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who had held a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel, lying wounded on the ground, but who raised himself as he approached, he inquired of him to whom he belonged.

lot to undergo when fleeing from rock to rock, from island to island, to escape from his persecutors; very often in danger of being drowned, exposed to the fury of the elements, sheltered for a while in a poor hut in Benbecula, the door of which was so low that, as the Prince was tall of stature, they had to dig below it before he could enter.

take the Prince to Portree, and from thence to Macleod of Raasay, who is devoted to his interests; meanwhile, I will myself go in search of him.

as possible, eggs, butter, cheese and whatever else you have in the house." "Eggs, butter and cheese!" reiterated the lady, with a slight laugh; "a fine supper for a Prince, truly."

THE LIMERICK VETERAN; OR, THE FOSTER SISTERS.

Reckless of their own safety, Colonel St. John, aided by the faithful Dugald, who had been filled with surprise on witnessing the intrepid conduct of the Marshal, rushed forward and succeeded in bearing his inanimate form from the field of slaughter.

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 bayoneted who attempted to escape, but when the building was burnt to the ground the remains of thirty men were found blackened by the flames.

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 arrival.

Small wonder the Prince attracted the maid's notice; his strides were unaturally long, and when fording a small brook which ran across 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 next brook he fell into the other extreme, and suffered his dress to float in the water.

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 servants.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

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

"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."

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.

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 difficulty being in waiting.

* 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.

† 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 naked, and left to die of their wounds; and though one of the prisoners was a surgeon, his instruments were 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 Barbadoes. "These merciless inhumanities were independent of the legal executions; the details of the demonic barbarities of the Duke of Cumberland and his followers would appear too dreadful to be credible were they not fully substantiated on the most undoubted authority."—Jesse's Memoirs of the Pretenders and their Adherents.

"We are all ruined! we shall all be hanged!" was the reply. "Never mind, wife, we can die but once, and if we die for this, then we die in a good cause, for we are performing an act of charity and humanity. Now go and get ready, as soon

"The old shoes of the unfortunate Prince were preserved," says Mr. Jesse, "with religious care by Kingsburgh as long as he lived, and after his death were cut to pieces, and given by his family to his Jacobite friends on various occasions."