1745, to raise a Highland regiment for the King, and gave the rank of captain to Flora's husband. This identified the heroine with the Royalist party, and had the effect of securing the adhesion of hundreds of gallant men who would otherwise have held back or joined the other side. When the royal standard was raised at Cross Creek, 1,500 Highlanders assembled in arms. Flora, it is said, accompanied her husband, and inspired the men with her own enthusiasm. She slept the first night in the camp, and did not return to her home till she saw the troops begin their march. The fate that awaited this gallant little force is known to all readers of history. It had got down the river as far as Moore's Creek, on its way to join Governor Martin, when, finding further advance checked by a force of Revolutionists under Lillington and Caswell, while another under Colonel Moore was hurrying up in pursuit, it was driven to attack the enemy in front on ground of his own choosing. In the first onslaught its officers fell, confusion ensued, and after a severe struggle the Highlanders were routed.[1] Flora's husband was taken prisoner and thrown into Halifax jail.

Many of those who escaped are said to have joined another Highland regiment which was raised for the King under the title of the North Carolina Highlanders and fought the Revolutionists till the close of the war. So deeply had they identified themselves with the royal cause that when the war was ended most of them, including Flora Macdonald and her husband, left America and returned to Scotland. Those who remained in the settlement, divided by the war, were soon reunited by peace, became, as in duty bound, good citizens, and resumed the task of taming the savage wilderness in which they had cast their lot.

When the troubles between North and South were gathering to a head in 1860, the Highlanders, with their conservative instincts, were almost to a man opposed to secession. But, taught to believe that their allegiance was due primarily, not to

[1]J. A. McAllister, of Lumberton, N. C., says:
"In connection with the Battle of Moore's Creek, it may interest a good many to know that the capture of Gen. Donald McDonald was effected by William Whitfield and his brother-in-law, Williams. This fact I learn from the genealogical record of the Whitfield-Bryan families. It is stated in the record that William and his brother, Needham Whitfield, both took part in the battle. William belonged to the light horse. He and Needham were sons of William Whitfield and his wife, Anne Bryan, and there are but few families in North Carolina more numerous or more highly respected."

the Federal Government but to the State, no sooner did North Carolina go out, than they, with Highland loyalty, followed; and no men crowded to the front more eagerly, or fought more valiantly or more desperately to the bitter end.

Almost every man of those I met had served in the Confederate Army, and had left dead brothers or sons on the battlefield. Others, following the example of those who had left Scotland after the downfall of the Stuarts, and America after the triumph of the Revolution, had left the States altogether, and gone off to Mexico.

Amongst those I found at Wilmington was one who was a fine specimen of the material that the Highlands have given to Carolina, a spare, dark-visaged, soldierly fellow—Gen. William MacRae—whose personal valour and splendid handling of his troops in battle had caused him to be repeatedly complimented by Lee in general orders.

He seemed to belong to a fighting family. His eight brothers had all been either in the army or the navy. Their father, Gen. Alexander MacRae, had fought in the war with England in 1812, and, on the outbreak of the War between the States, though then a man of seventy years of age, again took the field, and commanded what was known as MacRae's battalion. He died not many weeks after I parted from him at Wilmington. He was the grandson of the Rev. Alexander MacRae, minister of Kintail, two of whose sons fell fighting for the Pretender at Culloden. The others emigrated to North Carolina, and one of them, Philip, who had also served in the Prince's army, cherished so deadly a hate of the English in consequence of the atrocities of Cumberland, that he would never learn the English language, but spoke Gaelic to the day of his death. The family settled in Moore County, which is part of what is still called the "Scotch Country."

The Life of Flora Macdonald was published by her granddaughter in the form of an autobiography, said to be based on family records. The following is the passage in which the Scottish heroine is made to describe the episode in her life connected with America:

"In 1775 my husband put in practice a plan he and I often talked over—that of joining the emigrants who were leaving their native hills to better their fortunes on the other side of the Atlantic. We were induced to favour this scheme more particularly as a succession of failures of the crops and unforeseen