

"Not dead!" cried the cripple, "thank Heaven—Ebenezer is not a murderer! But I am well now,—the fever of my brain is passed. Go, Maria, do this for me, it is all I now ask— inquire why I am here immured, and by whose authority; suffer not my reason to be buried in reason's tomb, and crushed among its wrecks. Your smile, your words of kindness, your tears of gratitude caused me to dream once,—and its remembrance is still as a speck of light amidst the darkness, of my bosom,—but these grey hairs have broken the dream"—and Ebenezer bent his head upon his breast and sighed.

Maria and her friend left the asylum, but in a few weeks they returned, and when they again departed Ebenezer Baird went with them. He now sought not Maria's love, but he was gratified with her esteem, and that of her friends. He outlived the persecution of his kindred, and the derision of the world, and in the forty-sixth year of his age he died in peace, and bequeathed his property to Maria Bradbury—the first of the human race that had looked on him with kindness, or cheered him with a smile.

THE BROKEN HEART.

A TALE OF THE REBELLION.

Early in the November of 1745, the news reached Cambridge that Charles Stuart, at the head of his hardy and devoted Highlanders, had crossed the Borders and taken possession of Carlisle. The inhabitants gazed upon each other with terror, for the swords of the clansmen had triumphed over all opposition; they were regarded also by the multitude as savages, and by the more ignorant as cannibals. But there were others who rejoiced in the success of the young adventurer, and who, dangerous as it was to confess their joy, took but small pains to conceal it. Amongst these was James Dawson, the son of a gentleman in the north of Lancashire, and then a student at St. John's College. That night he invited a party of friends to sup with him, who entertained sentiments similar to his own. The cloth was withdrawn, and he rose and gave as the toast of the evening—"Prince Charles, and success to him!" His guests, fired with his own enthusiasm, rose and received the toast with cheers. The bottle went round—the young men drank deep, and other toasts of a similar

nature followed. The song succeeded the toast, and James Dawson sang the following, which seemed to be the composition of the day:—

Free, o'er the Borders the tartan is streaming,
The dirk is unsheathed, and the claymore is gleaming,
The Prince and his clansmen in triumph advance,
Nor needs he the long promised succours of France.
From the Cumberland mountain and Westmoreland lake,
Each brave man shall snatch up a sword for his sake;
And the 'Lancashire witch' on her bosom shall wear
The snow-white cockade, by her lover placed there.

But while he yet sang, and as he completed but the first verse, two constables and three or four soldiers burst into the room, and denounced them as traitors and as their prisoners.

"Down with them!" exclaimed James Dawson, springing forward and snatching down a sword which was suspended over the mantel-piece. The students vigorously resisted the attempt to make them prisoners, and several of them, with their entertainer, escaped.

He concealed himself for a short time, when his horse being brought he took the road towards Manchester, in order to join the ranks of the adventurer. It was about mid-day on the 29th when he reached the town which is now the emporium of the manufacturing world. On proceeding down Market-street he perceived a confused crowd, some uttering threats, and others with consternation expressed on their countenance, and in the midst of the multitude was Serjeant Dickson, a young woman, and a drummer boy, heating up recruits. The white cockade streamed from the hat of the serjeant; the populace vented their indignation against him, but no man dared to seize him; for he continued to turn round, with a blunderbuss in his hand, facing the crowd on all sides, and threatening to shoot the first man that approached, who was not ready to serve the Prince and to mount the white cockade. The young woman carried a supply of the ribbons in her hand, and ever and anon waved them in triumph, exclaiming "Charlie yet."—Some dozen recruits already followed at the heels of the serjeant. James Dawson spurred his horse through the crowd.

"Give me one of your favors," said he, addressing the serjeant.

"Aye a dozen, your honor," replied Dickson.

He received the ribbon and tied it to his breast, and placed another at his horse's head. He conducted had an effect upon the multitude, numbers flocked around the serjeant, his