

The Battle of Cullodon ended the ill-fated rebellion of Bonnie Prince Charles. Since 1371 his forebearers had ruled Scotland, and since 1603 England, too. But Charlie's grandfather had been a Roman Catholic, and had been deposed, and both of his aunts were dead. No Stuart had ruled since 1714.

In the Rising of '45, the Prince sallied forth from the safety of France and sought his rightful crown in his ancestral homeland. The highlanders rose in the north of Scotland and ran to the banner of their charming Prince.



THE REALLY, REALLY BIG LITT/LANG END-OF-YEAR WORKSHOP BASH

FRIDAY, APRIL 25TH, 4:27-6:03 PM

IN THE TRLC-MPR

With his doughty Scotsmen, Charles won a skirmish or two, but was utterly routed at the battle of Culloden.

In retreat the Prince was hunted like a dog. He ran to the highlands and then to the western isles – the Hebrides – and there he hid in a cave on the Isle of Skye.

To his aid came the bold and beautiful Flora MacDonald, a Scots woman of old. Honorable, proud, and unbowed by self-proclaimed authority, she found and fed her prince, gave him shelter, and eventually assisted him to safety.



It's a sweet story, and one well worth commemorating. So commemorate we have done.

Across the campus small yet meaningful mementoes of Flora & the Prince have been scattered.

To find them seek out the campus lairs of people interested in literature; look toward the floor (as the defeated Charles looked toward the dank cave floor); and find the tokens of wisdom – tokens inspired by a different age. Take one, take two, and remember.

