VOL. XXIV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPT. 12, 1873.

NO. 4

FOREIGN BOOKS.

Sacred and Legendary Art. By Mrs. Jameson.

Father Gerard's Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot, Edited with his Life. By Rev. John

D.D. First and Second Series. 2 vols.,

cleth.....
Petri Privilegium; Three Pastoral Letters to the Clergy of the Diocese. By Henry Ed-

ward, Archbishop of Westminster. 1 vol.,

ties. By Canon Oakeley, M.A...... 1 50

Any of the above sent free by mail on receipt of price. D. & J. SADLIER & CO., Montreal.

LIMERICK VETERAN;

THE

THE FOSTER SISTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE O'NEILL." (From the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.)

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

Reckless of their own safety, Colonel St. John, aided by the faithful Dugald, who had been filled with surprise on witnessing the intrepid of the Highland clans, whose retreat must else averted by the French and Irish piquets who him to France. covered them by a close and continuous fire.

In the most intense agony, the Prince had witnessed, from the eminence on which he stood, his aged friend, the veteran St. John, severely wounded; and now, with large tears pouring down his face, he was doomed to behold the flight of his friends and followers and the destruction of his dearest hopes. At last, his tutor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, who had accompanied him from France, prevailed on him to seek safety in flight with the remainder of his forces, part of whem had left the field with something like order, their pipes playing and might possibly end the days of Lady Florence colors flying.

Leaving his unfortunate grandfather in the

care of Dugald, Maurice had sought the Prince. and, as soon as he had seen unhappy Charles hurried from the fatal field, he returned to the spot in which he had left the Marshal, strapped him to his own horse, and galloped off in order to make the best of his way to a place of shelter.

The unfortunate men who took the road to Inverness, in consequence of having to cross the moor, were speedily evertaken, and the five miles between that place and the field of carnage presented a terrible scene of slaughter. corpses and blood.*

The brutal Duke of Cumberland suffered the wounded men to remain on the field of battle, stripped of their clothes, from Wednesday until three o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, when he sent detachments to kill all who were still alive. The strength of a large number of these unfortunates had resisted the effects of the constant falls of rain, and the ferocious and vindictive Duke not only passed through this terrible field of blood with his staff of officers, but took a part in the tragedy. Fair complexioned as to countenance and bloated in form, he rode calmly amongst the ranks of the dying and the dead, and perceiving a young man, by name Charles Traver,

* By this time, says the writer of a contemporary letter, our horse and dragoons had closed on them from both wings, and then began a general carnage. The moor was covered with blood, and our men, what with killing the enemy, dabbling their feet in the blood and splashing it about one another, looked

like so many butchers.—Scott's Magazine.

Not contented with the blood shed in the heat of action, they traversed the field after the battle, and massacred those miserable wretches who lay maimed and expiring, some of the officers themselves assisting .- Smollett's History of England. Vol. 3, p. 229.

who had held a commission as Lieutenant- lot to undergo when fleeing from rock to rock, take the Prince to Portree, and from thence Colonel, lying wounded on the ground, but from island to island, to escape from his perseto Macleod of Raasay, who is devoted to his who raised himself as he approached, he incutors; very often in danger of being drowned, interests; meanwhile, I will myself go in search quired of him to whom he belonged.

"To the Prince," replied he. "Shoot that insolent secundrel! Major Wolfe," said the butcher Duke, to un officer

who was standing by.
"My commission is at the disposal of your Royal Highness, but I cannot consent to become an executioner," said the Major.

His commands were also ineffectual with two other officers whom he requested to shoot the unfortunate Highlander, but, perceiving a common soldier, he asked him if his piece was loaded, and the man replying in the affirma-tive, his command that he should shoot the young officer was at once put into execution.

How widely different was the conduct of the inhuman Cumberland and the English after the battle of Culloden, to the humanity and consideration of Charles Edward and his gallant followers towards their wounded enemies, when they were victors at Preston Pans and Falkirk.

Havoc and desolation were alike carried into the castle of the chieftain and the hut of the peasant. For penetrating through the Highlands, the Duke and his diabolical Commanderin-chief, General Hawley, advanced to Fort Augustus, laid waste the country with fire and sword, and women and children, whose husbands and brothers had been murdered, and whose houses had been burned to the ground, were turned out naked upon the barren heath to starve, and were seen shivering in the clefts of the rocks dying of cold and hunger.

Amongst the first acts of severity of the Duke of Cumberland was to hang up thirty-six deserters from the royal army. Nineteen wounded officers belonging to the Highland army were also dragged out of a wood in which they had taken refuge, the greater number shot, and the remainder who showed any signs of life had their brains knocked out by the brutal soldiery, whilst a hut containing a number of wounded Highlanders was set fire to, and not only was every one bayonetted who rival. attempted to escape, but when the building was burnt to the ground the remains of thirty men were found blackened by the flames.*

CHAPTER X .- THE FUGITIVE PRINCE.

When the chances of the day were observed conduct of the Marshal, rushed forward and by the faithful adherents of the Prince to go succeeded in bearing his inanimate form from so fatally against his cause, the French and the field of slaughter. For it deserved not to | Irish troops had vigorously exerted themselves be called a field of battle; and the confusion in helping him make good his retreat to the western coast, with the hope that he might have been converted into a disastrous rout, was there find a French vessel which might convey

> It was afterwards decided that the greater majority of the party should separate, in order the more perfectly to ensure safety.

> The anguish which was felt by Maurice St. John when he witnessed the death of the Marshal may be better conceived than described. He was soothed, however, by the reflection that the venerated remains of one so honored and beloved had not been left exposed to outrage on that field of carnage, but had received interment at the hands of Dugald and himself. But the dread that the tale he had to tell filled his heart with sorrow, whilst his mind was also discressed as to the fate of his brother Edward, whom severe illness had prevented from taking up arms in the fatal field of Cul-

> Thirty thousand pounds was the amount offered for the capture of Charles Edward. An enormous sum was this wherewith to tempt the poor Highlanders, amongst whom his lot was for a time cast. The English cavalry were on his track, the troops of the Duke were scouring the Highlands, and ships of war were cruising along the coast to intercept any vessel which might carry him away.

> Nursed amidst the luxuries which wealth bestows, and reared in the soft air of an Italian climate, it was a wonderful and strange thing that Charles Edward could brave and endure the unexampled privations which it was his

Jesse's Memoirs of the Pretenders, &c.

* "Human nature," says Mr. Jesse, "revolts at such sickening details. The condition of the prisoners who were at sea was even worse than at land. They were thrust, half naked, into the holds of the different vessels, where they slept on the stones which formed the ballast; their sole allowance of drink a bottle of cold water, their daily food ten ounces of an inferior meal. Several of them were put into one of the Scotch kirks, stripped and left to die of their wounds; and though one of the prisoners was a surgeon, his instruments vere taken from him to prevent him from dressing the wounds of his companions.

"Several of these men were put on board the Jane, at Leith, and left to die in lingering tortures; others were sent out to work as slaves in the Bar-

"These merciless inhumanities were independent of the legal executions; the details of the demoniac barbarities of the Dake of Cumberland and his followers would appear too dreadful to be credible were they not fully substantiated on the most un-doubted authority."—Jesse's Memoirs of the Pretenders and their Adherents.

exposed to the fury of the elements, sheltered of him." for a while in a poor hut in Benbecula, the door of which was so low that, as the Prince alone with her dangerous companion. The was tall of stature, they had to dig below it before he could enter.

"Yes, that will do. I quite admire the disguise, for it is perfect; and now I have put the last touch, I am convinced it will defy detection.'

She who spoke those words was a lovely Scottish maiden of not more than eighteen years of age. Small of stature was she, but her form full of grace and symmetry, her black eyes sparkled with intelligence, and her features, without being strictly regular, were nevertheless handsome; a profusion of chesnut ringlets clustered over her neck and shoulders, and her countenance beamed with an expression of innocent pleasure at the success of her handicraft. The person whom she addressed was to outward appearance a servant maid. awkward and ungainly enough in that strange attire; for before the maiden stands the unfortunate heir to three kingdoms, arrayed in a flowered cotton gown, a quilted petticoat, white lay an embargo on you the next time you come apron and a cloak of dun camlet, made after to Mugstat, and I shall compel you to pay me the Irish fashion with a hood, which the damsel had just disposed to her satisfaction.

This maiden was the brave and energetic heroine renowned for having aided the Prince in his escape from his enemies, and known to posterity as the celebrated Flora Macdonald. With one attendant whom Charles had attached to his service, she had embarked with him in a boat on the way to Skye.

The journey was not without its perils, from which, however, the little party escaped, and safely arrived at the Kilbride in the Isle of Skye. She warned the Prince that she must leave him alone on the beach whilst she went to the house of her kinswoman, the Lady Margaret Macdonald, to apprise her of his safe ar-

Attended then by Neil Mackeekan, she proceeded to the house of this lady, and, entering the apartment in which she was seated, discovered, to her intense alarm, that Lady Margaret was not alone; and her heart beat more wildly than was its wont when she discovered that the Lady's guest was Lieutenant Maclcod, whose militia was in the neighborhouse at that very time.

With the tact of a clever woman, however, Flora mastered her agitation, spoke of indifferent subjects, then answered with composure the questions he put to her, and contrived to play her part while the dinner was being served, though her little heart beat wildly enough, without exciting the suspicions of the inquisitive officer. Another visitor, too, was present, of a very different stamp; a generous, warm-hearted old Jacobite, as enthusiastic in the cause of Charles Edward as was Flora herself, and this was Alexander Macdonald of Kings-

Flora felt that it was impossible to withdraw Lady Macdonald from the room without exciting suspicion, so she had recourse to by-play, and, affecting admiration for some paintings in the room, she lured the old gentleman to her side, and put him in possession of her secret. "Is it possible! here, in Skye, and the mili-

tiz in the place?" "It is; watch an opportunity and let Lady Margaret know of his perilous position." Then, raising her voice, she again expressed her admiration of the landscape scene before her, and approaching Macleod, asking him if he was a connoisseur in works of art, she managed to break off his conversation with Lady Macdonald, and drew him to the further end of the apartment. The field was now clear, and obedient to a sign from Kingsburgh, the Lady, in wondering amazement, followed him from the

"I shall surprise you, Madam, by what I am going to say. Miss Flora has just informed me that the Prince, God bless him, is now on the beach."

A loud scream from Lady Macdonald followed Kingburgh's announcement. "Let me implore of you to be calm, Ma-

dam." "We shall all be ruined! I and my family

will be ruined for ever." "Not so, Madam. I am an old man, and quite willing to take the poor, hunted down Prince to the shelter of my own home. I have from Culloden; has he brought any news of

but one life to lose, and it matters but little the Prince?" whether I die with a halter round my neck, or whether I await a natural death which, in the course of nature, cannot be long distant. There himself." is one thing, however, in which your Ladyship's help will be of use."

Time flew on leaden wings to Flora when company of a young and fascinating girl doubtless had its charms even with the officer of the militia, but thirty thousand pounds was a stake at issue, which made him and others who were on the lookout exceedingly keen. The slightest noise made her tremble, and yet withal she had to keep up a running fire of small talk to beguile the time and conceal her agitation.

At length she found she could take her dearture without exciting suspicion, and Lady Macdonald, taking the cue when she approached to bid her farewell, affected to be extremely loth to part with her.

"When last you were here, my dear Flora,' said she, "you promised that the next time you came you would pay me a long visit."

"To-day it is impossible, dear Lady Margaret. You must hold me excused, for I much wish to see my mother and be secure in my own home in these troubled times."

"Well, understand, now, I shall positively a longer visit."

Then, kissing her hostess and extending her hand to the officer, she departed, attended by a maid and Neil Mackeckan, all three being on horseback.

They had not been long on the road before they overtook the Prince and Kingsburgh, whom they passed at a brisk trot, Flora urging them to increased speed in hopes that Charles might escape observation.

His awkward appearance and masculine gait however, attracted her maid's notice.

"I think," said she, "I never saw so impudent a woman in my life as the wench Kings. burgh is walking with. She's like a man dressed in woman's clothes. See what long strides the jade takes and how awkwardly she manages her petticoats."

Small wonder the Prince attracted the maid's notice; his strides were unnaturally long, and when fording a small brook which ran reross the road, he held up his woman's garb so awkwardly as to bring upon him Kingsburgh's remonstrances. Charles promised to walk with more care for the future, but in crossing the Lady Kingsburgh, in Gaelic. ext brook he fell into the other extreme, suffered his dress to float in the water.

Kingburgh's fears were then so thoroughly aroused that, striking out of the highroad, he took the Prince across the hills to his house, which he did not reach till eleven o'clock, wet to the skin with a drenching rain, and preceded by Flora and her companions. Leading Charles into a spacious hall, Kings-

burgh desired a servant to tell her Mistress that some friends had accompanied him home, and that she must come and receive them; but the lady was already in bed and sent an apology begging that the would make themselves welcome to all that was in the house.

No sooner had the servant left the room, than in rushed her little girl, exclaiming: "Oh, Mamma, Papa has brought home the

most odd, muckle, ill-shaken wife I have ever seen, and he's taken her into the hall, too!"

A few minutes later, and Kingsburgh himself entered the room, urging her to be quick and dress as speedily as possible. His hasty and mysterious manner led her at once to suspect that he had brought home with him some person of rank and distinction involved in the late troubles, and she hastened to complete her toilet, sending her little girl for her keys of which she was in want, but the child soon returned, exclaiming:

"I cannot fetch them, Mamma; the 'muckle | boat to carry him to Rassay. woman' is walking up and down the hall, and I'm afraid of her."

Full of curiosity, the lady at once hastened to the hall herself. When she entered, the Prince was seated at the further end, and rising, he advanced to meet her, taking her by the hand and kissing her cheek.

You may be sure she was both alarmed and surprised when she felt her cheek rubbed by the rough beard of a man.

Not one word did either of them speak, but the lady felt sure her suspicions were correct. and hastening to her husband, she said:

"I am positively certain, Kingsburgh, that that pretended female is no woman at all, but some unfortunate gentleman who has escaped

"My dear wife," said Kingsburgh, taking her hands within his own, "it is the Prince

"We are all ruined! we shall all be hanged!" was the reply.

"In what way, Kingsburgh?"
"Never mind, wife, we can die but once,
"Send immediately for Donald Roy, who and if we die for this, then we die in a good was wounded at Culloden. He is at present cause for we are performing an act of charity on this very spot; let him be in readiness to and humanity. Now go and get ready, as soon | Jacobite friends on various occasions.

as possible, eggs, butter, cheese and whatever clse you have in the house."

"Eggs, butter and cheese!" reiterated the lady, with a slight laugh; "a fine supper for a Prince, truly."

" Our supper, wife, will be a feast to him.-You do not know how hard he has fared of

late; besides, if we could make a grand meal of it, we dare not; the suspicions of the servants would at once be roused. Make haste with what you have got, and come to supper

"Me come to supper!" she exclaimed, "I ken naething how to behave before Majesty.' "You will have to come, wife," was Kings-

burgh's reply. "The Prince would not eat a bit without you, and he is so affable and easy, that you will find it quite a pleasant matter to be in his company."

With Flora on his right hand and Lady Kingsburgh on his left sat Charles at supper. He made an excellent meal, four eggs, some collops, and bread and butter being rapidly dispatched, together with two bottles of ale.

When the supper was finished, he pulled out of his pocket a small pipe worn to a mere stump, and as black as ink. "I have been a great sufferer from toothnehe," said he, "and I find relief from the use of tobacco."

Then the ladies withdrew, but the small hours of the night had set in before Charles Edward and his worthy host had prepared for rest. Conversation on the troubled past and the uncertain future beguiled the time; he had smoked to his heart's content and the punch bowl had been many time replenished.

The unfortunate prince had for so long a time been deprived of the comfort of a bed, that his sleep was prolonged for no less than ten hours, and when he at length arose, it was decided that the should quit the house in the same costume in which he had entered, in order not to awaken suspicion on the part of the As soon as he had finished dressing, Lady

Kingsburgh and Flora were summoned to put on his cap and apron and arrange his hood, he laughing heartily the while, as if he had been intent merely on a frolic. "Oh, Miss," said he, "you have forgotten

my apron; pray give me one, it is the principal part of my dress." "Ask him for a lock of his bair, Flora," said

of such a thing!"

"You are talking in Gaelic, ladies, what is it you are speaking of?"

"Lady Kingsburgh has requested me to ask for a lock of your Highness' hair," replied "And you are quite welcome to cut off as

much as you please," said Charles, as he laid his head on the lap of his fair preserver. Flora severed a lock from his head and presented half of it to her friend, keeping the rest

for herself.

Before he left the house, his host made him the very welcome present of a pair of shoes, and tying together the wretched old shoes the Prince had taken off, Kingsburgh hung them carefully on a peg, observing that they might be very useful to him on some future day * "In what way? I should be glad to know,"

inquired the Prince. "I will tell you. When you are fairly settled at St. James', I shall come and see you. to remind you of the night you were sheltered and entertained under my roof."

With the graceful case for which he was remarkable, Charles thanked Lady Kingsburgh for her kindness, and, accepting a small snuffbox "as a keepsake,,' he proceeded with his host to Portree, whence he expected to find a

As soon as he had gone, Lady Kingsburgh went to his bedroom, and taking the sheets from the bed, protested they should never again be used or washed, but that they should be laid aside for his own winding sheet.

As soon as Kingsburgh and the Prince had got some distance from the house, Charles withdrew into a thicket and exchanged his female attire for a Highland dress, and then prepared to part with his generous preserver, the boat which had been procured with much

difficuty being in waiting.

Bidding Flora an affectionate farewell, he

kissed her, saying: "For all that has happened, Madam, I

hope we shall yet meet at St. James'." Alas! reader, a very few days later, the noble and heroic girl was placed in custody and sent to London to be treated as the Government should deem proper; for it had speedily transpired that she had accompanied Charles in his wanderings.

The old shoes of the unfortunate Prince werepreserved," says Mr. Jesse, "with religious care by Kingsburgh as long as he lived, and after his death were out to pieces, and given by his family to his