

"1745." A TALE

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"1745." A Tale by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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A Tale.

“ Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee,
King o’ the Hieland hearts, bonny Prince Charlie ? ”

JACOBITE SONG.

“ Kings have no rights divine, until they fall,
And then a generous mind accords them all. ”

LONDON :

JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

1859.



Ballantyne & Company, Printers, Edinburgh.

THIS
Little Tale,
WRITTEN MANY YEARS AGO,
IS APPROVED,
IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINE,
BY
THE COUNTESS OF PORTSMOUTH,
TO WHOM
IT IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.



PREFACE.

It was a bright spring evening, and the streets of London were unusually gay, but the carriages and the foot-passengers were all moving in one direction, for there was to be a grand fancy-ball at Buckingham Palace, and the novelty, combined with the magnificence of the preparations, had excited an extreme interest.

At the open windows of a large house, in one of the squares at the west end of London, stood a group of young people eagerly watching the carriages as they rolled past. Great excitement prevailed when the costumes of the ladies and gentlemen inside the equipages were at all visible ;

but at last the amusement slackened, they gradually withdrew from the windows, and one young lady exclaimed—

“I am quite tired; it is dull work watching other people’s gaiety. I wish we had been invited to Buckingham Palace.”

“And I can’t see why we should not have been,” responded another; “we have been presented to Queen Victoria, we have been to Court.”

“Nay,” exclaimed a third, “we must not become disloyal; our beloved Queen would, doubtless, gladly welcome all her subjects, but where could she *put* them all?”

This sally produced a good-humoured laugh, and the mother of the family, anxious to give a new turn to the thoughts of the young party, gaily said—

“Perhaps it may be difficult this evening to resume our usual occupations, what do you say to my reading aloud this MS., a tale of the year 1745?”

"1745!" they all exclaimed; "why, it is just a century ago, and the Queen's fancy-ball is to represent the dress of that time."

"Exactly so," said the mother, smiling; "perhaps that very circumstance reminded me of this narrative, which may not be the less interesting when I tell you, that many passages relate to distant relatives, of whom, perhaps, you never heard, but who were, nevertheless, 'ancestors of thine.'"

In a moment the interest of the young party was excited, they gathered round the work-table, silence was invoked, and, without further preface, the mother began to read aloud the Tale of 1745.