tall, shaggy man, in leather leggings and a tattered cloak of Confederate gray, who was standing near me.

"Don't it grow whar you come from?" asked the man, with the usual inquisitiveness of thinly peopled regions. On learning that I was a stranger from the old country, he became exceedingly courteous, and told me that the moss I had inquired about was very common in that State, and was much used by the people for stuffing seats and cushions and bedding, being first boiled to kill it. He said it seemed to feed upon the air. You could take a handful and fling it over the branch of another tree, and it would grow all the same.

After a sail of some hours we reached a point from which a railway runs in a southwesterly direction, traversing part of the "Scotch Country." Here we got into "cars," and were soon bowling through the lonely forest on the narrow iron bed, sometimes over tracks that were irregularly covered for miles with still water, in which the trees and bushes that rose from it stood reflected as on the bosom of a lake. Now and then, at long intervals, we stopped at some little wayside station in the forest, with its cheerful signs of human life, its casks of turpentine and its piles of corded wood, around which the pines were being hewn down and cut, some of them into bars, others into cheese-like sections, for splitting into the shingles that are used for roofing instead of slates or tiles. Occasionally the train stopped in places where there was no station at all, to let some one out at the part of the forest nearest to his home. The conductor, who was continually passing up and down through the cars, stopped the train, whenever necessary, by pulling the cord that is slung along the roof of all American trains and communicates with the engine.

We now began to get up into the higher country, amongst forests of giant pines, where the ground was rough, and where the sandy soil, looking in some places like patches of snow, seemed, for the most part, untouched by the hand of man. It was into these vast solitudes, of which we had as yet but touched the skirt, that the Highlanders, driven from their native land during the religious and political troubles of the last century, had come to find a home.

North Carolina was long a favorite field for Highland emigration. More than a hundred and forty years ago, when Alexander Clark, of Jura, went out to North Carolina and made his way up the Cape Fear River to Cross Creek, he found

already there one Hector McNeill, (known as "Bluff" Hector, from his occupying the bluffs over the river,) who told him of many others settled farther back, most of them exiles from Scotland, consequent on the troubles that followed the downfall of the Stuarts, some of them Macdonalds who had been fugitives from the massacre of Glencoe. The numbers were largely increased by the failure of the Jacobite Rebellion in 1745. The persecution to which the Highlanders were subjected after the scattering of the clans at Culloden made many of them eager to escape from the country; and when the government, after the execution of many captured rebels, granted pardon to the rest on condition of their taking the oath of allegiance and emigrating to the plantations of America, great numbers availed themselves of the opportunity. They were followed gradually by many of their kith and kin, till the vast plains and forest lands in the heart of North Carolina were sprinkled with a Gaelic-speaking population.

In 1775, the Scotch colony received a memorable accession in the person of Flora Macdonald, who, with her husband and children, had left Scotland in poverty to seek a home with their friends in the American forests. The heroine was received at Wilmington[1] and at various points along her route with Highland honors; and the martial airs of her native land greeted her as she approached Cross Creek, the little capital of the Highland settlement. She arrived, however, at an unhappy time. The troubles between Great Britain and the colonies were coming to a head, and in a few months hostilities began.

It is somewhat singular that many of these Highland colonists, the very men who had fought against the Hanoverian dynasty at home, were now forward to array themselves on its side. But they had been Jacobites and Conservatives in Scotland, and conservatism in America meant loyalty to the King. Many of them, however, espoused the cause of independence, and the declaration prepared in the county of Cumberland, immediately after the famous declaration of the neighboring county of Mecklenburg, has many Highland names attached. The crafty Governor, fearing the spread of anti-British sentiment, and knowing the influence of Flora Macdonald amongst the Scottish settlers, commissioned one of her kinsfolk, Donald Macdonald, who had been an officer in the Prince's army in

[1]At Wilmington a public ball was given in her honor.