

(Continued from preceding page.) and the maiden. Without any indignity or suspicion they reached the place of their destination about sunset weary from the storm and perils of the preceding night, and the escapes and journeys of the day. The next morning Flora accompanied the Prince to Potares, and there bid him adieu. On parting he kissed her, and said, "Gentle, faithful maiden, I entertain the hope that we shall yet meet in the Palace Royal." They never met again; the hopes of the Prince were as unsubstantial and evanescent as the shadows of the clouds, and the fogs that rest upon the hills. His escape was the work not of his chivalry or courage, but of woman's tenderness, and the loyal feelings of Scottish hearts.

Servant To Poor Man
"From Portree, the Prince took passage to Raarsay; and from that island he went to Strath McKinnon, having for his guide a poor man, Malcolm McLeod, whose pack he carried as a paid servant to escape observation. From thence, he took passage by water to Arasag, and then wandered through Arasag and Moedart and the roughest of the Highlands, enduring incredible hardships, till about the middle of autumn he found vessels to convey him and a few friends to France, leaving Scotland as unattended as he entered, hopeless of his crown, multitudes of his friends butchered, and others beggared or in exile, his resources all exhausted, himself the scorn of France and pity of the world. With him sailed to France Neill McDonald, who assisted in his flight from Uist, and had shared his fortunes during his wanderings. The enthusiasm of his fair kinswoman dwelt in his bosom, and spread itself through the youth of the Highlands, and rendered the capture of the Prince more hopeless; after the exploit of the maiden and the two ladies McDonald, who would hesitate to give him succor and conceal his retreat? Neill McDonald remained in France; and his son became famous in the wars of the French Revolution, being made marshal by Bonaparte and for his success created Duke of Tarentum. Had the unfortunate Charles Edward possessed a spirit to command, equal to the courage and daring of his friends, the house of Stuart might now occupy the throne of England.

Flora Is Arrested
"After the escape of the Prince to France, the troubles of Flora McDonald commenced. Incensed at the loss of their victim, and not satisfied with the possession of the kingdoms, and the acquisition of the plan of necessity may be justified, the officers of the crown to have seized the Prince in his flight, and conveyed them to London as state prisoners, for sending from the island the cause of the late disturbance, routed, broken down and discouraged, and at once delivering the crown from further cause of uneasiness, and the country from agitation. Flora was arrested and together with Malcolm McLeod, whose pack the Prince had carried, McKinnon of the Strath, who received him from McLeod, and McDonald of Kingsburg, who aided Flora on the 29th of June, were taken to London and confined in the Tower as prisoners of state, to be tried for their life, as aiding and abetting attempts against the life and crown of King George. The example of the young lady in rousing up her countrymen, however friendly to the house of Hanover, to promote the escape of one whom they could not, and perhaps on account of his religion, would not make king turned the indignation of those who had just splendid reward offered for the Pretender dead or alive, upon herself and her friends. During their confinement, the nobility of England became deeply interested in the beautiful and high spirited Flora, especially as she was not a partisan of the Pretender, nor of his religious faith. Her devotion to royalty, so romantically expressed, won the favor of Prince Frederick the their apparent, great-grandfather of Victoria, the present queen of England; visiting her in prison, he became enlisted in her favor most strongly; she awakened in his bosom the chivalric gallantry she had called forth in her countrymen; and by his strenuous exertions he procured her release, greatly to his own honor and the prosperity of the kingdom, and the popularity of the king.

"After being set at liberty, her residence, while she remained in London, was surrounded by the carriages of the nobility and gentry, who paid their respects personally, congratulating her on her enterprise, her courage, her loyalty, and her release. Lady Fitzroy, a favorite of the Pretender, a lady of wealth and distinction, introduced her to the court society and by her example and influence obtained large presents to make her forget her captivity, and to meet the expenses of her detention and her return to her own country. The tradition in Carolina, where she afterwards lived, is that "she received golden ornaments and coin enough to fill a half bushel." She was introduced to the king, George II.; and to his somewhat ungallant inquiry—"How could you dare to succor the enemy of my crown and kingdom?" she replied with great simplicity—"I was no more than I would have done

for your majesty had you been in like situation." A chaise and four were fitted up for her return to Scotland; for her escort she chose a fellow prisoner, Malcolm McLeod, who used afterwards to boast, "that he went to London to be hanged—but rode back in a chaise and four with Flora McDonald."

Married To Allan McDonald
Four years after her return to Scotland she was married to Allan McDonald, son of the Laird of Kingsburg, who, at the death of his father, succeeded to the estate and title; and thus she became mistress of the very mansion in which the Prince passed his first night in the Isle of Skye, June 29th, 1746, after the romantic escape from Uist. Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell, in their tour to the Hebrides in 1773, were hospitably entertained by Allan and Flora McDonald, and were greatly gratified by being put to sleep in the same bed in which the unfortunate Charles Edward had slept the night he passed upon the island. Flora, though then more than twenty years a wife, and the mother of numerous children, still retained her blooming countenance and genteel form, and was full of the enthusiasm of her youth. On account of the pecuniary embarrassments of her husband, they were then, the doctor tells us, in his journal contemplating a removal to North Carolina, to join their countrymen and friends on the Cape Fear river, sent thither immediately after the rebellion of 1745. From that period the sandy country of the Carolina had been the refuge of the Highlanders, whether they fled from poverty or oppression, or were drawn by the desire of being independent landholders and wealthy men. In the year 1776, just as the troubles in the American colonies were turning into rebellion against the tyranny of England, and the assertion of independence of all foreign control, Allan and Flora with their family and some friends, landed in North Carolina and took their abode for a short time at Cross Creek, now Fayetteville. The place of her residence was destroyed by the great fire that swept off a large part of the town one Sabbath in the summer of 182—. The ruins of this dwelling are still to be seen as you pass from the market-house to the court-house, on your right-hand, just before you cross the creek, not far from the office built out over the stream. After a short stay in this place they removed to Cameron's Hill, in the Barbours congregation, about twenty miles above Fayetteville, in Cumberland county. While residing at this place, Mr. McDonald was killed by a party of British soldiers, from whom much of the information regarding Flora was derived. Her memory lives.

"A writer who visited the cemetery in September, 1841, says: there is not so much as one of that family in the land of the living. At the end of two years the body of her husband was deposited in a grave by her side, where, alas, all her offspring now silently slumber. Thus is Flora McDonald, she who once was beautiful as the flower of the morning, now reposing beneath a green hillock; and no monument, as yet, has been erected to perpetuate the memory of her faithfulness or her achievements! Thus the beauty of the world shall pass away!"
"Though no monument be erected in England or in Scotland to her memory; though no page of English history shall mention her worth, because displayed in an unpopular cause, though from the time of that ill-planned and ill-fated rebellion, the whole policy of England towards her native country has been to annihilate the habits, and the very language and dress of the Highland, and of her youth, her memory will live in North Carolina while nobleness has admirers, and romantic self-devotion to the welfare of the distressed can charm the heart. And will not that be for ever? Will not posterity admire her more than Prince Charles who led his followers to slaughter? or George II., who envied the popularity of his own son? and draw more instruction from her romance, and affection and boldness, and devotion, and womanly grace, and feminine loveliness, than from all the court of England that fill the histories of that by-gone period?"

Defeated By Lillington.
On their march down the river the forces of General McDonald were met by Colonel Lillington and Caswell, near the mouth of Moore's Creek, in New Hanover, and after a severe engagement, on the 27th, were entirely routed and dispersed, taken prisoners or killed. Among the prisoners was the husband of Flora, who served as captain.

"After the release of her husband from Halifax jail, the place of confinement for the officers taken in the battle, having suffered much in their estate from the plunderings and confiscations to which the Royalists were exposed, they with their family embarked in a sloop of war for their native land. On the voyage home, the sloop was attacked by a French vessel of war; and as the engagement grew warm the courage of the sailors deserted them, and capture seemed inevitable. Ascending the quarter-deck, she stimulated the men to renew the conflict with activity and courage, nothing daunted by a wound she

received in her hand. The sight of the courageous and wounded woman aroused the spirit of the crew to the highest pitch. Having beaten off the enemy, they landed Flora and the family safe on their native soil, from which she never again departed. She used sometimes to remark pleasantly on the peculiarity of her condition, "I have hazarded my life both for the house of Stuart and the house of Hanover; and I do not see that I am a great gainer by it."

A Gentle Woman Withal
To the close of her life she was of a gentle, affable demeanor, and greatly beloved; her modesty and self-respect were blended with kindness and benevolence. There were none of the masculine passions and habits, or tempers, so commonly connected in our thoughts with acts of bravery performed by females. She was always womanly in her course, and always lovely. The mother of a numerous family, five sons and two daughters, she inspired them all with her spirit of loyalty and adventure; the sons all became military officers, and were faithful to their king and country; the daughters were married to military men, and maintained their loyalty and their honor, as true descendants of such a mother. Loyalty in those ladies and no servility in it; it was a sense of the necessity of a firm and established government to execute laws for the peace of the community and a conviction that a restricted monarchy was the best form of government, and that a hereditary was better than an elective crown. The most desolating wars in the history of their country had been waged by disputants for the crown.

"The eventful life of this amiable lady was closed March 5th, 1790. We have no record of the mental and religious exercises of her last moments. She was educated, lived and died in the Presbyterian faith, the faith of the Church of Scotland; and never sympathized in the religious creed of the Pretender, whose life she saved. It was not so much admiration of the Prince, as a character or a man, as the workings of her own kind heart and noble soul in looking upon her hereditary Prince in distress, that moved her to the romantic and hazardous enterprise of his escape from Uist. An immense concourse of people were assembled at her funeral; not less than three thousand persons followed the corpse to the grave in the cemetery of Kilmuir, in the Isle of Skye. According to a request long previously expressed, her shroud was made of the identical sheet in which the Prince reposed the night he slept at Kingsburg, thus carrying to her grave the romantic spirit of her youth."

Her Memory Lives
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"Massachusetts has her Lady Arbella; Virginia her Pocahontas; and North Carolina her Flora McDonald."

Indifference
The besetting sin of the average American citizen today is indifference. He is to such a large extent absorbed in his own work of making a living and promoting the interests of his own firm, that he ceases to realize his greater and graver responsibilities to the Nation as a whole. Many people are indifferent to the National aspects of business, and to the elimination of those dangerous barnacles which attach themselves to business. If every citizen were to take a direct and vital interest in his government—National, State, or Municipal; participate in the selection of his representatives; keep close watch on legislation; know the action of his representatives; and exercise his privilege of criticizing or commending these representatives, we would have a very much better government.—Seymour L. Cromwell.

"We Need More Payrolls"
(Wilson Mirror.)

About a hundred and fifty years ago—perhaps further back than that—some old citizens, in discussing the prospects for development and progress in eastern North Carolina, made the solemn and portentous declaration: "What we need is more payrolls."

And ever since that time, we've been repeating the same thing, over and over again. You can hear it in Washington and you can hear it in Greenville. You can hear it in Wilson and also in Goldsboro. No matter where you may go in eastern North Carolina, you'll hear men proclaim, "Yes we've got a pretty good town here, but we need more payrolls."

Let's go back to Old Man Noah for a moment. He was a grand old character in many respects, although it must be admitted that he had his weak spots. Information came to him that a great flood was about to descend upon the earth and that unless he wished to establish a long-distance and non-stop swimming record, he'd better build an ark for himself, family and live stock.

What did Noah do? Did he stand on the banks of the creek, with his family gathered about him, and declare to them: "We need an ark?" And did the members of his family turn to one another and say: "By George, the old man is right; we do need an ark!" And then what did they do? Did they write articles for the papers over the signatures of "Old Subscriber" and "Taxpayer" and endeavor to prove conclusively that what that particular community needed was an ark?

Not by a long shot they didn't. Noah girded up his loins and the members of his family girded up their loins, and they set collectively upon their collective hands and then—They proceeded to build the ark! It seems to us that a result of the propaganda which has been spread throughout this section for the last hundred and fifty years, that everybody is pretty well convinced that we need more payrolls and that we ought to get more manufacturing plants. We believe that by this time even the most stupid and thick headed citizen in our midst is convinced of the fact that we need more payrolls.

Now let's look at this thing from a commonsense point of view. It is a self-evident fact that we need more pay rolls. Everybody admits it and nobody denies it. Consequently we will consider it an established fact.

We need pay rolls. We need manufacturing plants. We need mills. Perhaps we may be wrong in the matter; perhaps we are taking too much for granted, but it would seem to us that the logical thing for the various communities of eastern Carolina to do would be to get more payrolls, to get more manufacturing plants and to get more mills.

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Z. V. Snipes

DUNN, NORTH CAROLINA

THERE IS A GREAT SATISFACTION

It is worth much to know that you are getting the best goods your money can buy when you make the seasonal purchases of wearing apparel. In late years there has come to the market so much that looks good, but is not good, that the purchaser unskilled in detecting inferiority has to be wary.

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