

Flora MacDonald in North Carolina.

Flora MacDonald, whose name is ever fresh and revered in the minds of her countrymen, was only twenty-four years old and almost unknown except among a circle of friends when the wave of fame carried her on its bosom high up as a woman of sterling character and undaunted courage. This was owing to her daring adventure, when she stepped forward and undertook to save Prince Charles Edward Stuart from falling into the hands of his enemies. For this heroic work she has been justly considered one of the most patriotic women of her generation. This event took place between June 26th and 30th, 1746, in South Uist and Skye. But Flora's noble enterprise at the age of twenty-four went into history; yet Flora MacDonald as a leader and commanding figure at the age of fifty-four in North Carolina, shows greater power and personality, than when she saved the Prince who brought trouble and death upon thousands of her countrymen.

Her grand-daughter, Mrs. Wild, and Alexander MacGregor have written her life, and the press also has given many biographical sketches of her, but they only touched upon her career in America. But two years ago, Flora MacDonald's life in the United States was brought to light by Prof. John MacLean of Ohio, a distant relative to whom admirers of the heroine owe much. A review of it appeared in "The Caledonian."

In order to understand the character of this remarkable woman, we will take a bird's eye view of her life in both Scotland and America.

Flora was the daughter of Randal MacDonald of Milton, South Uist, and of Marion MacDonald, a daughter of a Presbyterian minister, Angus MacDonald, and was born at Milton in 1722; she was the only daughter, but had two brothers. Her father died when she was six years old, and soon after her mother married Captain Hugh MacDonald of Armadale, Skye; Flora stayed with her brother at Milton. She was known as an intelligent and vivacious girl, and was educated at the family seat



FLORA MACDONALD.

at Ormeclate for three years and afterwards studied at Edinburgh. Owing to her mother's residence in Skye, and her frequent visits to that island, she became an intimate friend of Sir Alexander MacDonald, Lord of the Isles, and his wife, Lady Margaret MacDonald.

After the defeat of the Prince and his Highland army at Culloden on April 16th, 1746, he had been chased through the Highlands by the government with a reward of \$150,000 for his apprehension, and it is ever to the honor of the poor Highlanders who knew of his whereabouts that they would not betray him nor take the reward. His arrival in the Long Island created great excitement. The government took every precaution to cut off his escape to France; warships were guarding the Minch to prevent any strange ship carrying him to the continent, while the islands were swarming with redcoats. Charles was expecting a warship from France to come for him, with the hope of raising an army there to

try once more for the crown of his ancestors.

It was at this time that Flora MacDonald was visiting the MacDonalds at Ormeclate for a few weeks after her return from Edinburgh. Old Clanranald sided with the government, but the MacDonalds of Ormeclate were in sympathy with the Prince. The latter was a few miles away, hiding in caves and huts, and cared for by shepherds and fishermen. His wretched condition, exposed to cold and hunger, was rehearsed to Flora and her sympathy was aroused. After due consultation with others, she formed her plans to save him from the redcoats by escorting him to Skye, and from thence he could escape to the continent. Her training and acquaintance fitted her for the task. On her return from Milton, after informing her brother of her plans, she was arrested and kept for a night as a prisoner, but was released next morning by her step-father, Captain Hugh MacDonald, who gave her a passport to Armadale, allowing her to take with her her servant, Neil MacDonald, a lad of sixteen, her Irish spinning-maid, Betty Burke, and a crew of six men. On June 26th, Flora was escorted to the cave where the Prince was hiding. She told him that she was willing to undertake the task of saving him from his enemies by escorting him to Skye, if he would be willing to be dressed as her Irish spinning maid, Betty Burke; to this he consented. On June 27th a boat with six oarsmen was waiting on the shore of Loch Iornernth, a distance of two miles from Ormeclate; Flora and Lady MacDonald walked along the shore, where, according to appointment, the Prince, dressed as Betty Burke, and her servant, Neil met her, and within an hour Flora and her company embarked on their dangerous voyage across the Minch to Skye, a distance of thirty miles. The whole channel was guarded by warships, but somehow the little boat managed to escape their notice.

On the way across the boat encountered a thunder-storm, which threatened to sink the craft. At dawn, on June 28th, they reached Vaternish, but were prohibited from landing by MacLeod's men, who riddled the sails with bullets, but owing to the expert seamen, they were able to pull

the boat out beyond the reach of the showers of bullets, and proceeded around Dunvegan point until they reached, on the 29th, Kilbride, within a short distance of Monkstadt, the seat of Sir Alexander MacDonald, the Lord of the Isles. Flora being a familiar friend of Lady MacDonald, she and the servant, Neil, went to Monkstadt, while the prince was conducted to a cave near their landing place. Flora informed Lady MacDonald of the secret which greatly alarmed her as there were a number of soldiers in the drawing room, among them Captain John MacLeod in command of a company of Militia. On learning that they had come from Uist, his suspicions were aroused, but though he examined the boat, he failed to find Betty Burke. Notwithstanding his misconduct and questions to Flora, her deportment and fascinating manner throughout the ordeal, won the esteem of the officer, and she had the honor of being escorted by him to dinner. Lady MacDonald advised that the prince should at once be removed to the house of Kingsburgh, the factor of Lord MacDonald some miles away; this was instantly carried out at the time Flora was conversing with her hostess and the soldiers at the table. Within an hour, Flora arose from the table and intimated that she must hasten to Armadale to her mother who was ill. Lady MacDonald felt concerned, and reluctantly allowed her young guest to leave. Part of the way Flora and her servant Neil were accompanied by Mrs. MacDonald of Kirki-bost and two servants, all five riding on horseback. Flora requested the party to ride faster in order that they should not see the route of the Prince. One of the servants said that he looked like a man dressed in woman's clothes. After several hours riding through the rain, Kingsburgh, Flora and the Prince arrived safely at Kingsburgh's residence late at night. Next morning the three, the Prince, Flora and Kingsburgh journeyed on foot to Portree, a distance of fifteen miles; about the middle of the way, the Prince with Kingsburgh went into a secluded place, where the Prince changed his female dress for a suit of a Highland gillie, after which Kingsburgh returned home. The Prince and a herd boy proceeded to Portree, Flora taking a different route for the same place. At Portree the Prince bade fare-

well to Flora, saying, "For all that has occurred, I hope, madam, we shall meet at St. James yet." He never communicated with her afterwards, nor recognized the obligation due her, though he lived for forty-two years after parting at Portree.

Flora, after leaving the Prince, spent a few days with her mother at Armadale, and then went back to her brother's home at Milton. On the return of the boat to Uist, the crew was arrested, examined and the facts became known. Flora was summoned to return to Skye to give an account of her conduct to MacLeod of Talisker. Her friends urged her to ignore the summons and hide herself in the mountains, but she declined, declaring that she had done nothing of which she was ashamed, and was ready to appear before any government official, and answer any charges that might be instituted. Unprotected and alone, she responded to the summons of Captain MacLeod, who permitted her to visit her mother at Armadale, but on the way she was arrested by a party of soldiers, and conveyed a prisoner on board the *Furnace*, where she remained twenty-two days. After this she was confined for ten days at Dunstaffnage Castle, where she was treated with kindness by the Governor and his family. From the castle she was taken on board the *Bridgewater*, which conveyed her to Leith, and from Leith she was taken to London. Flora by this time had become famous, and was regarded as a heroine, and treated with the utmost courtesy. After a short confinement in the London tower, the government feeling that the British people sympathized with the fair prisoner, knew that it would be unwise to commit her to the common gaol, and therefore turned her over to the custody of friends, who became responsible for her appearance when demanded. For a year Flora remained a prisoner; on the passage of the Indemnity Act in 1747, she was set at liberty. On receiving her freedom, she became a guest of honor of Lady Primrose and was there visited by the most respected people. A purse of £1500 was presented to her as well as dresses and many other gifts of great value.

Before leaving London she succeeded in gaining the liberty of Alexander MacDonald of Kingsburgh, who had been for a

year a prisoner in Edinburgh for giving a night's lodging to Prince Charlie. Finally Flora with Neil MacDonald, in a coach and four started for Edinburgh, and from "Auld Reekie" she went to Inverness, and thence on horseback she journeyed to her mother at Armadale. After resting for several weeks with her mother, many friends were visited, and Sir Alexander MacDonald and Lady Margaret rejoiced to see her. She visited Kingsburgh and many other familiar places, and received a royal welcome from all.

Between Flora and Allen MacDonald, the son of Alexander MacDonald of Kingsburgh there had been a fond attachment from youth; it was arranged by Lady Margaret that they should marry, and on November 6th, 1750, the loving couple were united at Flodigarry, the festivities lasting a week. Flodigarry was known as one of the most romantic spots in Skye, and at this place they remained until the death of Kingsburgh (Alexander MacDonald), when they removed to the old homestead. But the father had sustained heavy losses in consequence of the part he had taken in the Prince's cause; he was imprisoned and his property confiscated. Allen as the representative of his father became involved in serious financial difficulties. He was highly respected and known as one of the most handsome and powerful members of the MacDonald family. Boswell and Dr. Samuel Johnson visited Kingsburgh, being attracted by the fame of Flora, and spoke in high terms of the host and hostess. Dr. Johnson said: "We were entertained with the usual hospitality by Mr. MacDonald and his lady, Flora MacDonald, a name that will be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honor. She is a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners and elegant presence." Boswell states of Allen of Kingsburgh that he "was completely the figure of a gallant Highlander, exhibiting the graceful mien and manly looks, which our popular Scotch song has justly attributed to that character."

Bishop Forbes described Flora as having "a sweet voice, she sings well, and no lady, Edinburgh-bred, can acquit herself better at the tea-table than she. Her wise conduct in one of the most perplexing scenes that can happen in life, her forti-

tude and good sense are memorable instances of the strength of a female mind, even in those years that are tender and inexperienced."

The MacDonalds' financial losses led them to think of coming to America, and Flora was willing to sacrifice everything for her husband's comfort, and to follow him wherever he could better himself. North Carolina had been for a long time a tempting field to Scotchmen, and soon after the rising of 1715, many shiploads of Highland settlers founded their homes at Cape Fear, and after the Battle of Culloden in 1746, a great immigration was led by MacNeil of Jura, the people having been driven from their homes by oppression. These immigrants were of the best type, strong, enterprising and deeply religious. Previous to this in 1739, Neil had brought from Argyllshire, three hundred and fifty, and settled them near Cape Fear; others came to North Carolina, and settled on Cross Creek. There was a North Carolina mania for emigration which pervaded all classes. It is stated that as many as fifty-four vessels full of emigrants from the Western Highlands sailed for North Carolina between April and July in 1770. In 1771 five hundred from Islay and adjoining isles sailed for America. In 1772 the great MacDonald emigration commenced and continued until the outbreak of the American Revolution. At this time the MacDonalds outnumbered any of the other clans in North America. A person passing through North Carolina inhabited by the Scotch Highlanders would meet with many a warrior who had fought at Preston, Falkirk and Culloden.

The MacDonald emigration swept Allen and Flora MacDonald into its current. In making their domestic arrangements, a son and daughter were left with friends, the other children accompanied their parents. They sailed on board the ship "Baliol" from Campbellton, Kintyre, for North Carolina in August, 1774, and after a favorable voyage landed at Wilmington. Flora's fame was as great among her kindred in this country as in Scotland, and a royal welcome was given to her; a large ball was held in her honor at Wilmington. Soon after landing, the family proceeded to Cross Creek, the capital of the Highland settlement, and as they approached the

Highlanders came out in great numbers, and with the sound of the pibroch, escorted the heroine into the town. The laird of Kingsburgh had decided to become a planter, and going further into the country, bought land, and settled on the estate which he called Killiegrey. Here the family established itself, and Flora felt assured that she and her family could spend their remaining days in peace and happiness. She and her husband were the most commanding figures among all their people, and their influence was everywhere felt and acknowledged. They worshipped in the old kirk with their clansmen, having as their minister Rev. John MacLeod, and Flora was an earnest member.

THE RISING OF THE HIGHLANDERS IN 1776.

But Flora was scarcely settled in her new home when the storm of the American Revolution burst in all its fury, and the MacDonald family did not long remain neutral.

On the breaking out of hostilities, the Scotch Highlanders became an object of consideration to the contending parties; they were strong in number and their warlike spirit was known to all. British messengers were sent among them to enlist their sympathy; though it was known that they were strongly inclined to the royal cause, yet they did all in their power to secure their goodwill, even appealing to their religious natures.

On the other side the Highlanders were visited by American patriots, among them General Lachlan MacIntosh of the Georgia Highlanders, who was born at Badenoch, Scotland in 1725, but had been in America since the age of eleven. He used every argument in his power to induce his countrymen to remain neutral in the impending conflict, as the wisest course for them. While the agents of the British government appealed to their love of their native land, and reminded them of the oath of allegiance taken by their fathers and brothers after the battle of Culloden, General MacIntosh reminded them that they had no attachment to the reigning House of Hanover, that they had come to another country to better their condition, and advised them to remain quietly at home, and he would guarantee them safety and peace. Though his appeal seemed to have won

them over, yet some of the young men of Clan MacDonal'd and Clan MacLean, assisted by Kingsburgh and others, overturned the good that had been accomplished.

Located at Cape Fear among the Highlanders, were wise, patriotic and public-spirited men, who were determined to resist all encroachments, and they became active in impressing upon their neighbors the duty of maintaining their liberties and resisting the oppression of the British government.

The King's governor went so far as to enroll the North Carolina settlers into active British service; money, positions of trust, land, as well as other inducements were promised to those who would rally to the British flag.—Editor.

(To be continued.)

MR. ARCHIBALD MURRAY RICHMOND.

Mr. Archibald Murray Richmond, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of East Orange, N. J., died on July 2d, in his ninetyeth year, at the home of his son, Rev. Dr. George L. Richmond, Boonton, N. J. Conscious that the time of departure was near, a few weeks previously, he went to Boonton to spend his last days in happiness with his children and grandchildren, and when the end came, he passed away in peace, trusting in the Lord. The day before he died, he would not allow his son to assist him to his armchair, some eight feet away, saying "I can do it myself," and he did, and when he had sat looking out of the window for more than half an hour, he walked back all by himself, refusing any assistance—which was an index to his Scotch independence through life. Mr. Richmond was a representative Scotsman, a lover of what was true and noble, and a great admirer of his native land. We will miss his genial face and wit and humor, for he seldom came into the office without a smile, and left leaving us all laughing. The world is made better by having such men as dear Mr. Richmond.

Mr. Richmond was born in Cumnock, Scotland, in 1823, and came to this country with his parents at the age of nine years. Like many of the Scotch boys of that time, he was employed by the Hartford Carpet Company, then became a clerk in Frederick Ely's store, and soon after became engaged in business for himself.

In 1860 he removed to New York and founded the business which is now carried on under the name of Richmond Brothers' Company of Newark, N. J. Of sterling integrity



ARCHIBALD MURRAY RICHMOND.

and Scotch perseverance, he was eminently successful, and continued to be actively engaged in the business to the very last.

In 1844, he was married to Margaret Law, who was also born in Scotland, and with whom he lived in loving union for sixty-four years, and who died only three years ago. Four sons and one daughter were born to them, the late H. Murray Richmond, of East Orange; the Rev. George Law Richmond, D. D., pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Boonton, N. J.; Arthur A. Richmond, of Chatham, N. J.; the Rev. Charles Alex. Richmond, D. D., LL. D., Crancellor of the Union University of Schenectady, N. Y., and Mrs. James Turnbull, of East Orange. Sixteen grandchildren and two great grandchildren unite in doing honor to his memory.

Mr. Richmond was a member of the Central Presbyterian Church of Orange, N. J. Of decided convictions and confident faith, he lived an upright life and died a triumphant death. Two sayings which were often on his lips were, "It might be waur" and "Nil Desperandum." This union of Scottish and Latin proverbs is an index to the controlling motives of his life.

GENERAL BOOTH IS DEAD.

All churches throughout Christendom mourn the departure of the head of the Salvation Army, on August 22. He was the greatest organizer of his generation.

Flora MacDonald in North Carolina.

(Continued)

On June 30th, 1775, Governor Martin in a letter to Lord Dartmouth said he could collect among the emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland 3,000 men, and begged permission to raise a battalion of a thousand Highlanders, and asked leave to recommend Mr. Allen MacDonald of Kingsburgh as Major, and Alexander MacLeod as Captain, "who being men of great worth and good character, have most extensive influence over the Highlanders."

Previous to this the American patriots only sought a redress for grievances, and few saw the outcome. The Highlanders had viewed the matter from a different standpoint; they failed to realize the craftiness of Governor Martin in compelling all who had recently arrived to take the oath of allegiance, which with all the sacredness of religion, they felt to be binding. The Declaration of Independence had not yet been proclaimed, Washington was in Massachusetts near Boston, and patriotic Americans were continuing their petitions to the British throne to take knowledge of their trouble. The Highlanders failed to realize the condition of the country, they lacked foresight, and seemed to have forgotten the injuries and oppression they had received from the House of Hanover who had hanged their fathers on the gallows. And further they seemed to have forgotten the kindness and assistance rendered to them by the colonists at the time of their landing in a new country. Some of these Highlanders had been destitute; it is recorded that a shipload of Highlanders were stranded in Virginia, and were received with the utmost kindness by those who now were the American patriots, many of whom were their own countrymen.

Flora MacDonald and Kingsburgh, her husband, should have refrained from participating in this conflict. Allen's age and past experience should have induced him to remain neutral; but instead of that he and his wife took the wrong side in the struggle, and, as we shall see, brought disaster and ruin upon themselves and their

family, though doubtless they acted conscientiously.

The British authority in Boston sent Donald MacDonald to take military command of the Clans, and for several months he worked hard gathering the settlers together; he was commissioned by Governor Martin as Brigadier-General, with Allen MacDonald second in command, as Major General. MacDonald issued a manifesto as commander of his Majesty's forces, for the time, in North Carolina. It was like the Fiery Cross over the sand hills and pine forests, summoning the Clans to the standard of the King. Night balls were held that the people might come together, and be properly enthused. "The war spirit of Flora MacDonald was stirred within her; night after night she attended the meetings, addressed the men in their native Gaelic, and urged them to enter the King's army. During the day on horseback with her husband, she went from house to house, and used her persuasive powers to excite the slow, the indifferent and the doubtful to action. To her personal appeals the success of the gathering was largely due."

At last the time came for the gathering at Cross Creek; the Highlanders had come from far and near, from the wide plantation and the lonely pine forests, with the claymore at their sides. It is estimated that from two to three thousand assembled. When dissension and discouragement were shown, Flora MacDonald arose equal to the emergency; on the public square, near the royal standard, she made a powerful address in Gaelic, in which she dwelt at length upon the loyalty of the Scots, their bravery, and the sacrifice her people had made; she urged them to duty, and was successful in exciting all to a high military pitch. When she had concluded, the piper asked her what tune he should play; like a flash she replied, "Give them 'Leather Breeches.'"

On February 18th the Highland army took up its march for Wilmington, and as the regiments filed out of Cross Creek, Flora MacDonald reviewed them from un-

der an oak tree. Then mounting her snow-white charger she rode up and down the marching columns, encouraging the soldiers. She had given freely for the cause; Allen, her husband was major, her son Alexander was captain, and Alexander MacLeod, her son-in-law, was colonel. The soldiers marched gaily along, with drums beating, flags flying, and pipes playing, as they sang the songs of their native land.

Flora MacDonald continued with the army for four miles, and it was with great difficulty that her husband at last persuaded her to return. Then she bade him adieu, with tears, and an earnest prayer that he might be kept in safety, and soon returned to their home at Killiegrey. Then once more encouraging the soldiers, she turned back to Cross Creek, and soon went to her home at Killiegrey, where she remained till the estate was confiscated by the Americans, and she removed to a plantation on Little River, with a Mr. Black and family; this was her residence until she left America.

BATTLE AT MORRIS CREEK BRIDGE,
FEBRUARY 27, 1776.

The army of the colonists under General Moore, took possession of Morris Creek Bridge, and gained an advantageous position. With a larger army they forced the Highlanders either to fight or retreat. General MacDonald called a council of war, and the majority of the officers were opposed to facing the enemy, which was two-thirds stronger in number than themselves, and was defended by entrenchments, and protected in front by a stream that was impassable except by a narrow bridge. But the younger officers would not yield, and at dawn they faced the enemy, and about seventy of them rushed over the bridge in front of the army, and sword in hand, stormed the works. About twenty passed the bridge, but were killed on the other side. It was impossible for the remainder of the army to follow; the Highlanders lost seventy, killed and wounded, while the patriots had none killed and only two wounded. The victory was complete and lasting; the power of the Highlanders was broken, and there fell into the hands of the Americans eight hundred and fifty prisoners with all their arms, and a box of guineas amounting to \$75,000. Some escaped from the field by

breaking down their wagons, and riding away. All the soldiers taken were disarmed, and ordered to return to their homes immediately. Nearly all the chief officers were made prisoners, Allen MacDonald of Kingsburgh and his son Alexander among them, and were confined in the jail at Halifax, North Carolina.

THE RESULTS OF THE BATTLE.

This was the first battle fought on North Carolina soil; it kindled the flames of patriotism among the Americans, and animated them with fresh hope and increased valor, and yet the leaders of the patriots treated the Highlanders with the utmost consideration.

But it is not our purpose to enlarge on the result of the victory, but to call to mind the effect it had upon Flora MacDonald, her husband and family. Allen MacDonald, his son Alexander, fifteen captains, one lieutenant, and five minor officers were sent as prisoners to Philadelphia and from there to Reading. In August, 1777, Allen was permitted to go to New York to arrange an exchange for himself and his son. Kingsburgh proceeded to New York, and during the month of November, succeeded in getting an exchange, and in the fall of 1778, he left New York for Halifax, Nova Scotia, and joined the Royal Highland Regiment; he remained with this regiment till 1783, when he returned to Skye as a captain on half pay.

Flora MacDonald felt the disaster of the Highlanders, and the imprisonment of her husband and son most keenly. She was denied the privilege of visiting her husband, and never saw him again in America. And yet, notwithstanding the reverses and ruin, there was not a word of bitterness nor unforgiveness uttered by her. Her character is worthy of admiration; she had helped bring on the conflict, all her sons were in the British army, her only married daughter was settled in a home of her own, and her daughter Fannie, was an invalid, and too young to sympathize with her in her distress. Her position was most trying, she was an object of suspicion, and her every movement was noted. She was not arrested, but was summoned to appear before the Committee of Safety; during her examination she "manifested a spirited behavior," and was permitted to

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THE

C A L E D O N I A N

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Flora MacDonald

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return home in peace. However, if any person was seen in her company, it was sufficient evidence that the party was disloyal to the American cause. Added to all her trials, she was called to mourn the loss of a son and daughter, aged eleven and thirteen, who died of typhus fever, and were buried at Killiegreay.

Under all these adverse circumstances Flora continued calm, peaceful and resigned. Her husband managed to have a letter delivered to her in which he advised her to return to Skye. It was her wish to remain in America, though in distress, but she yielded to her husband's desire, and left at the earliest opportunity. She secured a passport from Cross Creek to Wilmington, thence a passage by vessel to Charleston, South Carolina. Not having enough money for her journey, she sold some of her silverware which was given her when a prisoner in London. In 1779, accompanied only by her invalid daughter Fannie, of all the ten children born to her, she left Charleston on board a British vessel. Crossing the Atlantic the Scottish heroine met with another misfortune; the ship, in which she sailed, en-

countered a French war vessel. During the engagement that followed, Flora refused to go below, but remained on deck. When the courage of the men began to fail, she ascended the quarter-deck, during the fiercest of the battle, and encouraged them to stand by their guns. She was thrown violently down during the fight, and her left arm was broken, but she still refused to leave, and did not cease her encouragement of the sailors until the French had been routed.

On reaching Scotland, Flora went at once to her brother's home in Milton, and after her husband's return at the close of the Revolution, they went back to Kingsburgh House, where she remained until her death on March 5th, 1790, at the age of sixty-eight. Her funeral was the largest ever held in Skye; the procession was a mile in length. Her husband died five years later, and was buried by the side of his wife, Flora, "who honored him with her heart, and for forty years lavished on him all the wealth and all the generous impulses of a truly noble and generous nature."—Editor.