

favours became exhausted, and when the Prince and the army entered the town in the evening, he brought before him an hundred and eighty men which he had that day enlisted.

The little band so raised were formed into what was called the Manchester regiment, of which the gallant Townly was made Colonel, and James Dawson one of the Captains.

Our business at present is not with the movements of Charles Edward, nor need we describe his daring march towards Derby, which struck terror throughout all England, and for a time seemed to shake the throne and its dynasty; nor dwell upon the particulars of his masterly retreat towards Scotland—suffice it to say, that on the 19th of December the Highland army again entered Carlisle.

On the following morning they evacuated it, but the Manchester regiment, of 300 men, was left as a garrison to defend the town, against the entire army of proud Cumberland. They were devoted as a sacrifice, that the Prince and the main army might be saved. The dauntless Townly, and the young and gallant Dawson, were not ignorant of the desperateness and the hopelessness of their situation, but they strove to impart their own heroism to the garrison, and to defend the town to the last. On the morning of the 21st, the entire army of the Duke of Cumberland arrived before Carlisle, and took possession of the fortifications that command it. He demanded the garrison to surrender, and they answered him by a discharge of musketry. They had withstood a siege of ten days, during which time Cumberland had erected batteries and procured cannon from Whitehaven; before their fire the decaying and neglected walls of the city gave way; to hold out another day impossible, and there was no rescue left for the devoted band but to surrender or perish. On the 30th, a white flag was hoisted on the ramparts—on its being perceived the cannon ceased to play upon the town, and a messenger was sent to the Duke of Cumberland, to inquire what terms he would grant to the garrison.

"Tell them," he replied haughtily, "I offer no terms but these,—that they shall not be put to the sword, but they shall be reserved for his Majesty to deal with them as he may think proper."

There was no alternative, and these doubtful and evasive terms were accepted. The

garrison were disarmed, and under a numerous guard placed in the cathedral.

James Dawson and seventeen others were conveyed to London, and cast into prison to wait the will of his Majesty. Till now his parents were ignorant of the fate of their son, though they had heard of his being compelled to flee from the university, and feared he had joined the standard of the Prince. Too soon their worst fears were realized, and the truth revealed to them. But there was another who trembled for him, whose heart felt keenly as a parent's,—she who was to have been his wife, to whom his hand was plighted and his heart given. Fanny Lester was a young and gentle being, and she had known James Dawson from their childhood. Knowledge ripened to affection, and their hearts were twined together. On the day on which she was made acquainted with his imprisonment, she hastened to London to comfort him,—to cheer his gloomy solitude,—at the foot of the throne to sue for his pardon.

She arrived at the metropolis—she was conducted to the prison-house, and admitted. On entering the gloomy apartment in which he was confined, she screamed aloud, she raised her hands, and springing forward, fell upon his neck and wept.

"My own Fanny!" he exclaimed, "you are here!—weep not, my sweet one—come, be comforted—there is hope—every hope—I shall not die—my own Fanny, be comforted."

"Yes!—yes there is hope!—the King will pardon you," she exclaimed, "he will spare my James—I will implore your life at his feet!"

"Nay, nay love—say not the King," interrupted the young enthusiast for the house of Stuart; "it will be but imprisonment till a is over—the *Electors* cannot seek my life."

He strove long and earnestly to persuade to assure her, that his life was not in danger—that he would be saved—and what she wished, she believed. The jailer entered and informed them it was time that she should depart, and again sinking her head upon his breast, she wept—"good night."

But each day she revisited him, and they spoke of his deliverance together. At times, too, she told him with tears of the efforts she had made to obtain his pardon—of her attempt to gain admission to the presence of the King,—of the repulses she met with,—of her applications to the nobility connected with the court,—of the insult and inhumanity she met with from some,—the compassion of