Have

you seen, as we have, the piano made use of as a scaffold to stand upon to arrange flowers or pictures? Mr. Ruskin's burning indignation is great on any subject which rouses him, and I have sometimes thought he would say, "A far better and honestier thing to pick the manufacturer's pocket or break into his house and carry off his plate, or have a stand-up highwayman's fight for his watch and purse, for this entails some risk, and can be avenged by the laws; but behind his back to destroy his property and betray the trust which honourable men feel in each other's fair dealing, is what we prefer not to characterise." Even asses can kick and run away; and, as the delightful Mrs. Gamp remarks, "worms *will* turn and lambs *will* bite." But, though a legged thing, the piano cannot run; and though you may turn it easily, it will not turn on you. It is

entirely helpless in your hands, and is trusted to the love and care and honesty of those to whom it is sent.

So I pray you take the cause of this noble and passive thing into your own hands. For perhaps you have never realised what a grateful return a beautiful instrument makes for all the care bestowed on it. In loneliness and in sorrow, in care and in poverty, those who have loved it have used its golden key to enter a paradise of happier hours, nobler thoughts, more unselfish devotion. You will scarcely find a great master who has not so used this talisman against evil and sorrow.

Therefore, even if you cannot fully understand its language, respect it as an ambassador from a great power for the good of others, and treat it, as Hamlet says, "according to your own honour."

FLORA MACDONALD.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER III.

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires! what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band  
That knits me to thy rugged strand!  
Still as I view each well-known scene,  
Think what is now, and what hath been,  
Seems as to me, of all bereft,  
Sole friends, thy woods and streams are left,  
And thus I love them better still,  
Even in extremity of ill.

—Scott.



On arriving at the house of Mugstat, Flora was ushered into a room, where she was dismayed to see, besides Lady Margaret and a matronly friend, a lieutenant of militia, no other, indeed, than the officer a detachment of whose forces had fired upon the boat.

"You'll be on your way home from Miltoun, Miss MacDonald?" the tiresome man began, inquisitively.

A number of questions followed that kept her on thorns; but, at last, contriving to escape for a moment with Lady Margaret, she snatched a hurried whisper: "The Prince sits yonder by the shore."

Greatly alarmed, her hostess nevertheless controlled her face to calmness, and arranged so as to leave her two visitors together while she and Flora took counsel with old Mr. MacDonald of Kingsburgh, the factor mentioned before, who happened most fortunately to be in the house at the time. They also sent off at once for another Jacobite, a Captain Roy MacDonald.

In the garden a secret council of the four took place. Lady Margaret was in no small degree of consternation, for as her husband was, in appearance at least, a servant of the House of Hanover, he would be utterly ruined if it were known she had connived at Charles's escape.

One constantly reads of these half-hearted Highland adherents to the reigning house. They were opposed in judgment to a second restoration of the Stuarts, yet their hearts were with the lad who had come over to fight or his father's cause, and they hated the thought of seizing him for a traitor's death.

Mr. MacDonald of Kingsburgh was an out-and-out Jacobite, and offered to receive the Prince until another Jacobite, MacLeod, laird of the small isle of Raasay, should give him shelter. No time was to be lost, and the old gentleman, carrying a basket of food, set forth to find the fugitive, who started up at the approach of a stranger from his seat on the ground.

"I am come to serve your Royal Highness," hastily said the other, and the Prince grasped his hand in welcome.

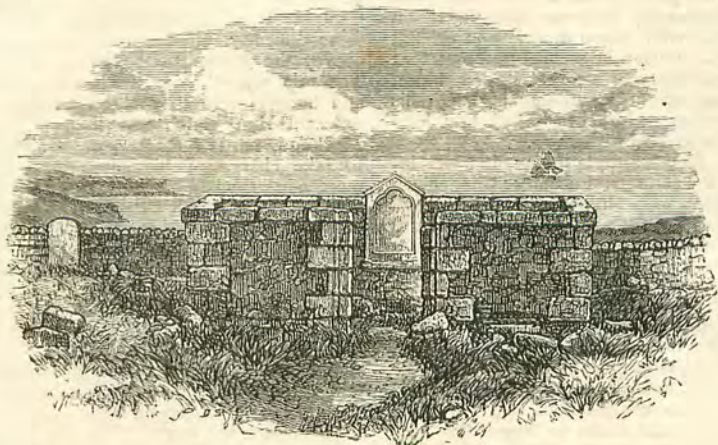
MacDonald then fell to unpacking the basket of provisions, talking meanwhile of the proposed plan, and urging that they should start together for Kingsburgh House directly the meal was over.

When it is remembered that these good people stood in danger of the penalty for high treason—namely, death—for their conduct, while betrayal of Prince Charlie would enrich them and their heirs, their conduct is more heroic than the somewhat prosaic details might at first sight lead one to imagine. Putting aside the rights of the question, a human being hunted, famished, and proscribed has claims on the sympathy of his fellow creatures that no earthly law can abrogate.

While the two were eating, and the Prince, always light-hearted, was joking merrily over his disguise, Flora was sitting wild with inward suspense at the dinner-table next to the

irritating young lieutenant. In the autobiography from which these details are mainly taken, she has left on record a very un-civil opinion of his mental qualities; but probably she thought him idiotic only because she was longing to be off and away to the Prince, to whom this sprig of gallantry was hostile. At last the apparently interminable meal was over, and Flora, after a feigned contest with Lady Margaret about leaving so soon, rose to take her departure. The lady visitor, who was let into the secret, being another MacDonald (how many of them are there in our story!) started with her two servants to ride a little way in the same direction, burning with curiosity to see the Prince.

Flora, being a Highland girl, was of course a capital horsewoman, and away the party cantered in the direction of Kingsburgh House, a few miles distant. They soon overtook Charles and his companion, and Flora was concerned to see the servants gazing with astonishment at the tall striding person in woman's clothes marching along by the old gentleman's side, trailing the calico gown through the waters of any brook that had to be crossed, or catching it up in a most ungainly fashion. Tenants met them here and there, and were scandalised to see the respectable factor with so uncouth a companion; some of them tried to stop and chat over local



FLORA MACDONALD'S TOMB.



matters with their worthy neighbour, but were reproved by him with "Hech, sirs, can ye no let alone talking of your affairs till another day?" Who could this Betty Burke be whom Miss Flora MacDonald was taking home? Surely a most undesirable addition to the household staff! The supposed mistress was on thorns, and was relieved when she parted company from her lady friend and the prying servants.

"If your Royal Highness is a Pretender, as they call you," observed Kingsburgh, "you are the worst of your trade that ever was seen."

With unspeakable relief the Prince, Flora, Kingsburgh, and MacEachan reached Kingsburgh House in safety at ten o'clock. This was a late hour in those parts, and good Mrs. MacDonald was just stepping into bed when a servant informed her of the arrival of her husband and niece.

"Tak' the keys to Miss Flora, and tell her she'll just excuse me till the morn'," the worthy dame replied, laying her head upon her pillow.

But she was not to be allowed to rest in peace. One of the household rushed upstairs in alarm, describing the great rough woman that the master of the house had brought with him. Next entered her husband, desiring her to come down at once. When she entered the room where sat the pretended Betty, she was almost frightened out of her wits, and sought an explanation outside as to this remarkable stranger.

When she heard it was really the Prince she seemed paralysed by terror. The dismal prospect of the certain arrest and execution of herself and all her relations first occupied her mind, to fade into the background before the dreadful thought that she had nothing but such fare as eggs, bannocks, bread, and cheese to set before her visitor. Then the very idea of sitting down to supper with Royalty was not to be tolerated. A plain country wife, how should she behave in this august presence?

Her husband laughed at her, and at length she was persuaded to reappear curtseying before her distinguished guest, and to sit down to the meal that, with the maid's assistance, Flora had prepared. MacEachan could not, however, be induced to leave the kitchen.

The recollection of that supper stands out in Flora's memory. After the rough night voyage and harassing day's journey it was deliciously restful to be sitting in this well-known house with the friendly couple, especially as her own private dream of future happiness was connected with their absent son. And it was delightful to have the Prince place her at his right hand, and treat her with the marked deference he always showed. He did full justice to the plain, plentiful meal, and made himself thoroughly at home, charming them all by his cheerful, pleasant ways and evident enjoyment. In fact, he seemed to forget that the unusual luxury of a soft bed awaited him, and insisted on sitting up smoking with his worthy host over a bowl of whisky toddy, long after the ladies had withdrawn.

It was a foolish scruple that made Flora insist upon the state guest chamber being given to the Prince, while she herself slept on a chaff mattress in a servant's room. The domestics had been sent off to bed before supper, but it would require a great deal of ingenuity to conceal from them in the morning that the awkward Irish body had been so sumptuously lodged, while her supposed mistress slept humbly like one of themselves. However, nothing could induce the girl to rest on down while he had a hard mattress. She remembered with some consternation that the boatmen who brought them to Skye had been allowed to go back to South Uist without any thought of the danger lest they might be ques-

tioned and obliged to confess. But it was too late to prevent it now, and the old proverb, "Dinna greet ower spilt milk," was appropriate to the case.

Charles Edward appreciated the soft bed, for he slept ten hours, and greatly exercised the minds of all the household who were not in the secret. When he had risen, Mrs. MacDonald drew off the sheets, which were of the finest linen made from yarn spun in her own house, folded them, and put them away in lavender, there to remain until they should be used as her shroud. She afterwards presented one of them to Flora, who kept it for the same purpose. Such incidents show the loyalty that reigned in these simple hearts for one whom they believed was by Divine right their future king.

Mrs. MacDonald expressed, in Gaelic, to Flora her desire for a lock of the Prince's hair, and when he understood what was going on he laughingly bent his yellow head to Flora, saying she might cut as much as she chose. She only took one lock, and that she and her friend shared between them as a treasure. Mrs. MacDonald's delight was complete when the Prince accepted her snuff-box as a parting gift.

And now, in order that the fugitive should not be traced, it was settled that he should change his clothes soon after leaving Kingsburgh, for which purpose his host presented him with the best Highland suit he could find in the house. It was necessary that he should depart in the character of "Betty Burke," and the sooner the better, so away they started among the prying comments of the servants, Flora on horseback; the Prince, Kingsburgh, and MacEachan on foot. As soon as they reached a wood, the Irish body disappeared, to emerge from the trees in the character of a Highland laddie, while his host carefully wrapped up the disguise to carry back to Kingsburgh House. It was afterwards divided piecemeal among the MacDonald clan, Flora's share being a piece of the gown, which she allowed a manufacturer to have, that he might make calico of the pattern—a purple flower on a white ground—to sell to the Jacobite ladies.

Some say that Charles Edward's sense of his "Divine right" was so strong that he took all devotion to his cause, all self-denial and peril incurred for his sake, as a matter of course, scarcely thanking those who were ready to lay down their lives in his defence. This does not appear from Flora's narrative to have been the case. Rather does he seem to have been keenly alive to all kindness shown him; and it was with ill-concealed emotion that he bade farewell to the gallant MacDonald who had given him shelter.

Charles, Flora, and MacEachan now dashed on as fast as possible to Portree, where the Captain Roy before-mentioned had, after some difficulty, hired a boat and oarsmen to convey the Prince to the island of Raasay. The rain poured down in torrents, and wet and hungry were they all on arriving at the miserable inn which was their destination. MacLeod, laird of Raasay, was waiting here to take charge of his guest, who without more ado attacked his supper like a famished man, and needed all Captain Roy's vigilance to prevent him from showing such recklessness about expense as to attract the suspicion of the surly old landlord. Gladly would Charles Edward have remained here all night rather than undertake another dark, drenching voyage, but he was not safe in a place where strangers passed in and out.

The preparations for departure were therefore carried on, while Flora sat by in melancholy silence. Anxiety on behalf of the Prince, the fear lest she might never see him again, and regret at parting from one who, during their three days' companionship, had shown

himself so courteous and charming, filled the girl's mind. How much would she have delighted to hear him talk of his early life, the historical personages whom he had known, his strange experiences at foreign Courts and in the tented field; but during their hurried, scrambling journey there had been little opportunity for conversation, and now their brief intercourse was over. Tears rushed to Flora's eyes as Charles Stuart came to bid her farewell, and he was evidently affected while, clasping both her hands in his, he thanked her for what she had done.

"Farewell, madam!" were his parting words. "For all that has happened, I trust we may meet in St. James's yet."

Then he kissed her on the cheek, and quitted her sight, as it proved, for ever.

The laird of Raasay and his Royal charge put off from Portree, leaving Captain Roy to baffle the crusty landlord's inquisitiveness as to the noble-looking stranger who had left.

The Prince's further adventures, though romantic enough to satisfy any lover of the marvellous, do not concern us here. He had many hairbreadth escapes by land and sea, but finally succeeded in reaching France about three months after his parting from Flora. Had it not been for her protection, he could scarcely have left Benbecula alive.

MacEachan who, throughout these wanderings, is Flora's faithful attendant, thought it better to hurry her homewards without delay, and on their ponies they started for Armadale House. The girl was worn with mental anxiety, bodily fatigue, and the indescribable feeling of "flatness" and depression that follows as a revulsion after an exciting adventure. During the latter part of their weary ride she could not restrain her tears, but she was comforted a little when she was overtaken by her stepfather, also on his way home. His face was careworn, and he was evidently, by his manner, aware of what Flora had been doing, though he said not a word. Might they only accomplish the next few miles in safety! but no: the consequences of her action were soon to make themselves felt. A party of soldiers suddenly rode up, headed by an officer, who accosted them, saying "he had a warrant to arrest one Flora MacDonald, a rebel lady, who was to be taken on board the Furnace Bomb."

"Rebel," indeed, thought she: her eyes flashed, the blood flew to her cheeks, and she was about to return a haughty answer, when, for the sake of her stepfather, she controlled herself so far as merely to inquire her offence.

"You are charged, madam, with having aided the escape of the Pretender," replied the officer, quietly; and he then informed her that the boatmen who rowed them from Benbecula to Skye had confessed everything on their return to Uist. Oh, how Flora regretted her carelessness in having allowed the men to go back without pledging them to secrecy! But resistance was useless, and she resigned herself to be conveyed on board the Furnace Bomb lying off the shore at no great distance.

General John Campbell, the commanding officer, happened to be in this ship, and spoke kindly to the prisoner. By his orders she was transferred to the sloop where he was quartered; and as this was anchored not far from Armadale, she was allowed to go on shore, guarded by an officer, to see her mother.

Pathetic was their meeting. The poor lady lamented that she would never see her bonnie bairn again, while the sight of all the dear familiar home objects cut Flora to the heart. But there was little time for talking. The interview of mother and daughter was perforce brief, and they had to collect the articles of clothing necessary for what might be a long, long absence. Katie MacDonald, the humble relation who has been mentioned



before, came rushing in as they were packing the trunks, and loudly declared she would go with Flora all over the world! Her companionship would be a great solace; and after a little demur the officer consented to take her with his prisoner to see if the General would allow her to remain.

As Flora was embracing her mother for a last farewell her favourite Skye terrier bounded into the hall and sprang upon her with loud barks of welcome. But when the creature shook aside his long hair, and looked up into her face, his eyes took the pathetic yearning expression that dog-lovers know well. So happy had the life of his mistress been that he had never seen her shed tears before; but now he knew something was amiss. His joyful barks died away as he licked her hands, and whined in piteous sympathy.

Poor Flora! It was a bitter parting, and she could scarcely walk down to the boat. The terrier followed, leapt after her, and had to be caught, and forcibly taken home.

What was her fate to be in the future that was veiled in such mysterious terrors? She was allowed to retain Katie, and found, to her relief, that her captors treated them both with kindness and respect. In a few days the "pretty young rebel," as she was styled, was landed with her companion at Dunstaffnage Castle, to pass a little while under the surveillance of a Captain Campbell and his wife. Then they were transferred somewhere else, and were so moved about from place to place, from ship to shore, that she could not afterwards recall all her changes of abode. One day, among some prisoners who were brought on board the ship where she was, she recognised the Prince's faithful adherent and her former suitor, Captain O'Neil.

"So we are both in like case, Captain!" she playfully cried, "but you are the more deserving of it; 'tis you I have to blame for all my misfortunes."

"Misfortunes, Miss Flora! never use such a word, but be proud of what you have done in the face of the whole world," he retorted. He gave her news of his associates in the adventure, news far from reassuring. Malcolm MacLeod and Kingsburgh were imprisoned at Fort Augustus. Flora had been traced to Kingsburgh House, and it had been found out that her supposed Irish servant slept in the best bedroom! Here was proof positive that it was no servant at all, and the host was straightway arrested.

Flora's two decided blunders about the boatmen and the best bedroom brought their own punishment on herself and others, as she bitterly reflected, but O'Neil tried to cheer her by his kindly light-hearted encouragement. They were soon parted, and she was conveyed on board the Bridgewater to the port of Leith, near Edinburgh. Here the fame of Prince Charlie's preserver had preceded her, and crowds of ladies and gentlemen came on board to see Flora, to her genuine surprise. A clergyman of their number writes:—

"Some that went on board to pay their respects to her used to dance in the cabin, and to press her much to take share with them in the diversion; but with all their importunity they could not prevail upon her

to take a trip. She told them that at present her dancing days were over, and she would not readily entertain a thought of that diversion till she should be assured of the Prince's safety, and perhaps not till she should be blessed with the happiness of seeing him again. Although she was easy and cheerful, yet she had a certain mixture of gravity in all her behaviour, which became her situation exceedingly well, and set her off to great advantage. She is of a low stature, of a fair complexion, and well enough shaped."

After two months in Leith Roads the Bridgewater sailed for London, and, much to Flora's dismay, she and Katie were landed at the Tower.

Imagine two Highland girls, accustomed to the free air of loch, mountain, and sea, immured in this gloomy fortress! No wonder Flora's heart sank, and she began to imagine she would never leave the stern portals until on the way to the scaffold. But she and Katie were lodged in rooms that, although small and low, were comfortably furnished; they were allowed at times to walk in the dismal garden, and were civilly treated, so that she soon found there was no reason for alarm. It was, however, a great relief when she was released, and allowed to take up her abode with Katie in a private family as a prisoner on parole.

One day an august visitor came to call upon her, no less a person than Frederick, Prince of Wales, attended by some members of his suite. He questioned her with gravity and kindness about her action in assisting the escape of Charles Edward, and appeared satisfied by her replies. Doubtless he used his influence in her behalf, for a few days after his visit a huge letter appeared, bearing the Government stamp and seal. Flora tore it open; it contained a free pardon.

And now she was transferred to the house of Dowager Lady Primrose, a Jacobite lady of fashion, where she instantly became the observed of all observers. Her head might easily have been turned by the admiration and homage she received, but she seemed innocently astonished at it, and was only anxious to return to Scotland, while the rough, impulsive, Gaelic-speaking Katie was strangely out of her element among London servants. The record Flora has left of her fashionable life is amusing; ball, rout, and kettledrum were little to her taste, and she states with simplicity that "to be in the fashion in London the people appeared to me to live more out of their houses than in them." She had one company gown that she remembers with affection. "A silk so thick and rich that it would stand alone," of a pale rose-colour, with alternate stripes of green shaded with brown.

She had more than one so-called "eligible offer;" but her heart was in the Highlands, and she was overjoyed when she heard that Malcolm MacLeod, Laird of Raasay, who had been brought to London in the expectation of being hanged for treason, was to return to his island pardoned, and would escort her and Katie to Skye forthwith.

"I cannot bear to lose you, my dear," said the good-natured Lady Primrose, on the eve of parting; "but I know you are longing to be back in your dear Highlands again. And

now I have a little surprise for you, child. Some of our Jacobite friends have subscribed a small sum for Prince Charlie's preserver to take back with her, and here it is," as she produced a silken purse. "It is fifteen hundred pounds. Nay, never look so shamefaced! You have deserved it well, and every penny has been gladly given."

The gift was, in truth, not quite to the taste of the independent Highland girl, but she accepted it to avoid offending her kind friend; and, laden with other presents and souvenirs of every kind, she set off for Scotland. With what delight did her eager eyes greet the first outline of the blue hills, and see the heather at her feet! And a climax came to her happiness when she was clasped once more in her mother's arms.

Life was henceforth to run smoothly for her. The joyful news, which had taken long to travel, came that Prince Charlie had safely landed on the coast of Brittany. Neil MacEachan, Flora's early playmate and trusty squire, had accompanied him, and now wrote full details of their exciting voyage, and the way in which they were chased by two British ships of war. The thought that the Prince was safe in France rolled off a burden from Flora's heart, and left her free to enjoy the personal happiness that was not long in coming. Allan-Kingsburgh left his regiment, and came home to settle down on an estate not far from his father's house. He and Flora had loved one another long; and on November 6, 1750, they were married.

Her life, surrounded by friends and cheered by lovely children, was bright and happy, and for many years was uneventful, save for the death of her good father-in-law, Kingsburgh MacDonald, in 1772. Allan and she now moved to Kingsburgh House, where on one occasion they entertained Dr. Johnson, and allowed him to sleep in the bed with tartan hangings that had held the beloved Prince.

In 1775 Flora and her husband, with some of their children, sailed for America, where Allan took part in the War of Independence, on the side of the "old country." They returned to Skye in course of time, and Flora lived to see her daughters happily married, and her sons settled in life.

On the 5th of March, 1790, in her 69th year, she died, and was wrapped for her burial in the sheet she had preserved so long for the Prince's sake. Her funeral was attended by about three thousand persons, and travellers still visit the Kingsburgh mausoleum, in Kilmuir Churchyard, to remember Flora Mac Donald with sympathy and interest. The very marble slab on which an inscription to her memory was engraved, sent by her youngest son to mark his mother's resting-place, has been carried away piecemeal by tourists, a mark of honour to the dead not to be commended.

The cause for which this Highland heroine risked her life no longer excites enthusiasm, but her devotion and quiet self-possession in time of danger are things to emulate. Even in the round of unromantic daily life occasion may come for their exercise, and it were well for us all to acquit ourselves in case of need as courageously, modestly, and unselfishly as did this last-century "Princess of Thule."

[THE END.]

## "THE FINSBURY INSTITUTE FOR CITY GIRLS."

By ANNE BEALE.

SUCH of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER as were interested in "Three Social Evenings," will be glad to hear that the city girls have a fine, roomy, new Institute. The Y.W.C.A. has moved them from their inade-

quate abode on one side of Finsbury-square, to No. 14 on the other. The 700 members will now have breathing space, since the whole house is theirs—or rather the Association's. It was well filled at the opening ceremonial,

and the square had the satisfaction of seeing the Lord Mayor, Lady Mayoress, aldermen and their wives, preceded by the mace bearer all resplendent in scarlet and gold, step out of their carriages upon the crimson cloth laid