# Supplement to Monday's "Daily Crescent."

NEW ORLEANS, MONDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1848.

## DAILY CRESCENT.

New Orleans:

MONDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 18, 1848.


☞ The following was received by the Mayor of Charleston, in reply to a telegraphic despatch to the Mayor of New York, desiring to know the truth of the rumors respecting the prevalence of cholera in that city:

NEW YORK, Dec. 8.

The cholera not in the city. Twenty nine cases and fourteen deaths have occurred at Quarantine, Staten Island, brought by ship New York, from Havre.

WM. F. HAVEMEYER, Mayor of New York.

DEATH.—At Aberdeen, Mississippi, Col. Francis Inge, in the 52d year of his age. Col. Inge was a native of Granville county, North Carolina. He resided for many years in this State, in which he was for some time an active and enterprising merchant, and always a conspicuous citizen. In his death the entire community of Aberdeen has sustained a great loss, and his sorrowing family mourn a sad and irreparable bereavement.

U. S. COURT.—The District Court of the United States for the Southern District of Alabama is now in session—Judge Wm. Cranford presiding. On the 14th it rendered judgement in five cases, in favor of the United States, against certain persons for violation of the post-office law. The Court will probably adjourn to-day, says the Register of the 15th. The Circuit Court of the United States for this District commences its regular term next Monday week.

TYRANNY.—The steward of the American ship Childe Harold has been arrested for carrying American papers to Havana, and is now in irons there with five natives, who have been imprisoned for expressing opinions in favor of annexation to the United States.

☞ The Virginia Legislature was to go into election for Governor on the 11th inst.

A SIGN.—A significant sign of the prosperity of the country is the quantity of money coined at the U. S. Mint and its branches during the eighteen months from January 1, 1847, to June 30, 1848, viz: $25,533,930 56.

A STUPENDOUS PROJECT.—The New York Sun thinks the present generation is to build a steamship one thousand feet long, or of 20,000 tons. Some of the North River boats are the sixteenth of a mile long, but none of them has yet ventured to extend its length to a quarter of a mile.

☞ A wedding took place at Albany a few evenings since, and just as the marriage service was concluded by the benediction the floor gave way and precipitated the entire party, in one mingled mass, into the cellar. The distance was not great, and the pleasure of the evening was not at all marred by it.

THE COMET OF NOVEMBER, 1848.—The new Comet discovered last month by Mr. Bond, it appears, on the last day of this month will cross the orbit of the Earth at a point where the Earth was on the 28th of October. Had the comet been two months earlier, a very near approach to, or even a *collision with the Earth* would have taken place. This is known to have occurred once before, but there was "nobody hurt."

☞ Myles Magee, of Dernaholier, county Leitrim, lost a cow which is said to be "giving *milk*, with two short cocked *horns*"!! A lady purchasing a second-hand waiter, asked the broker whether he thought it would *answer*!" "Yes, ma'am," replied he, "without a *question*."

☞ "Shakspearean Readings," just now, are all the rage. Here is a new version of Macbeth, some promising literary genius contributes to the Boston Courier:

MR. VAN BUREN (loquitor,)

"I'm afraid to think of what I've done.
Look on 't again I dare not. Burn the documents!
I have made faces long enough, and not,
Like Lewis Cass, pinched up in "circumstances."
For Zach' selection I've free-traded my hide—
For him the dough-faced bolters have I bubbled,
And whipped old Tantrabogus round the stump;
Put rabbane in the porridge of democracy,
And bit my blessed nose off just to tickle
That same old coon. Van is a 'CEED-UP-MAN!
Down, down, bow'd platform! all the world's a shingle,
And I 'm the little end on 't, whittled off.

HEIRS WANTED.—Information has been received from the Consul of the United States at Elsineur, of the death at that place, on the 29th of August last, of James Carroll, a citizen of the United States, and seaman of the bark "Delia Chapin," of Boston, B. McNear, master. An inventory of effects left by him has been transmitted by the Consul.

FLOURISHING.—Nearly 300 houses are now being built in Williamsburgh, N. Y., many the best kind

SINGULAR AFFAIR.—About two weeks since a merchant in Bangor, Me., in emptying a tea-chest, found in the bottom a snuff-box containing a $5 bill on the Dover (N. H.) Bank, and attached to it the epistle written on a piece of paper of the quality generally used by the Chinese in putting up tea in pound packages:

PEKIN, Dec. 18—.

*Dear Mother*—I am a prisoner in a Tea-house, and have been for six years. I wish you would go to Washington and get our Government to interfere and obtain my release. I inclose you a five dollar note; it was presented to me by an American gentleman—it is of no use to me, but it may be to you.

EDWARD LOVELL.

Directed to Mrs. Nancy Lovell, Boston, Mass.,

Whoever may be interested in the above can obtain further information by applying at the office of the Boston Mail.

BEHIND THE AGE.—A petition to the present Congress is in circulation among the merchants of Newburyport, Mass., praying that body to repeal the revenue act of 1846, to abolish the *ad valorem* valuation on imports, and to substitute specific duties, so far as is practicable, to take effect immediately.

*Perhaps* Congress will do it.

AMIABLE CONDESCENSION.—A paragraph is running the round of the papers which holds forth Queen Victoria's good example to young ladies as worthy of following during divine service. While in Scotland her Majesty referred, it is said, with her own hands, to all the passages quoted by the Minister, and mingled her voice with that of the congregation in the psalmody.

RAILROAD INSTALMENTS.—The amount paid yesterday and the day preceding, exceeded two thousand dollars, and several new subscribers added their names to the list. Although the stockholders have been commendably prompt, thus far, in meeting the demands of the Directors, it may not be amiss to remind those in arrears that the officers in attendance will be glad to be relieved of their duties without unnecessary delay—and as they voluntarily leave their private business, and serve without compensation, it is hoped that they will be favorably considered.—*Mobile Register of the 15th.*

From the United Service Magazine.

## A TRUE TALE OF THE REBELLION OF FORTY-FIVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VOYAGE OF LIFE."

Many a wild scene is there in broad Scotland, and wild even as the lochs, and glens, and mountains, which spread beauty and grandeur through the land, are the tales they might tell, were voices to arise from their depths, and howl down from their heights, to reveal the things which they have witnessed. But though lake after lake, and glen after glen, bury in their deep loneliness all record of the past, still does tradition rescue sufficient from the grave of years to surround the Highlands with both interest and romance; and numerous are the strange legends of love and war to which the traveller may listen, as he wanders from the trodden paths into the wilder districts. And many are of but recent date for legendary lore; the past century, with its stirring events, momentous indeed for Scotland, furnishing an inexhaustible fund of wild adventures and daring deeds, which the hardy mountaineer relates with an enthusiasm that denotes—peaceful and loyal subject as he now is—for which side he would have drawn his claymore, had he lived in the days when attachment to the banished Stuarts lured his clansmen, probably his fathers, to their ruin. To this hour, there are quiet valleys, and solitary hamlets, where those deeds of by gone years are told as though they were but tales of yesterday; and where names which, further south, have been long since consigned to history, still live fresh in the memory of the inhabitants, and are for ever on their lips.

But there is one among those traditions which never flushes the speaker's cheek with pride, or lights his eye with martial ardor, though it bids his bosom swell with indignation at the thought of how his countrymen were sometimes treated. It is the legend of Loch Arkaig, in Inverness-shire, as picturesque and well-nigh as wild a lake as any in the Highlands. It is now more than a hundred years since, that a blue-eyed girl sat on a large stone upon its northern shore, not far from one of the openings of the vast glen leading thither from Loch Lochy. She was young and very lovely, and fair almost as herself was the scene on which she looked. Not a breath stirred the blue waters of the loch, which lay flashing like a mirror in the sunshine, reflecting faithfully every rock and tree on the lofty hills surrounding it, and every fleecy cloud in the tranquil sky, which from that spot low on the shore appeared to rest like a vast canopy upon the mountain tops. Before her was a break in the high rainparts which walled her round, where the grassy lawn and scattered woods of Achnacary, with the proud dwelling of Lochiel, shone forth in contrasting beauty, like a fragment of another scene. Beyond, gleamed Loch Lochy as a line of light, and beyond again, rugged hills and lofty mountains closed the view.

But all their varied loveliness woke no smile on the maiden's lip; her fair snooded hair was parted over a brow too thoughtful for her age, and there was deep anxiety in the gaze so intently fixed upon the skiff, which, as yet a speck on the bright waters, glided gently from the shore of Achnacary, whither her father and brother had been, on the summons of the chieftain of their line, the gallant but unfortunate Lochiel. And but a few days more, and they, with some hundreds of their name, were to follow him on that wild and romantic enterprise to replace an exiled race on the throne of their ancestors, which was to be productive of misery to all concerned in it. Lilias Cameron had been false to her name did she not regard the Stuarts as her rightful princes, and proudly would her bosom have swelled to hail those nearest to her in blood as the aiders in their restoration. But still she shrunk in womanly softness from the thought of all the perils they must encounter; and her spirit was clouded by a foreboding of evil result to the effort, to which, undazzled by the hope of success, and solely through a high and chivalrous sense of loyalty to a family for which his own had suffered much, Lochiel had rashly pledged himself and clan.

All was still as death; the cushat's voice was hushed, and the wild duck's wings were folded as she rested motionless upon the loch. But now a footstep broke that deep silence, and the Highland girl started to her feet, and for one moment her cheek grew pale, as she perceived a British officer standing beside a tall birch but a few paces distant. But a second glance showed her that his uniform was soiled and torn, and that he leaned for support against the tree, while a few words gently uttered in her native tongue convinced her it was a countryman who, wounded, weary, and exhausted, cast himself upon her protection and good faith.

"Protection! and from what!" asked Lilias, hurriedly.

"From even your own clan, lady," replied the stranger. "Your kinsmen have sharp swords and ready hands; half of my comrades are lying on the shore of Loch Lochy, many are prisoners, and I," he added with a bitter smile, "I, as you see, have fled. Through yon dark glen I have struggled on, until, faint and weary, I can struggle no longer; and of late I see that I am pursued. They gain on me fast; and now, like a stag run down by the hunters, I must find cover, or stand at bay."

"What can I do!" murmured Lilias, casting a helpless look around. As she did so her eye fell on the flash of weapons and waving of tartans in the direction of Meala Dubh, (or the dark mile,) whence the fugitive had come. "There they are!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands.

The stranger half drew his sword, but pushed it back again—"Not in your presence, lady," said he. "Leave this spot now, I entreat you!"

Lilias answered not, but still gazed round her eagerly, with that sort of desperation which is the source of so many timely expedients. "You shall be saved! Come hither, quick!" she cried, suddenly springing on the broad shelving rock which had formed her seat, and whose back appeared absolutely to rest against a mass of foliage, while a stunted fir, drooping downward, overhung the whole. She had scarcely spoken, when Munro of Culcairn was at her side; the clustering alder boughs were thrust apart, revealing a leafy hollow, into which he sprung, and the branches closed over him with a wild wave and rustle, as the fugitive sunk on his couch of bushes, with a feeling of exhaustion, as though for life itself he could not have made another effort; then all again was still, the leaves hung motionless upon the boughs, and the maiden sat in silence, keeping her lonely watch upon the shore.

Scarcely a minute had elapsed when there was heard the rapid tread of several feet upon the heather, and immediately half a dozen Highlanders, fully armed, rushed over a hillock on her left. "What, Lilias here!" exclaimed, in a tone of disappointment, their leader, a man of gigantic size and strength, as the girl arose to meet them.

"And whom seek you, Angus Mhor!" she demanded, with a smile, giving him the name his unusual stature had secured to him. "If my father, yonder boat brings him hither from Achnacary."

"No, child, we seek the Sassenach, whom we saw before us in the glen. My good right hand must strike him down, or my heart will know no peace. Surely he must have passed this way! I thought he had escaped before; but by the soul of my father, he shall not escape me now!"

"What has he done!" inquired the maiden, timidly.

"He has slain, hand to hand, my sister's son, Fergus, with the white hair, and the fire of my vengeance can be quenched only in his blood!" said Angus, fiercely. "But we waste time," he continued, waving his hand to his clansmen to disperse. "Search well every corrie, nook apd brake: the wolf is wounded, and may scarcely crawl back to his distant lair." So saying, with one bound the Cameron leaped heavily on the rock so close above the fugitive, that Munro half rose, believing his concealment at an end. But it was only to extend his sphere of vision and mark how his orders were obeyed. And well and eagerly did the sons of the clan Cameron pursue their quest: up to the base of a precipice he could not climb, not a hollow, nor a fissure, nor a thicket, where the foot of the wounded officer might have borne him, was left unexplored by their eyes, or unfathomed by their claymores. Not a wooded knoll or shady spot, where the stricken red deer might have laid down to die beside the waters which he loved to drink, was left unvisited, save that clump of alders close beside him; and Angus stamped his foot with baffled rage, to think the flight of his quarry so much swifter than he expected.

"On! on!" he shouted, and the pursuers passed up the loch, while Angus Mhor tarried but for the landing of the skiff, and to exchange a few words with Dugald Roy; then he too hurried away with an impetuosity which made the very earth appear to tremble beneath his feet.

"And now, Lilias," demanded her father, soon as the purposed avenger was out of sight, "where is he who stood beside you on the rock?"

Ere he could receive an answer, the alder branches were pushed aside, and the object of inquiry stepped forth from their shelter into the presence of him who was indeed destined to decide his fate. Dugald Roy, or Dhu Rhu, as tradition calls him, was still in the prime of life, of florid complexion, as his name denotes, tall, muscular and active, brave rather than reckless, and though a man of deep feelings and of violent passions when they were once aroused, he was not easily moved to wrath, or blinded by excitement. Beside him was his son Ewan, a stripling of scarce eighteen years, bearing in his eye much of Lilias's gentle spirit blent with the courage of his race. With such tempers there was little for the wanderer to fear. Dugald smiled as he looked on the pale but handsome youth who stood before him. "Ah, Munro of Calcairn!" said he at last. "Well, be it so! That you have fought with my clansmen, or that your own clan serve the Hanoverian, is nothing now to Dugald Cameron. He only sees in you the wounded stranger, whose life should be safe in his hands were Lochiel himself to seek it."

Strong well nigh as the tie of blood is the bond of pratection thus given and received, and the few days during which the officer rested beneath the shelter of the rebel's roof, tended kindly as though his nearest relatives were around him, did as much as months of cordial intercourse to unite in private friendship those who might afterwards meet as foemen in the field, and to link their hearts together, between whom any chance working of that terrible curse, a civil war, might rear up an insuperable barrier. Though, so far as the attachment of Munro and Lilias were concerned, those hours of quietude snatched from the strife and turmoil of that troublous period had but to deepen and strengthen feelings which sprung up even in a few minutes of their strange meeting, when the strong man and gallant soldier owed his life to the gentle and timid girl. And so, loving and beloved, they plighted vows of eternal truth, and dreamed—as lovers have done ever since the world was young, and will do until its race be ended—of future light and sunshine, when the thunder-clouds now lowering over them should all have passed away. Do they never dream that the storm will burst above their heads?

At length those days of rest, and peace, and fairy visions, fleeted by; last looks were looked and last farewells were breathed; and they who had been loitering upon its shady banks were launched again upon the stream of life, to struggle as they might with the wild currents of strife and circumstance which there awaited them. A faithful gillie guided Monro by night beyond the line of danger, and on the morrow Dugald and his son went forth with Lochiel, and between seven and eight hundred of the devoted Camerons, to join the descendant of their ancient kings, and witness the unfurling in Glen Finnan of that fatal standard which was to lead thousands on to death, and fan the embers of war into a blaze, from hill to hill, throughout the country of their birth.

Many months passed on—months of intrigue and bloodshed, of fierce anxiety, wild hope, and, in the end, as wild despair. And in all this time the lovers were left to conjecture each other's fate, for but rare and scanty intelligence could travel between the royal and the rebel armies. It was not until Culloden's hard-fought field was lost and won, and the insane expectations of Charles Edward were scattered like withered leaves before the autumn blast, that sure tidings of Munro reached Lilias, in the knowledge that near the close of the action he had saved her brother Ewan's life, and in the brief and hurried message whispered in the youth's ear, amid the confusion and din of the conflict, where Highlander raised his hand against Highlander, and kinsmen shed each other's blood.

Again months passed on—fire and sword, and death, had still been busy in the land; blood and tears had stained the earth, and the cry arose to heaven of those whose punishment was greater than their crimes. Sorrow sat by many a desolate hearth, and the halls of festivity were deserted and in ruins; while the dark copse, the rocky fortress, and the loneliest retreat within the silent glen, were the abodes alike of the chieftain and the kern. The shadow of night was on Loch Arkaig, and its dark waves were tossing wildly beneath the fierce gusts which rushed forth from out the glens and from every space between the lofty hills around its head. Loudly they moaned around the burial land of the Camerons of Lochiel. It came rushing across the troubled waters laden with a melancholy wail, as though the spirits of the dead were lamenting the unhappy fate of their descendant. Clouds hung low upon the mountain tops, and flew swiftly in dense masses over the sky, thunder pealed, and lightning blazed across the heavens, as they had been transiently on fire, and heavy torrents of rain pouring down, sent a hundred rivulets—which but yesterday were not—dancing through the dells, while ever and anon the moonbeams bursting through the rack cast a gloomy light athwart the scene, then shrunk, as if affrighted, from the convulsed bosom of the lake whereon they had been wont to rest. And dismally, too, howled the blast along the shore, bidding the strong trees groan and the weaker bend beneath its breath, and bearing full against the solitary traveller with such force, that, weary and blinded by the driving rain, his horse sometimes refused to struggle onwards. It was a wild night, but in unison with the fortunes of the region which it darkened. So thought Munro of Culcairn, as he dismounted, and, wrapping his cloak close around him, led his trembling and reluctant steed over the rugged and slippery ground. He passed by Dugald Roy's deserted house—some English officers in search of Charles Edward, who long lay hid among the neighboring hills, had been its latest occupants; and now no light shone from the casements, no human being dared to harbor within the walls where Culcairn had spent so many hours of pure and blessed happiness. It was not the first desolate homestead which the officer had seen since noonday, and he sighed to think of the sad changes which so brief a period had wrought in his native land, and of all the evils which his misguided countrymen had drawn upon themselves.

Some distance further up the loch, he paused at the foot of a rugged hill, and, tieing his horse to a tree, prepared to scale it. It was no easy task for any one, amid the whirl and roaring of the tempest; and, Highlander though he was, and used from his childhood to climb tall rocks and dizzy heights, Munro had more than once nearly stumbled, where to lose his footing would have cast him headlong to its base. On the very summit of this mountain was a hollow, as though a giant's hand had cut a wedge out of the rock; a few hardy pines grew along the sides of the cleft, intermingling their branches overhead, and veiling from stranger eyes the very existence of any cavity. Within it Dugald Cameron had built a rude hut, as a secure asylum in time of need, and, though now shrouded in mist and clouds, and, as it seemed, raised into the region where the spirits of the storm were working their wild will, right glad were he and his to own its shelter. A bright fire burned at the farther end of the hut, before which an old woman cowered down to enjoy the heat, and mutter in a low voice some tale of her past life into the open ear of the boy who was mending his brogues beside her. Lilias sat near the entrance, with a large stag-hound resting his head upon her knee, and looking up in her face as though he would trace her wandering thoughts; while, alive only to the present, Ewan was burnishing his broadsword, and Dugald stood with folded arms, watching his employment, and thinking, it might be, of the many scenes in which that weapon had borne a part.

Suddenly the hound raised his ears, and Lilias started. "There is some one near," she whispered. "See, old Gruim lays down his head again!" exclaimed her brother, rising. "If any one, it is a friend."

"Ay, or a traitor," said Dugald, stepping between his son and the door. "None pass in or out till I know wherefore."

But immediately a voice was heard, during a partial lull, above the moaning of the storm. "Ho! Dugald Roy! Ewan! show me the way to your eyrie, or I shall never find it out amid this gloom."

"It is Culcairn," cried Ewan, joyfully; and instantly the door was thrown open, and a pine torch held forth to guide the traveller, who in a few seconds more was eagerly clasping their hands, whom many a time he had thought never to see again. Much had happened since the twilight stars looked down upon their parting. On the field or on the scaffold had the chief of each name sealed with his life-blood his devotion to the cause for which he fought; and many another friend had fallen in noted action or nameless skirmish. Yet could they talk calmly and cheerfully of passing events, as those can who, amid all other calamities, find their narrow circle of affections spared by the hand of death, which is striking down young and old indiscriminately around them. But it was not merely to spend an hour in friendly converse, nor to look upon the fair face of Lilias, that Major Munro (for such rank he now held in the British army) had seized the first opportunity of visiting her mountain home, at all possible hazard to himself, and peril to his fame for loyalty. He had come with a far more serious intent—to urge upon Dugald Cameron the propriety of submitting to the powers that were, and making his peace with Government, by the surrender of his arms and voluntary return to his duties as a subject. Long did he argue and entreat, with an earnestness and eloquence which it was not easy to oppose. Lilias said no word to aid him, but her blue eyes spoke to the father's heart in a language yet more difficult to be withstood than all her lover's reasoning. And in the end the sturdy Highlander yielded, though reluctantly, to the dictates of prudence, and consented to take a step which might restore to himself and family their privileges as freeborn citizens.

It was past midnight, and the tempest was still raging with unabated fury, when, with a light heart and cheerful brow, the officer rose to take his leave, resisting all persuasions to a longer stay, as he had to be far away by morning.

"But it is a terrible night for you to be wandering alone among these wild mountains and dark glens," said Lilias, anxiously. "One false step of your horse——"

"There is no fear," Culcairn answered with a laugh. "An old crone who volunteered to spae my fortune years ago bade me beware of a white horse—so that my chesnut steed will play me no goblin trick to-night."

And perhaps through the lingering, though but half acknowledged, superstition of their highland minds, the announcement made all hearts feel the easier at this parting, but for a brief while, as all anticipated, sad soon to be succeeded by a meeting under much happier auspices. The wild wind howled along the glen, through which the fitful lightning lit his path, and the thunder muttered as it were amid the lofty hills; but Munro went on his way with a buoyant and fearless spirit, careless of the strife of the elements, which found no echo in the sunny calm of his own bosom; while Lilias's pillow was haunted by waking dreams as fair and bright as the kindest sleep could have bestowed on her.

On the following day Ewan Cameron set out for Fort William with his own and his father's arms, accompanied by the boy, now their only male attendant, who assisted to bear the weapons. After proceeding some distance down the shores of the lake, they heard the measured tread of many men, and presently a column of English troops wound round the corner of a defile, and marched towards them. Ewan stood aside on a little knoll to let them pass, for, strong in the consciousness of a legal object, he felt no fear of their vicinity—and indeed to fly, of which he thought not, would then have been in vain. Near the head of the column rode on a white charger a dark-browed man, whose air at once bespoke him the commander of the party. The moment the officer's eye rested on the young Highlanders, he uttered a few words, and they were instantly surrounded and brought before him. Still undismayed, Ewan doubted not that his ready answers to the peremptory questions put to him, and the errand on which he had been bound, would insure his safety and release. But his assertions were laughed to scorn, all that his efforts could accomplish being the liberation of the boy; while for himself, but scant justice or inquiry being granted to him as a rebel taken in arms—for so the commanding officer chose to consider the unfortunate youth—a few minutes found him sentenced to immediate execution. Ewan Cameron was brave, and many a time had he faced death on the battle-field, when men's lives seemed worn as mantles they were ever ready to lay aside, and not a fear had blanched his cheek or chilled his heart: but it was very different to part with existence amid the excitement of mortal conflict, and now coldly and calmly die without a struggle or a thought of self-defence. The suddenness of his doom seemed to absolutely bewilder him, and hard indeed was it to preserve a bearing worthy of his father's son—for the thought of that father's sorrow, and of his sister's tears, came over him, and never had they or life appeared so dear as when he was called away from all. Amid the secret agony of that moment, there flashed through his mind the idea that Major Munro's previous acquaintance with his purpose might avail somewhat with his stern and obdurate judge; but it was cast instantly aside. He knew not what might be the consequence of a British officer's discovered intercourse with rebels, and he could not purchase his own safety by endangering the man to whom he already owed his life, and to whom his sister's affections clung. So with nerves strung all the firmer for this noble resolution, he prepared to meet the fate he might not shun.

Proudly and undauntedly, with an incoherent prayer in his thoughts, and the love of earth gathering close around his heart, the young Cameron took his place; and coldly and unconcernedly Grant reined his charger by the spot, to mark the fulfillment of his orders. There was one sharp volley, breaking the stillness of the sunny air, and all was over; the busy stir and whirl of life was past, and the cold earth on which he lay was now a fitting couch for Ewan Cameron's dreamless sleep. And for this dark deed, which wakes the bitterest curses on the Highland narrator's lips, tradition—though ever ready to embody the faintest breath of rumor—assigns to Grant no motive of private malignity, no excuse of frenzied passion, no inducement, save general hard-heartedness, carelessness of human life, and disregard of suffering—all those worst qualities which can ever be conjoined with the possession of mere animal courage, but which are far better fitted to fling their shadow round the craven spirit.

Wild was the grief of Lilias, and fierce the anguish of Dugald Roy, when the frightened gillie bore these tidings to their ears. In all the abandonment of despairing sorrow, the maiden wept for the playmate of her childhood, the brother of her heart; but, with man's sterner spirit, the incensed Highlander shed no tear, while his blood was boiling higher and higher, until, goaded well nigh to madness, he swore that the vengeance of a father's arm should overtake the murderer of his son. Again the sun looked down upon Loch Arkaig, and on its beautiful and verdant shores, while many a graceful tree and lofty hill were mirrored in the glancing waters, over which the breeze was sighing too faintly to awake one blue wave by its breath. But Dugald felt not the holy quiet of the scene. Intent only on his unholy purpose, he had no thought, no consciousness of aught beside; but mounted on the hill of Cailliach, he kept eager watch upon the road below for Grant, who was now on his return from Knoidart to Fort William. Not all the evils his countrymen had suffered had ever incited one to a deed such as he meditated. However writhing under injuries, however stung by insult to their prejudices, still does assassination seem to have been foreign to their spirit; and of all the adherents of Prince Charles, whom his fatal enterprise rendered fatherless, childless, or proscribed, it is with Du Rhu's name alone the word is linked. And calm and prudent as he was, it seemed strange that he should be an exception. But the more under command his usual conduct, the fiercer raged his passions when once awakened from their slumber, and terrible indeed was the power they now possessed. The frenzied brain was lord of all his actions, and untouched by one feeling of hesitation or relenting, Dugald kept his post behind a rock, awaiting the coming of his victim, whom he knew only by the boy's description of the tall white horse he rode; but that was enough, and the steed should soon be riderless.

Now tramp, tramp, came the measured tread which had proved poor Ewan's knell, and breathlessly the revengeful Cameron grasped the gun, and looked out from his concealment. There they came and slowly they passed along below; and there, too, came the white horse, on the near side of the column. The rider was speaking to another mounted officer, and his head was rather bent, but his position offered no obstacle to Dugald's aim. The thought of Ewan made it quick and true, and, mortally wounded, the rider of the white horse reeled and fell. But the report of the musket was still ringing through the air, when a wild shriek burst from the heights above, and flinging down the fatal weapon, Dugald Cameron fled in horror from the spot—for as he fell, the officer's cap came off, and in his murdered victim the Cameron recognized Culcairn. Knowing nothing of Ewan's death, ignorant even that his brother officer had offered up any sacrifice to the God of civil war, Major Munro had, in accordance with duty which had already carried him deep into the Knoidart, joined Grant on his return, and his own horse having wearied on the way, he had borrowed one from the latter. It was by a strange fatality, the very one whose rider was doomed in Dugald's mind, and mounted on a dark steed, Grant rode safely within musket-shot of the avenger, while another met the fate intended for him. Whether scatheless in mind as in body Grant passed through life, or whether remorse in later days awoke to claim her prey, tradition bears no record, for it is silent as to his after fate. But of Dugald Roy it speaks out plainly and decidedly; and strange indeed is the career it traces for the fugitive rebel, the vainly pursued assassin. In the service of the sovereign against whom he had fought, and beneath the flag which he had hated, he found at last a safe asylum, where for many years he was known as a grave, reserved, but gallant man, whose tried courage and and consistent humanity secured the esteem of those by whom but half his sad story was suspected. And poor Lilias! of her tradition says but little. Not a word of her unutterable agony, not one syllable of the despair which turned her existence into night; only that she was laid beside her forefathers a few months after her lover's death. Sufficient record this of the crushed spirit and broken heart!


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In Germany it was known as "Der Schön Glanz," but subsequently received its present distinguished title, at Vienna, on being presented to Jenny Lind by one of her admirers.

The following is from the London Examiner.

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The following is from the *Hamburgher Zeitung.*

[Translated.]

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[From the New York Herald.]

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