

## *Charles Edward Stuart*

He was not worth the thirty grand  
they offered that they might hang him high.  
Fuddled by cannon-blast and five-star brandy  
from the cellars of cool President Forbes  
he crawled shivering over misty Skye,  
a schoolboy funkng an initiative test.  
There would be no insignia on his peacock breast,  
nor garter glittering at his slender thigh.  
Over the sea he had left brave men to die  
in agony within earshot of Culloden Moor,  
and already Captain Caroline was down in the glen.  
Lame Lochiel would not now reach marathon.  
The hungry eagle searched the barren Cuillins.  
And Flora MacDonald? How could she fancy  
that tipsy fugitive lispng in ruffled lace,  
now a liability? To save his pretty face  
she exchanged garments: and, the transplant  
deeper than the actual shawl, he was shipped  
to duty-free booze and death in sunny Italy.

LORN M. MACINTYRE.