

Literature.

THE JACOBITE LOVERS.

A TALE OF THE YEAR 1745.

BY ISABELLA A. SMITH.

NEVER was city placed in such terror by the advance of hostile troops as Edinburgh, on the remarkable 16th of September, 1745, as the news that Prince Charles Edward was advancing at the head of his army reached the inhabitants. After his landing at Loch Luccart, on the 24th July, with only seven followers, the brave Chieftain Lochiel, with several other heads of powerful clans, attended by a numerous body of retainers, hastened to join him; and the Lowland General, Sir John Cope, apprised of this circumstance, marched toward them at the head of a considerable force; but at the very moment when the two armies should have met in battle, the courage of the Lowlanders completely failed them, and the General was compelled to retreat, leaving the open and defenceless country at the mercy of the insurgents. Two dragoon and two militia regiments, who flattered themselves with the belief that they should be able to hew in pieces every Highlander who should venture to penetrate beyond the fortress of Stirling, showed at first great determination, and it was hoped that Edinburgh would hold out against the enemy. This hope, however, proved delusive; for at the first sight of a detachment of Highlanders, who levelled arms at them, the terrified dragoons, struck by a sudden power, stumbled backward one upon another, and bearing the infantry along with them, precipitately fled. As their terrible enemies were too near to the city for them to think of taking refuge there, they galloped furiously through it, and deemed it not prudent to suspend their retreat until they were twenty miles distant. This hasty and cowardly flight of the organized troops was the very worst example for the city-guards, who were inexperienced in war and military duties; and the confusion, disturbance and horror that reigned everywhere, were consequently such as it is impossible to conceive. In one quarter, a great number of militia were drawn up in battle order; but their ignorance, irresolute looks and downcast countenances, showed too plainly that they would not hesitate, on the first attack, to throw their weapons from them and betake themselves to flight. Such a spectacle, it may be imagined, was not likely to allay the fears of the inhabitants, who, with faces on which anxiety and alarm were strongly pictured, ran hither and thither through the streets, or fled toward the eastern part of the town; while the magistrates and public functionaries, assembled in the city hall, held a consultation together as to whether they should at once open the gates to the enemy, or endeavour to protect them to the best of their ability. While things were in this state, the burghers, who thronged the high street, were all at once thrown into the most lively dismay by the rapidly approaching sound of horses' feet, and beheld the foremost of their dreaded foes, urging a fiery and richly caparisoned charger to its utmost speed. Their fear, however, was soon dispelled by perceiving that the rider was alone, and had evidently peaceable intentions. He wore the national dress of the Highlanders; a Tartan plaid, carefully folded and arranged, showed a green coat ornamented with massive silver buttons; a richly mounted dirk hung at one side of his girdle, and a pair of pistols at the other; a long feather floated from his blue bonnet, and he carried a small white flag. In person, he was apparently much above the ordinary stature, and distinguished above all the bystanders by his warlike mien and the noble cast of his features. He might be about four-and-twenty years of age. More than one Jacobite's heart throbb'd at the sight of this handsome horseman as he galloped past, his bright weapons glittering in the sun, while the anxious multitude crowd'd after him to learn what tidings he should bring. It was soon known that the young Highlander was the bearer of a letter from Charles Edward to the Chief Magistrate of Edinburgh.

When he reached the pavement before the town-hall, where a vast crowd of citizens of all ranks and ages were assembled to learn the result of the conference, he alighted from his steed, and with the letter in his hand, was about to enter the Senate chamber, when a town-officer approached, and informing him that at that moment he could not be admitted to the presence of the magistrates, offered to be the bearer of his despatches. The messenger accordingly handed it to him without further delay, and was immediately delivered to the Council. Doubtless, it contained something which gave them great offence; for a few minutes after, a murmur of rage and defiance sounded from within, and at the same moment a couple of dragoons, who now appeared, rushed upon the young stranger as if to make sure of his capture. He, however, well aware of what he might expect, kept on his guard, and making a bound, like the hart on his native mountains, he threw to the earth the two dragoons; then forcing his way through the crowd, he threw himself into his saddle before any one ventured to lay a hand upon him, and drawing his long, glittering sword from its sheath, swung it round his head with a furious war-cry, challenging the boldest to combat. The next moment he put spurs to his horse, and traversing High-street with arrowy swiftness, galloped out of the city, none daring to follow or make any effort to detain him.

We shall not endeavour to paint the confusion in which Edinburgh continued during this day and the following night, neither do we intend to go into any of the historical details of this civil war, in which the hero of our tale, (William Douglas, son of Sir Robert Douglas, of Glen Bervier,) with whom the reader has just been made acquainted, played so distinguished a part. Suffice it to say, that while the magistrates in Council were still deliberating what line of conduct they should pursue toward the enemy, Lochiel, the faithful and devoted friend of the Bruce and his cause, put an end to their indecision by entering the city at the head of five hundred of his Clan.

It was about a month from this time, on a fine October evening, as the Prince, now Lord of Edinburgh, gave a splendid banquet in the Palace of Holyrood, so long the residence of his ancestors, the Kings of Scotland, that Helen Lindsay, the young and fair daughter of a baronet in the city, was walking alone in the adjacent ground called the King's Park. The sun had long since sunk behind the palace walls, and dark shadows had begun to veil the buildings of the town. The park, which but an hour before had been the resort of all the beauty and fashion of Edinburgh, who vied with each other in luxury and elegance, began to be cleared; only here and there several Highlanders were still to be seen loitering about; but the young lady, heedless of the darkness that was fast gathering, and drawing her veil over her face whenever she approached a group of officers, still continued her walk; it was plain that she held an assignation with some one.

Helen was a very charming girl. Though her complexion was pale, her countenance displayed a sweet and fascinating animation; her fair hair of matchless beauty fell in long locks upon her shoulders, and her form, which was above the middle height, was in all its motions elegant and full of grace. Meantime, night wore on, and she was beginning to feel some embarrassment at being out so late and alone, when a Highland officer, who was no other than William Douglas, appeared in sight, and hastily approached her.

"Ah, Helen!" he exclaimed, breathlessly, and in a low tone, "how happy I am to meet you here; but if you had waited at the place we appointed, I should have seen you at least five minutes sooner."

"I am surely better in the neighbourhood of the palace than out in the park, at such an hour of the night," replied Helen, somewhat hastily. "And why do you come so late? how could you keep me waiting for you so long in such a place?"

"Dearest, forgive me; I have been detained by the Bruce, who has given me news that sets me in despair, and will also grieve you, I am sure. The army must march to-morrow by break of day."

"Oh, do not speak of that, I pray you," was the young lady's reply, uttered in a tone as different as possible from that of her lover, which was one of the deepest dejection. "You know that if your cause proves successful, when Charles Edward ascends the throne of his father you shall be a Duke or a Marquis, and cannot then be expected to cast a glance upon the daughter of a humble baronet, but must espouse a lady worthy of your high rank. I must, then, content myself with a young man of whom my father spoke to me this morning, and assured me he was the best match that would ever be offered me. Indeed," she continued, while a smile full of love and mischief played upon her beautiful countenance, making her more bewitching than ever. "My father is desirous that my marriage with Mr. Clavers be concluded as fast as possible; and it only rests with me to become his wife in less than a week. You need not be surprised if it should happen; he is very rich, and loves me quite as well as you do."

"Why do you distress me so, Helen? You know how much I love you. You know that if the choice were free between you and a queen, the splendour of the diadem would not dazzle me, and you would be the chosen of my heart then as you are now. But perhaps you are not so decided in your feelings toward me—perhaps your heart can wander here and there, even as your thoughts and glances. But," he continued, energetically, and laying his hand on his sword, "ere such a marriage can take place, my rival must either take my life or I shall deprive him of his!"

"Now, calm yourself," said Helen, laughing. "You are a genuine Highlander, irritable, jealous, and impetuous. I might have guessed that the first time I saw you, as, flourishing your sword to the right and to the left around you, and running down all who came in your way, you galloped through the streets of Edinburgh, much to the amazement of the men who sought to lay hands on you. What! have you not seen that I did not speak in earnest?"

"Oh! if that is it," replied young Douglas, and his scornful countenance once more resumed its mild and cheerful expression, "forgive me; but, dear Helen, how can you jest in such a manner, when our parting, perhaps for ever, stands so near?"

"Because I know," answered the young man, "that you (know by this, dear William, if my love be sincere or not,) I am resolved to follow you everywhere, were it to the end of the world."

As Douglas listened to this declaration, which, from the light and joking tone of her previous remarks, he had not expected, he was beside himself with joy. Claspings her in his arms, he covered her cheeks and forehead with kisses, swore that he loved her alone, that she alone should be his wife, and that nothing short of death should ever set a seal upon his devotion for her. "My sister, Lady Ogilvy," said he, in conclusion, "shall take you to London in her carriage; and you, my sweet Helen, shall be one of the first, aye, and the loveliest lady who shall have the honor of attending the levee of the Prince, in St. James's Palace, at the approaching Christmas festival."

In all these projects there was not much of reason, but when had reason much to do with love? Alas! it was ordained that the scion of the ancient kings of Great Britain should never more ascend the throne of his sires, and that the happiness of this world should not fall to the lot of our young lovers. After they had consulted together upon the method that Helen should take to escape from her father's house, in order to take refuge with Douglas's sisters, and had again renewed their vows of constancy, they separated; he to seek the camp at Duddingston, and Helen to return to her home in the city.

The next morning, at an early hour, the Prince's army marched toward the south. As soon as the first glimmer of dawn appeared in the eastern sky, the street resounded with the clang of pipes, each of which, by a particular pibroche or war-song, summoned its own clan to the gathering. The troops, most of whom had slept on the ground, roused by the bustle and clamour on all sides, hastily bestirred themselves, and each soldier placed himself under the banner of his chief, preparatory to the commencement of the march. The confused motion of fluttering plaids, waving plumes and flying colors, each of which bore some loyal or national device, formed one of the most picturesque and soul-stirring spectacles that imagination can conceive. The living mass now set itself in motion, and united in one long column, took the way towards Duddingston. At the very moment that the commander gave the order to march, a window in the second story of a neighbouring mansion was cautiously opened, and a female, closely veiled and covered with a dark mantle, lowered herself by means of a rope slowly down upon the street. This happened in a shorter time than we have taken to relate it. The commander of the guard, who was in fact our old friend, William Douglas, no sooner descried the form of the lady at the window, than he rushed toward the house, too late, however, to prevent an unfortunate occurrence; for the rope to which she had confided her destiny, being more than seven feet too short, the unhappy girl, with a heart-rending shriek, fell senseless to the earth! Douglas, distracted with alarm, for he had recognized his adored Helen, hastened to raise her. As he held her in his arms, and the hood of her travelling cloak fell back upon her shoulders, he saw that the features of her matchless countenance were marked by deadly paleness. Stunned by his emotion, he dared not trust himself to utter a word, fixing his eyes upon her precious charge, he held her closely to him, as if fearful that fate should again snatch her from his embrace, and totally regardless of the crowd that so unusual a circumstance had called together. Such a tumult had arisen, that Sir Thomas Lindsay, the

father of Helen, was himself attracted to the window. As he beheld his daughter in the arms of a Highlander, he uttered an exclamation of anger and surprise, and demanded her instant restoration. Douglas would have paid but little attention to his demands, from which his soldiers could easily have freed him; but reflecting that he could not, in such a place, render any assistance to his beloved, who had hurt her shoulder severely and was not yet recovered from her swoon, he resolved, not without bitter regret at the prospect of losing her perhaps for ever, to deliver her up to her father.

Sir Thomas now wished to take his daughter in his arms, and carry her into the house; Douglas, however, spared him this trouble, and lifting her as easily as he would an infant, he bore her into her own apartment. Here he soon perceived that the poor girl, whom her father had shut up in her chamber, seeing that no other means of escape was left to her, and yearning to behold her affianced lover once more before his departure, had, in despair, taken the leap from the window whose consequences proved so disastrous. Douglas laid her inanimate form upon a couch, and turning toward Sir Thomas, told him, with meaning gesture, that if he dared to make what had occurred the ground of any further ill-treatment of his daughter, or should hereafter use the least violence toward her, he had everything to fear from him; then casting his tearful eyes once more toward Helen, and pressing his lips to her pale cheek, he bade her a sorrowful adieu, and hastened to join the detachment which he had conducted as far as the house door.

It is perhaps not unnecessary to relate here—and it were better had we done so sooner—that William Douglas, who surpassed in personal appearance most of the young nobles who had enrolled themselves under the Prince's banner, and was second to none of them in the qualities of his mind and heart, was one of the Adjutants of Charles Edward, who had had entrusted to him the task of conferring with the Magistrates of Edinburgh. How he conducted himself on this mission, we have already seen at the commencement of our story. He was then first beheld by Miss Helen Lindsay, who sat at the window of a friend's house lying near to the Town Hall, and was witness to the cool courage and intrepidity displayed by him on this occasion.

Accordingly, when, soon after, the Highlanders obtained possession of the city, Helen and William met at the house of an aunt of the former. It was not to be wondered at that a deep and strong attachment speedily sprung up between them. This had been kept a profound secret from Sir Thomas Lindsay, who was very violently opposed to the Jacobite cause; some circumstances, however, having served to awaken his suspicion, the day before the march, he used the precaution of locking his daughter up in her room. We know in what manner she sought to elude her father's vigilance, and the misfortune that befel her in consequence.

In a few weeks she had quite recovered from the effects of her fall, but her father from that time held closer watch over her than ever; and the worst of all was, the mortifying fact that her adventure had become known all over the city, had long been the theme of conversation in every company, and that taunts and satirical remarks had met her on all sides.

At the first encounter of the opposing armies, the Highlanders, albeit unacquainted with the art of war, yet terrible by their peculiar mode of assault, their hardy and independent habits, and their individual bravery, struck terror, sought safety in flight. At Preston and at Falkirk, the Prince's troops were again triumphantly victorious. Shortly afterward the Highlanders, although opposed by a force greatly exceeding their own in numbers, beleaguered and took Carlisle, penetrated the heart of England, and hoped soon to have made good their entry into London. All their hopes were, however, brought to the ground on the fatal field of Culloden, where, for the first time, appalled at the sight of the superior strength of their assailants, the whole Highland army was cut to pieces. So ended the romantic career of the last Stuart.

William Douglas, severely wounded in the battle, in which he had fought with the courage of a hero and the fury of a desperate man, had the good fortune to escape falling into the hands of the enemy, and after many dangers and difficulties to reach his father's castle of Glen Bervier. During the six long months that he remained in this place of safety, he had no tidings of his beloved Helen, who was never absent from his thoughts, and whom he loved as passionately as ever; but when a report reached him that government was about to proclaim an act of oblivion over all that had passed, he resolved at once to proceed to Edinburgh. Though his father repeatedly represented to him the dangers with which he would be surrounded, in a city where he was so well known, and besought him to quit Scotland and escape to some place of security, the old baronet saw with bitter foreboding his son quit the protection of his paternal roof. On his arrival at Edinburgh, his first act was to pay a visit to his cousin, the Earl of D—, and hearing from him that there was to be a public ball that evening, he resolved to attend it, although prudence should have forbade his mixing in general society. William hoped, in this assembly, to meet her who had become so strongly entwined with his earthly happiness; and this hope rendered him blind to the dangers which would attend his recognition by the anti-Jacobite party. The spectacle presented by the ball-room to the eyes of Douglas, so long debarred from such enjoyment, was in the highest degree enchanting and overpowering; yet it was not till he had traversed nearly the whole of the rooms, examining as he went every beautiful face that met his view, that he at last descried the object of his love and of his search. Yet it was not by the youthful brightness of her countenance, by her artless and playful graces, by her sweet and captivating liveliness, that he recognized his once sparkling Helen. Her face was pale and sad, and she seemed to take no interest and find no pleasure in what was passing around her.

Trembling, restless, and disturbed, William summoned all the energy he was possessed of to master his feelings; and, approaching the place where Helen sat, he watched his opportunity so well that he soon found himself close to her side. Great, however, as was the change which grief and anxiety had wrought in her, that in our young hero was even still more apparent. None but the eye of love could have discerned in that pale visage, that slow step and timid bearing, the eagle-eyed warrior who had ventured alone into the hostile city, and in the conspicuous costume of his country had swept so daringly through its streets. But well did Helen recognise him, at the very first glance. Her emotion was unspeakable; she grew pale and red, by turns, and her heart beat as if it would have burst its prison; and she had the greatest difficulty to prevent herself from screaming aloud. Had she not summoned all the resolution of her nature to her aid, she must have sunk fainting to the earth. Her presence of mind fortunately prevented this; but her

evident agitation, and the tears that dimmed her beautiful eyes on his approach, showed to her lover her joy at meeting again, and her anxiety at the danger he was incurring for her sake.

A few softly-murmured words, which she alone heard, and which the sound of the music and dancing concealed from the others, informed her that he whose loss she had so long deplored (for the report of his death had been widely spread) still lived for her, and loved her as fondly as ever. Douglas further informed his Helen that the expected amnesty would soon remove all obstacles to their union—and after they had poured out mutual expressions of unalterable faith and love, and agreed to meet at the house of Helen's aunt, whom she had interested in her attachment, they deemed it prudent to part. Fearful of awakening suspicion, he did not dare to approach her again during the evening, and contented himself with now and then exchanging a tender glance with her.

At two o'clock in the morning, Sir Thomas and his daughter left the ball-room, and William's eyes followed them to their carriage.—They had seen each other for the last time!

Whether it was that he had lingered too long in the vicinity of his betrothed, and that her strong emotion, and the conflicting feelings that agitated her on his approach, had been observed, or that his person had been recognised, is unknown; enough, that next morning at break of day he was arrested, at the inn where he lived under a false name, and brought before a court-martial, on the charge of high treason. All the exertions of his friends to avert the dreadful fate that threatened him were unavailing, and William Douglas, like so many other men distinguished by rank, birth, and fortune, who had joined the party of Prince Charles, was pronounced guilty of treason; like them he died the death of a traitor, and his head was set upon Carlisle gate.

It would be in vain to paint the despair of the unhappy Helen, when the news reached her that her lover had fallen into the hands of his enemies. From that moment her life seemed entwined with his; and when the tidings of his melancholy death were brought to her, she glanced at a mirror that reflected her own wasted form and death-like countenance, and thanked Heaven that she should soon follow. From that day she quitted her chamber no more: she seldom spoke, and never complained; but her strength wasted perceptibly away, till you might have wondered how the essence of life could dwell in a form so fragile and so shadow-like. She lingered a few weeks longer, and then, secure in the hope of rejoining her lost William in a land where death and sorrow could never part them more, her pure and fervent spirit breathed its last sigh.

MR. SHEIL'S ORATORY.—It is almost impossible to describe the extraordinary character of Mr. Sheil's oratory. In his figure, voice, and gesticulation, there is nothing prepossessing. His short person, broad high shoulders, shock head, short neck, and long arms; his shrieking voice; the wild tossing of his arms; his almost unearthly laugh; though they may not be pleasing either to eye or ear, instantly rivet attention. The peculiar frame of his sentences, the wholly un-English style of his phraseology, the balanced and laboured periods, the bitter sarcasm, the polished irony, and the excited passion that he evinces, altogether make him a man whom no one ever forgets, once having heard him. Though he may not convince, he dazzles our understanding; breathless attention waits upon his words; and wonder and admiration, invariably, are freely and without party bias bestowed upon the splendid coruscations of his high-wrought eloquence. In the grave business of life, he comes upon us as a sort of spirit, who, with a wand, brings before our view the brilliant yet fitful splendour of some unearthly scene; enchanted and enthralled, we listen with throbbing pulse and excited imagination; each succeeding scene becomes more wild, wonderful, and splendid; ten thousand many-coloured rockets shoot up into the air, blinding us with the very excess of their unnatural brightness, when suddenly the strange voice ceases, the pageant has passed away, and a heavy and oppressive darkness falls suddenly over all. This is really no exaggerated description.—*Tail's Magazine.*

HEROISM AND GENEROSITY OF A SLAVE.—During the last earthquake at Point Petre, a gentleman was rescued from death by the heroic efforts of a slave. He was immediately offered a handsome reward for his humanity. "No, no," said the generous fellow, "nothing for money to-day—all for the love of God!" History scarcely records a nobler sentiment. The colonial council voted him 2,000 francs, 1,500 to purchase his freedom, and 500 for an outfit in his new career.

FROG SOUP.—A new era in the science of gastronomy, says a New York paper, has arrived. Frog soup is now served up at various first-class eating houses, and is eagerly devoured by those who fancy themselves epicures!—These are wonderful times, and there is no imagining to what perfection every science will soon be brought.

A curious meteorologic phenomenon was observed at ten o'clock on the night of the 8th inst., at Gourbera, in the Landes. An immense number of hailstones fell; they were of the average size, but exhaled a strong odour of sulphur, and were of that colour. On being thrown into the fire, they in a few seconds became ignited, and threw out flames equal in brilliancy to Bengal lights.

(FOR THE COLONIAL HERALD.)

SONNET TO THE MOON.

Hail, beauteous queen of night! there is a smile  
Of friendship on thy face, that much inclines  
My heart to commune with thee for a while  
At this still hour. Soft through these waving pines,  
Lofty and green, thy soft'en'd radiance shines;  
Filling with thy own pure benevolence,  
And sacred peace, the expanded heart, which twines  
Its living chords, warmed by thy influence,  
More strongly round our species; kindling thence  
The flames of patriotism, philanthropy,  
And sweet domestic love. Oh, blissful sense  
Of virtue's hallowing presence! do thou be  
My bosom's constant guest, to cheer and light  
Life's gloomy scenes, as this fair moon the night.

May, 1844.

PHILODENDUS.

MAN.  
At ten a child, at twenty wild,  
At thirty tame, if ever;  
At forty wise, at fifty rich,  
At sixty good, or never.

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