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THE HIGHLANDS;  
THE SCOTTISH MARTYRS;  
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY  
THE REV. JAMES G. SMALL,  
BERVIE.

THIRD EDITION.

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## P R E F A C E

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

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It was not in the hope of finding amid the clang and the turmoil of these days of bustling excitement a very numerous auditory, that the author was last year induced to seek admittance into that minstrel band to which so obscure a place is now assigned, and to whose harping so careless an ear is turned by the busy and pre-occupied multitude.

To this his expectations were limited, that here and there a few thoughtful spirits or a few partial hearts might be willing to gather around him as he sang, and to listen, with no critical or fastidious ear, to strains which, with somewhat of earnest simplicity, but with no affectation of startling vehemence or high-sounding pomp of tone, discoursed of themes which in themselves have an attraction for the most of those whose ear he hoped to gain, and which, though to a great extent connected with his own mountain-

land, are yet of no mere local or temporary interest, but are fitted to kindle the imagination and affect the heart of all who have an eye and a soul for the naturally or spiritually sublime.

That his hopes have been more than realized, it were affectation to deny. The suspicious flattery of partial lips would have had little weight in inducing him to consent to appear before that wide circle of auditors who are wont to assemble around the company which he now ventures to join; but the voice of unequivocal approbation from the unbiassed umpires of literature in all parts of our own land,—the eloquent utterance of genial sympathy by Scotland's most beloved and gifted sons on the far plains of India,—and the complacent smile of our country's laureled and venerated bards,—these suffrages he owns have inspired a hope which neither parental affection for his own offspring nor the facile approval of friendship could have awakened.

This only he would remark for himself before repeating his simple melody on the Highland harp, that his lay is meant rather as a reflective than as a descriptive one,—that he has endeavoured rather to interpret the voice of Nature in

human language, than literally to record the mystic sounds that issue from her oracle, or minutely to delineate the hieroglyphic characters that are traced on the lofty walls and massy columns of her ancient temple; though, at the same time, he hopes that sufficient intimations have been given of what his eyes have actually seen, and his ears heard, to enable those who are conversant with such scenes to judge of the fidelity of his interpretations. For the sake of those, however, who may place such confidence in him as to allow him to guide them through those glorious regions, amid which he has spent so many happy days, he has added, in plain prose, a description of a tour, in which the reader will be conducted, *pari passu*, with the minstrel, but without the hazard of losing his way, or mistaking the allusions of the song. Our Queen's renewed visit to the Highlands has this year a second time directed the eyes of the empire to that region; and with respect to the poem of which he has now been speaking, as well as that on the Scottish Martyrs, the author has not been disappointed in the hope he ventured to express on their first publication,—that "re-

cent events having given an additional interest to subjects in themselves so worthy of the lyre, there might be found many breasts which would not merely respond to his strains, simple as they were, but would return them with a redoubling echo that would compensate for the feebleness of the voice which gave them forth."

The end which the author proposed to himself in writing the tale entitled "Imagination," was to exemplify some of the workings of an imaginative spirit in its natural and in its renewed and enlightened state: while in the ballad "Menie," now for the first time published, though written many years ago, he has sought to embody some of the expressions in which wounded nature and divinely wrought resignation will find vent in humble life. And he may remark that, in his poetical attempts in general, his object has been, not the mere entertainment of the fancy, but the purifying and soothing of the heart.

*Edinburgh, Dec. 1844.*



## P R E F A C E

### TO THE THIRD EDITION.

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THE Author has no wish to conceal that, with all its faults, this little work is the child of his affections, and that he is at once grateful for the reception with which it has hitherto met, and anxious that, wherever it may wander, it may be treated with the same kindness and cordiality as heretofore. Around it cluster many of the happiest memories of his life. The scenes amidst which the greater part of it was produced—the events by which other parts were suggested—the musings and experiences from which it derived its birth and its nurture—the stirring epoch at which it first saw the light\* — and the many acknowledgments of pleasure derived from its perusal,—these and other causes have linked with it the most pleasing associations.

It would accordingly have been gratifying to the Author had the present re-issue of the work afforded him an opportunity of subjecting it to such a revision as might have rendered it more worthy of general acceptance. No material alteration, however, in the body of the work—beyond the correction of typographical errors—could well have consisted with the use of the stereotype plates, prepared by the publishers of the second edition,† and of which he had obtained possession. Had it not been for this circumstance, he might have introduced into the poem on the Highlands, and the relative Notes,

\* May 1843.

† Published by H. G. Clarke & Co. London, in their "Cabinet Series of new and popular works."

a few additional passages regarding some scenes, which, since the publication of the second edition, he has had an opportunity either of visiting for the first time or of more fully exploring. In particular, he would gladly have recorded his impressions of that magnificent district, watered by the Dee, to which the memory of Byron so often and so fondly reverted, and to which so much additional interest is now attached from its being the chosen resort of our beloved Sovereign during those seasons when the pomp of Courts and the pageantries of State may be exchanged for the quiet influences of nature. The very celebrity, however, which this region has thus acquired, and the frequency with which it has of late been described, render it the less necessary that he should attempt any minute delineation of its beauties. At the same time, as this is almost the only omission which requires to be supplied in order to render the work a complete guide to the scenery of the Highlands, he would here briefly indicate what are the leading characteristics and chief points of attraction which this interesting district presents.

The mountains amidst which the Dee takes its rise are among the loftiest and grandest to be found in the Highlands. Immediately around its source rise Ben-Muick-Dhui, Braeriach and Cairntoul, while farther off soar the peaks of Cairngorm, Ben-na-Main, Benavon, Ben-a-Bourd, and Ben-a-Vrochan. In penetrating the recesses, or scaling the heights of these mountains, scenes of truly Alpine sublimity present themselves, of which the most remarkable and impressive is the lone Loch-avon, encircled by the precipitous and frowning steeps of Cairngorm, Ben-Muick-Dhui, and Ben-na-Main. Tracing the course of the Dee, from the deep pools in which its infant waters well up from the rocky womb of the mountain, we find it dashing on amidst gloomy cliffs,

and receiving as it rolls the wild torrents of the Garachary and the Geusachan. Having turned toward the east, it flows for some miles through a bare valley, till it reaches the remarkable cataract named the Linn of Dee, where it rushes impetuously through a narrow and rocky channel; and, after toiling and foaming among the hollows of the rugged chasm, rests in a deep and silent pool. Thence it pursues its course through a more open and smiling region. Woods of pine and clumps of birch enliven the scene, and tributary streams come leaping from the hills, forming many fine cascades. Such are the falls of the Lui, the beautiful Linn of Corriemulzie, the Linns of the Quoich and the Carr, and, finest of all, the falls of the Garrawalt, about four miles east from the Castletown of Braemar, amidst the richly wooded and picturesque domains of Invercauld. In reaching this point, we have passed the ruins of Inverey Castle, Mar Lodge, a seat of the Earl of Fife, the remains of an ancient hunting seat of Malcolm Ceanmohr, and the Castle of Braemar, beside which the Earl of Mar raised the standard for "James the VIII." in 1715. Many also are the objects worthy of special notice which nature has presented to us, such as the towering Craig-Nich, opposite to Mar Lodge, the remarkable cliff named the Lion's Face, and the majestic steeps of Craig-Clunie, which rise on the right, while on the left extends the noble amphitheatre of Braemar. We hasten on, however, to the attractive environs of Balmoral, and our loyal heart rejoices to find that this retreat of our liege Lady and her Royal Consort contains all the elements of grandeur and of beauty. The house, an irregular turretted building, is situated on the south side of the Dee, in the midst of a spacious lawn, bestrewn with those fine birches which are the great ornament of the district, and girt by a noble sweep of the winding river. Viewed

from the opposite bank, it presents a lordly aspect, and even wears, from the magnificence of its setting, an air of majesty, which well comports with the royal associations which are now attached to it. This is especially felt on a fine autumnal evening, when the western clouds are suffused with a gorgeous glow, and the stately form of Lochnagar, wrapped in the solemn gloom of its own shadow, stands out, abrupt and bold, against the golden sky, which gives depth, by its contrasted brilliance, to the stern darkness of the precipitous mountain. More immediately behind Balmoral rises the luxuriantly wooded eminence of Craig-Gowan, a favourite resort of her Majesty. About three miles further down the river, and close upon its banks, stands the Castle of Abergeldie, the occasional residence of the Duchess of Kent. The beauty of the surrounding scene awoke the minstrelsy of the old Scottish Bard, and "The Birks of Abergeldie" afforded to Burns the key-note of the more tasteful song, "The Birks of Aberfeldy." Passing down the river, we find much to attract and detain our footsteps; Ballater, with its fine pass, its wooded hills, and its associations with the boyhood of Byron; the Burn of the Vat, with its fall; Aboyne with its castle, surrounded by noble woods; and all variety of birchen bank and sloping hill, battle-field and Roman camp, ruined tower and modern villa, that give interest to the course of the Dee. Here, however, we must bring these supplementary notices to a close, and conclude by expressing the hope that this little volume of mountain-musings and martyr-memories may find acceptance with those for whom such subjects have an inherent charm.

# CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
<b>THE HIGHLANDS :—</b>	
CANTO I. Introduction—The Ancient Caledonians— Mortyn—Mythology of Ossian—Introduction of Christi- anity—The Culdees—Iona—Staffa . . . . .	15
CANTO II. The coast of Moldart—Morning—Noon— Night—Passage to Skye—Armadale—The Coolin Hills —Corulsk—Strathaird's Cave—Kintail—Loch Maree— Ben Wyvis—The Dhrum—Culloden—Cawdor Castle . . . . .	32
CANTO III. Loch Ness—Glen Urquhart—Fall of Foyers—Aultsigh—Glen Morviston—Glengarry—Ben Nevis—Lochiel—Lochshiel—Moldart—Prince Charles —Glencoe—The Massacre—Loch Awe—Kilchurn Castle —Legends—Inverary—Glen Shira—Loch Fyne—The Clyde—Arran—Robert the Bruce . . . . .	48
CANTO IV. Loch Katrine—Loch Achray—Loch Ve- nachar—Loch Ard—Lake of Monteith—Priory of Inch- mahome—Influence of pure religion on the Highland character—Feelings excited and cherished by mountain scenery—The Highlander's return from foreign coun- tries—The Scottish Sabbath . . . . .	65
CANTO V. The Highlands revisited—Loch Lomond —Loch Tay—Aberfeldy—Dunkeld—The Tummil—Kil- hecrankie—Blair Athol—The Bruar—Loch Garry— Strathairdle—Retrospect—Conclusion . . . . .	

	PAGE
NOTES TO THE HIGHLANDS—	
NOTES TO CANTO I. . . . .	101
NOTES TO CANTO II. . . . .	107
NOTES TO CANTO III. . . . .	119
NOTES TO CANTO IV. . . . .	128
NOTES TO CANTO V. . . . .	132
The Scottish Martyrs . . . . .	143
The Liberation of Greece from the Turkish Yoke . . . . .	207
Imagination : a Tale . . . . .	229
* Menie : a Ballad . . . . .	259
To a Mountain Stream . . . . .	272
The Communion of hearts . . . . .	278
* The Martyrs of the Isles . . . . .	285
Lines to G. S. . . . .	291
Lines to G. B. S. . . . .	293
The Solace of Imagination . . . . .	296
The Solace of Friendship . . . . .	299
* Lines written in Galloway . . . . .	301
† The Battle of Drumclog . . . . .	305
† The Martyrdom of the Marquis of Argyll . . . . .	311
† Jesus Weeping over Jerusalem . . . . .	315

\* The poems marked thus\*, as well as the present Notes to the Highlands, were not contained in the first edition.

† The pieces marked thus † were not included in either of the previous editions.

THE HIGHLANDS.

A Poem,

IN FIVE CANTOS.





# THE HIGHLANDS.

## CANTO FIRST.

---

### I.

DULL is the soul that e'er hath roamed along  
'Mong Scotia's vales and hills, and hath not caught  
The inspiring breath that prompts to pensive song;  
To whom, in seasons of sweet, silent thought,  
The image of these scenes is never brought,  
Nor fondly cherished as a precious dower;  
Upon whose breast their influence hath not wrought  
As with a charm—whose gently soothing power  
His heart hath gladly owned in many an after hour.

### II.

And I have felt that charm;—and, not in vain,  
Upon my soul unfadingly impressed,  
These scenes in lively vision still remain;  
For never yet hath my delighted breast  
Such calm, deep, purifying joy confessed,  
As when 'mid these bright regions I have stood,  
Or as when Memory my soul hath blessed,  
And with her magic mirror hath renewed  
To fancy's gladdened eye, lake, dell, and bosky wood.

## III.

Gazing o'er floods and streams, o'er glades and hills,  
 From some lone glen or some majestic height,  
 Say whence such deep, sublime emotion fills  
 The musing soul, and whence such calm delight  
 Steals o'er the heart;—whence seem they to the sight  
 So girt with power and wild magnificence?  
 Is it that, in themselves, they have the might  
 To stir the spirit as they please the sense,  
 Or whence their secret charm? Canst thou, sweet Muse  
 say whence?

## IV.

It is a glorious power, that, from the mind,  
 Like a creative spirit, wanders forth,  
 And on immortal wings flies, unconfined,  
 Exulting in its might, through heaven and earth,  
 Giving to all it looks on a new birth.  
 'Tis this so hallows the grey, mouldering tower;  
 Hence laugh the valleys with such lively mirth—  
 Hence frown the hills with such subduing power—  
 Hence strike the clouds such awe when 'mid the storm  
 they lower.

## V.

To thee, Imagination, hath been given  
 A wondrous power, that never knows decay,  
 To imitate the glorious work of heaven,  
 And breathe a living soul into the clay.  
 Things that are not thou call'st, and they obey;  
 All nature yields to thy benign control;  
 It needs but that thy quick'ning voice should say  
 "Let this fair frame have life," and lo! a soul,  
 In thine own image formed, pervades the breathing  
 whole.

## VI.

Yes! 'tis the life in Scotia's guardian hills  
That seems to dwell—and in each waving wood,  
And bellowing torrent—it is this that fills  
The heart with rapture, as, in musing mood,  
The soul goes out upon the lake's calm flood;  
Or communes with the clouds; for it can find  
In them companions. Now it loves to brood  
O'er the still waters; now the awakened mind  
Commingles with the storm, associate of the wind.

## VII.

And where, Imagination, dost thou reign  
With vaster power—or where delight'st thou more  
To walk majestic with thy mystic train  
Of fancies rapturous—or where to pour  
Thy life-imparting influence—than o'er  
Old Scotia's bounding streams and mountains wild?  
Ah! well thou lov'st to listen to the roar  
Of her far torrents, and to lead thy child  
Entranced where rugged hills on hills to heaven are piled.

## VIII.

Nor giv'st thou only life to all things fair,  
And wondrous, and sublime: thy call can bring  
Into the trackless depths of liquid air  
From lonely dell, dark cave, and murmuring spring.  
Spirits that fly aloft on wanton wing—  
Amid the storm career upon the blast—  
Glide o'er the earth, or sport on grassy ring;  
Or thou canst bid thy sons behold, aghast,  
The forms of those who dwelt on earth in ages past.

## IX.

Thus he who loves with thee at eve to stray  
Through wood and wold, when not a jarring sound  
Breaks the sweet stillness of the closing day,  
Feels as if walking on enchanted ground,  
And, wrapt in awful musing, sees around  
Spirits of peace or forms of terror rise ;  
He sees them dancing on each verdant mound,  
He sees them trooping from the silent skies,  
And still the rugged scene grows wilder in his eyes.

## X.

Ye gentle spirits ! ye sweet fays ! with whom  
As through your own domains I lonely roved  
Amid the holy twilight's pensive gloom,  
With playful fancies pleased, I oft have loved  
To hold mysterious converse—far removed  
From the world's ceaseless strife, in some fair scene  
By lavish nature decked as best behoved  
Your dwelling, where some glad stream gushed be-  
tween  
Two hills sublime, or 'mid some ring of fairy green ;

## XI.

Leave, lovely spirits ! those wild haunts awhile,  
Where most it suits ye—most ye love to dwell ;  
And deign, even here, upon my dreams to smile.  
Let your known voices on my spirit swell,  
Soft as the music of some village bell  
Amid your own delightful valleys pealing.  
Come ! to my soul tales of past ages tell,  
The secrets of your chosen homes revealing,  
And tune my soul afresh to childhood's raptured feeling.

## XII.

Or may ye not the strong enchantment break,  
That binds ye to some hill, or stream, or glen?  
Your charmed circle may ye not forsake,  
To dwell awhile among the abodes of men?  
Then come, thou pensive nymph, come, Memory,  
then—

For with me thou hast trod each haunted place,  
And treasured its delights—come, pour again  
Their influence on my soul; revive each trace  
Which Time and busy thoughts have laboured to deface.

## XIII.

Or on Imagination's joyous wing  
Fly forth, my soul, o'er mountain, strath, and dell.  
There all thou seest shall sweet remembrance bring  
Of by-gone days: for 'mid these scenes full well  
Have Purity and Freedom loved to dwell,  
Even when exiled from all the world beside.  
There many a lay upon thine ear shall swell,  
From distance borne along the swelling tide  
Of Time. To these thou well may'st list with honest  
pride.

## XIV.

For sweetly strung was Scotia's harp of old,  
And as, in thrilling notes or melting strains,  
To mighty chiefs and lovely maids it told  
Of deeds that consecrate their native plains,  
Or of Love's rapturous bliss and tender pains,  
High beat the heart, or dropped the unbidden tear.  
And still each glen the voice of song retains—  
Still to the Highland heart these lays are dear—  
Still loves it of the deeds of other times to hear.

## XV.

Thus, joyfully, my soul, shalt thou be borne,  
Following Tradition's mellowed voice, away  
To view the varying aspect of the morn,  
When shone the sun of glory's earliest ray  
Upon thy country : 'mid the twilight grey  
Of dim obscurity, see streaks of light  
Portend the brightness of the coming day,  
When burst that sun's full splendours on the sight—  
Though clouded oft awhile, yet beautiful and bright !

## XVI.

A people, then and there, may'st thou behold,  
Indomitable as the rugged soil  
O'er which they loved to roam—proud, free, and bold,  
As their own mountains. They alone could foil  
The arms of Rome, and rob them of their spoil ;  
Pierce the huge serpent that had twined around  
The vanquished nations—bidding it uncoil,  
And draw that head back, gored with many a wound,  
In whose gemmed lustre they no fascination found.

## XVII.

Free roaming 'mid their own wild hills and skies,  
Dear and familiar ever to their sight ;  
Amid these scenes sublime, where, to their eyes,  
In every woody glen and misty height,  
Nature put forth her most stupendous might  
To awe yet charm the soul, and to adorn  
These favoured regions ; they did take delight  
To own themselves her children, and to scorn  
All that appeared of Art and dull Restriction born.

## XVIII.

And marvel not that to their simple heart  
Uncultured Nature doubly was endeared;  
And that the boastful blazonry of Art  
Thus hateful to their jealous soul appeared,  
And he who bore it — as a foe was feared,  
Since proudly it was borne upon the shield  
Of those who dark Invasion's standard reared  
Against them—since to Art's approach to yield,  
Seemed base as 'twere to quit some long contested field.

## XIX.

Nor strange that Nature's voice to them was sweet—  
That her their mother they so loved to call:  
Accordant with her voice their bosoms beat;  
And the rude crag, the torrent's roaring fall,  
The hurrying clouds, the tempest's fierceness—all  
Spoke in a tone the sweetest to their soul.  
And what might minds of gentler cast appal,  
With pleasing and congenial influence stole  
On minds that joyed in all that seemed to spurn control.

## XX.

Yet dear and sacred ever in their sight  
The ties that Nature's hand had bound appeared;  
And him, the warrior chief who to the height  
Of power and dignity by her was reared,  
They loved, obeyed, and cheerfully revered.  
He was the father of his tribe, and strong  
The bonds by which to all he was endeared.  
Their judge and leader—their defence from wrong—  
His deeds filled every mind—his praises every song.

## XXI.

To Nature's voice with reverential awe  
They listened ; and, from every sight and sound,  
Imagination taught their souls to draw  
Deep meanings ; and, when all was still around,  
If aught disturbed the solemn hush profound,  
The heart that could all mortal terrors brave  
Would flutter ; and in these their fancy found—  
Accordant with the stamp that feeling gave—  
Revealings from above, or voices from the grave.

## XXII.

While thus upon my soul the thoughts arise<sup>1</sup>  
That call to mind the deeds of other days,  
What scene does Fancy picture to mine eyes ?  
'Tis " woody Morven," where full oft the lays  
Of ancient bards arose, to tell the praise  
Of conquering chiefs, or chiefs who nobly fell.  
My soul by Lora's murmuring water strays,  
Whose woodland music oft did Ossian swell,  
And by the cairns that mark where slumbering heroes  
    dwell.

## XXIII.

And see ! as slow departs the summer day,  
The clouds around in martial order close,  
Forming themselves in dread and dark array,  
Like the advance and charge of meeting foes ;  
And now, as each in the red radiance glows  
Of the departing sun, they seem as dyed  
In blood that from a thousand bosoms flows ;  
And there some ancient bard might have descried  
The ghosts of warriors slain, still fired with martial pride.



## XXIV.

Amid the storm, upon their cloudy cars,  
Still rush they through the heavens, as once they  
rushed,  
Urged by revenge and wrath, to earthly wars.  
And now see yonder host by victory flushed!  
And see their foes beneath their onset crushed,  
Pursued by fiery darts of forked light!  
Victorious Fingal stops the rout, and hushed  
Is now the tumult and the noise of fight:  
And slow the foe retires, though still in timid flight.

## XXV.

See the triumphant host amid the skies,  
With joyful shouts, around their leader throng!  
And, hark! I hear a gentle voice arise,  
Borne by the soft and dying gale along.  
Methinks it is the voice of Ossian's song,  
Who sweeps his harp amid the "feast of shells."  
Now soft it rises, and now, boldly strong,  
As if in triumph and in joy, it swells;  
And still on Fingal's might and Oscar's praise it dwells.

## XXVI.

But now no longer glows the fading west;  
The clouds amid the darkness disappear;  
The wearied hosts of heaven have sunk to rest.  
To-morrow they exchange the brand and spear,  
And battle's wild delights, for sylvan cheer;  
And, mounted on the clouds, their flying steeds,  
Through heaven's wide fields pursue the shadowy  
deer,  
Sporting as once they did on earthly meads;  
For still in heaven they love their former joys and deeds.

## XXVII.

'Twas thus, when Scotia lay beneath the shade  
Of ignorance—ere pure religion's light,  
From blest Iona shining, yet displayed  
The purity of that celestial height,  
Where holy spirits dwell in glory bright,  
Imagination pictured to the eye,  
In viewless air or in the things of sight,  
Spirits into whose state love bade men pry,—  
Which something in themselves declared could never  
die.

## XXVIII.

What is that something? 'tis the voice of heaven,  
Which the immortal spirit hears within;  
Which says, these powers, these feelings were not  
given,  
In this abode of misery and sin  
To live alone; that here we but begin  
An endless being; that there is a state  
Where suffering worth a recompense shall win;  
Where heaven's just wrath the oppressor shall await,  
Though dimly can blind man foresee his future fate.

## XXIX.

And, when the soul its earthly house forsakes,  
In minds untaught of heaven the thought will rise  
That still of mortal passions it partakes,  
And still is bound to earth by human ties;  
And, leaving oft its mansion in the skies,  
Will seek some spot of earth that once was dear;  
Or, 'neath the shade of midnight, to the eyes  
Of lone and wakeful pilgrims will appear,  
To warn them when some hour of gloom is drawing near.

## XXX.

Nor when arose—these regions to illum—  
The Sun of Righteousness, did even *his* ray  
Dispel at once these phantoms of the gloom,  
Or chase dark superstition's clouds away ;  
Yet did it raise them higher, and display,  
In the bright tints which even on them it cast,  
A cheering earnest of that glorious day  
Which, when these clouds from Scotia's sky had  
    passed,  
Shed its benignant beams o'er all the land at last.

## XXXI.

No more o'er Scotia's rugged hills and isles  
Religion's light is from Iona shed ;  
And moulder now her old and hoary piles  
O'er the low graves, where lie the mighty dead,  
And holy men, who wont these scenes to tread ;  
Yet is it sweet to walk where they have trod ;  
Sweet is it, even in fancy, to be led  
O'er scenes that have been Sanctity's abode,—  
From whence o'er all the land such priceless blessings  
    flowed.

## XXXII.

And, oh ! if fancy such deep joy can give,  
Shrined in the heart such scenes may well remain,  
When we have gazed on them. Then let me live  
Those hours of holy musing o'er again,  
When, borne rejoicing o'er the Western main,<sup>2</sup>  
Far on the deep the sacred isle I viewed—  
When rose upon my sight its ancient fane—  
When on its hallowed shore entranced I stood,  
And with its spirit felt my inmost soul imbued.

## XXXIII.

It was on such a morn as that whereon  
A light of influence purer far than aught  
Yon glorious sun can boast, arose and shone—  
Even that blest morn which o'er these waters brought,  
From Erin's kindred shore, a frail bark, fraught  
With a devoted band of heralds, led  
By one whom God by His own Word had taught,  
And by His Spirit fired with zeal to spread  
The tidings of great joy through Him for man who bled.

## XXXIV.

Calm rose that morning o'er these western Isles,  
Shedding on all around a tranquil ray.  
Old Ocean brightened into peaceful smiles,  
As rolled the darkness from his face away;  
And glad he hailed that blest, auspicious day.  
More joyful then, methinks, than e'er before,  
Through Staffa's pillared aisles his matin lay—  
Wont ever there its orisons to pour—  
Would swell in solemn strains, his Maker to adore.

## XXXV.

For o'er the Western wave, that hallowed morn,  
A bright and glorious star, of ray divine,  
Like that which led to where the Christ was born,  
Arose—with cheering beams ordained to shine,  
And be to these rude isles a sacred sign,  
Pointing to where, with gifts of purer worth  
Than brought the Magi from the eastern mine,  
They might repair to Him whose wondrous birth  
Great glory brought to heaven, and spake good-will to  
earth.

## XXXVI.

Wide o'er these rugged realms its hallowed ray  
Was poured diffusive ; nor on these alone :  
O'er Southern regions, stretching far away,  
With blessed power its heavenly lustre shone ;  
And they who sat in darkness joyed to own  
The healing influence of its tranquil light :  
And where a Saviour's name was not unknown,  
Even there it shone with beams more purely bright  
Than 'mid the obscuring clouds till then had reached  
their sight.

## XXXVII.

In peaceful union here the brethren dwelt,  
Studious of God's own Word—a holy band,  
Eager to spread the heavenly peace they felt  
In their own tranquil breasts o'er all the land ;  
To bid the sacred tree of life expand  
O'er nations perishing around, and give  
Its blessed fruits abundant to their hand,  
That, eating of these fruits, their souls might live,  
And from its shadowing leaves a healing balm receive.

## XXXVIII.

Ah ! not in monkish solitude retired  
Dwelt they, remote from men, in selfish ease ;  
But, with deep ardour and devotion fired,  
They spread abroad the glorious truth which frees  
From strong delusions, deadening, while they please,  
The heart led captive in the fetters wrought  
By Superstition's hand, and formed to seize  
The prostrate powers of feeling and of thought,  
In the seductive snares of sense and passion caught.

## XXXIX.

Such glorious aim o'er all their feelings shed  
 A hallowing power, which purified from earth,  
 And sense, and self; and with strong impulse led  
 The champions of the cross undaunted forth  
 To deadly warfare with the monstrous birth  
 Of the fell powers of darkness, that had reigned  
 With gloomiest sway o'er all the subject North.  
 Nor less resolved the struggle they maintained  
 'Gainst that usurping power which held the South  
 enchained.\*

## XL.

They called none master upon earth, nor bowed  
 The knee to the great harlot who sits throned<sup>2</sup>  
 On the seven hills, and blasphemous words and proud  
 Gives forth. One Lord and Lawgiver they owned—  
 One intercessor—Him who bled, and groaned,  
 And died to save them—Him, the great High Priest,  
 Who bore their griefs, and for their sins atoned.  
 By Him from bonds of guilty fear released,  
 They bore not on their brow the image of the beast.

## XLI.

And when the pensive pilgrim wanders here,<sup>3</sup>  
 And gazes on these ruins, frail and low,  
 While softly falls upon his musing ear  
 The solemn sound of ocean's ceaseless flow:  
 Then holy feeling in his soul will glow,  
 More pure and sacred—more sublime and deep—  
 Than e'er deluded votary may know  
 'Neath proud cathedral domes, where music's sweep  
 And perfumed incense-clouds his sated senses steep.

\* The Pope.

XLII.

Yes! many a mighty fane hath since been reared,  
 And many a stately structure yet may rise,  
 Yet more than all that spot shall be revered  
 Where old Iona's ruins meet the eyes;  
 Where, mingled with the dust of ages, lies  
 The mortal frame of him whose blessed feet  
 First brought the glorious message from the skies  
 To Scotia's sons, and made this Isle the seat  
 Where pure religion dwelt, and learning found retreat.

XLIII.

And, oh! with calmly musing eyes to trace  
 Each holy relic, each memorial hoar,  
 That still adorns the venerable place,  
 And brings to mind all that it was of yore!  
 To stand upon the consecrated shore,  
 Oft trod by those who the glad tidings brought  
 To these once darkened regions; to adore,  
 Amid these sacred piles, in silent thought,  
 Him by whose Spirit led this lonely isle they sought

XLIV.

Oh! then what sweet and grateful thoughts arise!  
 Yet how subdued the swelling thought of pride,  
 Standing where low the chief—the monarch lies!  
 How small a space suffices to divide  
 Hereditary foes—laid side by side,—  
 Their deeds forgot—almost their names unknown—  
 All record of their lives to fame denied,  
 Save the rude sculpture of the hoary stone,  
 By ruthless storms defaced, and by wild weeds o'er-  
 grown!

## XLV.

With slow, reluctant step I leave thy shore,  
O blest Iona! and, while o'er the main  
The vessel bears me, I sit gazing o'er  
The dashing waves, still eager to retain  
The distant prospect of thy crumbling fane,  
Till but a dim speck on the deep appears:  
But thou art hidden from my sight in vain;  
Oft shall my musing soul, in after years,  
Dwell where thy ancient pile its hoary ruin rears.

## XLVI.

But Staffa rises o'er the heaving tide, <sup>4</sup>  
And thither now my eager eyes are cast.  
With sable cormorants its pillared side  
Is peopled; and, high-soaring on the blast,  
The curlews shriek around.—And now, at last,  
We reach the cave whose hundred columns make  
A gorgeous temple, solemn, high, and vast;  
Where ocean's choirs the eternal song awake,  
Calling our souls a part in that deep strain to take.

## XLVII.

Yet here do many gaze with careless eyes—  
Creatures of sensuous heart and earthly mould,  
Who see unmoved the wondrous structure rise,  
Hear through these aisles the ocean-anthem rolled,  
And all the glories of this fane behold,  
With souls unmoved—untouched by holy feeling—  
Absorbed in speculations dry and cold—  
While in their ears these solemn sounds are pealing,  
And the mute rocks the while the Almighty's power  
revealing.



## XLVIII.

But, oh ! to stand alone in such a place,  
Or with a few congenial hearts to swell  
The ocean's song !—what time can e'er efface  
The feelings raised, as by a magic spell,  
At such a time—for evermore to dwell  
Deep in the breast ! Would that our hearts might be  
As temples, by God's hand prepared as well  
To tune to sounds of holiest harmony  
Each wave that enters there from Life's tumultuous  
    sea !

## XLIX.

But here we may not linger, for the shades<sup>s</sup>  
Of eve are gathering round us ; and, once more,  
We bound across the billow. Dimly fades  
The ocean scene ; but morning shall restore  
To view full many a wild and wondrous shore ;  
While from Loch Sunart's banks my way I hold,  
The rugged hills of Moidart to explore,  
And tread that grove where, to his chiefs, of old,<sup>s</sup>  
The young adventurous Prince his daring purpose told.

# THE HIGHLANDS.

## CANTO SECOND.

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### I.

THE morn rose wrapt in clouds; the murky sky  
Deluged the earth; and, for to-day, I deemed,  
No smile from nature's face would cheer mine eye.  
But soon from heaven a ray of promise beamed,  
And the glad hills looked out, and brightly gleamed;  
And forth I fared rejoicing, for I found  
That down the mountains now the torrents streamed  
With livelier mirth and more exulting bound,  
And a new beauty seemed diffused o'er all around.

### II.

And then I thought how oft it thus hath been—  
When clouds of woe and sadness hovering o'er,  
Obscured and darkened all this mortal scene,  
That even those evils we could most deplore  
Have been but found some new delight to pour  
Around our path, and bid those streams of bliss,  
Whose current ran so languidly before,  
Abound with rapture; and I learned from this,  
With more submissive heart the chastening rod to kiss.

## III.

And, even as these descending rains, methought,  
Bid the rude mountains, late so bare and dry,  
Pour down such bright cascades as might have  
brought

Crowds from afar to gaze with wondering eye,  
Owning that not man's proudest works can vie  
Withaught the Almighty's hand hath made—even so  
When pours the quickening influence from on high  
From hearts once hard, and stern, and dry, will flow  
Such pure and living streams as nature ne'er may show.

## IV.

And now the slowly rising clouds disclose<sup>1</sup>  
A glorious scene. The sun, with struggling pride,  
Bursts forth, and in his beams the water glows.  
The distant islands scattered far and wide,  
The rugged mountains rising by my side,  
Trees fresh and fragrant from the recent rain,  
The long low heave of the returning tide,  
And all the glory of the boundless main,  
Invite me forth to muse—nor is their call in vain.

## V.

There, lulled in sweet repose, yet not to sleep,  
But to a soft and pensive stillness, lies  
The tranquil bosom of the silent deep,  
Reflecting now the glory of the skies,  
Now clothed by fleeting clouds in darker dyes.  
Thus when the calm, unruffled breast surveys  
Man's *mortal* and *immortal* destinies,  
Now with triumphant joy the soul can gaze,  
Deep melancholy now the musing spirit sways.

## VI.

The sun is in his strength! and still the ocean  
Lies hushed and waveless; and the air, whose *sound*  
Alone we hear when in its wild commotion  
Sweeps o'er the trembling earth, now, gently bound  
In that pervading calm which spreads around,  
And by the sun's "clear heat" informed, though  
filled  
With no polluting vapours from the ground,  
Stands *visible*, while thus so sweetly stilled,<sup>1</sup>  
Quivering, as if with joy its conscious being thrilled.

## VII.

And even as, calmly musing, here I see,  
Strangely revealed unto the eye of sense,  
That element whose viewless energy  
Types forth the strong yet unseen influence  
Of that pervading Spirit which doth dispense  
Its healing balm unto a world that else  
Were one dire mass of moral pestilence—  
Where fevers, raging through each throbbing pulse,  
Would madden every brain, and every frame convulse;

## VIII.

So, o'er the pensive soul, in some calm hour  
Of holy contemplation, oft is poured  
The unseen Spirit's influence with such power,  
And such deep feelings in his breast are stirred,  
As lone he muses o'er the blessed Word,  
That his rapt spirit is constrained to cry,  
"Lord, by the hearing of the ear I've heard  
Of Thee and of Thy works; but now mine eye  
Doth see Thee; wherefore low in dust abased I lie."

## IX.

The burning glory of the day is o'er ;  
The glory of its parting, too, is past ;  
And, as I stand upon the silent shore,  
The glory of the night advances last ;  
Nor, lovely night, doth the sweet power thou hast  
O'er musing hearts to either rival yield,  
For thought expands more lofty and more vast  
When earth is almost by thy veil concealed,  
While what remains to view is by *such* light revealed.

## X.

And when the moon, like a pale pensive maid,  
Glides through yon star-flowered fields with gentle  
pace—  
Now dimmed by shadowing clouds, now full displayed—  
How sweet to gaze upon her placid face,  
And in her varying features seek to trace  
The varied thoughts that in her spirit seem  
To dwell ! Now sadness will to joy give place,  
Chased from her heart by some delightful dream,  
Which soothingly appears upon her soul to beam ;

## XI.

And all her face is brightened with a glow  
Of gladness.—But, again, some thought recalls  
The consciousness of all her secret woe ;  
Deep melancholy o'er her spirit falls,  
And gloom sits on her brow. At intervals,  
Thus, as with sympathising heart we gaze  
With still renewed delight that never palls,  
O'er her mild face some new expression plays,  
Which seems to tell the thoughts our own rapt soul  
conveys.

## XII.

The rolling clouds that veiled the morning sky,  
And wrapt in awful gloom the hills below ;  
The beams of glory bursting from on high,  
And glistening o'er the torrent's silvery flow ;  
The genial warmth of day ; the gorgeous glow  
Of sunset, varied by the glimmering sheen  
Of the pale moon, whose rays have power to throw  
The mantle of enchantment o'er the scene ;  
With these my converse hath to-day alternate been ;

## XIII.

And I have drunk their spirit, till it seems  
As if my very soul were so pervaded,  
And interfused, and mingled with the beams  
Of the bright heaven, that, even had darkness shaded  
This region now, it yet could scarce have faded  
From my mind's inward consciousness, but still  
To my rapt spirit, though by sense unaided,  
Each dark and distant isle, each rugged hill,  
Had stood conspicuous forth, obedient to my will.

## XIV.

But now so mild and shadowy is the scene—  
So softly harmonised is all below  
With that most spiritual light and most serene  
Wherewith yon lovely orb her path doth strew—  
That scarce my wondering soul appears to know  
Whether in truth the solid earth I tread,  
And hear with outward sense the ocean's flow,  
And view the glittering sea before me spread,  
Or whether but in dreams my soul be hither led.

## XV.

If 'tis a dream, oh ! let me not too soon <sup>2</sup>  
Awake, to find the sweet illusion fade !  
For, be it truth or fancy, the bright moon,  
Whose magic beams have all this scene arrayed  
With soul-entrancing beauty, hath displayed,  
Moored by the shore, the substance it may be—  
Or, if I dream, the semblance or the shade—  
Of a good boat, prepared, methinks, for me,  
While gently breathes the gale to waft me o'er the sea.

## XVI.

And meet it is, at such a pensive hour,  
Amid such circumstance of mystic glory,  
To seek that wondrous isle, where nature's power  
Hath wrought in every cliff and promontory,  
And hill of iron peak, and lonely corrie,  
With hand now sportive, now sublimely bold ;  
And where each glen and cavern hath its story  
That tells how mortals warred, or how, of old,  
Spirits unseen with men dark converse went to hold.

## XVII.

But now again the morning sun discloses  
The scene that dimly glimmered through the veil  
Of night. Before us the calm sea reposes,  
And o'er its placid breast full many a sail  
Glides softly. Rising in their strength, we hail  
The rugged hills that gird the coast beyond ;  
While, round us, the fair woods of Armidale  
Constrain our steps to linger, with a fond  
And sweet delay awhile ; but we must break that bond ;

## XVIII.

For scenes yet lie before us that have power  
To rule the spirit with a sterner sway,  
Where the dark Coolins in wild glory tower.  
Yet, ere we take o'er moss and moor our way,  
Pause we a little moment to survey  
The lovely prospect that here greets our eyes,  
Gazing from thy green heights, Isle Oransay,  
Where calm the glistening sea before us lies ;  
Then on to where the hills in gloomier pride arise.

## XIX.

And now again upon the smiling deep!  
Swift plies the brawny Gael each glancing oar,  
And chants his Highland ditty, while we sweep  
Round the bold cliffs that guard the craggy shore.  
Hushed is the sleeping ocean's wonted roar ;  
But the deep caves and shattered rocks attest  
The power wherewith, full oft, his billows pour.  
And now the solemn Scavaig's lonely breast<sup>3</sup>  
Receives us, and amid the circling hills we rest.

## XX.

Hush! for we hear the voice of nature speak,  
And feel that now she must be heard alone.  
How harshly sounds man's voice—how poor and weak  
While she sends forth from her majestic throne  
Of everlasting hills that voice whose tone,  
Thrilling our listening hearts with holy awe,  
Bids our rapt spirits the dread presence own  
Of Him "who setteth fast the hills," and draw  
In speechless reverence near, as if His form we saw!



## XXI.

Yet, 'mid such scenes of dread while mute we stand,  
'Tis not alone in soul-subduing fear  
That we shall feel and own the mighty hand  
Of God upon us, for, though dark and drear  
The cliffs that compass us around appear,  
Even these can speak of heaven's protecting grace;  
And still more sweetly sounds the promise here,  
That "The munition of rocks shall be the place  
Of his defence" who seeks Jehovah's glorious face.

## XXII.

'Twere well to linger here, and silently  
To muse, till night's descending shades should throw  
A deep and solemn gloom across the sky,  
Congenial with the gloom that rests below,  
And mark the mountains as they seem to grow  
To wilder grandeur and more awful height:  
But, ere the sun be hidden, I must go  
To view that wild retreat where ancient night  
In yon dark cavern dwells—and startle her with light,

## XXIII.

Lo! where the ocean pours with sullen dash<sup>4</sup>  
Through the long echoing vault his restless wave,  
We bid the glare of many torches flash  
O'er the bright arches of the glittering cave,  
Pillar, and frieze, and plinth, and architrave,  
Of purest marble formed, which all appear  
In order due, from vestibule to nave;  
As if the sea-nymphs had been taught to rear  
A palace for themselves, of gorgeous structure here.

## XXIV.

If so it be, 'twere reason to believe  
That 'tis their wail, upon the breezes borne,  
The passing seaman seems to hear at eve  
Hence issuing forth ; for cause have they to mourn  
The glories of their dwelling reft and torn  
By rude and ruthless hands ; but I would lay  
A heavier charge 'gainst those who thus have shorn  
These chambers of their splendour ; I would say  
Ye sin against a power of no fictitious sway.

## XXV.

Great are thy works, O Lord, and manifold ;  
Sought out they are, with calm, inquiring eye,  
By them to whom 'tis pleasure to behold  
The wonders of thy power, that treasured lie  
In unsunned depths. But hence ! all ye who pry  
And peep through nature's secrets, like a child  
That breaks his toy, all idly searching why  
And whence the mimic sound whereat he smiled.  
Hence ! for whate'er ye touch is by your hands defiled !

## XXVI.

But now from these dark spirit-haunts restored <sup>5</sup>  
To homes where kindly-hearted mortals dwell,  
I list, while, at his hospitable board,  
Strange tales of these wild scenes my host will tell ;—  
Of what one night the love-lorn swain befel,  
Who, home returning, pale and breathless, told  
How fiends, in shape like dogs, did round him yell,  
While on his frame, all numbed by breezes cold,  
A female form, most like his love's, laid ruthless hold.

## XXVII.

Or how the mariner, on Ronin's\* coast,  
His moored boat watching by the moon's pale light,  
Lest by the dashing waves it should be tossed  
On the dark rocks, saw with prophetic sight  
A coffin o'er it stretched—and swooned with fright.  
Nor did his drear and boding vision fail  
Of its accomplishment. The blustering night  
We thus beguile with many a wondrous tale,  
And with the morning sun new scenes of grandeur hail.

## XXVIII.

Now fare thee well, loved island; I depart<sup>6</sup>  
For scenes of richer verdure it may be,  
But never shall I find the simple heart  
And generous bosom purer than with thee.  
Sternly thy hills arise and ruggedly,  
But warmly glows full many a gentle breast  
Amid thy gloomiest scenes;—then take from me  
A fond adieu: may heaven's best blessing rest  
On thee, till thou becom'st an "island of the blest."

## XXIX.

Now, struggling 'mid the floods that, strong and  
deep,<sup>7</sup>  
Rush 'tween th' opposing shores, my bark hath won  
Thy verdant shores, Glenelg: and now I keep  
My onward course, till, glistening in the sun,  
Whose parting beams have clothed the mountains dun  
In robes of purple, thy sweet face I hail,  
Smiling and calm, Loch Duich, and upon  
Thy peaceful banks I rest me, in a vale  
Of tranquil loveliness,—the wood-bestrewn Kintail.

\* Rum.

## XXX.

And morning finds me on the hills again,<sup>8</sup>  
Oft pausing to survey the scene below;  
Till now my upward steps that spot attain  
Where Glomach's glittering waters gently flow,  
Like one that laughs at fears of coming woe,  
While on destruction's brink he dreaming lies,  
Till, all at once, down, down the abyss they go,  
Lost in its dismal depths, from whence our eyes,  
Awe-struck, behold the smoke of their great torment  
rise.

## XXXI.

Away! and let me wander where the hills<sup>9</sup>  
Gird wild Loch Torridon, till now I stand  
Beside that cliff-encompassed lake, which fills<sup>10</sup>  
Beyond all other in this teeming land,  
The musing soul with feelings of the grand  
And sternly glorious, not unmingled oft—  
And most when eve doth o'er the scene expand  
Her dewy wings, and rests serene aloft—  
With thoughts more sweetly calm, feelings more mild  
and soft.

## XXXII.

Far let me wander down thy craggy shore,  
With rocks and trees bestrewn, dark Loch Maree,  
Till that green isle I view, whence, gazing o'er<sup>11</sup>  
Thy placid flood, long looked the prince to see,  
If yet th' expected signal told that she,  
His own loved princess, his betrothed bride  
Drew near, his own for evermore to be;  
Then, when the black flag he afar descried,  
In heedless sport displayed, sank shuddering down and  
died.

## XXXIII.

In rugged grandeur by the placid lake,  
Rise the bold mountain-cliffs, sublimely rude.  
A pleasing contrast, each with each, they make ;  
And, when in such harmonious union viewed,  
Each with more powerful charms appears imbued.  
Even thus it is, methinks, with mingling hearts ;  
Though different far in nature and in mood,  
A blessed influence each to each imparts,  
Which softens and subdues, yet weakens not, nor  
thwarts.

## XXXIV.

How strange the varied thoughts that haunt the soul,  
Fantastic now, now solemn and profound,  
As long I gaze upon the clouds that roll  
Up the deep glen, and gird yon mountain round,  
Which seems like a young world, new born and  
wound  
In swaddling bands, and by its mother Earth  
Nursed in her downy bosom, while a sound,  
Now like an infant's wailing voice comes forth  
From its dark breast,—and now it seems the voice of  
mirth.

## XXXV.

Such wayward fancies in my mind will rise, <sup>12</sup>  
As in my onward course I pause a while  
'Mid deeper thoughts, and turn my musing eyes  
Back on the looming hills that, pile on pile,  
Mount to the welkin ; and I thus beguile  
With random thoughts my solitary way,  
Else all uncheered save by the pensive smile,  
O'er the long line of lakes that seems to play,  
Soft gleaming in the light of the departing day.

## XXXVI.

But these are passed, and now the cheerful morn <sup>13</sup>  
 Leads my glad footsteps through a livelier scene,  
 Where birchen groves the teeming banks adorn,  
 With silver stem and small leaves fresh and green.  
 Here foaming falls flash bright with glistening sheen ;  
 There sweet Loch Echiltie enchants my sight,  
 Smiling with face so lovely and serene,  
 'Mid hills so glorious, and 'neath skies so bright,  
 The very trees around seem thrilling with delight.

## XXXVII.

And onward still through a fair glen, that seems <sup>14</sup>  
 Like a great peaceful Paradise, I go.  
 Round me, far stretching woods and rocks, and  
                   streams ;  
 Beside me, the deep Conan's tranquil flow.  
 But, more than all, it glads my soul to know  
 That, 'mid those scenes through which my steps are  
                   wending,  
 The trees of righteousness abundant grow ;  
 And oft from this calm vale is heard ascending  
 The praise of thousand hearts with Nature's anthem  
                   blending.

## XXXVIII.

Here let me sit upon this heathy mound,  
 And commune with the glorious company  
 Of giant mountains rising all around,  
 And seeming each to Fancy's musing eye  
 With conscious life imbued. Some, shooting high  
 Their bare and rocky summits, seem to seek,  
 As if by one wild heave, to reach the sky,  
 Showing their rugged bosoms dark and bleak,  
 Like stern Ambition's breast, that counts all softness  
                   weak.

## XXXIX.

Not so, with restless effort, rude and wild,  
Spurning the hills below in lordly pride,  
Majestic Wyvis soars ; serene and mild  
As grand he rises ; on his grassy side  
The flocks find pasture, and the waters glide  
Calm down his verdant slopes ; nor doth he raise  
One proud peak to the sky, but vast and wide  
Swells his broad bosom ; yet in vain the blaze  
Of summer on the snows that crown his summit plays.

## XL.

And now, awhile, beside this placid lake  
Calm let me rest, for gathering clouds forbid  
My eager steps the upward path to take  
To where the mountain heights in mist are hid.  
Yet let the joy suffice me, here, amid  
The whispering woods to rove that clothe the shore  
Of the still lake whose waters, dark and red,  
From Earth's rent bosom gushed, they say, of yore,  
What time the offended sprite her breast in anger tore.

## XLI.

Tracing the shady pathway, now I climb  
With pensive steps the wild and woody height  
Where burst at once the lovely and sublime,  
Each in its own perfection, on my sight.  
There tower the distant mountains in their might ;  
Here smiles the lake most peacefully below.  
Yet vainly these conspiring charms invite  
My steps to linger here, for I must go  
To that still lovelier scene where Beauty joys to flow.

## XLII.

With calm, majestic sweep the river winds<sup>15</sup>  
Around a lofty isle with verdure crowned ;  
But soon a bolder course its current finds,  
And thunders on with hoarse impetuous sound.  
Stupendous cliffs its mazy windings bound ;  
Fantastic rocks amid its waters rise ;  
Luxuriant trees bedeck the enchanted ground,  
Where fixed we stand, in mute and still surprise,  
Chained to the magic spot with never-sated eyes.

## XLIII.

From the cliff's verge how fearful to look down  
Upon the silent floods, where, dark and deep,  
Beneath the rocks that round them sternly frown,  
Like tower and battlement and donjon keep  
Of some strong castle of old days, they sleep,  
Silent as waters in a moat might be ;  
Then turn to look where o'er the rocks they leap  
Roaring, as if the flood-gates of a sea  
Were opened, and its waves rushed down with furious  
glee !

## XLIV.

Still let me wander where thy waters glide,<sup>16</sup>  
Sweet Beaulieu, till their heaving breast they spread  
Wide 'neath the sky. Nor let me turn aside  
To mingle with the living, ere I tread  
Culloden's silent moor, and with the dead  
Hold awful converse, in the burial-place  
Of thousand gallant hearts, whose blood was shed  
In vain, blind, faithful struggle for—a race  
Who were their country's curse, perfidious, proud and  
base !



## XLV.

Oh! what a scene wherein, in saddest thought,  
To muse—not o'er the wasting scourge of war—  
But o'er the direr ruin sin hath wrought  
In that whose overthrow is sadder far  
Than slaughtered thousands,—ruined empires are!  
How hath the arch-deceiver—not in vain—  
Striven with deep malice to pervert and mar  
Man's noblest, warmest feelings, and to train  
His blind, infatuate dupes to prop his tyrant reign!

## XLVI.

By various wiles the subtle tempter works  
In various bosoms:—here to open strife  
He urges brethren on;—there darkly lurks<sup>17</sup>  
The midnight murderer with his treacherous knife,  
Plotting against his guest's—his monarch's life,  
In Cawdor's gloomy towers, whose chambers now  
My steps are pacing: and the unnatural wife,  
From woman changed to fiend, with scowling brow  
Rebakes his fears, and calls to mind his desperate vow.

# THE HIGHLANDS.

## CANTO THIRD.

---

### I.

FROM these stern regions let me turn to hail <sup>1</sup>  
A joyful scene. Now take me to thy breast,  
O fair Loch Ness, and bear me down the vale  
That in thy presence seems for ever blessed,—  
Its gladness still in radiant smiles confessed;  
And let me gaze and listen like a child—  
A child of Nature, and still pleased the best  
When her known voice I hear, or breathing mild,  
Or, as from some deep dell it sounds, sublimely wild,

### II.

There soars the huge Mealfourvie, and here  
Glen Urquhart's far retiring woods recall <sup>2</sup>  
The time when, wandering there, my pensive ear  
Delighted listened to the stirring brawl  
Of Coiltie's roaring waters, where they fall,  
Rushing adown the steep in pride and glory;  
And when I first beheld the crumbling wall  
Of the old tower, whose ruin, frail and hoary,  
Looks down with ghastly smile from this bold promon-  
tory.

## III.

But past these frowning crags we swiftly glide  
 O'er the calm bosom of the swelling lake ;  
 And soon, debarking from its gleaming tide, <sup>1</sup>  
 Our upward way through this green dell we take,  
 With eager expectation all awake,  
 Till downward winding o'er the rocky steep,  
 We stand where Foyers' thundering waters shake  
 The circling cliffs with their terrific leap ;  
 Ere goaded to wild rage, through the rent chasm they  
     sweep.

## IV.

Look up to where the stream descendeth sheer  
 'Mid rocks that close around and tower o'erhead !  
 Even such that cloudy pillar might appear  
 Which forth from Egypt God's own people led,  
 When, in an hour of triumph—and of dread,  
 The astonished sea revealed its rocky caves,  
 And op'ed a path where they dry-shod might tread,  
 While round them, like these cliffs, arose the waves,  
 To them a strong defence—a tomb to Pharaoh's slaves.

## V.

Or gaze from the wild heights whence headlong  
     streams  
 The living torrent in a foaming tide.  
 Here, 'mid the o'ergazing trees, methinks it seems  
 Like some strong spirit whose delight and pride  
 Is still, 'mid scenes of turmoil, to deride  
 The thoughts of danger,—glorying in whate'er  
 Gives scope to the wild mood that scorns to glide  
 Through the calm paths where there is nought to dare,  
 And rushes on to meet what timid souls would scare.

## VI.

And, as we stand upon its giddy verge,  
 A kindred impulse by our soul is caught,  
 Which seems, as by strong sympathy, to urge  
 To a more rapid flow the stream of thought ;  
 And all the feelings of the breast are brought  
 To swell the whirling torrent, by whose force  
 A deepening channel through the soul is wrought  
 For each succeeding wave, whate'er its source,  
 Be it of joy or grief, love, hatred, or remorse.

## VII.

But mark, where in the placid lake below  
 The agitated stream is seeking rest,  
 How calmly, yet how deep, its waters flow !  
 Such is the calm wherewith the anxious breast  
 Which troublous thoughts have stirred will oft be  
     blessed—  
 A calm not like the apathetic sleep  
 Of souls where thought is an unwelcome guest—  
 But that sweet calm, that peace serene and deep  
 In which the God of peace the trusting soul will keep.

## VIII.

Even such a peace was thine, and so serene,  
 Daughter of Foyers, when on yon green height,  
 Thy favourite haunt, thou sat'st, while all this scene  
 Of lake and hill and grove, now gleaming bright,  
 Now darkly solemn, charmed thy pensive sight,  
 And filled thee with such holy thought and feeling,  
 That in that spot, where thus in purest light ;  
 Thy God had oft his glory been revealing,  
 Thou bad'st them lay thy bones, when death was o'er  
     thee stealing.

## IX.

Dear spot, to all thy loveliness farewell ;  
 Now other scenes attract my musing eye.  
 Let me not pass thy lone and bowery dell,  
 Thy cliffs and gushing streams in silence by,  
 Most calm retreat, most beautiful Ault-Sigh ;<sup>2</sup>  
 The very spirit of repose seems sleeping,  
 Folded in thy dark breast ; and, towering high,  
 Proud hills, with red rocks from their bosoms peeping  
 Through their green mantles, o'er thy peace their  
 watch are keeping.

## X.

Yet do thy banks, now smiling so serene,  
 Recall that age of wild, remorseless feud  
 When, in hot haste, rushed one to this fair scene  
 With hands in ruthless slaughter deep imbrued,  
 And by the blood-avenger close pursued.  
 With desperate bound across the chasm he sprung ;  
 Then turning, from its trunk the frail branch hewed,  
 Where, following reckless, his pursuer clung,  
 And plunged him in the abyss, which with his death-  
 shriek rung.

## XI.

Thy glades, Glenmorrison, recall the days<sup>6</sup>  
 When I rejoiced their green depth to explore ;—  
 To thread thy mazy forests, and to gaze  
 Where pours thy rivers down with furious roar.  
 Here frowned the Giant rock—there growled the Bear  
 And the affrighted stream with one wild leap  
 Rushed down between ; then hurrying sought the  
 shore  
 Of the calm lake, whose bosom, dark and deep,  
 Received its troubled tide, and hushed its waves to  
 sleep.

## XII.

Dark lowering clouds begloom the glorious scene <sup>7</sup>  
Where the deep Garry's sounding flood is poured,  
As if, though still luxuriant, fresh and green,  
The glen, with fond remembrance, yet deplored  
The absent footsteps of its ancient lord.  
Yet didst thou smile, sweet vale, though pensively,  
On that remembered day when I adored,  
With all thy simple people, Him whose eye  
Still watches o'er thy chief 'neath yon far foreign sky.

## XIII.

Now where the monarch mountain proudly  
towers,<sup>8</sup>  
The glorious Nevis—round him darkly close  
The brooding tempests; and the ceaseless showers  
Descend; and still more deep the river grows.  
Which in its strength awhile still freshly flows,  
Far rushing through thy briny flood, Lochiel;  
Like one who, strong in faith, unsullied goes  
Through a polluted world. This gloom, we feel,  
Adds grandeur to the scene which it doth half conceal.

## XIV.

Grieve not when tempests rave and darkly roll  
Th' embattled clouds along the mountain's side.  
These towering hills are like the dauntless soul  
Of Caledonia, and when tempests chide  
And winds assail them, then in strength and pride  
They rise, and seem more glorious than before.  
See! down each rugged steep with foaming tide  
Rush the retreating waters: so of yore  
Fled the assailing foe from Scotia's rock-bound shore.

## XV.

Unchanging as the grandeur of the soul  
Is thy sublimity, most wondrous land,  
Beyond the reach of season's wide control :  
Nor then alone appear'st thou fair and grand  
When spring hath decked thee with her magic hand  
In robes of richest green, or when thy vales  
By summer's soft and genial breeze is fanned,  
Or when the voice of autumn's pensive gales  
Sadly through sombre glade and dark-brown forest  
wails.

## XVI.

I love to see thee in the time of storms,  
When winter o'er thee her rough mantle throws :  
Then more majestic rise the giant forms  
Of thy bold hills, bestrewed with drifted snows,  
Like an unbending soul in midst of woes,  
Grandeur than when the sun of gladness shone,—  
Like an undaunted hero 'mid the foes  
That press around him as he stands alone,  
And seems as if his might had with his danger grown,

## XVII.

Even such as now, by tempests darkened o'er<sup>9</sup>  
And wrapt in gloomy mists, the scene appeared  
When late I held my way along thy shore,  
O wild Lochiel, and heeded not nor feared  
The storms that o'er thy troubled breast careered,  
As that lone spot I passed, to which, 'tis said,  
From where of old the kingly towers were reared,  
A mournful train the royal dead conveyed,  
Thence borne to rest beneath Iona's sacred shade.

## XVIII.

Onward I roved till on Lochshiel's bleak banks  
I saw where first upon the breeze was thrown<sup>9</sup>  
The Prince's standard, 'mid his gathering ranks:—  
Where first, foredoomed, the brave Lochiel led on  
The stalwart bands of faithful Cameron.  
And onward still, o'er mount and moor, I sped,<sup>10</sup>  
Till on that rugged coast I wandered lone,  
Which Highland hearts deem hallowed by the tread  
Of that loved Prince for whom their fathers' blood was  
shed.

## XIX.

The sun was pouring o'er the western wave  
The pensive hues of evening, as I stood  
Upon a shore whose every cliff and cave  
Is rife with recollections that give food  
To the deep feelings of that musing mood  
Which such an hour induces ; for the swell  
And dash of breaking billows from a flood  
Tinged with that fading light, accorded well  
With the dark tale of woe these rocks and cliffs can tell :

## XX.

For he, the Prince to Highland bosoms dear,  
Who, flushed with hope, upon that rugged shore  
Had but so late begun his wild career  
Of desperate warfare,—that short struggle o'er,  
His hopes all quenched on dark Culloden's moor—  
A homeless outcast, wandered there again.  
Yet, while for him I mourned, I could adore  
That power which freed our country from the chain  
Still hugged by those who there that Prince's faith  
retain.



XXI.

For still doth darkness o'er the region brood,  
 And superstition hold her gloomy reign;  
 And still the virgin stands, as erst she stood,  
 The queen and leader of a ghostly train  
 Of interceding saints, who yet remain  
 The demigods of that deluded race;  
 And all the lying wonders, false and vain,  
 That the dark places of the earth deface  
 There, in this land of light, to Scotia's shame have place.

XXII.

But now my wandering thoughts I must recall <sup>(11)</sup>  
 To the dark scene around me, for I go  
 To tread that vale the most sublime of all  
 That Scotia's bosom shows,—the dread Glencoe,  
 Where, frowning dismal o'er the pass below,  
 Towers each black cliff, one huge, unshapen block,  
 Crowned evermore with wreaths of purest snow,  
 As if some mountain range of boundless rock  
 Had here been rent in twain by some great earthquake's  
 shock.

XXIII.

O'er the wild hills the shades of eve are falling,  
 And thick and boding clouds begin to brood,  
 Those deeds of darkness to my mind recalling  
 Which dyed with crimson Cona's roaring flood,  
 And made this rugged vale a "field of blood,"—  
 A scene of twofold horror. Nor doth aught  
 That speaks of gladness or of peace intrude  
 To charm away one melancholy thought  
 By fancy conjured up, or by dark memory brought.

## XXIV.

Amid these desert scenes stern Winter's voice  
Was heard, and oft his pipe was sounded shrill,  
And with wild glee here seemed he to rejoice  
Again to visit each familiar hill,  
Whose gloomy brow, whereon to look might chill  
The heart, seemed so congenial to his own;  
And here he roamed and rioted at will;  
And from these cliffs, where he had reared his throne,  
Looked on the desolate realm, before his feet laid prone.

## XXV.

Such was the scene when to this rugged glen  
A warrior band in friendly seeming came;  
And, though in them Glencoe's devoted men  
Beheld the foes of all who bore their name,  
Yet simple faith allowed the stranger's claim  
To hospitable cheer and welcome kind,—  
Undreaming that a Highland hand could shame  
The ancient faith—the sacred ties that bind  
The guest to him beside whose hearth he hath reclined.

## XXVI.

Insidious as the serpent creeps and lies  
Close to the bird it destines for its prey,  
And by the fascination of its eyes  
Charms all its spell-bound victim's fears away,  
And, like the serpent in man's darkest day,  
Most subtle and most full of fiendish guile,  
The treacherous band maintained a fair display  
Of courteous kindness and conversed awhile  
In bland and friendly tone, with hypocritic smile.

## XXVII.

Within the opened door of every cot  
The brimming cup of peace and joy went round ;  
Long cherished feuds awhile were all forgot,  
The memory of past strife in mirth was drowned.  
And 'mid the revellers could there one be found  
By the foul spirits of darkness so possessed,—  
So sunk in dastard baseness,—who could wound  
With treacherous hand one unsuspecting breast  
Where generous faith had laid all watchful fears to  
rest !

## XXVIII.

Would that the blush of shame from history's page  
Could blot the horrors of that night of woes !  
Dark are her tales of war's tumultuous rage,  
And the hot strife of fierce encountering foes ;  
But nought like this her annals can disclose :  
Methinks these rocks still echo with the dread  
And piercing cry that in deep midnight rose,  
As when, among the homes o'er Egypt spread,  
There was not one but there the first-born child lay  
dead.

## XXIX.

Nor fell the warriors of the tribe alone  
Beneath the ruthless murderer's reeking knife,  
Nor rose alone the agonizing groan  
From the rent breast of mother, sister, wife,  
When sunk their guardians in the short vain strife ;  
In earnest supplication while they knelt  
Pleading with tears for husband's, brother's life,  
Themselves the base assassin's vengeance felt,  
Whose heart nor youth nor age nor innocence could melt.

## XXX.

Through scenes of softer power the morning leads<sup>13</sup>  
Here, spreading gladness o'er the vales around,  
The placid Orchay flows through loveliest meads :  
There stands the giant Cruachan, snow-crowned,  
From whose dark, boding breast a wailing sound  
Tells when the brooding storm prepares to break.  
And, stretched before me, hushed in peace profound,  
Gleaming in sunshine, lies fair Eva's\* lake,  
Whose shores full many a thought of other days awake.

## XXXI.

Thus, gazing on the grey dismantled tower<sup>13</sup>  
Of Caölchairn, its crumbling piles recall  
The tale that tells how, in a festive hour,  
When all was merry in the castle hall,  
And rang with sounds of revelry the wall  
Where late a weeping widow mourned the blight  
Of all her heart held dearest, in the fall,  
By Moslem hand, amid the distant fight,  
Of her loved absent lord—the good and gallant knight,

## XXXII.

There came a wanderer to the castle gate;  
A weary man with travel worn was he.  
The menials saw him at the threshold wait;  
Mute gazing on that scene of festal glee,  
And questioned him of what his wish might be.  
“Drink for my thirst, and for my hunger food.”  
And food and drink they gave right heartily,  
But still the brimming cup untasted stood;  
A mendicant, I ween, he seemed right strange of mood.

\* Loch Awe.

## XXXIII.

Nor will he drink but at the lady's hands;  
 And she, in mirthful humour, tripping light  
 From forth the festive hall, before him stands,  
 In bridal garments gay all proudly dight;  
 And, when he hears her gentle voice invite,  
 He takes the goblet up, and drains it dry.  
 But in the emptied cup what meets her sight  
 When to her hand he gives it back? and why  
 Turns pale her blooming cheek when it hath caught  
 her eye?

## XXXIV.

Ah! well she knows the ring she gave her lord  
 When for far distant lands he took his way;  
 But years have passed since he by Paynim sword,  
 As rumour said, had fallen in bloody fray,  
 And she has sworn to give her hand to-day  
 To him who, mourning, brought the tidings home.  
 —Caitiff! thy life's-blood for that lie shall pay,  
 For, warned by dreams, amid the halls of Rome,  
 Of thy dark wiles, behold, Sir Colin's self hath come!

## XXXV.

The ISLE OF DRUIDS and the LOVELY ISLE,<sup>14</sup>  
 And, lovelier still, the tower-crowned ISLE OF HEATH,  
 Whose fruits to cull, and win his Mego's smile,  
 The dauntless lover dared the threatening death,  
 Till the huge guardian serpent did enwreath  
 Its coils around him,—all invite delay,  
 While from this height upon the lake beneath  
 I gaze;—but I must hasten on my way  
 By Aray's winding banks, much musing as I stray.

## XXXVI.

Hail to thee, Inverary ! hail, once more !—13  
Again I stand amid the glorious scene  
That spreads, Lochfyne, around thy lovely shore !—  
Again I gaze upon thy face serene,  
And plunge amid the woods, so dark and green,  
Whose veteran trees have stood like guards around  
The aged castle, now no longer seen,  
And still survive to deck th' enchanted ground  
Where nature's varied charms profusely strewn abound.

## XXXVII.

Since last beside this glorious loch I stood,  
Since last I wandered 'neath the pensive shade  
And through the winding depths of this dark wood,  
O'er many a strange, wild path my steps have strayed,  
And many a lovely scene have I surveyed ;  
Yet never have I found my wandering feet  
By such a strong, constraining spell delayed,  
Nor felt thy voice, oh Nature, fall so sweet  
As 'mid the charms of this thine own beloved retreat.

## XXXVIII.

Oh ! well in such a scene might fancy deem  
Dryads and wood-nymphs spent the cheerful day,  
Or fairies sported in the moon's pale beam,  
And gleeful spirits 'mid the twilight grey  
Came forth along the river's bank to play ;  
But, more than all these joyous sprites, I love  
As here at evening's pensive hour I stray,  
Genius of holy thought, to bid *thee* rove  
Companion of my way through the dark winding grove.

## XXXIX.

Yes, lovely spirit, lead my wandering feet  
Through every sweet sequestered haunt of thine;  
And guide my steps to every favourite seat  
Where oft thou lov'st to watch the day's decline,  
Or gaze on the bright stars that softly shine  
Where, 'mong the leafy trees, they find a way  
Through which to pour their influence benign,—  
So purely beaming that their every ray  
Seems from thy heavenly home some message to convey.

## XL.

Slow breaks the day and still,—but hark! the rush  
Of many waters in the woody dell!  
How sweet amid the morning's tranquil hush  
The notes of their eternal music swell  
Like voice of hermit in his lonely cell  
Raising at day's first blush his matin-song:  
Or like the hymn of wanderers forced to dwell  
"In dens and caves of th' earth," yet waxing strong  
Through faith to sing loud praise, 'mid suffering, shame  
and wrong.

## XLI.

Sudden peers forth amid the opening trees  
The foaming fall which gleams more purely white  
Amid the gloom. 'Tis thus that he who sees  
This vain world's headlong course ere yet the light  
Of God's prophetic Truth hath taught his sight  
To look beyond this short life's weal or woe,  
Marks but th' impetuous stream thus flashing bright  
Nor heeds the deep and dark abyss below,  
To which its waters rush with such tumultuous flow.

## XLII.

Now, even as 'mid the rich domains of Thought<sup>18</sup>  
Young roving Fancy, when at will she strays,  
By sweet association oft is brought  
To some fair scene, bright with celestial rays,  
And with the mellowed light of bygone days;  
So, half unconscious whither, as I glide  
Through this deep winding wood's enchanted maze  
A glorious scene at last is opened wide,  
"Vale of the Silent Stream," I hail thy lake's calm tide.

## XLIII.

In such a sweet and peaceful spot as this,  
How many a dear and fondly cherished dream  
Of tranquil joy and unmolested bliss  
Swell on the musing soul ! nor can we deem  
That these are but a bright and transient gleam,  
Bursting from 'mid the thick clouds that obscure  
From mortal sight the world of bliss supreme.  
Fond Fancy bids us hope that aught so pure,  
So bright with rays of heaven, must like that heaven  
endure.

## XLIV.

But, ah ! the sky is changed !—the dropping rain  
Dimples the darkening lake, whose face so fair  
And bright and placid all the day had lain.  
Low, distant murmurs vibrate through the air,  
Bidding us for the coming storm prepare.  
Thus, when in pleasing dreams securely blest,  
How oft will clouds of sorrow and of care  
Cast their dark, boding shadow o'er the breast,  
Bidding us rise and go—for this is not our rest.



## XLV.

And must I leave this lovely vale, and gaze  
 No more on this fair scene that seems to glow,  
 Bright with the memories of bygone days  
 As with the lavish gifts of Nature?—No,  
 These shall be with me still where'er I go.  
 Dim fades upon my sight you lordly pile;  
 Mine ear no longer lists yon torrent's flow;  
 But sweetly still upon my dreams shall smile  
 The glorious scenes and deeds linked with thy name,  
 Argyll.

## XLVI.

The morning sun pours down his cheerful light, <sup>17</sup>  
 O fair Strachur, upon thy ancient wood,  
 Where I have joyed to stray, and on yon height  
 Where, gazing in deep thought, erewhile I stood:  
 But these, too, fade; and o'er the gleaming flood  
 Swift are we borne, 'mid scenes o'er which the soul  
 Long in delighted trance would seek to brood;  
 And now where rugged cliff and heathy knoll  
 Gird the wild shores of Bute, the winding waters roll

## XLVII.

On Clutha's banks, where oft I've loved to stray, <sup>18</sup>  
 Where oft my soul is wafted in my dreams,  
 Again I stand. O'er Kelburne's turrets grey,  
 'Mid woods embowered, bright glow the evening beams.  
 The sighing gales,—the voice of gentle streams,  
 Now purling soft, now foaming in their fall,—  
 The setting sun, whose mellowed radiance gleams  
 On Fairlie Castle's old and ruined wall,  
 The memory of days of other years recall.

## XLVIII.

In the mild light the small waves gently roll,  
Reflecting heaven in all its changing dyes :  
A glorious image of the unfetter'd soul  
Of Caledonia, the calm water lies,  
Holding free, pure communion with the skies.  
Yet, like that soul when swept impetuous o'er  
By storms of wrath, once did these waves arise  
To crush in their strong grasp, with furious roar,  
The hosts of Scotia's foes, and dash them on the shore.

## XLIX.

And see ! stupendous swelling to the skies,  
Arran lifts up each wild, gigantic height ;  
And, though all bleak and bare they seem to rise,  
While distance makes them bolder to the sight,  
Yet with a gentle voice do they invite  
The soul that knows what fair and verdant vales  
Rest 'mid these hills, and what a pure delight  
Is felt, while wandering o'er these peaceful dales,  
Illumined by the light of History's brightest tales :

## L.

For there, no more afflicted and exiled,—  
A fugitive o'er land and sea no more,—  
Roaming no longer lone 'mid mountains wild,—  
The Bruce, with shouts received upon the shore,  
Saw all the faithful clans around him pour ;  
And, when from thence the mystic beacon's light  
To glorious strife and toil had called him o'er,  
Pursued his course, triumphant, bold and bright,  
Till Scotland gained again her glory and her right.

# THE HIGHLANDS.

## CANTO FOURTH.

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### I.

ONCE more among the mountains let me trace  
The varied beauties of each green retreat.  
Let Fancy lead me on from place to place,  
For many a lovely valley may I greet,<sup>1</sup>  
Where I may rove in musings calm and sweet.  
These proud peaks rise no more in distant view.  
The blooming heather is beneath my feet ;  
Loch Katrine lies before me, still and blue,  
Guarded by heath-clad hills whose king is Benvenue.

### II.

Come, ye whose mourning hearts by grief are torn,  
Amid these scenes, with Faith, your teacher, rove ;  
List the glad songs that, at the rise of morn,  
Burst, as yours yet shall burst, amid the grove ;  
See emblems in the hills that tower above  
And seem the peaceful lake's repose to guard,  
Of the unchanging strength of heavenly love,  
And of that power which from your souls can ward  
Each fierce, disturbing blast—blow it howe'er so hard.

## III.

Yes, let your eyes, in pensive grief dejected,  
Gaze on the bosom of this placid lake,  
Where heaven's ethereal glories are reflected.  
Let your afflicted soul its impress take ;  
And, guarded by that rock which nought can shake,  
Unmoved let wrathful tempests o'er you sweep.  
Let no rude gusts of fretful anger break  
Your soul's repose ; and,—be your grief as deep  
As that calm lake,—oh ! still your hearts as tranquil  
keep.

## IV.

Thus, freed from passion's wild and lawless sway,  
Even in the depths of your unfathomed woe,  
Cheered by Religion's pure and peaceful ray,  
Much of the joy of Heaven you here may know :—  
Thus, in their holy calm, your hearts may glow  
In that most pure and purifying light ;  
And, 'mid the bleak, dark scenes of earth below,  
May draw their comfort from that sacred height  
Which else the inward storm had hidden from your sight.

## V.

With fair Loch Katrine two most beauteous lakes  
Are linked by winding Teith's rejoicing stream ;  
And each such kindred loveliness partakes  
That oft, methinks, hereafter shall they beam  
In sweet, harmonious union on my dream ;  
Like three fair sisters who, though, each apart,  
Lovely and pure, yet purer, lovelier seem,—  
Not from the vain embellishments of art—  
But from the flow of soul that links them, heart to heart.

## VI.

To these mild smiling lakes a thousand rills  
With joyful purlings wind their destined way,  
For, 'mid the bristling woods and rugged hills,  
So calm and pure and beautiful are they,  
To them each mount his tribute loves to pay ;  
Even as rough Valour and uncultured Might  
To Beauty's gentle, yet resistless sway,  
And to fair modest Purity, delight  
To pay an homage felt to be their sacred right.

## VII.

And, as amid this sinful world the heart  
Of Faith sends forth its silent prayers and sighs  
That Heaven its richest blessing would impart  
To all around, from these pure lakes arise  
Soft, genial exhalations to the skies,  
That thence in plenteous shower may come again  
The dew that to the drooping flower supplies  
New life,—the early and the latter rain,  
That cheer the barren mount, and fertilize the plain.

## VIII.

Less sweet my musings as o'er moss and moor<sup>1</sup>  
I take my drear and solitary way ;  
But yet not long these gloomy thoughts endure,  
For soon I see the fair Loch Ard display  
Her placid bosom, 'mid a rich array  
Of skirting woods, and isles that calmly rest  
On the bright waters, gleaming in the ray  
Of the descending sun ; while in the West  
The dark Benlomond rears far off his snowy crest.

## IX.

And now I rove upon thy peaceful shore,<sup>3</sup>  
Monteith's sweet lake. The moon is in the sky  
Shedding her mild and hallowed radiance o'er  
Thy placid waters;—giving to the eye  
The beauteous isles that in thy bosom lie,  
Like some fair beings from a world of care  
And sin dissevered by their purity ;  
While soft waves, wafted by the balmy air,  
From them on all around a blessing seem to bear.

## X.

Chief and most lovely of these verdant isles—  
That well might seem the Islands of the Blest,—  
Radiant with soft yet melancholy smiles,—  
Image of holy peace—the "Isle of Rest"  
Reclines upon the lake's pure, tranquil breast  
A sacred place in bygone ages deemed—  
For men deemed holy there, of old, possessed  
Their calm abode.—Nor marvel if it seemed  
That round that peaceful isle a heavenly lustre beamed !

## XI.

And here it was the hapless Mary dwelt,  
In the sweet hour of life's unchequered morn,  
Ere yet the pangs of blighted hope she felt,—  
Ere yet her breast by kindred hands was torn.  
And here she planted for herself a thorn,  
To spread its branches 'mid her circling bower,—  
Sad emblem of that chaplet to be worn  
By her fair brow for many a future hour—  
The bright but thorny crown of dignity and power.

## XII.

The grey remains of cloister and of cell <sup>4</sup>  
Are dimly seen by the soft, dubious light  
Of the pale moon, whose rays are fitted well  
To call to mind that long and dreary night  
Which hid the Sun of Righteousness from sight  
Of men:—when His pure truth from earth was driven;  
And adoration, by eternal right  
His only, by blind man to *her* was given  
Whom Ignorance and Craft proclaimed the Queen of  
Heaven.

## XIII.

But rose that Sun at last, nor, from above,  
Shone His pure beams o'er Scotia's hills in vain,  
For now domestic unity and love  
Dwell in each pastoral glen and fertile plain,  
That once full oft were strewed with brethren slain.  
Pure flow the streams that once were wont to roll  
Their turbid floods, ensanguined, to the main;  
And flows as pure the current of the soul,  
Whose fierce and lawless pride once joyed to spurn  
control.

## XIV.

But, though its waters, o'er a rugged course,  
With loud, tumultuous roar no longer sweep,  
Yet unabated is its latent force:  
And,—rolling now more slow and broad and deep,  
From height to depth no longer forced to leap,  
As in the days of old,—although it seem  
Along its path more sluggishly to creep,  
*Then* o'er wild rocks it rushed, a mountain stream,  
But now it bids its banks with peaceful plenty teem.

## XV.

Time was when every plain and glen and hill  
Was the abode of anarchy,—when Night,  
That now reposes here so calm and still,  
Full oft was startled by the beal-fire's light,—  
That blazed alarm abroad from height to height,—  
Or by the cot or castle wrapt in flame :  
For then these regions knew no law but might,  
Nor aught these fierce and restless minds could tame  
Till polity close linked with pure religion came.

## XVI.

Far other sounds than wails of savage grief,—  
Than the tumultuous din of feudal frays,  
Or coronach loud raised for fallen chief,  
And sweeter far than bard's triumphant lays,  
Were heard amid these glens in bygone days.  
Full oft these mountain echoes have been stirred  
By the rejoicing song of humble praise.  
Full oft the sound of the peace-speaking Word  
And the calm voice of prayer these solitudes have heard.

## XVII.

Our fathers, 'mid these wilds content to roam,  
With conscience unrestrained, here fled exiled  
From their domestic hearth, their peaceful home ;  
“ Killed all day long,” afflicted and reviled,  
Here, amid rocks on rocks tumultuous piled,  
They sought a refuge from the hands of men  
Whose hearts more cold—whose passions were more  
wild  
Than the rude tempest and the rocky den,—  
Nor left them even secure to roam o'er hill and glen.



## XVIII.

Together met where the wild cliffs arise  
 Bleak, barren, and precipitous around,—  
 Giving alone to view the glowing skies,  
 And their own cold, dark breasts; in these they found  
 Emblems of man's frail power, which thus might bound  
 Their wanderings upon *earth*—but ne'er remove  
 Their souls from sight of *heaven*,—which if it frowned,  
 Or if it smiled, still looked on them in love,—  
 Nor hide from them the light that cheered them from  
     above.

## XIX.

Oh! well the Scottish heart delights to trace  
 The footsteps of the holy and the brave  
 Of other times, and holy seems the place  
 That they have trod; each glen, each rocky cave,  
 Which e'er of old a lonely refuge gave  
 To Scotia's sons when foes around them pressed  
 Who thirsted for their life's blood,—or the grave  
 Marked by some rude, grey stone, where now they rest  
 Is dear to that warm heart, and with a sigh is blessed.

## XX.

And to the mind where hallowed feelings reign,  
 Dearest of all those solitudes are felt,  
 Where, persecuted, mocked and scorned in vain,  
 By men whose hearts no sympathies could melt,  
 On the green sod the adoring throng have knelt,  
 Enduring glad the cross of pain and shame;  
 Or those abodes where holy men \* once dwelt  
 Who kindled first and spread the Gospel's flame,  
 Ere its pure light was dimmed by clouds from Rome  
     that came.

\* The Cuthberts.

## XXI.

Yes, consecrate, O Scotia, is thy sod,  
Not by a superstition gross and blind ;  
Nor do we vainly deem that the Great God,  
To Freedom has thy mountain homes assigned ;  
Not Freedom which but breaks the chains that bind  
The body,—but that Freedom which awoke  
Thee to cast off those fetters of the mind  
Which still enthrall the nations in their yoke,  
And bids thy sons still scorn the chains their fathers  
broke.

## XXII.

To thee most bounteous hath been Nature's hand,  
And manifold the glories that abound  
Throughout thy regions, thou most glorious land.  
Profuse the beauties she hath strewn around,  
Making thee seem as all enchanted ground ;  
Yet, sure, the spots where thou seem'st loveliest far  
Are where the Beauty of Holiness is found ;  
Where shines upon thee the bright Morning Star,  
And where sin least intrudes, thy loveliness to mar.

## XXIII.

And in this glorious temple Nature rears  
Thus wondrous fair beneath these northern skies,  
What object dearest, loveliest appears  
To Faith and Hope, and most attracts their eyes ?  
The Village Kirk, the altar whence arise  
Praises and prayers,—incense God loves to claim  
Far more than any costly sacrifice ;—  
Where are oblations kindled at the flame  
Of that bright Truth which pure from his own presence  
came.

## XXIV.

Ye lovely sanctities that clothe the hearth !  
Where are ye purer, holier kept than here ?  
Where does a milder light of social mirth  
And warm affection shine from eyes more clear,  
Than those whose beams the Highland fireside cheer ?  
With purer influence where does faith impart  
Those joys that flow from godly love and fear  
Than 'neath these humble roofs, where, void of art,  
The voice of prayer and praise comes thrilling from the  
heart ?

## XXV.

Speed then no more the fiery cross that sped  
Erewhile to call to arms the warrior clan ;  
But speed the cross whereon the Saviour bled,  
Pouring his life's blood for rebellious man.  
Swift as o'er moss and moor the henchman ran,  
Charged with the signal of his chief's command,  
Speed the glad tidings of the wondrous plan  
Of free salvation wide o'er all the land,  
And speed the glorious cause that nothing shall with-  
stand !

## XXVI.

Send forth, O Lord, thy light and truth, O speed  
The heavenly message on its blessed way,  
And bring the joyful time when none shall need  
To his benighted brother's soul to say  
" Know thou the Lord ? " but when the quickening ray  
Of thy pure truth on every soul shall shine,  
No more by clouds obscured ; and the full day  
On every spot shall pour its light divine ;  
Nor e'er again the Sun of Righteousness decline.

## XXVII.

By faithful and devoted priests attended,  
In every valley bid thine altars rise,  
Where, kindled from the fire from heaven descended,  
A pure and acceptable sacrifice  
Shall burn, and fragrant incense seek the skies :  
While, from the scenes around, each work of thine  
Some holy feelings, some pure thought supplies,—  
Offerings more meet to lay upon thy shrine  
Than treasures of the East, or gold from Chili's mine.

## XXVIII.

Thine, O my God, and by thy goodness given  
To lead the earth-bound spirit up to thee,  
These glorious scenes, where all that's bright in  
heaven,—  
In thine own image bright and fair, we see  
As in a mirror. Boundless, pure and free,  
The whispering wind, that where it listeth blows  
With sweet refreshing power, is felt to be  
An image of that Spirit which bestows  
Health on the soul diseased, peace on the man of woes

## XXIX.

And when thy bright and bounteous sun appears,  
And sheds from heaven's serene and cloudless height  
Those beams wherewith glad nature's heart he cheers,  
Glorious he seems as the great source of light,  
But lovelier far appears he in my sight  
As the meet emblem of that better Sun,  
Whose beams dispel the shades of ancient night,—  
Revive the spirit of the contrite one,  
And bring immortal joy to all He shines upon.

## XXX.

The depth of waters and the strength of hills  
Are thine, and thine the forest's winding glades.  
Each dark and hidden place thy presence fills:  
Each height, each vast expanse thy power pervades:  
Softly yet deeply felt, 'mid evening's shades,—  
Conspicuous shining in the morning's beams,—  
Or when in pensive grey the twilight fades,  
Or when a flood of living glory streams  
O'er all the purpled sky, and wide o'er ocean gleams.

## XXXI.

When, 'mid the dreamy calm of pensive eve,  
They saw each magic hue around them melt,  
Well might the musing sons of Greece conceive,  
As 'mid some consecrated grove they knelt  
By some old altar, that there surely dwelt  
A spirit in each hill, and stream and tree:  
But all the life, the love, the peace they felt  
Around them poured, our eyes unscaled may see  
In one pure stream descend, O living God, from thee.

## XXXII.

And not alone where Nature hath displayed  
Her bright enchantments to our wondering eyes,—  
Where, in the majesty of might arrayed,  
In dark sublimity her hills arise,  
And floods of glory pour along the skies,—  
Not in such scenes her power is felt alone;  
Her lowliest look, sweet soothing thought supplies;  
And when she speaks in meekest gentlest tone,  
The still, small voice of Heaven our musing hearts may  
own.

## XXXIII.

He who would know what feelings animate  
The soul 'mid these wild regions,—who would know  
The emotions in the heart these hills create—  
He 'mid these scenes sublime himself must go ;  
For deep and silent oft these raptures flow,  
And he who feels them deepest knows the best  
How vain the fruitless effort is to throw  
Into expression, from the heaving breast,  
That which far deeper lies than aught in words expressed.

## XXXIV.

Gazing, from some majestic height, afar,  
Where hills on hills in endless prospect rise,  
Tumultuous oft and wild these feelings are  
As the sublime array that meets the eyes,  
And boundless as that scene of hills and skies  
Yet silent as their deep and solemn hush ;  
Save that, when prompted by some glad surprise,  
From the heart's fulness to the lips they rush,  
As, swollen by rains from heaven, thou hear'st the torrent's gush.

## XXXV.

Dull and insensate were the grovelling soul  
That 'mid these mountain scenes could stand, nor feel  
Emancipation from the dark control  
Of earthly cares and low desires, that steal  
The joys of life, and war against the weal  
Of the immortal spirit ;—to whose sight  
These hills, these clouds, these torrents, nought reveal  
Of their Creator's glory,—of that might  
Which seems to sit enthroned on every cloud-capt height.

## XXXVI.

Not to *defend* our liberty alone  
Bade He these awe-inspiring mountains rise ;  
But, mingling with the clouds, He bade them own  
Subjection unto nought beneath the skies,  
And all the rage of winds and storms despise,  
That we in their aspiring heights might see  
An image, ever present to our eyes  
Of what the Liberty we claim should be,—  
Of what *their* Freedom is whom God's own Son makes  
free.

## XXXVII.

Yes! like these mountains should our spirits love  
To mingle with the skies, and leave behind  
This low, dark scene. In things that are above  
Our freed affections their delight should find.  
So should each raving storm, each fitful wind,  
Sweep harmless by, and spend its rage in vain.  
Thus while the bonds of long endearment bind  
The heart to earth, yet never should the chain  
Of sense or grovelling thought our heavenward flight  
restrain.

## XXXVIII.

Thrice happy they whose peaceful lot is cast  
Amid these tranquil scenes,—far, far away  
From all the tumult and the strife that blast  
The teeming heart's fresh feelings ;—happy they  
Who, ne'er allured by the deceitful ray  
Of glittering pleasures and unreal joys,  
Which lead the crowd from virtue's path astray,  
Dwell far from the rude world's distracting noise,  
The strife of tongues, and all that the soul's peace  
destroys.

## XXXIX.

Yes, it is sweet to leave the restless hum  
And ferment of the city far behind,  
And with unburdened spirit here to come,  
And dwell with Nature's children ; and to find  
That still there are whose uncorrupted mind  
Abides unfettered by th' enthralling chain  
Whose gilded links the slaves of Mammon bind  
Fast to the oar, while every nerve they strain  
Toiling to reach a goal which they can never gain.

## XL.

Wonder not, then, that Highland hearts should burn  
With that serene and quenchless flame of love  
To their own mountain homes, which makes them turn  
So fondly back to them where'er they rove,—  
Which makes the high-peaked hill, the whispering  
grove,  
And all they see, and every sound they hear  
In distant lands that has a power to move  
Remembrance of these homes to them so dear,—  
Which makes the pibroch's sound so pleasing in their  
ear.

## XLI.

And oh ! how doubly strengthened are the ties  
That bind these absent hearts to youth's abode,  
When amid lands of levity arise  
The thoughts of that dear land where first they trode,  
And, early led upon the heavenward road,  
Sweet counsel with their brethren lov'd to take,  
And sought in company the house of God.  
Oh ! sweet to them the faintest sounds that wake  
The thoughts of those loved scenes 'twas anguish to  
forsake.



## XLII.

In the soft sighing of the northern gale  
The pensive wanderer deems some strain is heard  
From Scotia's harp.—With many tender tale  
Of bygone times, and well-remembered word  
Of whispering love his spirit thus is stirred ;  
And, while imagination warmer glows,  
Till round him seems a stream of music poured,  
As irrepressible the rapture grows,  
Thus from his inmost soul the joyful feeling flows !

Ye breezes softly swelling  
In music on mine ear,  
Why bear ye to my dwelling  
These notes none else can hear ?

Come ye, your glad flight winging,  
Here like a faithful dove,  
To me some message bringing—  
Some words of truth and love,—

Some offering which, while sweeping  
O'er Scotia's happy plains,  
Was trusted to your keeping,—  
Which still your wing retains.

Say, heard ye there the blessing  
Wafted for me above,  
In words but half expressing  
The heart's deep cherished love ?

Or come ye hither, knowing  
That in this heaving breast  
A Scottish heart is glowing,—  
The heart ye love the best?

Say, were ye told, ye breezes,  
In heaven from whence ye came,  
That, sacred still to Jesus,  
Here burns one heaven-lit flame?

And is your mission gracious  
To this poor heart of mine,  
Fresh incense pure and precious,  
To place upon its shrine,—

That incense of devotion  
Upon my heart to heap,  
Which sacred from pollution  
Blest Scotia's children keep?

Come, then, and, softly blowing,  
These heavenly gifts impart,  
Sweet, holy thoughts bestowing  
Upon my lonely heart.

As Israel's captive daughters,  
That once so sweetly sung,  
By Babel's mournful waters,  
Their harps on willows hung.

So I, compelled to wander  
Far from my happy home,  
On it more fondly ponder  
As longer here I roam.

And as, in pensive sadness,  
I muse on days gone by  
I hang the harp of gladness  
Beside me with a sigh.

Save when, in expectation  
Of meeting yet again,  
The bright anticipation  
Still wakes a joyful strain.

Even now the voice of greeting  
Is swelling on my heart!  
For such a joyful meeting,  
Oh, who would grudge to part!

## XLIII.

How softly, Scotia, falls the Sabbath's calm  
O'er thy hushed valleys, and thy listening hills!  
And oh! how purifying is the balm  
Of that deep peace which then the bosom fills!  
The soul that pensive lists thy purling rills  
And vocal woodlands, errs it when it deems  
That then their voice with holier rapture thrills,  
While of the present God all Nature seems  
Conscious, and her bright face with peaceful gladness  
beams?

## XLIV

How sweet to him that has been doomed to roam  
Long 'mid the dwellings of an impious race,  
At last returning to his Highland home,  
Descends that holy calm ! He seeks to trace,  
In vain, perhaps, in every aged face  
Features familiar to his eyes when young ;  
For all his friends are gone, and in their place,  
These old, unchanging hills and dales among,  
By other manners marked, another race has sprung.

## XLV.

The kirk itself, still sacred in his eyes,  
Is now a ruin, venerably grey,  
And in its place he sees another rise.  
His own paternal cot is swept away,  
And, like his fathers, mingled with the clay.  
On all he knew and loved is change impressed ;  
And what though Art and Enterprise display  
Their power and pride where'er his eyes may rest ?  
Their pomp and vain parade but wound his aged breast.

## XLVI.

Perhaps he finds, for wonderful have been  
The workings of Improvement's mighty scheme  
In later years, the dear though rugged scene,  
That wont so lovely in his eyes to seem,  
When trod in joyous youth, and oft would beam  
Upon his fancies, when from that far land  
His soul was wafted homewards in a dream,  
Most strangely altered by the busy hand  
Of Art, whom Nature's strength and charms in vain  
withstand,

## XLVII.

Beside his native stream, perhaps, he sees  
Some mansion in fantastic pomp arrayed,  
Or some huge structure rise, and the few trees,  
Alone remaining of the boundless shade  
Of the dark woods where oft, of old, he strayed,  
He deems,—for they have donned brown Autumn's  
dyes,—  
Mourn their fallen brothers, clad in leaves decayed.  
He seeks their shade to hide from his vexed eyes  
The outrages of Art, and thus his thoughts arise.

## XLVIII.

"Ye gentle gales that through the branches sigh,  
Why grieve ye so, ye wandering breezes? say;  
Is it because, when Summer cheered the sky,  
Ye wont amid the verdant trees to play  
With the fresh leaves throughout the livelong day;  
And now, returning to this spot, ye find  
Your loved companions rudely torn away  
Or withered by some cold and blasting wind  
O then, though sad your dirge, 'tis soothing to my mind.

## XLIX.

"Sweet to the pensive ear thou mournful blast.  
Sweet is thy wailing to the soul that grieves  
For joys of bygone days for ever past!  
And, as thou fondly stirr'st the withered leaves,  
The soul that lists thy plaintive voice, and weaves  
The while some soft and melancholy lay,  
Or mourns departed friends, almost believes  
Ye come, with sympathising voice, to say,  
'Yours is the common lot, all things of earth decay!'"

## L.

Thus sad he muses o'er the altered face  
Of Nature, robbed of half her loveliness;  
Mourning the loss of her own simple grace.  
And sad, too, are the feelings that impress  
His soul amid the bustling liveliness  
Of his once quiet village, which now teems  
With active sons of commerce; and even less  
Amid his native hills at home he seems  
Than when in distant lands they rose amid his dreams.

## LI.

But when the Sabbath's holy silence falls  
Upon the vale; and when the church-bell peals  
The summons, joyfully obeyed, that calls  
Unto the House of Prayer; oh! then he feels  
He is indeed at home; and gladness steals  
O'er all his heart again. No impious mirth  
At eve disturbs the sacred calm that heals  
His sinking spirit's sickness from the dearth  
Of joys he thought to find around his natal hearth.

## LII.

Guard, then, oh Scotia! guard with faithful heart,  
And zeal that cannot burn too strong and bright,  
This boon of heaven, which makes thee what thou art,  
A land of peace and liberty and light.  
For wherein lies thy strength but in the might  
Of that blest Truth which maketh free indeed?  
Oh watch lest Mammon's noxious breath should blight  
This sacred tree—this plant of heavenly seed  
Whose boughs shall shelter yield, whose fruit thy soul  
shall feed.

# THE HIGHLANDS.

## CANTO FIFTH.

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### I.

AGAIN among the Highlands! and again<sup>1</sup>  
Upon my sight these wondrous scenes arise,—  
The same that prompted first my joyful strain,—  
The same that first enchained my musing eyes,  
And wound around my soul those magic ties  
Which never can be broken while the blood  
Warms through my conscious frame. Before me lies  
The same calm lake o'er whose clear placid flood  
In blissful hours gone by my spirit loved to brood.

### II.

The hills around me soar as grand as ever,  
The trickling rills, in their pure bosom nursed,  
As softly flow, till lost in yon bright river  
Which winds as tranquilly, through vales that burst  
Upon my sight as glorious as when first  
They tranced my boyish heart. And, more than all,  
In *this* do I rejoice that, sweet as erst  
The influence of such scenes was wont to fall,  
I feel that influence now as if it ne'er could pall.

## III.

Ah! would that it might be for ever thus!  
My own bright land, would that the blasts of time  
Harmless might sweep alike o'er thee and us;—  
And, as they make thy hills still more sublime,  
And add new grandeur to thy glorious clime,—  
Bidding thy verdant woods more proudly wave,  
Would that our hearts, still fresh as in their prime,  
The wild and wasting storms of life might brave!  
Would that the first warm glow of youth we, too, might  
save!

## IV.

It may not be;—yet, grateful still to Him  
Who bade these scenes arise so lovely here,  
Let us rejoice that, though dull age may dim  
Our sight to those bright visions that appear  
So fair to youth's fond fancy, and may sear  
Our early feelings, yet, beyond the tomb,  
'Mid scenes more glorious far than e'er may cheer  
The heart of mortal—scenes of fadeless bloom,  
Our drooping souls shall yet their eagle wings replume.

## V.

And even as from yon gnarled and stunted trunk  
Sprouts many a tender shoot of lively green,  
So, in the soul that in its youth had drunk  
The inspiration of each lovely scene  
Through which to rove its sweetest joy had been,—  
Oft, even in wrinkled age, will spring anew  
The feeling pure, the relish fresh and keen,  
Of all those scenes wherein its childhood grew,  
And where the first deep draughts of quickening thought  
it drew.



## VI.

There sounds a voice among these hills, whose tones  
Wake in the soul an echo—ne'er to die.  
There sits a Spirit on these Alpine thrones  
That girds himself with might and majesty.  
Yea, 'tis the very voice of the Most High  
That thunders 'mid these mountains; and is heard  
O'er the lone lakes that still and silent lie,  
Where serried rocks the wild shores sternly gird,  
And ne'er by human voice the slumbering air is stirred.

## VII.

O, it is joy to boyhood's bounding heart  
To roam unfettered far o'er hill and dale,—  
To breast the steep, or down its face to dart,  
And, on the precipice's verge, to quail  
With pleasing dread,—far down the rugged vale  
Gazing to where the river foams beneath;  
And, roving free, 'tis pleasure to inhale  
Health in the untainted air of every breath,  
And reckless on to plunge amid the fragrant heath.

## VIII.

But there is far a loftier joy than this,  
That yields a still more rapturous delight,  
It is the calm, the almost heavenly bliss,  
Gazing afar from some majestic height  
Where burst all Nature's glories on the sight,  
To feel the soul on Contemplation's wings  
Soar, like the eagle in its heavenward flight,  
Till almost it beholds the King of kings,  
And listens to the song the choir seraphic sings.

## IX.

Thus have I felt when, 'mid these scenes of peace,  
Far from the busy hum of man's abode,  
Rejoicing from the world to feel release,  
Some giant hill's commanding height I trod :  
For then my soul, freed from the cumbrous load  
Of vexing thoughts and earth-born passions, soared  
On wings of sacred rapture up to God ;  
And, like the lark, in joyful songs adored  
With Nature all around, Creation's glorious Lord.

## X.

And, as itself it left awhile behind  
The ills that are the lot of all below,  
Hidden, awhile, and banished from my mind  
Were all those wide o'erwhelming floods of woe  
That o'er man's life from Sin's deep fountain flow.  
The stern realities of woe and vice  
Vanished before my soul's delightful glow,  
As at the touch of Spring the Winter's ice ;  
And in my dreams all Earth appeared a Paradise.

## XI.

Nor there intruded aught upon my sight  
To bid these sweet and fond illusions fade—  
To bring my soul down from its joyous flight ;  
For, far and wide, in all my eyes surveyed,  
In sky and hill, in stream and plain and glade,  
Was nought but harmony and beauty found ;  
And I exclaimed, " O God, if thou hast made  
For man such scenes—with such pure beauty crowned,  
What shall those regions be where endless joys abound ? "

## XII.

For ever, lovely Lake, could I, untired,  
 Gaze on thy tranquil features, while my mind,  
 With thoughts accordant with the scene inspired,  
 In all thy sweet and eloquent looks might find  
 Expression ever changing—for the wind,  
 Even as a ministering spirit given  
 For souls to Nature's teaching thus resigned,  
 Varies the aspect of the o'ershadowing heaven,  
 By clouds now parting wide, now in thick masses driven.

## XIII.

Now sweetly dost thou smile, while in the rays  
 Of the bright opening heaven thy bosom glows;  
 And o'er thy face a gleam of gladness plays,  
 Not like the mirth the vacant spirit knows,  
 But like that placid cheerfulness which flows  
 From a pure heart, that thinks and fears no ill.—  
 But 'darker now the sky above thee grows,  
 A pensive shade comes o'er thee, calm and still,  
 As of a patient heart resigned to heaven's high will.

## XIV.

But on thy banks I may no longer dwell.<sup>2</sup>  
 Northward I turn where frowns the dark Ben Mhore,  
 And rest me by Saint Fillan's holy well,  
 And that still lake,\* from whose fair bosom pour  
 The rolling floods† that dash with furious roar  
 O'er shelving rocks, till now more calmly sweeps  
 The deepening stream, and leads me to the shore  
 Of bright Loch Tay, where glorious Fingal sleeps,‡  
 And where the blackening pine o'er many a warrior  
 weeps.

\* Loch Dochart.

† The River Dochart

‡ At Killin.

## XV.

The gentle lake expands its tranquil breast,<sup>3</sup>  
And heaven and earth in its fair bosom find  
Their hues and forms reflected.—Surely blest  
The soul, to all its outward lot resigned,  
By nothing ruffled, yet to nothing blind,  
Which, like these placid waters, can impart  
To scenes and forms thus imaged in the mind  
Its own mild lustre, and by this sweet art  
Feels that all things are pure unto the pure in heart.

## XVI.

And pure in heart, if ever heart was pure  
In this dark scene, so full of sin and woe,  
Was she who, from a world that sought to lure  
Her young affections in their first warm glow,  
And heaped upon her all it could bestow  
Upon its idols, to these shades withdrew,  
And here first knew the peace and joy that flow  
From the Lamb's sprinkled blood, and oft anew,  
Here felt her soul reviv'd by heaven's refreshing dew.

## XVII.

Oh long of those proud days these hills may boast,  
When regal splendour threw its dazzling sheen  
O'er lawn and lake; and when the gathering host  
Of Highland chivalry here hailed their queen:  
But sweeter 'tis to think in this calm scene  
Of her whose heart from this world's pomp and pride,  
The crown that fadeth not had power to wean.  
And here still rules, with heart to hers allied,  
One who can dare to stem the age's downward tide.

## XVIII.

By these green banks through wood and tangled brake,  
 What bliss to rove one long bright summer's day,  
 Where through the glistening leaves bright gleams  
     the Lake,

And soar the azure mountains far away ;—  
 Up this deep glen o'er winding paths to stray,  
 Where leaps the torrent \* to the abyss below ;—  
 To glide with thy calm waters, glorious Tay,  
 Where, as from forth their parent Lake they flow,  
 On them the arching boughs their green reflection throw !

## XIX.

O'er all thy banks such lovely verdure blooms—  
 So rich in its luxuriance, that it seems  
 As if the heavenly radiance, that illumines  
 Thy placid face with bright and joyous beams,  
 Shed upon all around th' enlivening gleams  
 Of a pure, peaceful gladness, which bestows  
 Such healthful freshness as the living streams,  
 Gladd'ning the Heavenly City, give to those  
 Whose souls receive the light o'er their calm wave that  
     glows.

## XX.

Well do I love thy music ;—yet, awhile, †  
 From where thy rolling waters gently glide,  
 'Mid fields that still return their cheerful smile,  
 To yon green dell now let me turn aside,  
 Where foaming torrents † the dark cliffs divide,  
 While trees gaze trembling on their wild career.  
 Spirit of Burns ! My wandering footsteps guide,  
 And chant thy lays of love upon mine ear,  
 Harmonious with the strain that Nature raiseth here.

\* Falls of Acharn.

† Falls of Moness, Aberfeldy.

## XXI.

For still, ye twining birks, of constant love  
 Ye seem to speak, in descant wildly sweet,  
 Where, from each other severed, yet above  
 From either side your mingling branches meet,  
 While, in the dark cold depths beneath your feet,  
 The angry river, where it rolls unseen,  
 Strives, like some artful foe, with foul deceit,  
 Still more to deepen the great gulph between;  
 But, blest with mutual trust, ye still can smile serene.

## XXII.

Full long, delighted, might I linger here,  
 And calmly muse, on mossy banks reclining,  
 While falls this lulling sound upon mine ear  
 From yon bright stream in the stray sun-beams  
     shining,  
 Where thus the gentle trees are round it twining.  
 But yet with thee, sweet Tay, can I pursue  
 My onward path again, without repining,  
 For lovely are the scenes thou lead'st me through,<sup>3</sup>  
 Till burst thy circling hills, Dunkeld, upon my view.

## XXIII.

And oh! to stand 'mid such a scene as this,  
 Where, in one glorious theatre combined,—  
 As if uniting all the streams of bliss  
 To pour them on the heart and fill the mind  
 With holiest thoughts and images,—we find  
 All that can charm the soul by sound or sight,  
 The voice of birds, the fragrant-breathing wind,  
 The sun that pours o'er all his joyful light,  
 The deep luxuriant woods that clothe each towering  
     height,

## XXIV.

The river from the wood's dark bosom swelling,  
So deeply tinged with the surrounding green  
Its full flood there from Earth's deep womb seems  
welling,  
And fitly harmonising with a scene  
So hushed in blissful peace, and so serene,  
The old Cathedral's venerable pile,  
Which leads our thoughts o'er years that intervene  
Since the bless'd heralds from Iona's Isle  
Bade the pure light of truth o'er these bright regions  
smile,—

## XXV.

Oh ! this is joy !—and yet to these farewell !<sup>6</sup>  
But no farewell to grove and towering hill,  
Dark cliff, and deep ravine, and woody dell,  
Deep rolling stream, bright lake and whitening rill ;  
All these, in wild and varied grandeur, still  
Compass my path around and glad mine eye,  
Sending through all my frame a joyous thrill :  
For passing few the scenes be that may vie,  
Dark Tummil, with thy shores which now I wander by.

## XXVI.

Here, thundering o'er the rocks with furious leap,  
Thy foaming torrent rushes down amain ;  
Then, 'neath yon arching cliffs, serene and deep.  
Thy waters seek repose—as if they fain  
Would rest in that retreat. But thence, again,  
Too soon recalled, down pours thy tortured wave.  
So sought the persecuted tribe in vain  
A refuge from their foes in yon dark cave—  
Wild vengeance dragged them forth, and made these  
floods their grave.

## XXVII.

But now, where, mingling his dark flood with thine,<sup>r</sup>  
Th' impetuous Garry's brawling waters sweep,  
'Mid shadowing woods of oak and feathery pine  
Let me return to stray;—and let me keep  
My onward path where drooping birches weep  
O'er his wild current, murmuring far below,  
Where trees innumerable crown the verdant steep;  
While, all around, the rugged mountains throw  
Their shadows, and o'er all, high towers dark Ben-y-Gloe.

## XXVIII.

Far different did the rugged scene appear  
When, marshalled o'er these hills in stern array,  
Of old the warring bands encountered here,  
And fell the "Bold Dundee" amid the fray,  
Victorious;—expiating, as they say,  
By this so glorious death, the deeds that stained  
His past career.—Ah! not thus washed away  
Could be the gore upon those hands engrained  
Whereby the noblest blood of Scotia's sons was drained.

## XXIX.

Dark o'er the hills the billowy vapour rolls,<sup>s</sup>  
Obscuring every proud, aspiring height.  
Thus oft it is, methinks, with towering souls.  
Th' imposing grandeur of whose vaunted might  
Is but of earth, and from whose earth-bound sight  
Is hid that region far beyond, which beams  
With everlasting and unfading light.  
That region where they dwell,—to them which seems  
A very heaven—but proves a place of clouds and dreams.



## XXX.

But to the lowly spirit is revealed  
That loftier height, which, though by darkening woes  
And earth-sprung cares it be at times concealed,  
Yet with its own eternal lustre glows,  
And while to him such light is left as shows  
The path of present duty, 'twill suffice  
For peace and comfort, while he feels and knows  
That soon all clouds must part, and purer skies,  
Bright with unfading light, will cheer his raptured eyes.

## XXXI.

Amid the shifting clouds peep dimly out  
Grey rock, and whitening stream, and mountain peak;  
And the hoarse torrent's roar is like the shout  
Of those who, wandering 'mid the mountains, seek  
Their devious path, and to each other speak  
In these loud signals, lest th' impervious cloud  
Should part them from their guide;—or like the shriek  
Of some great mountain bird;—and now more loud  
Swells the wild din, and seems like shoutings of the crowd.

## XXXII.

Yet while with musing eye around I gaze,  
Methinks I find fair tokens, dimly seen  
Beneath the veil of this obscuring haze,  
Of what the beauty of this glen had been  
'Neath brighter skies,—the deep, luxuriant green  
Of the dark woods,—the river's placid sweep,—  
The tufted shrubs that half reveal, half screen  
The towering rocks,—the vistas dark and deep  
Where o'er the murmuring stream the birch and willow  
weep.

## XXXIII.

Yes, through such glorious regions while we stray,  
Though clouds or twilight shades obscure the scene,  
Still, from the fading light of parting day,  
Or some faint glimpse, obscurely caught between  
The veiling clouds, the soul whose joy hath been  
Amid such scenes to stray till it hath grown  
Familiar with the bright and the serene,  
The glorious and the grand, may feel and own  
A kindred grandeur here, howe'er obscurely shown.

## XXXIV.

And it is even thus that he whose mind,  
With love and fervent charity imbued,  
Hath ever sought in all around to find,  
And find alone, the beauteous and the good,  
Even where the mist of error still may brood,  
Or ignorance or prejudice deface,  
Still in such souls, with patient candour viewed,  
From some faint glimpse, some transient gleam, may  
trace  
Fair charms by Nature given, or lovelier gifts of grace.

## XXXV.

But now the raging of the storm is o'er:  
Reigns o'er the hills a universal hush;  
And all is calm, save the wild torrent's roar,  
Whose dark, swollen waters more impetuous rush  
Adown their rugged course, and sweep and crush  
The straggling shrubs upon their sides that grow;  
Like Grief's first unrestrained and blinded gush,  
When just recovered from the stunning blow,  
Enough to see and feel the vastness of its woe.

## XXXVI.

And now the hovering clouds have rolled away,  
Like the vain terrors of illusive dreams ;  
The sun again sheds down a peaceful ray :  
Bright 'neath the opening sky the river gleams ;  
Glistens with joy fair Nature's face, and seems  
More lovely than before: even the bare rock,  
Glittering and glad reflects these joyous beams ;  
As if it sought the tempest's wrath to mock,  
Smiling, to show how vain and impotent the shock.

## XXXVII.

So when aside the clouds of darkness roll,  
And beams of heavenly love and mercy pour  
Upon the afflicted yet believing soul,—  
Adversity's rude shock it can no more,  
As those to whom no hope is left, deplore.  
Cheered by those sweet, reviving rays, it feels  
A gladness that it never knew before ;  
More than the joy of grief upon it steals—  
It is that joy which Heaven to humble Faith reveals.

## XXXVIII.

Yet, when the floods of grief themselves are dried,  
Nor heard in gentlest murmurs to complain,  
And seem within the bosom to have died,—  
Even then, deep furrows in the heart remain,  
Which, spite of time, their ancient place maintain ;  
And, in the hour of gloom, when other woes  
Descend upon the heart—oh then again  
In the same tract a kindred sorrow flows,  
Waking sad thoughts which deep within the soul repose.

## XXXIX.

While thus I muse where the wild Bruar rolls,<sup>9</sup>  
 Gazing across the northward moors, the thought  
 Of dark Loch Garry with its verdant knolls,  
 Of her who there her fairy lover sought,  
 Where by his magic aid her task she wrought,—  
 Of drear Loch Ericht's awful solitude,  
 And loneiy Laggan, to my soul is brought:  
 And I remember how, entranced, I stood  
 Where Rothiemurchus spreads his wide and bristling  
     wood.

## XL.

Without an end prolonged must be the strain<sup>10</sup>  
 Would tell of all the bliss my bosom owes  
 To these wild scenes, and still would there remain  
 A nameless feeling that no utterance knows.  
 But now, since soon my pilgrimage must close,  
 To loved Strathairdle let me take my way,  
 And from my lonely wanderings find repose  
 In commune with kind hearts; or, musing, stray  
 Where proud, o'erhanging woods Kindrogan's cliffs  
     array.

## XLI.

Or, on this rock lone resting, let me swell  
 The dashing stream's wild music, and the song  
 Of woodland choristers, amid the "Dell"  
 Of Birds;" and while upon my spirit throng  
 The thoughts of other days, let me prolong  
 These peaceful meditations till the shades  
 Of evening gather round me, for more strong  
 The influence grows that this sweet scene pervades  
 As from the soft, blue sky day's garish radiance fades.

\* In Gaelic "Dirnanean," the name of the seat of Patrick Small, Esq.

## XLII.

Yes, by this rushing torrent let me sit,  
Whose brawling din chimes aptly with my strain,  
Which now must be of battles ; for, as flit  
The visions through my mind, I see again  
This wild glen ravaged by the roving Dane ;—  
I see him flee before the dauntless Gael,  
And mark the spot where the proud chief was slain :  
The giant Airdle, with his rustling mail,  
Lies here—and many an ell of grave attests the tale.

## XLIII.

Wandering, oh Scotia, thy wild scenes among,  
Listing the torrents that impetuous roll  
Adown thy hills their roaring streams along,  
Dread feelings oft have swelled upon my soul,  
As thoughts of those past times upon me stole,  
When the fierce storms of discord round thee roared,  
By lawless passions urged to spurn control ;  
From every hill when feud's red torrents poured,  
Swelled as they rolled along by many a Highland horde.

## XLIV.

Resistless down the vale the wild stream rushed,  
And every gentle flower of peace that grew  
Upon its banks was by its fury crushed ;  
And ah ! these lovely flowers were then but few,  
And slow, when thus destroyed, to spring anew,  
To them so uncongenial was the time—  
So rude the blasts of violence that blew.  
Beauty was almost banished from the clime,  
And left the scenes of life most ruggedly sublime.

## XLV.

And such, oh Scotia! was the wintry age  
When thou wast sunk in Superstition's gloom,  
The scene of stormy wars and feudal rage,  
Till the dark clouds that oft o'erhung thy doom  
Were scattered by those rays which now illumine  
Thy plains;—till rays of heavenly truth were shed  
Uncoloured o'er thee—calling forth the bloom  
And balmy air of spring—to cheer, and spread  
Thy vales with loveliest flowers which there had long  
lain dead.

## XLVI.

With these I gladly would adorn my song;—  
Long of thy peaceful virtues might I sing;  
But ah! already have I sung too long,  
And I must cease;—though ever, as I fling  
My hand upon some sweetly sounding string  
To which my heart responding sends a thrill  
Through all my frame,—from joy's exhaustless spring  
Another strain—another rapture still  
Flows forth, till song and joy my breast—my being fill.

## XLVII.

Yet must I cease:—a thousand thoughts o'erflowing  
The fountains of my soul I must restrain;  
A thousand feelings in my bosom glowing  
Must burn and plead for utterance in vain;  
This harp in silence now must rest again,  
And speak no more of Scotia's joy or woe,  
Nor sing her praise; yet let me not complain  
While in my breast these lively feelings glow,—  
While through my soul, unheard, these streams of  
music flow.

# NOTES

to

## THE HIGHLANDS.

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\*.\* The figures refer to the corresponding figures in the text.

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### CANTO I.

<sup>1</sup> THE nature of poetry, and the design of the preceding poem having precluded the introduction of many of those details and observations which might be interesting to readers in general, and especially to those who, either in person or in imagination, may wish to traverse the scenes of which the Author has endeavoured to give rather his own impressions than a minute description, it is proposed to supplement, as concisely as possible, the musings which he has attempted to express in verse, by the matters of fact which are more proper to prose. We shall suppose, therefore, the reader to have the poem in his hand, while we conduct him step by step along the path which it more vaguely indicates.

On the ancient history of Caledonia—the character and customs of its warlike and primitive inhabitants—the origin of their superstitions, the circumstances which cherished that proud spirit of independence which neither the arts nor the arms of the world's conquerors could subdue, we cannot here enlarge, interesting though the subject be. Such as may wish to follow out these topics, may find them discussed by many a

learned pen, and by none more pleasingly than that of Mrs. Grant of Laggan. But our present object is simply to point out the localities which, from their own inherent peculiarities, or the associations connected with them, are most fitted to arrest the attention as we pass through that land which is "the haunt and the main region of our song." Nevertheless we are naturally drawn to make our first excursion in the direction of those regions which are most closely linked with the memories of those "days of other years" when in the grey cloud of the evening that fitted along the mountain side, the imagination of the lone watcher, or the bereaved mourner, was wont to behold the spirits of the departed;—when the warrior, as he rested after a day of strife, with the trophies of his victory strewn around him, listened to the song of the aged bard, or indulged the fancy which shaped the rack that careered across the storm-swept heavens or the cloud that sent forth its fiery flash and wrathful sound into the forms of battling gods and the rattling cars of aerial combatants. From those cloudy heights of speculation and shadowy reminiscence to which the wings of the muse had borne us, and whence awhile we looked down through the misty veil of antiquity on the scenes of our future wanderings, we, in the poem, light down among the hills and rustling woods of Morven, and wander among the haunts of the dauntless Fingalians, and drink in the spirit of old romance at the birthplace of Ossian among the dark recesses of Glencoe, ere we launch forth from the sounding shore to seek that green island of the deep from which a *better* spirit was diffused over these rugged regions, and whence a light shone forth which banished the airy terrors of ancient superstition. But our readers perhaps would protest against a similar method of flight into the heart of the Highlands in this prose accompaniment, as contrary to the promise we have just made of marking out on the surface of this terraqueous globe the path along which they may follow us in our dreamy wanderings. Let none, then, lag behind for lack of power to ride with us on the *clouds*;—they, too, may



overtake us by the aid of vapour in another shape,—that namely, in which it is tamed and subdued by man, and yoked to the car with which he ploughs the deep. To speak in language free of all misty obscurity, and come fairly and once for all to the earth, you will find at the Broomielaw of the busy city of Glasgow, a steamer which will convey you down the Clyde and through the Kyles of Bute, and thence, if you choose, up Loch Fyne to Inverary, from which you may proceed by Port Sonachan across Loch Awe, and past the base of the majestic Ben Cruachan to Dunstaffnage, whose ancient castle was once the seat of Scottish royalty, and where you are in the midst of the scenes which the bard of Cona has peopled with the shades of ancient warriors and love-stricken maids. Reaching the western shore, you see Dunolly Castle surmounting the beetling crags that gird the coast, and at Oban you halt for a while till the vessel is ready to bear us together to Iona. You may, however, reach this point in a more direct and expeditious way by leaving the steamer at Loch Gilthead, on the shore of Loch Fyne, and proceeding by the Crinan canal to Loch Crinan, and past the point of Cragnish, around which the scenery presents an imposing appearance of rugged grandeur. If, while you have been thus winding your way to Oban, we, having outstripped you in our aerial flight, have been wandering and musing among the wilds of Morven, and the haunted caves and crags of Glencoe, you need not envy us our lone and visionary rambles in that direction, for we promise to conduct you back again ere long to these dread scenes, and to tell you a tale about them of darker terror than any of Ossian's.

<sup>2</sup> Meanwhile we embark at Oban amid the grey obscurity of the silent dawn which comports well with the thoughts of those early times about which our minds are occupied while we sweep round the dark coast of Mull, till we come in sight of the sacred island of Iona, over which the Sun of Righteousness first rose on the horizon of our land, scattering the

Heathen darkness that brooded over it. It was in the year 563 that Columba, with his companions, having left the coast of Ireland in a boat composed chiefly of wicker-work, found themselves early one morning within view of the "Island of the Waves." Having landed there, they established a religious institution, which, though it has been designated a monastery, was, in many respects, very unlike the monastic institutions of the Popedom, to which the Culdees owed no allegiance, and which they strenuously opposed on those points which are most prominent in the Popish system—namely, auricular confession, penance, and authoritative absolution, transubstantiation, the worship of saints, and particularly of the Virgin Mary, dependance on human merits, and works of supererogation, praying for the dead, and even, as has been shown by Dr. Jamieson and others, on the subject of Episcopacy,—their Abbot not being of a different order from the rest, but merely "*primus inter pares*"—a kind of perpetual moderator of their presbytery. Not only was Scotland indebted to them for the knowledge of Christianity, but many parts of England, where a more doubtful light had been shed by other teachers from the south, hailed with gladness the arrival of instructors from Iona, who "expounded unto them the way of God more perfectly."

3 The ruins at present visible on the island are not those of the buildings erected by Columba, but of edifices raised at different periods during subsequent, though still early ages. The oldest of these is probably the chapel dedicated to St. Oran, the associate of Columba, and which was attached to a convent of the order of St. Augustine. A tomb is still pointed out as that of St. Oran, and several kings of Scotland, Ireland, and Norway, with one of France, are said to repose in the enclosure called Reilig Ouran. Northward of this chapel are the remains of a causeway leading to the cathedral, and called the Main Street, which is joined by one named the Royal Street, and by Martyr Street which leads to the bay of the

some name, where the bodies of kings and nobles were landed for interment. On the west side of the latter street stands McLean's cross, one of three hundred votive crosses which were demolished by the order of the Synod of Argyll, in 1580.

4 Our meditations among these relics of antiquity are interrupted by the intimation that the vessel is ready to sail; and, embarking again, we are borne westward toward Staffa, whose dark bulk seems to grow as we advance, but gives promise of nothing very remarkable till we draw near and observe the extraordinary structure of the whole of its eastern side, which presents a magnificent range of basaltic columns, interspersed with deep, retiring caves, of which the most noted and most wonderful is the Musical or Fingal's Cave. Approaching, by a boat, the splendid entrance of this natural cathedral, we land beneath a Gothic arch, sixty-six feet in height, upon the broken columns which afford a passage into the deep and lofty interior, where on either hand the colossal range of hexagonal and pentagonal pillars stretches far into the gloom of the mysterious penetralia. The watery floor, if the weather is calm, seems to be of pure green crystal, reflecting the dark shafts of the vast colonnade; and the fretted ceiling which is stretched above is formed, like the columns, of angular blocks, the interstices of which are filled with a beautiful calcareous stalagmite. If the sea should be agitated, the solemn sound of the waves as they roll into the echoing recesses of the cave, produces a most imposing effect, which will not be marred if chimed in with by the human voice in an appropriate chant, to which the long-drawn aisle will impart a peculiar depth and solemnity of tone. Besides Fingal's Cave, there are three others. First, the Clamshell Cave, on one side of which the columns present a peculiar appearance, being curved like the ribs of a ship; while on the other side, the projecting ends of a horizontal range form a surface resembling a honey-comb. Second, the Boat Cave, between which and the Musical Cave

the basaltic rocks rise to the greatest elevation ; the summit being about one hundred and twelve feet above high water mark. The size of this cave is not great, and the columns around its entrance are more worthy of attention than the interior, which presents only the smooth rock. Third, McKinnon's or the Cormorant's Cave, which recedes to the extent of 224 feet, but of which the sides are also smooth. In addition to these caves, a remarkable islet, called Bouchaille, or the Herdsman, is deserving of attention. It is composed of small symmetrical columns, somewhat inclined inward so as to present a conical appearance.

3 Leaving Staffa, we land at Tobermory on the coast of Mull ; and after passing the night there, we proceed up Loch Sunart the romantic scene of Professor Wilson's beautiful poem "Unimore." Steering among verdant islands, with the hills of Ardnamurchan on one side, and those of Morven on the other, we proceed to Strontian, at the head of the Loch, —a place interesting to the chemist on account of the remarkable spar which bears its name. From this point a road may be found to Coran Ferry, from which the traveller may proceed to Glencoe, or may take the steamer up the Caledonian canal. But for the present we prefer the road which leads from Salin, on the banks of Loch Sunart, to Kinloch Moidart. This place is interesting on account of the associations which connect it with the landing of Charles Edward ; and the thoroughly Highland character of the scenery around accords well with the events which it recalls. Hither the Prince repaired after landing at Borradaile, a little farther north on the coast ; and a narrow avenue, still called the Prince's Walk, is pointed out as the place where he held council with the friendly chiefs who joined him here. From Kinloch Moidart, he went, on the 8th of August, 1745, by water to Glenalladale, on the side of Loch Shiel, and next morning proceeded to Glendinnan at the head of the Loch. In speak-

ing of that and other places we shall have occasion to trace his subsequent fortunes.

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## C A N T O II.

<sup>1</sup> The coast of Moidart is wild, rugged, and irregular in the highest degree; yet are there many spots of verdant beauty to be found among the dells and inlets that run up among the hills; and the gladdening influence of a bright summer's day, succeeding to a threatening morning, banishes all gloom, and disposes us to cheerful reflection, as we slowly wander along the indented shore, or wind our way among the intersecting glens, catching at intervals a view of the sea with its scattered islands. In the poem, expression is given to some of these musings; and allusion is made to a phenomenon, which, though of constant occurrence in tropical climates, is only to be observed in ours on a day of unusual heat, but which may be seen exemplified by the tremulous and undulating appearance of the air which surrounds any heated body. It would undoubtedly be more correct to speak of the undulating appearance of the objects seen through the atmosphere thus affected as a refracting medium; but the impression on the mind of the spectator is, that the air itself has become visible, and "to muse on Nature with a poet's eye," does not mean to regard it with the optics of a philosopher.

<sup>2</sup> Proceeding northward from Kinloch Moidart, and crossing Loch Aylort, we pass onward by Borradaile to Arisaig. It is evening when we arrive here; but wishing to reach Skye without delay, we are glad to find a boat ready to convey us thither, across the moonlit sea. This mode of conveyance, however, will probably be thought by most travellers rather a

primitive one in these days of steam navigation, and for the accommodation of such persons, a steam-boat touches on certain days of the week at Arisaig, by which they may reach any part of the coast of Skye from Armidale to Broadford. Having reached the former point, where the elegant modern mansion of Lord Macdonald stands amidst woods of oak and hirsch, we proceed onward, passing the ivied ruins of the castle of Knock, and keeping the coast road for three miles further, till we reach Isle Oransay. Here we strike across a moorland country, and at the distance of nine miles arrive at Broadford. Thence we proceed through Strath, and, passing the marble quarries, reach Kilhride. Having launched forth on Loch Slapin, we sail round the iron-bound coast, in one of whose many caves Charles Edward once found refuge.

3 Doubling the headland at Aird, we find Loch Scavaig stretched before us; and as we advance further into the bay, we become more and more impressed with the stern and awful grandeur of the stupendous mountains which shoot their abrupt and iron-like cliffs far into the sky, and cast down a dim twilight over the scattered rocks and the heaving waves, whose restless moan adds to the gloom and loneliness of the scene. As we advance further into the depths of this wonderful region, and clamber over the rough, shelving rocks, we find a cascade dashing over a broad ledge, and pouring its waters into the sea. Pressing yet further on, the still, dark lake of Coruisk, studded with four green islands, and girt with a belt of stunted sward, presents itself. All around, the bare black cliffs arise, shooting almost perpendicularly into the heavens, and barring all egress, save on the side from which we have approached.

4 Retracing our steps, we may either take the boat again to Strathaird's cave, which we passed in coming to Scavaig, or we may cross over the hills, and thus reach it more speedily.

Having furnished ourselves with a good collection of candles, we approach, with some difficulty, the rugged and wave-worn entrance of this wonderful grotto. Passing through a deep cleft in the lofty rocks, through which the waves often dash with great violence, we succeed in reaching the inner chamber, which must be entered by a steep ascent, over what seems a huge block of white marble, from the summit of which we look upon the wonders of the cave. These have been much defaced by the wantonness of tourists, who have not scrupled to break down the carved work of this natural temple; but there remains much of the more massy portions of the architecture, displaying the most striking resemblance to Gothic arches, pillars, and mouldings, of pure white marble. At the further extremity is a well of beautiful clear water, beyond which the spar forms an elegant arch in which the wonders of the cave terminate.

Emerging again to the upper regions, we take the liberty of introducing our readers to our hospitable friends, whose abode is on the coast immediately above the cave. The night is setting in, and the storm is beginning to rage around, a fitting accompaniment to those tales of *glamoury* to which we are privileged to listen. Nowhere have the superstitions of the Highlands found a more congenial soil than in Skye; nor have they, even yet, been entirely rooted out. The spirits that have fled from the more open and more frequented vales and straths of the main-land, have found a refuge among its rocky fastnesses, and flit occasionally across its lonely heaths; and the "Seer of Skye" has cast a shred of his mantle on many an aged shoulder, giving a mysterious power of supernatural discernment, when "coming events cast their shadows before." In the text, a brief allusion is made to two out of the many marvellous narratives which may be picked up of an evening around the crackling *ingie*. The first relates to a shepherd, who, it is said, came home one night with his clothes all

torn, in the encounter, as he verily believed, with some of the infernal powers, who had first breathed around him a cold blast, then attacked him from behind in the form of a greyhound, which suddenly changed into that of a woman bearing a strange resemblance to "the lass he lo'ed the best." A key to this event might, perhaps, be found in the jealousy of a competitor for the favour of the said maiden, whom this shepherd was wont to visit without his master's leave in the evenings. Perhaps the rival had taken this way of frightening him out of his visits, which he effectually accomplished. This and other stories, however, had given such an evil fame to the neighbourhood, that the master has sometimes found it difficult to get servants to engage with him, and many of those who are with him scruple to venture out at night alone. The second story referred to is related thus. A fishing boat was moored on the coast of Rum during the night, and the men agreed to watch it by turns, in case it should be dashed on the rocks. One of them, on returning to a house on the shore, after taking his turn, fainted; and when his time came again, positively refused to go. Next morning, when they were going to set sail for Tobermory, he as peremptorily refused to embark with them, "although he should have all Tobermory to himself for going," or though they should put him in gaol for not fulfilling his engagement. Accordingly they told him they would hire another man at his expense to do his work, which they did. When pressed to say what made him so determined, he said that he had seen a coffin placed across the barrels in the boat. The men performed their voyage to Tobermory and back in safety; but on their return they found that an old woman of their acquaintance had died, and, not having yet heard the reason of their companion's refusal to go with them, they prepared her coffin on the top of these barrels.

6 Bidding farewell to his friends at the cave, the minstrel also takes leave of Skye. He would not do so, however, with-



out recommending those whose time permits of it, to visit Glen Slighan, which, in wild grandeur, rivals Glencoe, and which may be reached by a somewhat rugged road leading from Camusunery, a farm in the neighbourhood of Scavaig, from which to the farther extremity of the glen the distance is about eight miles. The ancient castle of Dunvegan in the north west of the island is also an object of attraction; and, near the most northerly point, an extraordinary hill named Quiraing, is well worthy of attention. The hill rises to the height of a thousand feet, and on the north-east presents a precipitous basaltic front. At the summit there is a deep hollow, the bottom of which is a level oblong green platform. All around the rocks rise in detached columns, between which a view is obtained of the surrounding country. The whole appearance indicates it to be the crater of an extinct volcano. Many parts of Skye have also been rendered interesting by their association with the romantic adventures of Charles Edward. Having fled from Culloden, he embarked at Borradale, where he had first landed, and escaped to the Island of Benbecula, from whence he proceeded to the Long Island. After remaining there for some weeks, he was joined by Flora McDonald, who had been induced to undertake the bold enterprise of conducting him through the toils of his pursuers to a place of safety. With her he embarked, disguised as her Irish female attendant; and, landing at Trotternish, in Skye, he was conducted to Kingsburgh, near Spizort, by Mr. McDonald, the proprietor of that estate. He there assumed a Highland dress, and proceeded to Portree, from which he was conducted by Captain McLeod, and two sons of McLeod, of Raasay, first to the Island of Raasay, and afterwards to Scoriebreck in Trotternish. Thence with Captain McLeod he went to Strath, from which, under the conduct of the old Laird of Mc Kinnon, and Mc Kinnon, of Ellighuil, he escaped through the midst of watchful enemies to the head of Loch Houra in the opposite main-land. He then proceeded to Glen Morriston, and spent three weeks in a cave among the moun-

tains between that glen and Strathglass, guarded by seven freebooters, who refused to take advantage of the high price set on his head. Leaving this retreat, he lay concealed for awhile among the mountains around Loch Arkaig and Loch Lochy. He then joined Lochiel and Cluny at Lochaber, and remained with them for about three weeks in a cave, aptly denominated the *cage*, high up in a precipice of the rocky Benalder, in the lonely vicinity of Loch Ericht. Here he received intelligence that two French vessels were waiting to receive him at Loch na Nuagh; and proceeding once more to Borradaile, he embarked in safety for France, after taking a sorrowful farewell of his country and his friends.

7 Having given these notices to those who may be inclined to linger a little longer in Skye, for the sake of its natural wonders, or its historic associations, we retrace our steps again to Broadford, and proceed thence eastward by the road which winds through the hills to Kyle Rhea. Here we find a ferry across to Glenelg, in the neighbourhood of which the most interesting objects are three Danish towers or *dunes*—among the most entire in the Highlands—which are situated about three miles and a half from Bernera, in a beautiful vale called Glen Beg. Having visited these, we proceed by the road which leads eastward over Maam Ratachan, and at the distance of eleven miles and a half, we reach Shielhouse on the banks of the beautiful Loch Duich.

8 About eight miles from Shielhouse is the fall of Glomach, the highest in the Highlands. The path which leads to it runs up among the hills from the Bridge of Linassie, which crosses the water of Crowe at the head of Little Loch Duich. From many points among the hills through which we are led, a view may be obtained of the abrupt and serrated mountains of the surrounding country with the lochs that run in among them. At length we reach the water of the Glomach at a point above the fall. Here we find the stream plunging over the black

cliffs, into a ravine whose depth from the top of the surrounding rocks is not less than seven or eight hundred feet. The height of the fall itself is three hundred and fifty feet. The whole extent, however, cannot be seen from above ; but from a projecting rock at some distance down the ravine, and to which a descent may be effected, a more complete view may be obtained.

\* From Shielhouse a road proceeds toward the east, of which the different branches lead to Glengarry, to Fort Augustus, and to Glenmoriston. Wishing, however, to penetrate further into the wild scenery which lies towards the north, we proceed to Dornie, near which stands Ellandonnan Castle, an ancient fortress built by Alexander II. Crossing a ferry here, we advance northward to another at Lochcarron, and thus arrive at Jeantown. Holding on our course among the stupendous hills of Applecross, we reach Shildaig on the banks of Loch Torridon, around which the scenery is characterised by the most awful and rugged grandeur. Thence we take a boat to Torridon House at the head of the loch, or find our way thither on foot by a rough and winding path. Here we find a road which leads to Kinloch Ewe at the head of Loch Maree.

<sup>10</sup> This lake yields to none in Scotland in respect of stern and gloomy magnificence. Along its northern side a range of bold and rocky mountains rises abruptly from the water's edge. The southern bank presents a more varied appearance, the hills receding further back, and leaving a space which is occupied with every variety of woody knoll, brown heath, and copse-covered eminence. The lake is about eighteen miles long, and from one to two broad. Its surface is diversified by a number of beautiful islands, of which the most remarkable is that which is called Eilan Maree ; its name, as well as that of the lake, being, it is said, derived from St. Marce, a Culdee from Iona, or Applecross, who fixed his residence here.

11 In this island there is a well whose waters were long supposed to be a sovereign specific for insanity. Here, also, is a burial-place, which is said to contain the bones of a king of Norway, and a daughter of a king of Ireland. The tradition concerning them is alluded to in the poem, but may be more fully related here. They were engaged to be married, and the ceremony was to be performed by the holy man who resided on this island, where it was fixed that they should meet. The Prince of Norway arrived first at the island; and impatient of his bride's delay, he sent messengers to Poolewe, where he had heard that a ship had arrived, with instructions to make inquiries, and to intimate the result by displaying a white flag as they returned up the lake, if their tidings were good, and a black one if the contrary should be the case. Finding, when they reached Poolewe, that the Princess had arrived, they proceeded to conduct her to the island, but in sailing with her up the lake, they, by way of putting their master's love to the test, hoisted the black flag at their mast-head. On seeing this the prince, it is said, either died of grief, or put a period to his existence. The princess on her arrival, learning what had happened, also sunk beneath the shock, and died. Two large stones still mark the place where they were buried side by side.

12 Having explored the beauties of Loch Marce, either by sailing down its calm waters, or traversing the rugged path that winds along its rocky shore, we leave Kinloch Ewe by a road which runs south-east among the hills; and at Auchua-sheen join the more public road which leads from Loch Carron to Dingwall. Our way is now for some time through a pastoral country, where there is little to excite attention, save the dark heights of Scurvuillin, and the neighbouring hills, and the chain of lakelets which are connected by the river Braan.

13 Loch Luichart, though divested of the noble forest that once clothed its shores, has still an interesting appearance,

and is not destitute of wood. Winding round its banks, which are often screened by fine copse-covered cliffs, we are brought, after passing through a moory tract, to a smiling vale, enlivened by the waters of Loch Garve; and soon after, if we keep the high road, we reach the falls of the Rogie, which have been compared to those of Tivoli, and which, being situated among the hirsch-clad dells which are overlooked by the road, are easily reached by a footpath that has been formed for the purpose. From the neighbourhood of Garve, however, the pedestrian may make his way through a woody pass to Loch Echiltie, a lake of exceeding beauty, which he should not omit visiting. Having reached its banks he may, if so inclined, make an excursion by the road which he will there find leading westward, and which will conduct him to the falls of the Conon; and returning the same way, he may either retrace his steps to the road which he had left at Garve, or may proceed by that which leads direct from Loch Echiltie to Contin; from which in this case he will require to return a little westward, in order to see the Falls of the Rogie.

14 From Contin, (unless we wish to visit Strathpeffer, in which case we turn off to the left), we proceed along the banks of the Conon, which flows through a richly-wooded vale; and turning aside awhile from the high road, we wander by the wooded banks of the beautiful Loch Ousie, a small lake to which tradition attaches an origin somewhat similar to that which it ascribes to Loch Awe. Some heedless wight, it is said, having gone to draw water at an enchanted well in the neighbourhood, had neglected, after doing so, to replace the stone on its mouth; and the genius of the spring, attaching, it would seem, a mystical importance to the performance of this ceremony, did from his dark abode, at the witching hour of night, erectate a deluge of water, which, settling down in the hollow of the vale, formed the lake of which we speak. From many points in the neighbourhood of this loch, and especially from the top of that ridge which must be crossed

In passing directly over to Strathpeffer, the most magnificent views may be obtained of Ben Wyvis, which rears its huge bulk within a few miles to the north, and of the dark and rugged hills in the west, which contrast finely with the still lake on which we look back. On an eminence in this ridge (the Druimchat, or Cat's back), there is a vitrified fort named Knockfarrel, which has excited much interest among antiquaries.

15 Passing Canon Bridge, and gazing up the river on whose banks, amidst a splendid amphitheatre of cliffs and woods, stands the ancient Castle Brahan, we pass onward through the Muir of Ord, around which many ancient stone circles, cairns, and monumental pillars are to be found; and soon after, entering Inverness-shire, we reach Beauly, or Beaulieu,—so named, it is said, by Queen Mary, and well deserving the name. Here there are the ruins of a priory, whose grey walls, still pretty entire, are seen among the trees on the bank of the river. Two miles farther on we are led into a scene which is not surpassed in beauty by any in the Highlands. On one hand the magnificent woods of Beaufort spread their wide and dense luxuriance; while, nearer, the river Beauly pours its dark waters down from a glen in which rocks, woods, and hills, are mingled together in the wildest, yet most graceful and harmonious profusion: and winding for awhile, still and deep, between rocks, which in shape and structure seem like the huge towers and walls of some gigantic castle, they dash over a broad ledge, roaring and foaming, and then continue their peaceful way through a fair and fertile vale, till they expand into the Frith of Beauly. Wandering up the course of this winding river for about three miles, we find at every turn some peculiar and exquisite combination of rock, wood, and water; and though the road runs all the way near its banks we are not satisfied till we have dived through every clump or screen of trees that intercepts our view of the stream's wild course, and gazed from every projecting cliff upon the whirl-

ing eddies of the impetuous river, as it rushes around the lofty rocks that rise in the midst of its rugged channel. Having advanced along the banks of the river to where it pours its waters around the verdant isle of Aigas, beyond which the road leading through Strathglass presents for some time comparatively little that is interesting, except the stately towers of Erchless Castle five miles onward, we retrace our steps from the Dhrum to Kilmorack, and thence proceed along the road which conducts us by the banks of Loch Beauly to Inverness.

18 Without waiting to describe the town of Inverness or its immediate neighbourhood, we proceed onward to the mournfully interesting moor of Culloden, the scene of the desperate and bloody battle which extinguished the sanguine hopes of Charles Edward. About six miles from Inverness we reach the spot where the graves, or rather pits, in which the slain, by hundreds, were interred, are marked by patches of rank grass amid the surrounding wastes of bleak and dreary heath. It was a little to the west of this that the troops of the Prince were drawn up, in a line across the moor verging towards the grounds of Culloden House. In such a situation—so manifestly disadvantageous for a Highland army, did the fatigued and wasted forces of the unfortunate Charles Edward encounter the disciplined troops of the Duke of Cumberland; and after an almost incredible display of fierce and savage bravery, exerted in the cause of one whose family so long sat like an incubus upon the throne of the kingdom, they left the field strewn with the bodies of 1200 slain on each side, to which the Duke of Cumberland afterwards added a hecatomb of the prisoners, sacrificed in cold blood upon the altar of remorseless vengeance. The Prince, as soon as hope seemed to have abandoned him, made off toward Stratherrick and spent the night at Gortuleg. About a mile south-east of the field of Culloden is a very remarkable series of stone circles and cairns. They cover a large extent of ground on the south

bank of the river Nairn ; and near the west end of the plain on which they stand is an oblong square, believed to be the remains of an ancient Christian church, which, probably, had been purposely erected in the midst of these heathen structures. The most singular of these pagan relics are three great cairns, each fifteen feet high, in the interior of one of which, when it was lately opened, two earthen urns were found, containing calcined bones.

17 Leaving these antiquities, we proceed onward to Cawdor Castle, which is still inhabited, and presents an appearance of great antiquity in a high state of preservation. Its situation is striking and picturesque, and the associations connected with it invest it with a dark and romantic interest. Till lately, the bed and chamber were shown in which, it is said, King Duncan was murdered by his relative, Macbeth ; but some years ago they were destroyed by fire. Still, however, the gloomy towers recall the scene represented by Shakspeare, and make our blood curdle as we seem to hear the remorseless queen exclaim,

" I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dashed his brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this."



## C A N T O    I I I.

<sup>1</sup> Leaving Inverness by the Caledonian canal, and passing the ship-shaped mount of Tomnahurich (the Hill of the fairies) we enter the beautiful little Lake of Dochfour; and, passing between its woody banks, we soon reach Loch Ness. Had we for the first time to pass through the great glen of Scotland, it is probable that we should prefer going by land, and keeping the northern bank of Loch Ness, which is beautifully wooded, and in traversing which the winding road affords a fine variety of view. At present, however, we choose to go by water, satisfied with the recollections of former rambles which are called up by the various objects which present themselves on the indented shore as we sail along.

<sup>2</sup> Passing on the south the woods of Aldourie, the birth-place of Sir James Mackintosh, and on the north, the bare rocks of Craigderg, our attention is arrested on the latter side of the lake by the ruined walls of Castle Urquhart, which stand on a rocky peninsula near the mouth of the glen of the same name. Two or three miles up this glen are the fine falls of Dhiwach, formed by the abrupt descent of the Coiltie, over a lofty ledge of rock, surrounded by richly-wooded banks. From this point the northern margin of the lake continues to present a beautiful variety of rock and wood, in the midst of which, if we go by land, we are sometimes surprised by fine cataracts, one of the highest of which is that called Aultguis, a little west of Ruisky, from which there is a ferry over to Foyers.

We land at the point where the river Foyers flows calmly into the lake—seeming to have forgotten all the turmoil of its

wild career among the rocks above—and wind up among the woody banks of the dell through which it pours. In a short time we find a path which conducts us to different points of observation from which the falls may be viewed. Having descended as far as possible into the deep ravine through which the waters rush at the lower fall, and where they are seen pouring in one unbroken mass of foam through a gap in the cliffs above, that close round on all sides, we retrace our steps to the heights from which the waters flow. Here we proceed up the rugged course of the river, where it rolls impetuously among rocks and birch-crowned steeps, and at the distance of about half-a-mile we reach the upper fall. This is not so high as the other, but compensates by the wild beauty of the surrounding scenery for its deficiency in height. Looking down from beneath the bridge which spans the rolling flood, we see the waters dashing tumultuously over the dark rocks below; while from the same point we behold their headlong course among the shattered cliffs above.

4 Seeking the beach again, we re-embark where the river mingles calmly with the smooth waters of the lake, and, as we sail along we mark on a green eminence of the shore which we have left, a simple pyramidal monument, erected on the spot where the daughter of Mr. Fraser, of Foyers, requested that her ashes might be laid—that having been her favourite resort during the later years of her life; and here also rest the remains of her father and mother.

5 As we cast our eyes upon the opposite shore, we are struck with the beauty of the wildly luxuriant glen through which the burn of Aultsigh pours its pure waters, dashing between the birch-clad eminences, and over the shelving rocks, till it reaches the calm bosom of the lake. This lovely glen is associated with one of the darkest of those tales of blood which have been handed down from the ages of feudal anarchy. A party of the Mc Donells, of Glengarry, having entered the

country of their hereditary rivals, the Mc Kenzies, to avenge an attack which had been made upon them in a former inroad, found a number of their opponents assembled for worship at Gillie Christ (Christ's Church) near Beauly. Their leader commanded the church to be set on fire, and ranged the band of the Mc Donells round it to prevent the escape of his victims, who thus, by fire and sword, were indiscriminately massacred; whilst a piper marched round the church playing a piece of wild extempore music, which has since continued to be the pibroch of the Glengarry family. The Mc Donells having fled in two separate directions, were pursued by parties of the Mc Kenzies, and some of them, as they rested at a public-house near Inverness, were overtaken, and met with a death similar to that which they had just inflicted. Others, with their leader Alan Mc Raonuill, fled to the northern banks of Loch Ness, but the Mc Kenzies, tracking their footsteps, reached them as they lay reposing among the hills near Aultsigb, to which Alan immediately fled, and, being closely pursued by one of the Mc Kenzies, he leaped over a wide and deep chasm through which the burn pours. His pursuer, attempting to follow, but failing to reach the top of the opposite bank, grasped the branch of a tree, by which he hung suspended over the ravine. Alan observing this, turned back and lopped off the branch with his dirk, exclaiming: "I have left much behind me with you to-day; take that also."

6 A little further on, on the same side of the lake, is the opening of Glen Moriston—a vale of exquisite beauty, luxuriantly adorned with woods of birch and pine, amidst which the river of the same name pours its silver flood, divided at some distance up the glen by a rock, on either side of which it descends in a fine cascade, and, uniting again, hurries onward to a lofty precipice over which it falls into a deep pool guarded on one side by Craig Kinian—the Giant rock, and on the other by Strone-na-Mulch the promontory of the Boar,

from between which the river rushes onward impetuously to the lake.

7 Having reached the extremity of Loch Ness, at which stands Fort Augustus, we soon after enter Loch Oich, on the banks of which stands Invergarry Castle, surrounded with magnificent woods which stretch far into Glengarry, — the distant view being bounded by the mountains of the wide and fair domain which was long the property of the chief of the McDonells, but has now passed from that family, whose representative was abroad on both occasions when the author visited this region.

8 The banks of Loch Lochy do not present much that is interesting: but the fine Loch of Arkaig, which lies not many miles from its northern side, is well worthy of being visited. The river Lochy, sweeping past the interesting ruins of Inverlochy Castle, rushes with such impetuosity into the salt waters of Lochiel, when swollen by the mountain torrents after rain, that it preserves its freshness for a considerable time. The most prominent feature of the scenery around Fort William is the majestic Ben Nevis, the ascent of which is arduous, and even, without a guide, dangerous, but well repays the fatigue by the magnificence of the view which its heights afford.

9 Along the north shore of Lochell a road leads westward by which the scenery in that direction may be explored. Cor-pach, (the field of dead bodies,) from which this road strikes off, was so named from its having been the place to which the bodies of kings and nobles were anciently brought to be embarked for Iona; and at Inverlochy Castle the ancient kings of Scotland are said to have had their residence. About twelve miles from this point is Glenfinnan, at the head of Loch Shiel, where Prince Charles on his arrival from Glenalla-dale, was met by young Lochell with a party of seven or eight

hundred of his clan. Here his standard was unfurled by the Marquis of Tullibardine, and the manifesto and commission of regency were read. Shortly afterwards he was joined by Mc Donald, of Keppoch, with three hundred men; and in the evening some gentlemen of the name of McLeod arrived and proffered their services to the Prince. A monument, surmounted by a statue of the Chevalier, still marks the spot.

<sup>10</sup> By pursuing this line of road, we would be led to the western coast and the district of Moidart; interesting, as being the scene of Charles Edward's arrival, of his wanderings after defeat, and of his departure from Scotland; and the inhabitants of which, still, to a great extent, as if from some affection for his memory, cling to the superstitions of the Roman Catholic faith.

<sup>11</sup> Our course, however, for the present, lies toward Glencoe; and accordingly, proceeding from Fort William down the banks of Loch Linnhe, and along the side of Loch Leven, we cross the ferry to Ballahulish; and, after advancing four miles further along Loch Leven, we enter the terrific pass through which flows the "roaring Cona" of Ossian, and in the midst of whose dark and dismal precincts the unsuspecting sons of the soil were massacred, during a winter night, by a party of troops sent for the purpose by the Master of Stair, and commanded by Captain Campbell, of Glenlyon. M'Ian, their chief, had made himself obnoxious to Stair, by opposing the project which he had formed for organising the Highland clans into a force for the support of King William's government; and, probably from this cause, the M'Donalds of Glencoe were specially excluded from the indemnity which was offered to those who, like M'Ian, had delayed to make their submission to government, or had been prevented from doing so within the required time. Accordingly the order for their extirpation was put in force with the utmost barbarity. Captain Camp-

bell, whose niece was married to one of M'lan's sons, was, with his party, hospitably entertained by the inhabitants of the glen, whom, after having thus lived with them for a fortnight, they proceeded, amid the gloom of a winter night, to massacre in cold blood.

<sup>12</sup> Leaving Glencoe, we pass through a country which presents a wild and dreary aspect for some time, till we reach the beautiful vale of Glenorchy; soon after which, we arrive at Dalmally, at the head of Loch Awe, a magnificent lake, closed in with bold and lofty hills, of which Ben Cruachan in the north is always most conspicuous. The sides of the Loch are richly adorned with wood; and numerous green islands rise amid its calm waters, particularly towards the eastern extremity.

<sup>13</sup> One of the most conspicuous of these isles is that on which stand the fine ruins of Kilchurn, or Caolchain Castle, which was built in 1440 by Sir Colin Campbell, a black knight of Rhodes, the founder of the Breadalbane family. Of him a romantic legend is told, which is briefly related in the poem.

<sup>14</sup> On a small island, now nearly connected, by alluvial deposit, with the main-land, the Druids are said to have had a place of residence; hence it is named Innistrynich, or the Island of Druids: and, in opposition probably to this, when a place of Christian worship was first erected at Dalmally, it was called Clachan Dysart (Clach-an-des-aird) or the Temple of the Most High God. On the long, heathy island called Innishall, or the Beautiful Island, the ruins of a Cistercian convent are still seen. Innisfracoch, or the Heather Isle, presents the ruins of an ancient castle of the McNaughtans. It is the scene of a tradition thus related in an old Celtic poem: "The fair Mego longed for the delicious fruit of the isle, guarded by a dreadful serpent. Fracoch, who had long loved the maiden, goes to gather the fruit. By the rustling of the leaves, the serpent was awakened from his sleep. It attacked

the hero, who perished in the conflict. The monster also was destroyed. Mego did not long survive the death of her lover." From Dalmally we proceed along the banks of Loch Awe to Cladich, where the road ascends the hill for about a mile, and then descends into Glen Aray.

<sup>15</sup> When we approach within four miles of Inverary, this glen, with the river that winds through it, assumes an appearance of extreme beauty and luxuriance; and when Loch Fyne bursts upon our view—its calmwaters contrasting delightfully with the far-stretching hills and bristling woods that spread interminably around—we feel as if nothing were wanting to complete an earthly paradise. Awhile we wander among the more open grounds that surround the castle of Inverary, and admire the magnificent trees that, singly or in groups and rows, spread their strong boughs and ample verdure wherever we turn. We then ascend the wooded steeps of Duniquaich, from the top of which we obtain a fine view of the surrounding domain, which in its serene magnificence, accords well with the associations which history connects with the name of its noble proprietor. Having here seen the sun set over the far hills, we are satiated for awhile with the gorgeous prospect; but next morning, anticipating the dawn, we thread our way along the woody banks of the Aray, where the grey light is still more obscured by the shadowing trees. The roar of Carluhan Linn soon falls upon our ear; and ere long the foaming cascade is seen dashing over the dark cliffs among the weeping boughs that hang around. Tracing the river further up its wild course, we reach another Linn, about two or three miles beyond the first, and ere long we catch the sound of Lenach Gluthin, where, from a rustic bridge over a dark chasm in the rocks, we see the Aray rushing headlong into the deep abyss below.

<sup>16</sup> Returning again along the banks of the stream, we wander eastward through the woods till we find ourselves in

the sequestered dell of Glen Shira,—the Vale of the Silent Stream, and rest awhile beside the dark, still waters of Loch Dubh. Thence we find our way back to Inverary, and after satiating ourselves with gazing on the surrounding scenery—we prepare to take our departure towards the Clyde, which may be done either by proceeding across the hills by the lone Glencroeto Loch Long, or by crossing in another direction to Loch Goilhead—or by going to Tarbet on the banks of Loch Lomond,—as from all these points a steam-boat will be found ready to convey us towards Glasgow. A less frequented, but very pleasing route, is that by the banks of Loch Eck to Dunoon on the Clyde.

17 But for the present we prefer taking the steam-boat which carries us down Loch Fyne and through the Kyles of Bute, a voyage in the whole course of which our eye is gladdened, and our mind kept awake by pleasing excitement, while the broken and winding shores discover, as we sweep along, some new object of interest; or while the bold, dark cliffs of the distant mountains are seen towering over the green heights that skirt the loch, or swelling abruptly from the bosom of the deep—as when Arran bursts in all its rugged majesty on our view.

18 Having reached Rothsay and explored the beauties of its situation, and the antiquities of its ruined palace,—the scene of the death of Robert III.—we might probably find an opportunity of visiting Arran, to which steamers sail from Glasgow, and where, besides the interesting associations which connect its shores with the brightening prospects of Robert the Bruce, we should find a peculiar charm in the wild solitudes of the heathy and rocky dells that wind among the abrupt and craggy hills amid which Ben Gholl, the Mountain of the Winds, rises pre-eminent. If, however, as was the case with the author, we have already visited that romantic island, we may be con-



tented with the splendid view of its blue hills which is obtained from the Ayrshire coast, whither we cross from Rothsay ; and where, wandering along the woody heights that rise around Kelburne Castle, we think, as we gaze over the waters now resting so calmly before us, of the battle which once raged along these shores, and of the elemental strife which, in 1263, destroyed the invading fleet of the Danes. Casting our eyes downward along the gleaming flood where it rolls between Arran and the Carrick shore, we are reminded of "the remarkable occurrence," by which, as Sir Walter Scott says, "Bruce was induced to enter Scotland, under the false idea that a signal fire was lighted upon the shore near his maternal castle of Turnberry—the disappointment that he met with, and the train of success that arose out of that very disappointment." \*

The splendid scenery of the Clyde is too well known, and too patent to the view even of the casual passenger, to require any particular description. But, noting merely the magnificent effect of the different mountain ranges that converge at the opening of Loch Long, we would invite all who have an eye and a soul for the serenely beautiful and the sternly grand to turn aside with us and contemplate nature in both these aspects, while they stand upon the wooded shores of Roseneath and gaze upward over the calm waters of the Gareloch, toward the dark hills of Arroquhar.

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\* See Barbour's *Bruce*, book iv. vol. 1.

## CANTO IV.

<sup>1</sup> The scenes through which we are now for awhile led to wander are those which have been so graphically described by Sir Walter Scott, in works which are in the hands of almost every one, that it would be presumptuous, as it is altogether needless, to introduce our feeble lamp to guide the steps or direct the eyes of the tourist where the blaze of that mighty genius shines in its strength, and irradiates every green recess, and gleams on every "purple peak and flinty spire." It were a work of supererogation even to point out the road—trodden as it is by the feet of a thousand pilgrims—clouded as it is with the dust of unnumbered vehicles—and worn by as many hoofs as when "clattered an hundred steeds along" led by the bold Fitz James—which leads to the enchanted precincts of the wildly beautiful scene aptly denominated the Trosachs, or the *Bristled Region*. We shall therefore content ourselves with merely indicating the situation of those localities which are most interesting from their own character, or from the associations which the wand of the great magician has connected with them.

Leaving Callander, it may be well to turn aside to visit the romantic pass of Leney, before we proceed onward to Coillantogis Ford, at the lower extremity of Loch Venachar, where Roderick Dhu was vanquished by Fitz-James. Thence we advance along the banks of the lake, passing Lanrick Mead, the mastering place of Clan Alpin, where the road diverges from the shore. A little further on, on a rising ground toward the left, are—Duncraggan's huts,

"That peep, like moss-grown rocks half-seen,  
Half-hidden in the copse so green."

Between Lochs Venachar and Achray, the Brig of Turk crosses the stream, which flows from Glenfinlas and here

joins the Teith; and about a mile and a half further on, on the side of Loch Achray, stands the Inn of Ardochinerochcan. Advancing from this point, we enter the Bristled Region of which we are in quest. On one side towers Benvenue, on the other Ben A'an, while the intermediate distance is occupied by rocks, knolls, trees, copse-clad heights, and grey crags, heaped together, and scattered, and intermingled in the wildest confusion, yet in the most delightful harmony. The Defile of Beal-an Duine, through which we pass, is the place where Fitz-James's "gallant grey" fell exhausted in the chase, and gave him leisure to survey the wondrous scene into which he had been brought. Wandering onward, we perceive a narrow inlet shooting in among the broken rocks and scattered trees, and warning us of our approach to Loch Katrine, which is soon seen stretching far between the dark hills that rise abrupt and bold towards the left, and the more varied and indented margin on the right. Here we view the verdant "Isle"—the retreat of the fair Helen,—and there in the rugged bosom of Benvenue, where it rises sheer from the lake, a deep gash marks the wild and lonely Coir-nan-Uriskin, the *Den of the Ghost*, to which Douglas removed his daughter from the enchanted precincts of the lovely island. Higher up the hill, among the craggy ravines of Benvenue, winds the pass, which, from its having often yielded a way by which the *reivers* of old days drove their cattle, received the name of Bealachnambo.

<sup>2</sup> Should the course of the traveller lie towards Loch Lomond, he will sail to the further end of Loch Katrine, and thence a rugged road will lead him to Inversnaid, on the banks of the former loch, from which a steamer will convey him to Balloch at its southern extremity. For the present, however, we prefer to bend our steps toward Loch Ard, which we reach by striking off from Loch Arklet near the western end of Loch Katrine, and passing the secluded Loch Chon. Both Upper and Lower Loch Ard are best viewed from their eastern ex-

tremity, where the distant heights of Benlomond, bounding the view westward, contrast finely with the still waters of the glassy lake and its green islands and woody shores.

3 Passing the junction of the Douchray and the Forth—or Avondhu, at the Clachan of Aberfoil, and traversing the Pass which brings to our remembrance the famed Rob Roy, we soon find ourselves on the peaceful banks of the Lake of Monteith, and gaze for a while on its placid flood and its interesting islands, in one of which is the ancient castle of the Earls of Monteith, while the other contains the burial-ground of the Grahams and the ruins of the Priory of Inchmahome, where Mary Queen of Scots found an asylum in her early days, after the battle of Pinkie, and where a box-wood bower with a hawthorn tree in the centre is still pointed out as having been planted by her.

4 Having now reached the verge of the Highlands, we rest for a space by the banks of this still lake, and give scope to the thoughts which are suggested by the sight of its ruined priory, whose grey walls are seen gleaming in the moon-shine. We think of those days when the darkness of superstition brooded over the land, and our thoughts are led onward to the struggle and the contest, the suffering and the toil through which the children of the light had to pass before the cause which they were called to support gained its destined triumph, and the purifying influence of the truth was allowed, unobstructed, to exercise its peaceful sway. The hills, among which our forefathers sought a refuge from the persecutions adverted to in the text, do not, it is true, for the most part, lie within that region which is distinctively denominated the Highlands; but at the Lake of Monteith, occupying, as it does, an intermediate place, both as to locality and character, between the northern and southern districts of Scotland, thoughts naturally occur which are suggested rather by what is common to both these regions than by that which is peculiar to the

immediate subject of the poem. The following extracts, however, from Hetherington's History of the Church of Scotland, are given as showing that the north, where in our days so much zeal and intelligent piety are to be found, was not quite undistinguished of old, either by zealous adherence to the truth, or by the asylum which it afforded to those who suffered for conscience sake.

"Even in the Highlands the Covenant was welcomed with amazing cordiality. Clans that rarely met but in hostile strife, and if they did meet never parted without exchanging blows, met like brothers, subscribed the bond of national union, and parted in peace and love. Nowhere was this unwonted but lovely sight more signally displayed than at Inverness. There the fierce feuds of ages melted and disappeared beneath the warming and renewing power of Divine influence which so strongly and brightly shone around the Covenant, as the snows melt from their native mountains when the summer sun is high in the smiling heavens."

"The year 1663 began with great hardships to both the ejected ministers and the deprived people of Scotland. The ministers were compelled to leave their houses, the scenes of their ministry, the people whom they had been accustomed to instruct with such anxious and successful care in the knowledge of the way of salvation,—all that they held dear on earth, and much that had been to them both the earnest and the foretaste of heaven,—and to hasten away to other districts,—chiefly those north of the Tay, in the depth of a stern, inclement Scottish winter, because they would not bring upon their souls the guilt of perjury."

## C A N T O   V.

1 Returning again to the Highlands, we leave the shores of the Clyde where the proud rocks, surmounted by Dumbarton Castle—the ancient Balclutha, frown sternly over the calm waters; and winding along the banks of the Leven, where Smollet “tuned his rural pipe to love,” we find ourselves, at the extremity of this beautiful vale, on the shores of Loch Lomond, the Queen of the Scottish lakes. Magnificent, truly, is the view which this vast sheet of water, with its surrounding hills and embosomed isles, presents to our eye as we gaze over its silvery tide, from the heights above Tullichewan Castle, or from any of the neighbouring eminences; and strong is the attraction by which we are drawn to commit ourselves to its peaceful breast, or to wander along its wooded side. We make choice of the road which winds along the western margin of the lake; and, leaving on our left Dunfin, the hill of Pingal, which rises above the woods of Arden, we reach the gorge of Glenfruin, guarded by the ancient Castle of Bannachra. Lovely as the scene is which here surrounds us, a gloom seems to rest upon the “Vale of Sorrow” when we remember the bloody strife from which it derived its name. In 1602 the Mac Gregors encountered in Glenfruin the hostile hands of the Colquhoun, of whom 200 fell beneath their vengeful claymores. The widows of the slaughtered Colquhouns appeared at Stirling before James VI., each bearing on a pike the bloody shirt of her husband, and thus obtained the proscription of Clan Alpin in consequence of which it was felony to hear the very name of Mac Gregor. Our thoughts, however, are soon diverted from these dark tales of other days when we gaze on the calm waters of the smiling lake,

with its peaceful islands, of which the chief is Inch Murrin, and among whose twining trees the roe-deer frisk, or couch unmolested. Awhile we wander among the still and verdant retreats of Rosadoc ere we resume our onward path, which soon leads us to the woods and sounding streams of Inverugash. Here, if our inclination leads us to undertake the ascent of Benlomond, we may procure a boat which will convey us to Rowardennan on the opposite shore. But if the splendid prospect which is to be obtained at a height of 3,362 feet should not be a sufficient inducement to undergo the toils of the ascent, we may pursue our way to Tarbet, reconciling ourselves perhaps to the neglect of the great mountain by climbing the humbler eminence of the hill of Strone, from which we gaze over a prospect similar to that which presents itself at about a third part of the height of Benlomond. Either from Tarbet, or from the base of the mountain on the opposite shore we may proceed,—by water in the one case, and by land in the other,—to the Fort of Inversnaid, where the brave Wolfe served when a subaltern; and thence we may visit Rob Roy's cave on the north-east shore of the lake. Here we are in the midst of Rob's peculiar domain, and all the associations connected with his name rise to our recollection;—but not these alone, for in this cave Robert the Bruce concealed himself the night after he had lost the battle of Strathfillan.

3 Returning to Tarbet, we find a road which leads us northward through Glenfalloch and Strathfillan; and, reaching Crianlarich, though our route lies toward Killin, we are induced to turn aside for a little while from the road that leads thither that we may visit the celebrated pool of St. Fillan, which lies two miles toward the north, on the road conducting to Tyndrum. To this pool lunatics were wont to be brought from all quarters to be immersed, and here Robert Bruce, conceiving that his cause had been aided by the arm of St. Fillan, which he bore with him to Bannockburn, established

a priory which was consecrated to that saint. Near Tyndrum lies the plain of Dalrigh, where Bruce was defeated by Mac Dougal, of Lorn, in 1366. Retracing our steps to Crianlarich, we thence proceed eastward, passing Loch Dochart, at the foot of Ben More, in which lake there is a floating island, formed by the twining roots and stems of water plants. Pursuing our course along the river Dochart, we reach Killin at the head of Loch Tay. Here is a small island formed by the river and planted with furs, and on which an arched gateway points out the ancient tomb of the Mac Nabs. Killin is said to derive its name from being the burial place of Fingal, and here his supposed grave is still pointed out.

<sup>3</sup> The heights of Stroneclachane near the village, command a delightful view, on one hand, of the vale watered by the roaring Dochart and the soft flowing Lochy, and on the other, of the calm expanse of Loch Tay, beautifully contrasting with the bristling steeps of Finlarig, and the distant peaks of the majestic Lawers. Fixed as the waters of this lake appear in imperturbable stillness, they have at times been subject to extraordinary agitations. In September, 1784, when the weather was calm, the water in the bay near Kenmore receded about five yards, and after alternately ebbing and flowing to that extent for a quarter of an hour, rushed on a sudden from east to west, forming by the meeting currents a great wave across the bay of the height of five feet, and leaving the shore dry to the extent of 100 yards below the usual limits of the lake. This wave flowed westward, gradually diminishing, and when it disappeared, the water returned beyond its original margin in the bay, and continued to ebb and flow for about two hours. Meanwhile the river on the north of the village ran back, leaving its channel dry. Similar agitations occurred on five succeeding days, and again at subsequent periods.

In proceeding towards Kenmore, we choose the road which winds among the fine woods on the southern shore of the



lake, and before reaching Taymouth, we turn aside to view the falls of Acharn, and the hermitage which affords a grateful rest in the midst of the wild dell through which the waters rush.

We have not space in these notes to enlarge upon the exquisite beauties of the scenery of Taymouth—to describe the magnificence of the wide extended lawn with its majestic trees, in the midst of which stands the noble castle—in all respects worthy of the scene which surrounds it—and built, it is said, in the style of the ancient Castle of Inverlochy, the residence in old times of Scotland's kings, or to speak of all the delight which may be felt in gazing from the heights of Drummond Hill, or wandering amid the green retreats of the Berceau walk. This, however, we cannot but remark, that the loveliness of Nature is here heightened by associations of a very different kind from those which connect the recollections of bloody feuds and unnatural strife with many a fair Highland scene. It were little, indeed, that royalty has here made its temporary abode, and that royal magnificence for a time imparted to these scenes a lustre soon to pass away, did we not know that from the same loyal and truly patriotic heart which devised so splendid a reception for its sovereign, there flows forth over these wide domains a permanent stream of benignant and beneficent feeling—guided in its practical manifestation by an intelligence and a steadfast purpose, which is not to be turned aside by the example of worldly politicians, or the false prejudices which rule in too many aristocratic breasts, but which follows rather in the footsteps of the worthies of other days. And not only is it from living worth that these scenes derive a moral charm, but from the memory of those days when the loveliness with which Nature here is clothed was wont to minister sweet thoughts to the musing spirit of the excellent Lady Glenorchy, who regarded Taymouth with peculiar affection, not only on account of its own beauties, but from its being the birthplace of her spiritual life, and her favourite retreat from a vain and distracting world.

4 Reluctantly leaving Taymouth, we proceed through the vale watered by the Tay, and soon arrive at Aberfeldy, near which the Falls of Moness attract and detain our steps, at once by the associations with which the harp of Burns has connected them, and by the wild beauty of the rocky dell through which they pour their dashing waters, overhung by the "Birks of Aberfeldy."

5 Pursuing our course along the south bank of the Tay, and passing Grandtully, and Glenalbert, the scene of Mrs. Brunton's "Self-Control," where a fine waterfall is to be seen, we reach the beautiful bridge across the Tay which conducts us into Dunkeld, and which itself affords one of the best points from which the scenery of this delightful spot can be viewed; the river—the wood-clad hills—the ivy-robed cathedral, with all the unnumbered and nameless elements that make up the exquisite scene, blending together in harmonious and peaceful beauty. The *coup-d'œil*, however, which is here obtained only excites the desire to penetrate among the green and shady retreats that spread so invitingly around, and to climb the steepes that overhang the enchanted region, and close it in on all sides. Accordingly we thread our way among the trees that adorn the noble domain of the Duke of Athol; and, winding up the banks of the Braan, we are conducted to Ossian's Hall, where Art and Nature have combined their enchantments in what has appeared to some an incongruous union—whilst others rejoice to find, even in such a wild retreat, the traces of human ingenuity, and gaze, well pleased, on the evanishing form of the presiding bard, and on the vision of multiplied, and inverted, and deflected cataracts which is presented by the mirrored walls and roof, reflecting the watery war without. Further up the Braan is Ossian's Cave, beyond which the stream, rushing from beneath a natural bridge of rock,—called the Rumbling Brig, and dashing over a rugged precipice, forms a very striking scene. Seeking now the

higher grounds, we gaze from the cliffs of Craig Vincan and Craig-y-Barns, and the King's Seat; and having thus surveyed the fair domains around, we descend again to the green banks of the Tay, and investigate the antiquities of the ancient abbey, which brings to our remembrance the still more ancient institution of the Culdees, out of which it grew, and which was here erected by the Pictish King Constantine in 729, when Dunkeld was the capital of Caledonia.

6 Leaving Dunkeld, we proceed northward, by a road over-shadowed and compassed about with luxuriant trees; and passing the small lake of Poiny, we reach the confluence of the Tay and Tummil, at Logerait. Further on is Pitlochrie, beyond which the Tummil receives the waters of the Garry. We are now near the entrance of the famed pass of Killiecrankie; but before penetrating its shady depths, we turn aside by a path leading from a gate near the bridge over the Garry, to the Falls of the Tummil, one of the scenes which attracted the special admiration of our gracious Queen, during her residence this year (1844) at Blair Athol, and well worthy the attention of royalty. The massy breadth of foam which dashes over the worn and shelving rocks, with the wild mountain scenery around, form a very striking picture. On the north-west of the fall, on the face of a frowning rock, is a cave where, it is said, a party of the proscribed Mac Gregors took refuge, but were surprised by their pursuers. Part of them having been slaughtered, the rest took shelter in a tree which overhung the fall, and which their enemies cut down, plunging them into the boiling flood.

7 We now retrace our steps to the bridge, and enter the pass of Killiecrankie, — a scene, once, of such unmingled gloom and terror that a party of Hessian troops, in 1745, refused to pass through it, deeming that they had come to the utmost verge of the world. Now, however, its aspect is much softened and beautified by the luxuriant trees which clothe its

rugged steeps; and the peace which now rests amid its still solitudes seems deepened when we remember how the storm of battle once raged along these banks and rocks, and when we mark the spot, where at the moment of victory, the proud soul of the bloody Dundee fled from its shattered tenement, and "went to its place." It was at the north end of the pass that, in 1689, the battle was here fought between the Highland army commanded by Dundee, and the troops of King William, under General Mackay.

§ Having traversed the pass, we reach Blair Athol, the scenery of which has long been so famous as to bring from afar the lovers of nature to gaze on its wild glories, but the attractive power of which has this year won a trophy brighter than it could boast before, in that it has drawn the august presence of royalty within the circle of these majestic hills, and that the fair queen of Scotland has shed the light of her delighted smiles on the loveliness of the scene. Here the prince of modern poets found the fittest abode in which the humble hero of his immortal poem might, in his early days, imbibe from the breast of Nature the purifying love of the beautiful and the good,—for "among the hills of Athol was he born;" and hither the young Queen of our Isle has led the youthful scion of her royal house, to drink in the healthful spirit of artless joy with the pure breeze of the hills, and to gambol along the heathery slopes with "the mountain nymph—sweet Liberty." In fancy we see the infant pcdlar and the infant princess tripping together on a juvenile "Excursion," while the Queen on her *shelly*, and the Laureate on his Pegasus, scamper in company over hill and dale unobstructed by the rolling waters that cross their path,—

"Tramp, tramp, tramp along the land,  
And splash, splash, splash across the stream."

Undoubtedly such a vision is much more accordant with the

simple grandeur of the scenery around than the pomp and parade of royal splendour would be; and we feel no constraint or incongruity of situation, while the image of majesty in a "maud," escorted by the "sole king rocky Cumberland," seems to glide along with us as we wander through the wilds of Glen Tilt, or gaze upon the falls of the Fender, or feast our soul with the mingled delights of the surrounding scene, while the fresh breeze blows about us as we stand on some commanding eminence. Nor are our musings distracted by the presence of rustivating royalty, while we listen to the tumultuous roar of Bruar's rushing waters as they tumble over the birch-shaded rocks.

It may be here remarked that this is not the first instance of royal pastimes among the glens of Athol; for tradition relates that Queen Mary also visited these scenes, and that, surrounded by her courtiers in the chase, she fell from her steed into one of these mountain streams. While she was carried by the rapid flood, Leslie, a scion of the noble house of Rothes, dashed into the torrent, and laid hold upon the drowning queen, while she exclaimed, "Grip fast," which has since been the motto of the family of Rothes.

◊ Here, however, we must take leave of her Majesty and of Blair Athol, for we have a visit to pay to sundry old friends in the north before we bring our wanderings to an end. First, the cheerful shade of good old Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, invites us to make an excursion among the "mountains" which gave birth to her delightful "letters;" and while we stray by the green banks of Loch Garry, she points out to us some curious little hillocks or *tomhans*, in which the fairies were supposed to dwell, and concerning which she repeats to us an old ballad, of which the following is the substance. "A little girl had been innocently loved by a fairy who dwelt in a tomhan near her mother's habitation. She had three brothers, who were the favourites of her mother. She herself was treated harshly, and tasked beyond her strength. Her employment was to go

every morning and cut a certain quantity of turf from dry heathy ground for immediate fuel, and this with some uncouth and primitive instrument. As she passed the hillock which contained her lover, he regularly put out his hand with a very sharp knife of such power, that it quickly and readily cut through all impediments. She returned cheerfully and early with her load of turf; and as she passed by the hillock she struck on it twice, and the fairy stretched out his hand through the surface and received the knife. The mother, however, told the brothers, that her daughter must certainly have had some aid to perform the allotted task. They watched her, saw her receive the enchanted knife, and forced it from her. They returned, struck the hillock, as she was wont to do, and when the fairy put out his hand they cut it off with his own knife. He drew in the bleeding arm in despair, and supposing this cruelty was the result of treachery on the part of his beloved, never saw her more." With such "Superstitions of the Highlanders," Mrs. Grant entertains us while she conducts us among the wild haunts that spread around her old abode amidst the hills of Laggan; and amongst other associations connected with the district, we are reminded that in a cave at the southern extremity of Loch Ericht, Charles Edward found refuge shortly before his escape from Scotland. Having conducted us through the wild vale watered by the Spey, pausing with us to admire the beauty of Loch Insh, and pointing out, as we pass along, the old den of the Wolf of Badenoch, Mrs. Grant hands us over, at Belville, to the charge of its proprietor Mr. McPherson, the translator,—or as some would have it, but as both he and Mrs. Grant indignantly, and we believe truthfully, deny,—the author of Ossian's Poems. We greet the shade of this worthy gentleman not with the less interest as knowing that the descending stream of his poetical blood has not lost itself in the oozy sands, but that after winding, deep though silent, around a lofty and venerable tower, and reflecting on its calm bosom the stars on which the watcher there loves to gaze, it has

bounded away, gushing and purling in mellifluous music, among rocks and ruins haunted by remembrance of the "days of other years." With Mr. Mc Pherson we wander awhile among the rich woods of Kinrara, yielding ourselves to the thoughts and associations which, in his presence, are naturally awakened by the serene aspect of Loch Alvie, with its overhanging hill, and which are heightened and diversified, as we wander onward towards the head of Strathspey, by the glorious expanse of interminable and thick-massed woods which spread over the teeming vale of Rothiemarchus, terminated only by the dark steeps of the blue Cairngorm.

10 But we must now retrace our steps to Blair Athol, from whence we find our way over the hills to Strathairdie, and there cast anchor after the pleasing toil of our long wanderings. Here the bard finds a kindly welcome at the abode of his chief, where he pours his last lay, after chirping for a while in the "Dell of Birds," and casting a retrospective glance along the vale of time, as he sits upon the grave of Airdie, a Danish prince who was slain while leading an incursion into this strath, from which his followers were driven by the inhabitants. If the gigantic dimensions of this grave—twenty feet being its original length—should prompt a sigh, sympathetic with the lamentation of our great Chalmers, over the present age of "*little measures and little men*," we have at least this consolation, that in him who uttered that plaint, and in his worthy compeers, we have sensible demonstration, that, if not in the department of physical power, or of political sagacity, at least in that of moral worth and spiritual vigour, and intellectual attainment, we have yet among us men whose stride it as bold, and whose arm is as muscular as that of the giants that were in the land in those bygone days to which he looks back with a fond regret.





THE SCOTTISH MARTYRS.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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IN the narrative parts of the following poem, the incidents and descriptions are to be regarded rather as generally characteristic of the times they are introduced to illustrate than as founded on any particular historical account—except in those cases in which the names of the sufferers are given, either in the text or in the notes.

In some instances the groundwork of the narrative is in part taken from history or tradition, while the particulars are imaginary. Thus the unchecked though secret progress of the Reformation after the martyrdom of Hamilton, is illustrated by some incidents which might be supposed to be such as led to the conversion of Alexander Kennedy, who suffered at the age of eighteen, and of whose life, previous to his martyrdom, little is known, except what relates to his intimacy with Jerome Russell a grey friar, who was apprehended along with him on the charge of heresy, and whose example and encouragement tended much to uphold him in the prospect of that fiery death to which they were led together.

## THE SCOTTISH MARTYRS.

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FREEDOM ! how deep the feelings and how strong,  
That fill the Minstrel's breast and prompt his song,  
When listening crowds attend his joyful lays,  
That tell thy triumphs or proclaim thy praise !  
How thrills the heart, responsive to the strains  
That speak of tyrants fallen and broken chains ;—  
Of those who, in the fields of patriot strife,  
Upon thy shrine have offered up their life—  
The rich libation of their blood have poured,  
And in their death-song still thy power adored !  
And, in his breast who strays in musing mood,  
When silence reigns with peaceful solitude,  
Amid the scenes where most thou lov'st to dwell,  
What lofty thoughts—what grateful feelings swell !  
There, as with pensive step he roams along,  
In praise of Thee how bursts his joyful song !  
How sweet it harmonizes with the sound  
Of chainless winds and wand'ring brooks around—  
Symphonious swelling with the song of praise  
The cageless birds amid the forest raise !  
And, o'er the earth if far he stretch his way,  
Or free o'er Ocean's pathless desert stray,  
How lovely from afar appears the shore  
Which thy fond spirit seems to hover o'er !  
What grace and dignity thy charms can give  
The bleakest scene where thou hast deigned to live !

And, when Imagination's eye surveys  
The varied scene that History's page displays;  
Or when she leads the mind's excursive flight,  
And gives all Earth's dominions to its sight,  
On what high favour'd region can it rest,  
By Freedom made more lovely or more blest;  
Or where in that wide survey can it find,  
Amid the varied haunts of human kind,  
A spot where dwells fair Freedom more secure,  
And where her priceless gifts are kept more pure—  
Guarded by hands more bold, by hearts more true,  
By souls that tyrant-force can less subdue—  
Than that immortal land where Wallace rose,  
Where Bruce's band beat back their countless foes?  
Yes, Scotia! dear to all thy children hold  
The claim to be by Right alone controlled,—  
With Freedom o'er thy hills and plains to roam,  
Or taste with *her* the sacred joys of home,—  
Besides the unviolated hearth to rest,  
Where no intruding footstep dares molest.

But what, O Freedom! is the gift divine  
Thou bearest with those earthly boons of thine?  
What is that gift, the greatest and the best—  
Ay! dearer to the soul than all the rest—  
That gift for which thy worthy sons forego,  
With willing heart, all else thou canst bestow?  
O! 'tis the power unchecked by human sway,  
Their God to serve—their Conscience to obey!—  
Invited guests, with God himself to meet,  
And, at the table he has spread, to eat;—  
Right on to follow, in the appointed way  
The cloudy pillar indicates by day;

Or, if they walk by Persecution's night,  
To follow still the fiery column's light ;—  
To drink, in copious draughts, the streams that flow  
From Heaven to cheer this barren earth below,—  
Not in polluted cups or poisoned bowls,  
By Priests doled out to cheat their thirsty souls ;  
But freely as it gushes from the fount  
In Zion's beauteous hill—God's holy mount.  
While this remains, though bleak and rough their path,  
Though swept full oft by storms of human wrath,  
Yet safe they walk with their Almighty Guide,  
And know no fear while He is at their side.

The Bard whose breast is touched with heavenly fire,  
Who consecrates to Freedom's cause his lyre,  
Who, musing o'er the bliss her gifts impart,  
Feels grateful raptures kindle at his heart,—  
He, when the joy is given him to survey  
The triumph and the spread of Freedom's sway,—  
His sacrifice of praise first gladly given  
To Him who rules the hosts of Earth and Heaven—  
To freedom's champions when he turns his eyes,  
And gives each hero his appropriate prize,  
'Mid that bright throng, whom deems th' impartial bard  
Worthy the highest praise—the first award ?  
Whose is the cause—whose are the deeds that seem  
Most worthy to be made his muse's theme ?  
Oh ! 'tis the *Patriot of the better land*,  
Who dared the aggressor of its rights withstand,  
Who counted not his life a sacrifice  
Too great for that dear land beyond the skies !  
Who well defended, as full well he knew,  
What to the free men of *that land* was due ;

Resisting to the death the power that strove  
To rob them of their heritage above !

For ever sacred, then, and pure-enshrined  
Within the fane of every Scottish mind,  
Remain the cherish'd memory of those  
Who dared a Bigot's tyrant power oppose ;—  
Who stood undaunted, and unflinching fell,  
Guarding the breach of Freedom's citadel,  
When they to whom the high award of Heaven,  
The trust of Scotia's liberties had given,  
Her sacred laws—her dearest rights despised,  
And robbed her of the treasure most she prized.

And oh ! my country ! favour'd Scotia ! Thou  
So blest by Truth and Peace and Freedom now,  
How shall thy debt be told to those who first  
For thee the gates of Superstition burst !  
And, when amid its dark, unhallowed cells,  
Awhile Imagination musing dwells,  
And peers with wondering and bewildered gaze,  
Through the perplexing paths of "Mystery's" \* maze,—  
That mighty labyrinth whose sepulchral gloom  
No pure, untainted beams of Truth illume,—  
Where shines, direct from Heaven, no guiding ray,  
To lead to regions of Eternal day,  
How glows our love to Him who bade His light  
Pierce through the darkness of that tenfold night,  
And, beaming pure on the bewildered heart,  
Its quickening, gladdening influence impart,

\* "And upon her forehead was a name written, *Mystery*,  
*Babylon the Great, the Mother of Harlots.*"—*Rev.* xvii 5.

And there the wish—the energy awake,  
 The bonds of Satan's slavery to break,—  
 The dead'ning fear of human power despise,  
 Cheered by the hopes of an immortal prize!

Yet when the struggle to be free was past,  
 The iron chains of Error burst at last,  
 'Scaped from that place of darkness and despair,  
 Forth into Heaven's reviving light and air,  
 By haunting demons still were they pursued  
 O'er peopled plain and mountain solitude.  
 With death and torture arm'd, throughout the earth  
 The "triple Tyrant" \* sent his minions forth;  
 And regal power, perverted from its course,  
 Swelled Persecution's tide to wilder force.  
 But vainly did that whelming deluge pour,  
 Vainly from Earth the springing flowers it tore,  
 Its streams but fertilized the land the more.  
 'Twas by that flood's wild waves that first were borne  
 The plants of grace from southern regions torn,  
 On Scotia's barren strand to strike their root,  
 And free and high beneath her skies to shoot;  
 To flourish there, luxuriant, fresh and green,  
 And beautify her stern and rugged scene.†

\* The Pope.

† "Another, and more probable account" of the introduction of Christianity into Scotland "is, that during the persecution raised by *Demitian*, the twelfth and last of the *Cæsars*, about A.D. 96, some of the disciples of the Apostle John fled into our Island, and propagated there the religion of Jesus" . . . .  
 "That persecution," under *Dioclesian*, "became so hot in the south of Britain, as to drive many, both preachers and professors, into Scotland, where they were kindly received, and had the

And when these trees of righteousness decayed,  
Chilled by dark Superstition's blighting shade,  
That flood it was from other lands that bore  
The uncorrupted seeds of truth once more,—  
Washed to her shore the precious plants again,  
To spread fresh verdure on her blasted plain.\*  
And, rooted there with firmer hold at last,  
Though wildly raged the storm and roared the blast,  
Still, as more rude the angry tempest blew,  
More deep they struck their roots—more high they  
grew;  
Nor could the force of the relentless gale  
To bend their heaven-aspiring boughs prevail.  
Shaken by Persecution's raving blast,  
The more abundantly their seeds they cast,  
And these, that else had fallen but at their side,  
By that tempestuous blast were scattered wide,  
And, thickly strewn upon the furrowed ground,  
Sprang up, and spread luxuriance all around.

But not by seeds of truth profusely sown,  
Was that abundant harvest reared alone:  
Watered by many a Martyr's blood it grew,  
And by the Spirit's heaven-descended dew.  
And not in vain thy children, Scotia, viewed  
Their martyred brethren, calm yet unsubdued,  
Unflinching yield to torture and to death,  
Pouring in songs of joy their latest breath.

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Isle of Man, then in possession of the Scots, given them for their residence, and a sufficient maintenance assigned them."—*SCOTS WORTHIES, Introductory Chapter.*

\* During the persecutions in England under Queen Mary, many persons were induced to seek an asylum in the adjacent kingdom of Scotland.



For gazing on that scene they well might feel  
Aroused within their souls a kindred zeal,  
And long to have that hope within their breast,  
Which thus could death of all its stings divest ;  
And well, too, in their heart a scorn might rise,  
For those who there looked on with gloating eyes,  
In whose proud hearts th' anticipation swelled,  
That thus the tide of Truth should be repelled.

So heaved the breast, so flashed the indignant eye  
Of those who stood, no calm spectators, by,  
When he \* whose heaven-taught voice had raised again  
The long unheard, almost forgotten strain  
Of peace and joy that called mankind to trust  
And live by faith,—by faith be counted just,—  
He whose pure heart, with love to souls full fraught,  
Anew the tidings of great joy had brought,  
As back from southern realms the torch he bare  
Lit from the fire God's hand had kindled there,  
Soon as he shed its beams on Scotia's night,  
Was crushed by those who feared and shunned the light.

Ah ! not unmoved they saw the gentle youth  
Who fearless bore the standard of the truth,  
Noble by all that's great in human birth,  
But nobler by a birth-right not of earth,  
Enticed in vain by many a glittering lure,  
And choosing with God's people to endure  
Afflictions, bonds, the prison, and the stake,  
Rather than sin's alluring joys partake.

\* Patrick Hamilton, who was of royal descent, and who, having visited Germany, was there instructed in the doctrines of the Reformation, which, on his return, he fearlessly disseminated in Scotland.

No, not unmoved they marked his peaceful mien,  
Unawed by torture, and in death serene.  
Calm 'mid the flames his joyful voice arose ;  
It breathed no imprecation on his foes ;  
It called no fire from Heaven, no vengeful rod,  
" To smite the foes of Zion, and of God ; "  
But joined on Earth the strains that rise in Heaven,  
To martyred saints by inspiration given,  
" How long, O Lord, shall darkness veil the land,  
How long shall mortals dare thy dread right hand ?  
O Thou, who gav'st thy life that I might live,  
" Into thy hands my trusting soul I give."

Yes, many a heart that long had sought to gain  
Peace from Rome's pompous rites, but sought in vain,  
Rejoic'd as one who, outcast, poor, despised,  
Has found some hidden treasure, to be prized  
Above all price, when they beheld the power  
Of Faith to comfort in the darkest hour ;  
And deep their secret longings were, to know  
More of the source from whence such peace could flow.  
Nor from that fount, despite the jealous guard  
That closed it round, could they be quite debarred.  
In lonely places, where it secret flowed,  
They drank, and went rejoicing on their road.

Not in the wind, whose mighty, rushing sweep  
Rends the strong hills, and whirls the darkening deep ;  
Not in the earthquake, whose convulsive shock  
Bids the wild floods roll back, the mountain's rock ;  
Not girt with clouds and fierce, devouring flame ;  
Not thus unto our land Jehovah came.  
By wakeful hearts, lone listening there, was heard  
The still, small voice of the peace-speaking Word.

Enter with me yon silent chamber's door,  
There shall we see what balm that voice can pour  
On the torn heart where else were nought but gloom,  
And fearful looking for of coming doom.  
See yon poor sinner, on his dying bed,  
And mark the peace upon his bosom shed  
By that pure light, new bursting from the skies,  
That 'mid the darkness cheers his straining eyes.  
That heart, erewhile, tossed on a shoreless flood,  
Had cried, "O, who will show us any good?"  
But now the Lord has lifted up the light  
Of His own countenance to glad his sight;  
And now, at last, the gentle dove, that brings  
The olive branch of peace, there folds her wings.

'Twas but awhile ago that that pale brow,  
And those dim eyes, which smile so calmly now,  
Were shadowed o'er with clouds of anxious care,  
Or lit by lurid flashes of despair.  
The shades of death were brooding o'er his heart;  
And there was that which would not let him part  
In peace, but robbed his sinking soul of rest:  
And a cold hand seemed lying on his breast.  
For Conscience wields a sway of awful power  
Amid the silence of that lonely hour  
When man draws nigh to that mysterious place  
Where he must meet his Maker face to face.  
The world could not accuse him, but he felt  
That He who in his secrecy had dwelt,  
And compassed all his goings, and looked in  
On every lurking place of hidden sin,  
Had that against him which might sink him low  
In the dark depths of everlasting woe.

Dimness and anguish o'er his spirit came,  
Cold, restless tremors shook his dying frame,  
And from his lips was wrung the bitter cry,  
"How shall my soul find quiet ere I die?"

To him a gentle youth did minister,—  
His only son—the image fair of her  
Who was the solace of his earlier years,  
But fled before him from this vale of tears.  
"Father," the boy replied, "the Church hath power  
To give thee peace and pardon at this hour;  
Be but thy sins to the good priest confessed,  
And so shall comfort come upon thy breast:  
He will anoint thee while thy soul shall take  
Its flight from Earth, and on thy brow shall make  
The blessed sign, and yet for many a day  
To the kind Virgin and the Saints will pray  
That soon thy soul, made pure from earthly stains,  
May rise to dwell where holy Jesus reigns."  
"'Tis true, my son; may Heaven forgive the thought  
That wronged its mercy. Seek, then, him who taught  
How such as I in peace may yet depart;  
And let him come and cleanse this sinful heart."

Forth hied the youth, and, eagerly intent  
To find the priest, with hastening steps he went.  
But o'er the old man's breast a dismal train  
Of doubts and dark forebodings rose again.  
The haunting memory of uncanceled guilt  
Rose on his soul, too strong for comfort built  
On human works: and Conscience would demand,  
"Can mortal, then, between the spirit stand  
And its all-seeing Judge? Can prayers avail  
When at *His* bar the sinful soul shall quail?"

Meanwhile the boy a fruitless search had made  
For the old priest, till Evening's dusky shade  
Was thickening round; and then the home he sought  
Of one he dearly loved, and who, he thought,  
Might yield fit counsel to his anxious mind,  
And guide his steps to where he yet might find  
Some holy man, whose prayers and rites might roll  
The weight of sin from off his father's soul.

A little band he found assembled there,  
To hear the Heavenly message, and in prayer  
To join their hearts, and in adoring praise :  
For "the Lord's Word was precious in those days ;"  
And they whose hearts were touched by heavenly grace  
At dead of night would seek some secret place,  
Where he, that priceless treasure who possessed,  
Would read its sacred pages to the rest ;  
And their hearts burned within them as they heard  
Each blessed promise of God's faithful Word.  
For there the Lord himself would with them meet,  
"Opening to them the Scriptures ;" and most sweet  
Unto their thirsty souls those waters were,—  
Those living waters which He gave them there.  
Thus they who loved the Lord would often seek  
Some place where to each other they might speak ;  
And of these hidden ones the Omniscient took  
Account, and wrote their names within His book.

Such was the little band whom here the youth  
Found, listening to the oracles of Truth.  
And he upon whose lips they hung to hear  
The precious Word, was one who had been dear  
To him from childhood—one who had, like him,  
Caught eagerly the light which, faint and dim,

Streamed through the darkness that was brooding round  
And, ere the one true *source* of light he found,  
Had vowed himself to Heaven, and gone to dwell  
A rigid votary in monastic cell.  
But there the truth had beamed upon his soul,  
And he had yielded to its high control,  
And his strong energies he now employed  
To "preach the faith which once he had destroyed."

The youth, unwitting of the change so wrought  
On this his old companion, him besought  
His dying father's restless couch to seek,  
And words of comfort to his soul to speak.  
And cheerfully he went, and with him took  
His guide and counsellor—the heavenly book.  
And, seeking grace to aid him, thence he read  
Of Him who on the cross for sinners bled.  
He read of how upon that cross He cried  
With a loud voice, "'Tis finished!" ere He died.  
He held not up before that dying eye  
The outward symbol of that work whereby  
The Holy One and Just for sins atoned,  
And crushed the Serpent—while He bled and groaned;  
But to the sight of Faith did he display  
The Lamb of God, who died to take away  
The sin of a lost world. He strove to raise  
The mourner's downcast eye, and bade him gaze,—  
Feeling the plague that on his spirit preyed—  
On Him whose voice, in love and mercy, said,  
"Look, all ye ends of the Earth, look up to me,  
And be ye saved." Thus he sought to free  
From darkening doubts and fears that anxious heart,  
And hope and peace of conscience to impart.

Nor were his efforts vain ; the power of Heaven  
Wrought in that spirit, and its chains were riven ;  
And now, behold, he walks at liberty,  
Praise on his lips and rapture in his eye !  
And his glad soul just hovers on the wing  
A few brief moments, ere it rise to sing  
The praises of the Lamb, with that bright band  
Who round the throne in robes of glory stand.

Happy who, seeking thus his Father's home,  
Is gently "taken from the ills to come."  
But not less happy he whose youthful breast,  
By the strong influence of that scene impressed,  
And yielding to the Truth's subduing power,  
Walks in the light from this decisive hour ;  
And yet awhile remains behind to share  
The afflictions of God's people, and to bear  
Unflinching witness, 'mid a perverse race,  
For him whose plenteous and long-suffering grace  
Hath called him out of darkness. His shall be  
A portion with that glorious company  
Who, having meekly borne great sufferings here,  
In blood-washed robes before the throne appear.

'Twere sad,—and yet 'twere sweetly sad—to dwell  
On the dark annals of those days ;—to tell  
Of him \* who, as the silent field he trod,  
And held high converse of the things of God  
With one he loved, † fell prostrate when he heard  
That dread denunciation of the Word,  
" Him who denies me before men, will I  
Before my Father and the saints deny ; "

\* David Straiton.

† The Laird of Lauriston.

And, raising up his awe-struck eyes to heaven,  
Confessed his guilt, and prayed to be forgiven ;  
And cried, " O Lord, most justly might'st thou take  
Thy grace from me, yet for thy mercy's sake  
Uphold me by thy power, that fear or shame  
May ne'er beguile me to deny thy Name ; "  
Nor vainly sought that grace, that to the end,  
Faithful and bold, the truth he might defend ;  
But in yon courts,\* by Heaven's supporting aid,  
Before the Priests in lordly pride arrayed,  
Witnessed a good confession, and then hailed  
The king of terrors, nor before him quailed ;  
But yielded up his breath, in joyful trust  
That, even as earth to earth and dust to dust,  
So would his spirit go to Him who gave—  
To Him who cleansed it—Him who died to save.

And, turning from that scene once more 'twould raise  
Thoughts wherein sadness mixed with grateful praise  
Unto the Comforter, on her to look †  
Who from her breast her wailing infant took,  
And gave it to His care who said, " To me  
Your orphan children leave, and I will be  
Their shield and stay ; " then joyful sought her grave  
In the dark bosom of the whelming wave,  
Cheered by the hope wherewith she comforted  
Her loved one, when to death, he, too, was led ;  
" Dearest," she said, " together we have passed  
Full many a joyful day, but this our last

\* Holyrood, where Straiton was tried and condemned.

† Robert Lamb and his wife suffered martyrdom on the same day. the former being hanged, and the latter drowned.



Most joyful of them all to me appears ;  
For now our God shall wipe away our tears ;  
And we shall seek yon glorious land of light  
And joy unfailing ; therefore, no good night  
Will I now bid thee ; ere this day be o'er  
We'll meet to dwell in bliss for evermore."

But turn we now to where, aroused to wrath  
By these bold rebels who had crossed her path,  
That cursed one whom Inspiration paints  
In scarlet clothed, and drunk with blood of saints,  
Collects her force for one great effort more  
Her failing, tottering empire to restore,  
And while her rage assails Jehovah's throne,  
Brings down His wrathful vengeance on her own.

High in a windowed niche of yonder tower,  
Amid the associates of his guilt and power,  
Behold, in sacerdotal pomp arrayed,  
And stretched in cushion'd ease, proud Beaton laid,\*  
Yet not in careless mood, at random bent,  
Wander his haughty eyes ; but, fixed intent,  
They gaze below, where some unwonted cause,  
From far and near a wondering circle draws.  
Well in the working features of his face  
The inward gratulation you may trace,  
And ask, what scene so worthy to excite  
In that high priest of God such deep delight !

\* "The fore-tower" of the castle of St. Andrews, "which was immediately opposite the fire, was hung with tapestry, and rich cushions were laid in the windows for the ease of the Cardinal and his prelates, while they beheld the spectacle" of Wishart's Martyrdom.—See SCOT'S WORTHIES.

Say, hast thou e'er with wandering fancy strayed  
Amid some Indian forest's ancient shade,  
And looked astonished where the lurid blaze  
Of burning faggots drew thy wondering gaze ;  
And, as thou stood'st in silent horror there,  
Marked the wild forms that gleamed amid the glare,—  
The worshippers of vengeance gathered round,  
And 'mid the fire, the unshrinking victim bound ?  
Perhaps thine awe-struck soul has trembled then,  
And asked, are these indeed my fellow-men ?  
So strange it seemed, that even the lawless sway  
Of tyrant passions, from life's earliest day,  
Could in the soul such frantic zeal create,  
Though urged by deep, hereditary hate.  
And as thy wondering eyes were turned to him  
Whom the fierce fire consumed, limb after limb,  
In fancy thou hast traced the wild career  
Which, in that soul, had drowned the voice of fear ;  
The train of hardships which, since childhood's hour  
Had fostered there that proud, unbending power ;  
The course of perils past, of pains endured,  
By which to suffering he had been inured.  
But here, behold a man of peace, a man  
Whose youthful years in gentle tenor ran ;  
The sweets of calm and studious ease had known,  
And 'neath each gentle influence had grown.  
See him led out unflinching,—bold, yet meek ;  
Unbowed in spirit, though in body weak ;  
Looking on torture with a calmer eye,  
And with serener joy prepared to die,  
Than that proud savage, who, from boyhood's years,  
Had aim'd to crush his feelings and his fears.

And what the power within that can sustain  
*His* spirit in the time of death and pain?  
Is it the haughty daring of his soul  
That scorns to yield itself to man's control,  
To own itself o'ercome, unmanned, or weak,  
And yield his foes the triumph that they seek?  
No, not of earth the glorious hope is born  
That gives *his* soul the power of man to scorn.  
From heaven the comfort and the strength descend  
That 'gainst the darts of fear his breast defend.  
Already do his eyes by faith behold  
The glories of his Father's house unfold.  
Of all the toils, the dangers, and the woes,  
Of life's long road he sees the blessed close.  
His weary pilgrimage is o'er at length,  
Oh! this it is that gives his spirit strength!  
For as a traveller o'er a rugged way,  
Benighted, storm-beat, yet not led astray,  
When now at length his longed-for home is nigh,  
And its sweet lattice-light attracts his eye,  
Feels that soft ray, 'mid storm and gloom that peers,  
Rouse all his strength and banish all his fears,  
And treads with firmer, bolder step the path,  
Careless of darkness, and the tempest's wrath;  
Even so, the martyr of the blessed faith,  
Constant through life, and undismayed in death,  
When by the storms of time his soul is driven,  
To shelter in its peaceful home in heaven,  
And when, 'mid thickening storm and furious blast,  
That glorious home appears in view at last,  
Then to revive his soul with brightest hope,  
He sees the gates of heaven already ope,—

Those gates which Jesus opens to receive  
The blessed train who in his name believe ;  
When robes of brightness shall to them be given,  
Who through affliction's path were brought to heaven.

Such were the hopes of glory that sustained  
The hosts whose blood for Zion's King was drained.  
Well might they glory !—ay ! and thank the hand  
That lighted or that bore the fiery brand,  
Whose flame consumed their cottages of clay,  
And sent their spirits free and glad away ;—  
That bade them leave their earthly house of dust,  
To dwell within the mansions of the just.

And while themselves, from fleshly bonds relieved,  
The glorious crown of martyrdom received,  
Their country, too, from lethargy awoke,  
The cords of tyrant superstition broke,  
And cast them in the martyr's fire, to gall  
No more its spirit with debasing thrall.

But yet, oh ! Scotia, on thy sons, once more,  
Did persecution all her vials pour :  
Again for them her chalice did she fill  
With draughts still deeper and more bitter still.  
And they who their allegiance dared to own  
To the Eternal King of heaven alone,  
Walked in the path their Master trod before,  
And after Him the cross of suffering bore ;—  
Gladly they bore it, and with cheerful mind  
Into the Almighty's hand their lot resigned :—  
Gladly—for well they knew His watchful eye  
Looked down in love and mercy from on high ;  
That he who dwelt in human form below,  
And fathomed all the depths of human woe —

He who came down from heaven their sins to bear,  
Could still in all their earthly sufferings share.  
Reviled, afflicted, tortured, robbed and banned,  
Denied the aid of every mortal hand,  
The more to heaven they looked—the closer clung  
To the unfading joys from heaven that sprung.

Oh! tyrant Bigots, impotent as blind,  
What! thought ye thus to bow th' immortal mind?  
And deemed ye that when earthly hopes decay,  
When time's illusive pleasures fleet away,  
When human strongholds crumble in the dust,—  
That with them totters the believer's trust?  
No! 'mid the rending of all earthly ties,  
His soul but struggles more to reach the skies;  
And stronger still become the bonds of love  
That bind his spirit to its home above.  
'Tis when the founts of earthly joy are dried,  
When in the breast the voice of mirth has died,—  
'Tis then, to fill the vast and aching void—  
The place of joys decayed—of hopes destroyed—  
Most copious flow the streams of bliss that rise  
Beside the Eternal's throne amid the skies.

The heart grows sick as the dark page we trace,<sup>1</sup>  
Black with the deeds of Stuart's perjured race,  
Again too fondly trusted and restored  
In evil hour, full long to be deplored.  
The generous breast with indignation burns,  
And from the scene the soul with loathing turns,  
When through the floodgates thus unlocked we see  
The turbid waters rush tumultuously  
O'er all the land;—here whelming with wide sweep  
Old Scotia's towers of strength;—there, dark and deep

Sapping the walls whose weak foundation stands,  
By Folly built, on the unstable sands.

Woe to thee, Scotia, now ! thy faithless sons  
Have drunk of that Lethæan stream that runs  
Soft flowing from the dark, polluted spring  
Of that lewd court which hails a treacherous king ;  
And, drinking there, have learned to cast away  
The purer feelings of their earlier day.

Ah ! these are they, whose hearts, still hard within,  
And seared by the deceitfulness of sin,  
Stand like the rock, which, barren still and cold,  
Shows on its rugged surface a thin mould  
Of scant, deceitful soil, wherein a while  
The Word's good seed sprang up, and, 'neath the smile  
Of favouring skies—amid the balmy air  
Of the soft Spring, rejoiced and flourished fair ;  
But when the sun arose with burning heat,  
And when his torrid beams began to beat  
On these fair-seeming plants, with scorching ray,  
They drooped and withered,—for no root had they.  
And now, beneath the hot and brazen sky,  
Like seared and rotting branches, lo ! they lie,  
Cumbering the ground. Such to the eye of Faith  
They seem ; and she, in pity more than wrath,  
Weeps o'er their fall, who, cold, and dark, and dead,  
'To every good work reprobate,' are led  
Captive by that foul spirit who, awhile,  
Driven from their bosoms, had with fiendish guile  
Departed—but ere long to come again  
In sevenfold strength, that he at last might reign  
And revel with unchecked and proud control  
Among the garnished chambers of the soul.

No marvel that such hearts can ill endure  
The hated sight of one too good and pure  
To breathe with them the same polluted air,—  
The same unhallowed revelry to share.  
No marvel if, when recreant lips like these  
Give the black mandate forth to bind and seize  
The noblest, purest patriot of the land ;\*  
And, when we see him now before them stand  
And plead his sacred cause, like him of old,†  
With all the power of truth,—serene yet bold,  
Soon from these lips we hear the cry burst forth—  
“ Away with such a fellow from the earth—  
He is not fit to live ! ” Ab ! yes, too true  
The words that strong conviction from thee drew,  
Sainted Argyll, when he on whose young head  
The kingly crown by thy pure hands was laid,  
Sent thee to sit upon a brighter throne,  
And wear “ a crown far better than his own ; ”  
Too true thy words, that “ men must now prepare  
The extremes of suffering or of sin to share.”

Nor long till other victims, at the shrine  
Of Moloch slain, approve these words of thine.  
Thither we see the gentle Guthrie brought,—  
He of the breast with faith and fervour fraught ;  
With heart all meekness, and with soul all zeal,  
Still strong to suffer, though still soft to feel.  
See where, serene, he stands, prepared to die !  
Hark from his lips the glad, triumphant cry—  
“ Oh ! not though crowned or mitred I might live ;  
For all that pomp, this scaffold would I give !

\* The Marquis of Argyll. See Note (2).

† Paul. See Acts xxii. 22.

The Covenants ! Yet, my country, shalt thou see  
The day when these shall thy reviving be."

The sinking sun o'er Scotia's mountains cast  
Those mellowed beams—its loveliest and its last—  
By whose mild influence in the pensive breast,  
Distracting cares are sweetly lulled to rest,—  
From whose bright hues a heavenly tint is caught  
By the deep stream of gently flowing thought ;  
And even the bitter floods of Earth-born woe  
Will lose their gloom while in that light they flow.  
It was at such an hour—so sweetly still,  
When poured that soft light o'er the distant hill,  
A gentle youth, to whom that pensive hour  
Was dear and welcome for its soothing power,  
Had wandered forth and sought a neighbouring field,  
Where to its peaceful sway his heart might yield—  
Where undistracted, his o'erburdened mind  
A fitting scene for solemn thought might find.  
For boding clouds were brooding o'er the land,  
Which deep and anxious cares might well demand,  
And he beheld with calm but serious eye,  
A time of trial and of gloom drew nigh.

While he yet mused, his father's step drew near—  
The godly man, to all around him dear ;  
The watchful pastor 'neath whose constant care  
A peaceful flock rejoiced and pastured there.

No slothful shepherd—no base hireling he,  
Prepared before the coming wolf to flee,  
And leave his flock o'er pathless wilds to stray,  
To the destroyer's fangs a helpless prey.  
His only care was to be faithful here,  
That when the great "Chief Shepherd" should appear,



He might receive from Him, on that great day,  
"A glorious crown, that fadeth not away."

There was unwonted sadness in his face,  
Which filial love could scarcely fail to trace;  
And when the voice of his kind greeting fell  
On the youth's pensive ear, it seemed to tell,  
Even in the mild affection of its tone,  
Of feelings deep and mournful as his own.  
"Father," he said, "thy soul is sad to-night,  
If I can read thy thoughtful looks aright.  
Shines not the light of Faith and Hope divine  
Upon thy soul, as it is wont to shine?  
Or does some dark, foreboding fear impart  
That shade of sorrow to thy anxious heart?"

"My son," the pastor said, "it is not now  
The fear of unknown woes that clouds my brow :  
The storm that brooded o'er our heads has burst ;—  
God grant that now, at last, we know the worst !  
The sifting hour has come, when we must choose  
Which of the two we shall consent to lose—  
The home around whose hearth our dear ones rest,  
Or the clear conscience and the tranquil breast.  
These hands we oft have lifted up in prayer  
Unto the King of kings, must sign and swear  
Allegiance to another—we must fall  
Prostrate, 'tis said, what time we hear the call  
Of 'sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and flute ;'  
And we must do our worship at the foot  
Of this great golden image—we must own  
A vaunting mortal on an earthly throne  
Our Church's King and Head ; else fast the hour  
Approaches, when, by the rude hand of power

Cast forth as felons, we must learn to bear,  
Resigned, the loss of all things, and to share  
His lot who, when on Earth he deigned to tread,  
Was poor, and had not where to lay his head.  
And shall we stand in doubt? or shall we shrink  
From that deep cup our Father bids us drink?  
Ah! no; our onward path is clear, my son;  
'T is God commands us, and His will be done!

“O blessed Saviour—thou whose life below  
Was one long scene of trouble and of woe,—  
Captain of our Salvation, who wast made  
Perfect by those great sufferings on thee laid,—  
Thou who for us didst bow thy holy head  
On the accursed tree,—Thou who wast led  
A willing victim to the altar,—Thou  
Who, far above all heavens exalted now,  
Rulest o'er all things for thy Church, supreme  
In might and wisdom; if to thee it seem  
For thine own glory and the eternal good  
Of those whom thou hast bought with thine own blood,  
To call thy people in this land of ours  
To mortal combat with the leagued powers  
Of Earth and Hell—to testify for thee  
Amid the fires, O grant that we may see  
And feel that thou art with us, that whate'er  
Thy will may be, we may have strength to bear  
The heating of the furnace—to hold fast,  
Unmoved, our high profession to the last.  
Work in our hearts that faith, serene and pure,  
Which nerved, of old, thy martyrs to endure  
All fierce and fiery deaths, and spurn away  
Deliverance that would lure them to betray

Thy high and holy cause. Stand by us, Lord,  
And comfort us according to thy word."

So prayed the venerable man, his eyes  
Turned with deep, earnest meaning to the skies,  
And bright'ning, as he spake, with light that flowed  
From the calm joy that in his bosom glowed.  
Then, turning to the youth, who, listening there,  
Had breathed a deep amen to all his prayer,  
"My son," he said, "methinks, even now, I feel  
That not in vain to Heaven our hearts appeal ;—  
I feel how true and faithful is the word,  
That they who wait in faith upon the Lord  
Shall mount on eagle's wings, with strength renewed,  
And, with immortal energy imbued,  
Shall run and not be weary—shall hold on  
Their course, rejoicing, till the goal is won.  
My heart is fixed and fearless, for my trust  
Is in the mighty God, who from the dust  
Can raise the afflicted. His abundant grace  
Shall be sufficient for us, while we trace  
His hand in all things. He with inward strength  
Shall strengthen us. Oh! yes, whate'er the length—  
Whate'er the darkness of the cloudy day,  
He shall sustain us till it pass away.

"Yet while we know that He will ne'er forsake  
The heart that trusteth in Him, but will make  
All things to work together for the weal  
Of those who love Him, still our hearts may feel  
Unblamed by Him who all our frailty knows,  
The pangs of grief—the weight of mortal woes.

He bids us not in stern and Stoic pride  
The afflictions of this present time abide ;  
But He would have our spirits feel and know  
How bitterly the streams of Marah flow,  
That with more humble joy our hearts may own  
That Branch's healing power which He hath thrown  
Into the waters, and, deep drinking there,  
Gain strength, the toils of the long way to bear.

“ I feel that, if the Father's will be so,  
Into the wilderness I now could go,  
Confiding in His kind and constant care,  
And trusting that His voice would cheer me there.  
But, oh ! 'tis bitter to the soul to think  
That those we love of the same cup must drink ; —  
That those dear ones whose tender hearts have known  
The sweets of home and its calm bliss alone,  
Must face the blasts which o'er our country blow —  
And who may tell to what that storm may grow ?  
Yet let us humbly trust that He who feeds  
The ravens when they cry, — who gently leads  
The nursing ewes, and in his bosom bears  
The young and tender lambs, and who prepares  
Convenient food for all, whate'er may be  
Their want or weakness — let us trust that He  
Will be our Shepherd — then we shall not fear  
What man can do to us, while He is near.

“ For thee, my son, I know thou art prepared  
For whatsoe'er awaits thee ; — thou hast shared  
My cares and toils, and I have loved to trace  
In thy young heart the strengthening power of grace.

Together we have passed the peaceful days  
When calm, sweet sunshine lightened all our ways ;  
And yet awhile together we shall tread  
The rugged path with transient gloom o'erspread.  
We have been helpers of each other's joy ;  
Grief shall but bind us closer still, my boy ;  
Or, if our path on Earth should lie apart  
Yet, bound together in one mind, one heart,  
We still shall be united—still shall know  
The sweets of fellowship ; our thoughts shall flow  
In the same peaceful course, and we shall meet  
In spirit still before the Mercy seat.

“ O God ! shall this insensate heart of mine  
Against thy chastening dealings e'er repine,  
When thou hast made my cup run o'er with bliss,  
And crowned thy wond'rous goodness all in this—  
That thou hast heard my strong and constant prayer,  
And taken to thine own Almighty care  
Those tender ones whose souls are dearer far  
To me than life and all its comforts are !

“ Now lettest thou thy servant part in peace ;  
Gladly I wait the hour of my release,  
Rejoicing in the hope thy Son hath given,  
That, in the bright abodes prepared in Heaven  
For those who love thee, we shall meet again,  
And evermore, with Christ, together reign.”

Such were the mingled feelings that possessed  
Full many a faithful pastor's anxious breast,—  
Such the deep resignation to the will  
Of Him who guards His people from all ill,—

Such the undaunted boldness to maintain  
The cause of Him whose right it is to reign—  
Which nerved the suffering followers of the Lamb,  
And kept their spirits fearless, still, and calm ;  
When the dark conclave\* gave the mandate forth  
That drove that flock as wanderers o'er the Earth.

And 'neath the ethereal vault of Nature's fane  
They worshipped the Creator, not in vain.  
Not vainly there 'twas given them to behold  
The wonders of His power and skill unrolled.  
To them in every breeze the Almighty spoke,  
And all they saw or heard deep feelings woke.

The lonely wanderer, as he raised his eye  
In awful musing to the midnight sky,  
And watched the stars which there harmonious roll,  
Obedient to his Father's high control,  
Could he repine against the narrow sway  
To man accorded in his little day ?  
No, well he knew that, though with dubious gleam  
Upon his sight the plans of Heaven might beam,—  
Dim, because distant far, and far too high  
For man to trace with Reason's straining eye,—

\* The Council issued a proclamation, on the 4th of October, 1662, banishing from their mansees and parishes all those Ministers who had been admitted since 1649, when patronage was abolished, unless they obtained a presentation from the lawful patron, and collation from the Bishop of the Diocese, before the 1st of November. Nearly four hundred Ministers chose to be ejected, rather than comply with these conditions. These were much encouraged, and, as far as possible, adhered to, by their people.

Yet, as these orbs their mazy paths pursue,  
To their Creator's purpose ever true,  
So do those wondrous ways of God, which man  
All vainly strives with erring eye to scan,  
Still tend, though oft mysterious, to fulfil  
His gracious covenant—His most holy will ;  
To tell the glory of the Almighty One—  
The praise of Him who speaks and it is done ; —  
The endless weal to work and to defend  
Of those who love and serve Him to the end.

In yon drear solitude, where erst was heard  
Nought but the shrill note of the mountain bird,  
Slow breathed, a strain of holy fervour thrills,  
And dies away on the surrounding hills,  
Which seem to list attentive to a tone  
Deep, solemn, and sublime, as is their own :  
For, by the tyrant suffered now no more  
In fanes by man erected to adore,  
In wilds like these alone the flock may meet,  
To join in worship and in commune sweet.

'Twas earliest morn, when in this vale they met ;  
The place was fixed when last the sun had set :  
And ere again above the hills he rose,  
They left their secret places of repose.  
Joyful, o'er moor and hill they took their way,  
Ere yet he shot direct one gladdening ray :  
Yet did a soft and pensive light pervade  
The silent air commingling with the shade :  
For he a placid radiance sent before,  
And Nature's face a tranquil aspect wore.

A holy beauty, gentle and serene,—  
A chastened gladness, spread o'er all the scene.  
The clouds that sweet and peaceful influence felt ;  
Their stern and gloomy bosoms seemed to melt ;  
They lost their wrathful aspect, dark and wild ;  
A tranquil joy spread o'er them, and they smiled.  
The worshippers that scene rejoicing viewed ;  
To Fancy's eye it seemed a sign for good ;  
For thus, they thought, the wrathful clouds that spread,  
Hanging with threatening aspect o'er their head,  
Might well be robbed of all their saddening gloom,  
Lit by the hope of glories yet to come :  
And that prophetic light whose beams revealed  
To Faith the eternal world, from sense concealed,  
This passing scene of suffering well might cheer,  
Gladdening with rays of hope their wanderings here.

But now the joyous sun has mounted high,  
And sheds his genial influence from the sky :  
And as we look on that adoring throng,  
And list the accents of their sacred song.  
Well may we deem that every bosom glows  
In light that from a Sun far brighter flows.  
In various tones that holy strain is sung ;  
And variously these hearts hath Nature strung :  
Yet, sweetly tuned by influence divine,  
In loveliest harmony they all combine.

Old men, with furrowed brows and silvery hair,  
The reverend fathers of the flock, are there :  
Pure-hearted men, who from their youth had known  
The Scriptures,—and had made them all their own ;—



Had hid the law of God within their heart,  
That from His ways they never might depart.  
And thus into the wilderness they bore  
Within themselves a never-failing store—  
A copious feast, whereon even there to feed,  
To cheer and strengthen in the hour of need ;—  
A well of living water, whence they found  
Refreshment, and could give to all around.

And creatures innocent and young and fair,  
With artless minds and cheerful hearts, are there ;  
Blest beings, early taught to raise their eyes  
In love and meek devotion to the skies ;—  
To see the glory of their God displayed  
In the bright hosts wide o'er the heavens arrayed ;—  
To bow, in simple, trusting faith, the knee  
To Him whom mortal eye might never see,  
But whom they worshipped with a filial awe  
As the great, secret source of all they saw.  
Yes, here is many a young and buoyant breast  
With holy feeling and deep thought impressed ;  
And in such simple babes the Lord ordains  
The strength to be shown forth wherewith He reigns :—  
Even by their mouths to silence and confound  
The foes and powers of darkness gathering round.

And, in the midst of that adoring band,  
Behold the venerable pastor stand.  
By the mild accents from his lips that flow,  
And by his calmly beaming eye, we know  
That he is one whose listening heart hath heard,  
And glad obeys the charge of his great Lord ;

“O comfort ye my people, comfort them ;  
Speak comfortably to Jerusalem.”  
Full well he knows the glorious theme that best  
Can bring repose unto the weary breast.  
And ere the consecrated bread he breaks  
That brings the Saviour's death to mind, or takes  
The cup that figures forth the precious blood,  
That on the hallowed mount for sinners flowed,  
He pours his burning soul in one rapt strain  
Of praise unto the Lamb that once was slain ;  
And speaks of all the unutterable love  
Of Him who left His glorious throne above,  
To take our nature and our sins to bear,  
That we, with Him, eternal bliss might share.

And in the shelter of this peaceful glen,  
Far from the world and from the haunts of men,  
Shall they not worship undistracted here ?  
Shall not their breasts be void of earthly fear ?  
Shall aught intrude their holy joys to mar,  
Or with their sacred harmony to jar ?  
Shall aught unhallowed enter to deface  
The placid beauty of this holy place ?

Yes, there are hearts, unknowing how to melt,  
Who ne'er the beauty of holiness have felt,  
Who could rejoice with fierce and fiendish joy  
These peaceful tents of Israel to destroy ;  
With sacrilegious fury in to rush,  
And these assembled worshippers to crush,—  
To dash their altars broken to the ground,  
And strew the sacred things defiled around.

The foes of Zion have unsheathed the sword  
Against the faithful followers of the Lord;  
Like the wild whirlwind is their dread career,  
And Desolation spreads where they appear.  
Yet fear not, little flock! though tempests lower,  
Fear not the passing storms of human power;  
Though murky vapours from the earth arise,  
And strive to hide the pure and placid skies,  
Drive from your breasts the darkening clouds of fear!  
Though all is dark without, let all within be clear!  
Say, shall not He who curbs the raging main,  
The power and passions of your foes restrain?  
Yes, the dark floods of Persecution's tide  
Awhile may swell and roar in threatening pride,  
But, from the voice of Him who rules the sea,  
Already has gone forth the fixed decree,  
"Come thou thus far, but here resign thy power;  
Fixed are thy bounds, and fixed thy ebbing hour."  
The time shall come, when, at His dread command,  
Driven back and motionless these waves shall stand,  
Fixed as the waters of that mighty flood  
Which erst around his chosen people stood  
When o'er their face the prophet stretched his rod,  
And bade them sever in the name of God;—  
Fixed as the sea of hills that round you rise,  
That shade the Earth, and seem to pierce the skies;—  
Fixed by that hand, whose power unseen sustains  
These rocks that hang, dark frowning o'er the plains.

Where fades the wintry evening, grey and chill,  
And gleams the last faint sunbeam on the hill,\*

\* The Pentlands.

What band comes trooping, wayworn, faint, and slow;  
Here fain to rest them 'mid the drifted snow?  
Mark we their wan and wearied looks aright,  
Or do the twilight shades deceive our sight?  
Ah! no, not yet those features are forgot  
That beamed so peaceful on yon hallowed spot  
Where late we saw the faithful, gathering round,  
And meekly listening to the joyful sound.

'Tis true they wear a different aspect here—  
A look of stern resolve—yet not of fear;—  
The look of men to firm resistance driven,  
To guard the sacred rights they hold from Heaven.  
Yet may we read in every feature there  
The same calm trust in Heaven's protecting care;—  
The same pure conscience where offence is none  
By God imputed, or to mankind done;  
For not in anarch vengeance, proud and wild,  
To arms have they appealed—these men reviled;  
Not for some fancied wrong do they defy  
The powers ordained of Him who reigns on high;  
No—let the groaning of a land oppressed,  
The sacred justice of their cause attest.  
And ye who brand it with rebellion's name,  
Blush—if your souls are not too seared for shame.  
If in your breast a freeman's heart you bear—  
Blush, while the fruits of Freedom's tree you share,  
Blush, if your minds are not too warped to own  
By such rebellion that fair tree was sown.

Vain for themselves—ay, more than vain, 'tis true,  
The desperate struggle of that dauntless few.  
For see! the foe hath come, with whelming force,  
And soon the hills lies strewn with many a corse;

And many a captive, borne in triumph back,  
Cast to the dungeon,—tortured on the rack,—  
Like meanest felon to the scaffold borne,—  
Unflinching bears a weight of woe and scorn.  
Yet for their country deem it not in vain  
That these bright martyrs for the truth are slain.  
See where yon weeping crowd are gathered round,  
Intent to catch the sad, yet precious sound  
Of that dear voice, which must be heard no more  
When this short hour of suffering shall be o'er,—  
The voice of him\* whose brief and bright career  
Is closed—in gloom?—ah! no, in glory, here.  
Torture hath failed that gentle soul to bow,  
And over death he comes to triumph now.  
Yea, list the accents from his lips that flow—  
Words of unflinching joy in midst of woe :  
“Weep not,” he says, “weep not, dear friends, for me,  
Joyful can I ascend this gallows tree,  
Even as if every step I upward clomb  
But bore me nearer to my Father’s home.  
This is my comfort,—what the Scripture saith  
Of him who, poor in life, was blest in death,—  
That angels, then, all mortal sufferings o’er,  
His ransomed soul to Abraham’s bosom bore.  
And, even as now a solemn scene appears,  
Here, death’s dread ensigns—there, a crowd in tears ;  
Even so is solemn preparation made,—  
Angels unseen around me are arrayed,  
Waiting to bear my trusting soul to rest  
For evermore in my Redeemer’s breast.  
Farewell, all ye whose sweet and constant smile  
Has cheered my course on Earth.—farewell awhile;

\* Hugh M’Kail.

Farewell, ye lovely scenes, to my fond eye  
 Endeared by many a strong and holy tie :  
 Farewell, thou sun, whose rays to me have seemed  
 Like a full flood of gladness as they beamed.  
 Now welcome God and Father : welcome thou,  
 Who, suffering once, in glory reignest now :  
 Welcome thou blessed Spirit of all grace :  
 Welcome the glory of Jehovah's face :  
 Welcome eternal life through Jesus given :  
 And welcome death, to me the gate of heaven."

And now let all your blood-hounds loose, ye men  
 Of Belial, let them scour each plain and glen,  
 And drag from out the caves wherein they lie  
 The hunted wanderers ;—go, and feast your eye  
 Upon their torments ;—let the fields be strewn  
 With blood of guiltless men, and let the groan  
 Of maids and mothers, as your steps draw near  
 To their retreat, make music in your ear.  
 Go, dastard Graham, collect thy scattered host,  
 All burning to retrieve the glory lost  
 On yon bleak moor,\* whence now confused they fly  
 Before that band, once slighted in thine eye :  
 Go, let the waters of yon stream run red†  
 With gore from weltering heaps around them spread.  
 And, when that butcher-work must have an end,  
 In yon drear churchyard let the rest be penned  
 Like sheep reserved for slaughter, to await  
 ‡ A heavier yet,—a more appalling fate.

\* Drumclog.

† At Bothwell Bridge.

‡ Multitudes were banished, and many perished by shipwreck  
 in the way, while the rest were doomed to languish in slavery,  
 exposed to hardships which soon brought numbers to the  
 grave

Yet shall that people, scattered thus and peeled,  
But still untaught to tyrant power to yield,  
Yet shall they flourish, 'neath the smile of Heaven,  
Howe'er by ruthless tempests tossed and riven ;—  
Yet shall they but the more increase, and shoot  
Their branches forth from an undying root,  
Even as the teil tree, or the sturdy oak,\*  
Which still survives the devastating stroke  
Of wintry storms, and, though it cast its leaves,  
Ere long its faded glory all retrieves.

But yet awhile must the rude blast assail  
That tree, and its torn leaves must strew the vale.  
Dark clouds must o'er the country brood awhile,  
Though still the bow of promise there shall smile.

It is the peaceful hour when gently fall  
Those mellowed beams that softly seem to call  
The holy soul to pour its trusting prayer  
To Him who bids us cast on Heaven our care.  
And now, while from the tints of dewy eve  
A shadowy grandeur all the hills receive,—  
While to Imagination's musing eye  
Earth seems to mingle with the meeting sky,  
And to the awe-struck gaze of guilty fear  
A thousand dark and ghastly shapes appear,—  
With sweet and soothing influence the thought  
To the believer's grateful heart is brought  
Of Him, who oft was wont, at close of day,  
To seek a mountain solitude to pray ;—  
Of Him whose spotless soul such anguish bore,  
The smile of Heaven to sinners to restore,

\* Isaiah vi. 13

That, as beneath the midnight's chilly shade,  
In lonely agony He knelt and prayed :  
Upon His holy brow great drops of blood,  
Wrung by his soul's sore travail, trembling stood.

In many an humble cot is rising now  
The voice of praise, the deep and fervent vow ;  
And many a hoary head 'neath these calm skies  
A sanctuary seeks which man denies.  
Thus yon wild spot, with furze and broom o'ergrown,  
The voice of prayer and praise full oft hath known.  
And there is one whose sweetest hours are pass'd\*  
'Mid the rude shelter there around him cast.  
Even now, safe guarded in that loved retreat,  
His soul rejoices with his God to meet.  
The evening shades are gathering fast around,  
But still he will not quit the hallowed ground,  
For there from heaven he feels an influence flow  
That bids the fire within more brightly glow.  
Yet while he prays for heaven's protecting power  
To shield his dear ones in the evil hour,  
O'er his calm spirit comes a thought of her  
Whose gentle heart strange, boding fears will stir,  
If still he linger. Therefore doth he pour  
But one deep strain of fervent feeling more ;  
Then from the ground he rises ; but still bears  
With him the unction that perfumed his prayers—  
The unction of the Holy One, the blood  
Of sprinkling whereby, purged in heart, he stood  
Before the throne, and, sweetly reconciled,  
Cried, Abba, Father, like a pardoned child.

\* The foundation of the following narrative is to be found in Simpson's Traditions of the Covenanters, Second Series, p. 280.



With this deep feeling in his breast he moves  
Toward the sheltering home of her he loves.  
Deep is the peace that o'er his bosom flows,  
And calmly thus he muses as he goes,  
"The Lord's my Shepherd, surely I shall want  
For no good thing Omnipotence can grant:  
He leads me by the waters still and pure,  
And in green pastures bids me rest secure;  
Yea, though I walk through Death's sepulchral vale,  
Joyful the King of Terrors will I hail;  
For there shalt thou be with me, O my God,  
Cheer with thy staff, and guide me with thy rod.  
And what though thorns obstruct, and gloom o'erspread  
The rugged path by which my soul is led;  
Yet safely shalt thou bring me to that shore  
Where storm and darkness shall be known no more;  
And there with Christ shall I for ever be,  
Reaping the bliss His blood hath bought for me."

Soothed by such blissful thought, his steps draw near  
To his dear home, by absence made more dear.  
Softly he enters, and more softly yet  
He treads the floor, when his glad eyes have met  
His well beloved, where, rapt in prayer, she kneels:  
And, while he marks her earnest mien, he feels  
That to her soul some token hath been given,  
Brighter than wont, of a protecting Heaven.  
But, gladly conscious now that *he* stood by  
For whom her thanks were poured, she lifts her eye,  
Beaming with joy to Heaven; and, rising, flings  
Her arms around his neck, and fondly clings  
To his loved bosom, while her feelings thus  
Break forth in voice half choked and tremulous:—

" Praise to our gracious God, whose guardian care  
Hath freed thee, dearest, from the fowler's snare.  
Scarce hadst thou gone, when we could hear the tread  
Our hearts too well have learned to know and dread.  
A moment more, and 'twas the horrid sound  
Of armed invaders ranging all around.  
They sought, and when they found thee not, they left  
The house like wolves that, of their prey bereft,  
Skulk howling through the forest. As they went  
In hideous oaths they gave their anger vent,  
And vowed a double vengeance whensoever  
Thou should'st be taken in a surer snare.  
Yet not the less was I constrained to pour  
My soul in praise to Him, who thus, once more,  
Hid thee beneath the shadow of His wings :  
And I took up the strain of him who sings,  
' Though war rise up against me, though an host  
Encamp against me with triumphant boast,  
I shall not fear, for in the evil day  
Th' Almighty God himself shall be my stay  
He His pavilion shall my refuge make,  
And set me on a rock no power shall shake. '

" Even so," he answered, " I already felt  
When on the silent field alone I knelt ;  
Yes, praise be to our God, so calm and sweet,  
To-night my converse was in my retreat,  
With our Great Shepherd, that I felt indeed  
He ne'er would leave me in the hour of need.  
Oh ! how that spot hath been to me endeared  
By hours of holy joy ! It hath appeared  
At times to me the very gate of heaven,  
When to my musing soul it hath been given

Almost to see Jehovah face to face ;  
And I have cried, ' How dreadful is this place !  
Surely the Lord is here : ' and such deep awe  
Hath come upon me as he felt who saw  
The Lord upon His throne of glory, ' high  
And lifted up,' and was constrained to cry,  
' Woe 's me, I am undone, for I have seen  
The Lord of hosts ; a man of lips unclean,  
Dwelling 'mong men of unclean lips, I've gazed  
On Deity unveiled.' But, God be praised,  
He left no shade of gloom upon my soul ;  
His Spirit touched my lips as with a coal  
From off the altar, and I heard Him say,  
Lo ! this hath touched thy lips, and purged away  
All thine iniquity. Heaven grant me now,  
And evermore, the strength to keep the vow  
I uttered then,—constrained by God's great love,—  
That whensoe'er a voice, as from above,  
Should speak to me, as to the Prophet, thus,  
' Whom shall I send, and who will go for us ? '  
I should reply, ' Whate'er the work may be,  
Whate'er its perils, here am I, send me.' "

And not in vain from Heaven that aid he sought,  
His soul was strengthened by a faith which wrought,  
By love—deep love to Him for man who bled,  
And love to all for whom His blood was shed ;  
And though no more he now may dare to leave  
His secret refuge 'mid the shades of eve,  
The sweets of calm, domestic bliss to taste,—  
That sweet refreshment in Life's dreary waste,—  
Yet homeward oft his pensive steps will steal,  
That with the meeting saints he there may kneel,

And pour with them the deep and trusting prayer,  
And feed the flock with food that may prepare  
Their faint and failing spirits to endure  
The raging of the foe,—that, keeping pure  
Their garments from the world, they may be found  
Still faithful 'mid the snares that spread around.

Nor shrinks he, where his Master calls, to go,  
Despite the threat'nings of the watchful foe.  
Still with his Lord is he prepared to say—  
“ I work my Father's work while it is day,  
Even now the night, when none can work, is near,  
And then before the Judge I must appear.”

In yonder humble cot he kneeleth now  
Beside that aged saint, whose pallid brow  
The dews of Death are moistening, and whose eye  
Looks through the gloom that shrouds his evening sky  
To the bright dawning of that endless day,  
Lit by His smile whose hand shall wipe away  
The tears from every eye. Attuned so well  
Are those two hearts in unison to swell,  
The same deep strain of trusting prayer, that while  
The pastor pours his own heart forth, the smile  
Of holy joy, the beams of hope and faith  
That light those eyes, half dimmed by shades of death,  
Tell that that heart which, ere an hour be flown,  
Shall reap the joys 'mid earthly sufferings sown,—  
That heart even now almost attuned to bear  
A part in Heaven's high anthems, and to share  
The bliss of angels, feels the peaceful tone  
That marks that prayer, harmonious with his own,  
Even as if he who breathed it deeply felt  
That he, too, on the rugged border dwelt

Of the Dark Valley, through whose depths of gloom  
He soon must pass, and looked upon the tomb  
As a calm resting-place, where he would leave  
His weak and worn-out frame till it retrieve  
More than its honours lost, and rise again  
In glory—far beyond the reach of pain.

But hark ! a harsh sound breaks upon their ear,  
Which speaks too surely the rude spoiler near.  
“ Father, the hour is come—Thy will be done,  
I’ve kept the faith, and now my course is run ;  
Henceforth for me—for all who love the Lord,  
There is laid up a crown,”—that joyful word  
Scarce have these pale lips uttered, when a band  
Of armed men rush in and round them stand.  
They see the Pastor kneeling—’t is enough  
To mark their prey, and ruthless hands and rough  
Are on him,—he is bound—and while the last  
Deep fervent blessing on his head hath passed  
From the old man’s lips, ere tremblingly they yield  
Their latest sigh, and in cold death are sealed,  
He, like some felon, outlawed and decreed  
To death, or taken in some desperate deed,  
And from his secret haunt by Justice torn,  
Away by that remorseless band is borne.  
And whither ? to the Judgment-hall ? ah ! no,  
It needs not even the form—the outward show  
Of justice, ere the sentence pass on one  
Who dares to bow before another throne  
Than Cæsar’s. Why should they be moved to spare  
A traitor—taken in the act of prayer ?

The moon shines sweetly down, with tranquil beam,  
On the glad waters of yon rushing stream,

That pours its peaceful current with still sound  
Where, steeped in moonshine, wave the woods around.  
It is a scene that well might charm away  
All dark and evil thoughts from those who stray  
'Mid its calm beauties. Surely while the eye  
Of Heaven seems looking down thus lovingly  
Upon this dark, rebellious world, and while  
The face of Nature wears this placid smile,  
And all is peace around—ah ! surely now  
Man cannot look with dark and scowling brow  
Upon his brother ! Surely 't were a scene  
Where pardoning words might fitly pass between  
Foes sweetly reconciled ! To these calm skies  
Meetly might sinful man lift up his eyes,  
And with meek, contrite spirit seek from Heaven  
Grace to forgive as he had been forgiven !  
And is it but in Fancy's pensive ear  
That such a prayer even now is rising here ?  
Is that soft sound that comes upon the breeze  
But the cold night-wind's whisper 'mid the trees ?  
No, 'mid the shady forest, clear and calm,  
Rises from many a voice the plaintive psalm.

But, all at once, these strains have ceased to flow,  
And now there is a hurrying to and fro  
Of trembling maids, who, as if bid to fly  
From coming foes, still turn their anxious eye  
Backward, in fear and deep solicitude,  
To where the clang of arms amid the wood  
Tells that their faithful guardians, hand to hand,  
Though in unequal contest, still withstand  
Th' assailing foe, that they the while may seek  
A place of safety. So, with dauntless beak,

Will the bold bird defend his peaceful nest,  
And to the spoiler yield his bleeding breast,  
Intent alone the foe's pursuit to stay  
Till high in air his mate hath soared away.

That struggle o'er, the persecuting band  
Move on till now by this deep stream they stand.  
But who is he, who, bleeding, faint and worn,  
Seems by these ruthless hands half dragged, half  
borne?

By his mild eye and silvery hair I know  
The aged pastor who, a while ago,  
In earnest prayer was kneeling by the bed  
Of him whose soul from this dark scene hath fled.  
Now, as he stands beside the river's brink,  
He thinks, and sweet it is to him to think,  
Of Jordan's waters, and the glorious shore  
That lies beyond, and of the Priests who bore  
Amid its severed waves the blessed Ark,  
And made its tide, that rolled so deep and dark,  
No longer dreadful to the God-led host,  
Whose face was set to reach the further coast.  
And with triumphant joy, unmixed with fear,  
He feels that now the solemn hour is near,  
When, having led through this dark wilderness  
The flock of God, and cheered with hopes of bliss  
Their drooping hearts, himself must lead them through  
The swelling Jordan, holding up to view  
The ark, whose presence in the darkest hour  
Can rob even Death of his appalling power.

But on the river's brink they pause not long,  
And, though the stream is rushing deep and strong,

Through its dark tide they hold their struggling way,  
For fears, of conscience born, forbid delay.  
"But why so long this cumb'rous burden bear?  
What tongue shall question, or what heart shall care,  
How, where, or wherefore he be doomed to die?  
There—plunge him in the stream, and let him lie."  
So speaks the leader of the band.—'Tis done,  
And o'er the martyr's head the waters run.  
The heedless soldiers hasten on their way;  
And still the moon shines down with tranquil ray,  
Like some bright witness stationed in the sky,  
To mark the spot where faithful martyrs lie:  
For precious in thy sight, O Saviour God,  
Is thy saints' death, and hallowed is the sod,  
Nor hallowed less the wave—the rushing stream,  
Where rests the body thou shalt yet redeem  
From its corruption. Surely they are blest  
Who, dying in the Lord, thus calmly rest  
From all their labours, while their works of love  
Do follow them, and find reward above.

Again the solemn shades of eve descend,  
And Scotia's children hail them as a friend;  
Congenial with the pensive gloom that rests  
Upon their sad, yet not despairing breasts.  
These shades seem gathering o'er the quiet skies,  
At once to shelter and to sympathise;  
To shroud them from the view of watchful foes,  
And gently to condole with Scotia's woes.  
Now to the meeting-place they take their way  
With spirits calm as the departing day,—  
More deeply feeling, at this tranquil hour,  
Their Heavenly Father's all-pervading power.



While not a jarring sound the silence breaks,  
His voice of kindness more distinctly speaks,  
And seems to say, "Oh let not doubt or fear  
Disturb your souls, my sons, for I am here."

Amid the clouds that darkly rush athwart  
The sky, and now commingle, now dispart,  
The moon, at intervals, shoots wildly forth,  
A paly ray upon the sorrowing earth.  
To those, who, musing, catch her tranquil beams,  
Like the faint lamp of Scotia's hope she seems,—  
Now hid by dark and threatening clouds from sight,  
Now shining forth with pure and heavenly light.

And hark! the thrilling notes of sacred song  
From yon sequestered dell are borne along.  
The rocks, the streamlets, dimly seen around,  
And nature all seems gladdened by the sound.  
The moon that, in meek loveliness arrayed,  
Had hid her charms beneath a darkening shade,  
When, for a moment lost in glad surprise,  
She hears that joyful voice from Earth arise,  
Withdraws awhile the silver-fringed veil  
That hung before her face, so mildly pale,  
And casts upon the throng adoring there  
A look of anxious love and tender care.  
O fatal glance, though, as it kindly beamed,  
To them like heaven's approving smile it seemed;  
O fatal glance of love, betraying those  
It smiled on to their ever watchful foes;  
For wolves, athirst for blood, and prowling round,  
Had rushed, attracted by that rising sound.  
Awhile with fruitless gaze, from yonder rock,  
Amid the gloom their eyes had sought the flock.

But when, at last, the moon's unclouded ray,  
Bright beaming from above, disclosed their prey,  
Down from the heights, with eager haste they leap,  
And slow and silent on their victims creep,  
And steal unseen, till, with a sudden spring,  
And savage shouts that bid the echoes ring,  
To their devoted prey with horrid fangs they cling.

Minions of Tyranny ! in this, the hour  
Of your unbridled and relentless power,  
Ply all your ingenuity accurst—  
Let threat'nings and let tortures do their worst,  
Then feel how impotent they are, to bend  
The souls whose hopes on heaven alone depend.  
Tax all the Elements to furnish forth  
Your horrid work—fire, water, air, and earth !  
Search the deep bowels of the Earth to find  
Iron to slay—to torture and to bind !  
Or cast your hunted victims forth, to bear  
The tempest's wrath—the midnight's chilling air !  
Bind them amid the surge where every wave  
Heaves higher up their cold and dismal grave !  
Or let the flame, fierce mounting from below,  
Consume their flesh with torture keen and slow !  
Your fiendish skill—your black invention strain,  
To multiply the modes and grades of pain !—  
Still, through a glorious power to you unknown,  
Shall yet the more your impotence be shown.

In all th' insignia of his pride arrayed  
Let the dread King of Terrors be displayed :—  
Around him let a grim and ghastly troop  
Of mingling Tortures form a horrid group ;

Yet are they all assembled there in vain  
'Gainst that unarmed, but still undaunted train.  
Onward, with calm, unfaltering step they move,  
Made more than conquerors through a Saviour's love.  
With no vain confidence their hearts are bold,  
For they are clad in armour proved of old :  
The Shield of Faith is theirs, which, oft assailed,  
In time of trial never yet hath failed ;  
The helmet of Salvation crowns their head,  
And Righteousness defends their breasts from dread.

'T is winter on the hills, and, all around,  
The snow lies deep on the untrodden ground ;  
The sheep are gathered from each mountain path,  
Leaving the upland pastures to the wrath  
Of the wild tempest. Rarely now is heard  
The cheerful carol of the mountain bird,  
That from its lowly nest was wont to rise,  
And, soaring, pour its wild notes 'mid the skies.  
If breaks one sound upon the wanderer's ear,  
It is but such as makes the waste more drear ;  
The lonely plover's shrill and plaintive wail,  
The mournful sighing of the Wintry gale.  
(O'er the bleak scene as wide we cast our eye,  
No human dwelling may we here descry,  
Save yon rude sheiling on the mountain's brow,  
The Shepherd's summer lodge—deserted now—  
Its rent walls opening to each wind that blows,  
And half immersed beneath the drifted snows.  
But—ah ! what means this track of human feet  
That thither leads ? Can such a wild retreat  
Give shelter to some lorn and friendless one,  
Who, 'mid these desert regions, seeks to shun

The converse of his kind?—or, wandering lone  
Over the trackless hills, 'mid scenes unknown,  
Has some poor outcast here a refuge found,  
While storms and wildering darkness closed around?  
Let us draw near, nor pass unheeding by,  
Regardless of the strong and holy tie  
That binds in blessed union all who bear  
The human frame, and human sorrows share,—  
A tie wherewith we feel more closely bound  
When dreary wastes like these spread wide around.

We reach the hut, nor stand we long before  
The firmly closed, but rude and shattered door.  
It seems as if our words of kindly tone  
Touched, like a charm, the heart, which, sad and lone,  
Broods o'er its own deep thoughts in that retreat  
So rude and wild; and—hark! his willing feet  
Answer our gentle summons, and with voice  
That seems in grateful gladness to rejoice  
To own the holy brotherhood we claim,  
He bids us welcome in the hallowed name  
Of our great Master. 'Mid the twilight gloom  
Of that rude hut's one cold and cheerless room,  
We scan, with curious eye, the form and mien  
Of that recluse; and, though but dimly seen,  
His gentle aspect—the calm smile that beams  
O'er his pale features,—the soft light that gleams  
From his clear, pensive eyes, all seem to tell  
Of deep, pure thoughts that in his spirit dwell.  
Nor long has been our converse, till we find  
That here is one, of deep and serious mind,  
Who, by the Spirit taught from earliest years,  
And shone upon by that pure light which cheers

Though all around he dark, has learned to give  
Himself to God's high service, and to live  
Not to himself, but unto him who died  
And rose again—the scorned, the crucified.  
Yes, it is one who counts all things but loss  
For Christ, and who has taken up his cross,  
And followed Him without the camp, and borne;  
Unmurmuring, his reproach, counting the scorn  
Endured for Christ as riches to be prized  
Far above Egypt's wealth—'t is the despised,  
The suffering, gentle Renwick ;—he whose voice  
Full oft hath made the wilderness rejoice,  
And nerved the faithful few to bear unmoved  
The oppressor's fury, for His sake who loved  
And died for them, that they, from sin set free,  
Might live and reign with Him eternally.

And yet awhile must that devoted band  
Against the ruthless foe maintain their stand;  
And he with whom we hold communion now  
Unto the death his holy head must bow,  
Ere from his throne yon perjured king be cast,  
And God's afflicted Church find rest at last.

But well have all their sufferings been repaid,  
By Him for whom their banner they displayed ;  
And now may Scotia, with exulting eye,  
Behold that glorious banner floating high,  
Waving its folds above our Zion's towers,  
Which still shall stand, despite all mortal powers.

Nor hath their bright example been forgot ;  
Fresh is their memory still in every cot ;  
Their spirit and their influence linger still  
On every peaceful vale and guardian hill.

He who perchance unwitting hath been led  
Amid the scenes where they have lived or bled,  
Will start and pause if he should hear their name,  
While grateful feelings thrill through all his frame.  
Some peasant there with honest pride will tell  
That here the Martyrs of the Covenant fell ;  
With eager step and brightly beaming eye  
Will lead him to the spot where low they lie,  
And bid him mark the old memorial stone,  
Kept sacred long from touch and moss-o'ergrown.  
And there, as if awakened by a spell,  
Flows forth the stream of Memory's copious well.  
Recalling deeds of horror done of old,—  
Dark tales his father's sire perchance had told,  
Tales that with high resolve had fired his breast,  
As in the appointed race he onward pressed.

Even as on this green height I roam along  
And pour their praises in a simple song,  
Where lie "Dun Edin's tower and town" below  
And Ocean's distant waves in sunset glow,  
How many a scene attracts my musing gaze  
That brings to memory long departed days,—  
That wakes remembrance of that blood-stained time  
When fealty to Jehovah was a crime.

Drear is yon craggy isle\* where not a sound  
Now stirs the air save sea-birds shrieking round,—  
Their harsh notes mingling with the dashing wave,  
When Ocean's troubled waters fret and rave ;  
Yet there, full oft, was heard in bygone days,  
The thrilling voice of glad, triumphant praise ;

\* The Bass

Oft from his dark and noisome dungeon there  
The patient martyr poured his heart in prayer.

Once did these sunny banks that stretch below\*  
In the fierce light of blazing faggots glow.  
And while Imagination wings her flight  
Beyond these waves, beyond each northward height,  
To where Oppression reared her iron throne,†  
And saw, well pleased, her victims round her strown,  
Methinks I see a mightier blaze arise  
Brightening and blackening the astonished skies.  
The light of martyr fires, once kindled there  
By Beaton's hand, seems joined in one wild glare;  
And, as I gaze, methinks I can behold  
Their smoke to heaven in one vast column rolled.

But wandering on, from thence I turn mine eyes  
To where yon castle's aged turrets rise.‡  
Ye towers that at the call of Freedom rose  
To awe and to repel her children's foes!  
Ye guardian towers! and must I mourn that you  
Have ministered to dark Oppression too?  
Did you at her command your gates unfold,  
And in your giant grasp her victims hold?  
And thou, eternal and majestic rock  
Girt with proud strength to stem Invasion's shock,  
When on thy bosom the accursed stake  
Was set, didst *thou* not from thy sleep awake?

\* Greenside, where David Straiton and others were burned at the stake.

† At St. Andrews.

‡ Many martyrs were confined in the Castle of Edinburgh, and some were burned on the Castle Hill.

Didst thou not shake from thine indignant breast  
With one wild heave oppressor and oppressed ?  
No, but a holier duty still was thine :  
Thou gav'st the martyr-priests a sacred shrine ;  
An altar, seen afar by thousand eyes  
Whereon they made their lives a sacrifice.

And as I gaze, deep musing, further still  
To where the mist half hides the distant hill,\*  
Sad recollection rises up again,  
And scenes of bloodier hue demand my strain :  
For when Oppression's iron rod awoke  
In Scotia's sons resistance to the yoke,  
These hills beheld the despot's power prevail.  
These rocks re-echoed falling Freedom's wail.  
Spilt by the infuriate Tyrant's reeking sword,  
Before their feet the martyr's blood was poured.  
And still by vain resistance roused the more  
A fiercer aspect dark Oppression wore.  
And still more deep the sod of every glen  
Was dyed by blood of martyred heroes then.  
But still to Scotia's faithful sons was given  
A livelier zeal, a firmer trust in heaven.  
A deep resolve unflinching to remain,—  
Oppression's shock undaunted to sustain,—  
Fearless for all their sacred rights contend,  
And those best gifts to future times to send ;  
To teach their sons that Freedom to revere,  
For which their fathers paid a price so dear.

Nor hath the spirit fled that nerved each hand,  
And fired each heart in that devoted band.

\* The Pentlands.



Again the trumpet-call to arms is heard,  
And all the camp from end to end is stirred :  
Again each warrior girds him for the fight ;  
Again a thousand swords are gleaming bright :  
Again a banner floats upon the air ;  
Still are these sacred words emblazoned there,  
**CHRIST'S CROWN AND COVENANT.** Ho ! all ye who  
prize

The rights your fathers died for, wake, arise !  
In one firm phalanx, one united band,  
Undaunted and unflinching, take your stand ;  
Calm, yet unmoved, constant and undismayed,  
What powers soe'er against you be arrayed.

High is the rank to thee, O Scotia, given,  
And rich the tokens of a favouring Heaven ;  
Blest art thou in the light that pours around ;  
Blest in the hearing of the joyful sound ;  
Blest in the stream that never-failing runs,  
And gives its living waters to thy sons ;  
Blest in the manly hearts that guard thy shore :  
Blest in those scenes, sublimely stern, that pour  
Their deep, inspiring influence through the breast ;  
Yea, God hath blessed thee, and thou shalt be blessed.  
But marked thou art among all lands by this,  
Thy lofty calling, thy peculiar bliss,  
That to thy charge, my country, hath been given  
The royal banner of the King of Heaven ;  
And thou hast still displayed it, wide unfurled,  
Before the face of an opposing world.  
In weal and woe, 'mid triumph and 'mid scorn,  
The blessed ensign still thy sons have borne,

Proclaiming loud, despite of mortal pride,  
That Christ is King, and there is none beside.

Bear on that banner still, and let it float  
O'er thine own isle, and far 'mid realms remote,  
Secure that still shall stand the high decree  
That to this King all flesh shall bow the knee,  
And every tongue shall be constrained to own  
That He is Lord o'er all, and He alone.

# NOTES

## TO

### THE SCOTTISH MARTYRS.

#### NOTE 1, p. 163.

"With the restoration of the King," says Bishop Burnet, "a spirit of extravagant joy spread over the nation that brought on with it the throwing off the very profession of virtue and piety; all ended in entertainments and drunkenness, which overrun the kingdoms to such a degree that it very much corrupted all their morals." For an account of the influence of this event as it affected the Church—the desertion of the cause of the covenant by many who had formerly supported it—and the overturning, by the authority of the "drinking parliament," of all that had been done during the second Reformation, see Hetherington's History, chap. vii.

#### NOTE 2, p. 165.

"Argyll defended himself with great eloquence and force of reason, so as nearly to baffle the malice of his enemies, although his death had been determined even before his trial commenced. . . . The sentence was passed, adjudging him to be guilty of high treason, and condemning him to be beheaded, and his head to be affixed in the same place where that of the Marquis of Montrose had been. He received the sentence kneeling; and then rising, said, 'I had the honour to set the crown upon the King's head, and now he hastens me to a better crown than his own.'

"To some ministers who were with him in the prison he

said, that shortly they would envy him who was got before them, adding emphatically, 'Mind that I tell it you, my skill fails me if you who are ministers will not either suffer much, or sin much; for though you go along with these men in part, if you do not do it in all things, you are but where you were and must suffer; and if you go not at all with them, you shall but suffer;'—words worthy to be held in lasting remembrance, for the deep wisdom which they contain.

"The next victim was James Guthrie, who may, with strict propriety, be termed the first Scottish martyr for Christ's crown and covenant, inasmuch as the very essence of the accusation brought against him consisted in his declining to subject Christ's kingly and sole dominion over his Church to the arrogated supremacy of any earthly court or monarch. In this, indeed, he but followed the example of Knox, and Melville, and Bruce, and Black, and Welsh, and Calderwood,—in short, of all the great and pious men of both the First and Second Reformations of the Church of Scotland; but he was the first who died for that great and sacred truth for which others had suffered bonds, affliction, and banishment. He died; but the cause for which he suffered martyrdom cannot die. It is living now, and once more putting forth those sacred energies before which all human opposition must ultimately be consumed like stubble in the flames. It is, indeed, the chief of those great principles which form the essential characteristics of the Church of Scotland, inclosed imperishably within its very heart, disappearing in times of defection or of lethargy, but reviving and putting forth its undiminished might ever when the re-awakening call of God quickens its vital and eternal powers."—HETHERINGTON'S HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

THE LIBERATION OF GREECE

FROM THE

TURKISH YOKE

A PRIZE POEM.

1835.



## ARGUMENT.

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A LONG time has elapsed, and many changes have taken place in the world, since the Muse was driven from Greece. But though, during that period, the darkness of slavery and ignorance has hooded over that land, it has always been fondly remembered by her, while she wandered among more favoured nations;—and lately, as she strayed upon the shores of Britain, she heard a voice from Greece, sometimes triumphant, sometimes mournful, but always entreating her return. The smouldering fires hurst forth on the altar of Liberty—whose favour, however, was only to be regained by great sacrifices. Bozzaris slain in a night-attack on the Turkish camp. All who regard the smile of Liberty are called upon by Heaven to hasten to the aid of Greece—which is thus restored to freedom. Hopes expressed for her regeneration—these mingled with fears. Mournful change from her ancient condition—sad feelings awakened even while reflecting on her liberation. We are led to think of those who bled in the earlier part of the struggle for freedom. In fancy we see the poet Riga wandering on the plains of Thessaly, after his return from foreign countries. He recalls to mind the visions of the past and present state of Greece, which haunted his mind during his travels. His thoughts of her primitive state—her advancing civilization—Cecrops—Cadmus—Homer—the Seven Wise Men of Greece—her military glory—Miltiades—Marathon—Thermopylæ—Salamis—Socrates.—Clouds come over her from Macedonia and from Rome—Demosthenes, Aratus, Philopœmen, strive to uphold her, but in vain;—she is subdued by the Romans—and in after ages by the Turks. Desolating effects of Turkish despotism. Turning from the past to the future, bright visions are raised in the mind of

Riga by Hope. On his return home he is deeply affected by the degradation of his country, but not deprived of hope for her. In other lands relics of past times are looked on with pride—in Greece they only reproach the present race. By such thoughts as these Riga is led to devote himself to the attempt to rouse Greece to a struggle for freedom, but he is cut off in the midst of his endeavours. After this the hopes of Greece are dark and dubious. The *Hetæria* described allegorically. The progress of the contest for freedom. Greece, in her extremity, calls upon the sons of Liberty to come to her assistance—not in vain—England, France, and Russia, unite in her cause—and her freedom is proclaimed amid the thunders of Navarino.



# THE LIBERATION OF GREECE

FROM THE

TURKISH YOKE.

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## I.

AGES have rolled, and wide the glorious sun  
Of Truth and Liberty its light hath shed,—  
Sages and bards the wreaths of fame have won,  
Heroes have fought, and patriots nobly bled,—  
Change round the earth its conquering march hath led,  
And States have fallen, and lands have burst to light,  
Since from thy groves, fair Greece, the Muses fled ;  
When, driven from Pindus' and Parnassus' height,  
They winged to other climes their slow, reluctant flight.

## II.

And long, for hapless Greece, since that dark hour,  
In vain the light of Truth and Freedom shone ;  
For o'er her plains did blackest Slavery lower,  
And dull Oblivion claimed them for its own,  
And, while *her* sons in chains were doomed to groan—  
But *not* groan, nor dare *assert* their right—  
The Muse, to other lands more favoured flown,  
Found many a lofty mind whereon to light,  
And sang on many a plain, and soared to many a height.

## III.

Still as she strayed and shed her smiles around,  
And purest souls with rapturing influence blessed,  
No lovelier spot on earth she ever found,—  
No mind in which she was a happier guest,—  
Than when thy sons, fair Greece, her reign confess'd ;  
Nor aught could make her willingly forget  
The land she loved the earliest and the best,  
Or bid her heart less bitterly regret  
The hour—the gloomy hour, when Grecian glory set.

## IV.

And while an exile from her Greece she roved,  
And at her smile some smiled, while many scoff'd,—  
Still was it Memory's voice that most she loved,  
And still, when Evening's shades fell sweetly soft,  
She 'd bear her raptured votary's soul aloft,  
And bid him through the mist of ages gaze,  
And on his listening ear she chanted oft  
The songs—the tales of her young, happy days,  
And in triumphant strains sang many a hero's praise.

## V.

But late, as, wandering on Britannia's shore,  
She poured upon the air a wild-tuned lay,  
Warbling symphonious to the Ocean's roar,  
With her from whom she never loved to stray—  
Fair Liberty, who led from Greece the way,  
Where *she* awhile stayed lovingly behind  
To catch the sun of Glory's latest ray,  
There came a voice upon the fitful wind—  
A voice from Hellas' sons, of joy and woe combined.

## VI.

Now, pealing loud across the gladdened water,  
In joyful strains the changeful voice was borne.  
Now, mingling with the shrieks and groans of  
slaughter,  
It seemed the blight of glorious hopes to mourn.—  
But still, fair Muse, it called thee to return,  
And prayers and incense rose to Liberty,  
Where broken long had lain the sacred urn,—  
The heart, whose aspirations to be free,  
The sweetest incense are to Freedom and to thee.

## VII.

There, stirred once more, and fanned by winds from  
heaven,  
Your sacred fires again were seen to glow.  
Th' incumbent heap of dross and ashes riven.  
The heat—the bursting flame began to show  
The spark that unextinguished lurked below.  
In vain did despot Fury o'er that flame  
Bid the black streams of Persecution flow,—  
Streams which must still become, and then became  
But fuel to the fire they blindly seek to tame.

## VIII.

Nor vainly, Freedom, did that flame arise  
From thy old, mouldering altars once again.  
Nor couldst thou view the suffering—hear the cries  
Of thy long loved, thy longlost sons in vain;  
But many a victim at thine altars slain—  
And many a prayer, and blood in torrents poured,  
And years of toil and woe alone might gain  
Thy smile who long hadst ceased to be adored,  
Ere all thy priceless gifts could be to Greece restored.

## IX.

And there *was* many a costly sacrifice,  
And noblest life's blood at thy shrine was shed.  
No nobler, brighter soul e'er sought the skies,  
Than when brave Bozzaris to combat led  
His chosen band, and, self-devoted, bled.  
And though there were, who rashly—basely sought,\*  
To rob the treasures to thine altar paid,  
And though there were who dross for treasure brought,  
Yea, though there were who seemed to hold thy smiles  
at nought,—

## X.

Yet didst thou look with pity on the race  
Thou once hadst loved so well.—Yet couldst thou see  
(Howe'er the dross of slavery might deface  
The mind that shone so purely when 't was free)  
In each true Greek a quenchless love of thee.  
And when from out the depths to Heaven they cried,  
Thou spak'st—not *thou*—*that* God who bade thee be  
The guardian of mankind, when He had tried  
The Greeks in hottest fires, and humbled low their  
pride,

## XI.

To all who knew—who loved thee, then He spake,  
And pointed to the Turk, and bade them go,  
And to its base the Moslem's glory shake,  
And bid the bloated reptile shrink, and know  
That not in vain th' Almighty's altars glow,—  
And not in vain the blood had cried to Heaven,  
That bigot Tyranny had made to flow,  
And not in vain the Heavenly faith was given,  
That lit His sacred fires, when thou from Greece wast  
driven.

\* Referring to the Greek loan, which was much mismanaged, and, as is generally believed, put in part to private purposes.

## XII.

He spake—'t was done—and thou, fair Greece,  
cam'st forth.  
And shalt thou be again what once thou wast—  
The eye—the boast—the glory of the earth ?  
Thy long, long night of dull oblivion past,  
Shall not thy sun as brightly rise at last  
As once it shone on thee ?—Or, if some cloud  
A dark'ning shadow o'er thy *morning* cast,  
Shall not thy *mid-day* splendour be as proud ?  
Shall not thy praise o'er earth again be sung as loud ?

## XIII.

Yes, Hellas !—yet upon thy sacred hill,  
Amid thy groves, and o'er thy lovely plain,  
The Muses' notes of joy again shall thrill !  
And other lands shall hear them—not in vain ;  
*There* hearts and harps shall answering thrill again,  
And *Hope's* to thee the *sweetest* notes shall seem,  
But *Memory's* shall be the *loudest* strain ;  
Nor even on ardent Fancy's wildest dream,  
Shines forth thy rising sun as once it wont to beam.

## XIV.

Even now, as notes of triumph from thy shore  
Bid Hope across her harp her fingers fling  
And wake a cheerful strain for thee once more,  
Ere yet these joyful notes have ceased to ring,  
The Muse returns with Memory to sing,  
And bids the hasty hand of Hope refrain  
To tear away the mournful weeds that cling  
About her harp, and let them still remain  
To blend some deep, sad notes with her triumphant  
strain.

## XV.

For while she sees her long-lost Greece arise,  
Shake off her chains, and stand among the free,—  
While her,—as some recovered friend—she eyes,  
On each loved feature gazing earnestly,  
Even now, I ween, it saddens her to see  
That once bright mind, fair form, and dauntless brow  
Still clouded—still debased.—O ! can it be  
That 't was that mind—that arm, so powerless now,  
That once bade all admire—that bade the Persian bow !

## XVI.

Thine ancient glories, 't is not mine to sing,  
(Though, as o'er these I glance, methinks I see  
The Muse already trim her eager wing.)  
What once thou wast—or what thou yet may'st be—  
I ask not.—'T is enough that thou *art free*.  
Yes, thou art *free* !—and, at that magic word,  
Where is the heart that thrills not joyfully ?  
And yet, in pensive mood when it is heard,  
Not joyful all—though sweet—the feelings that are  
    stirred.

## XVII.

For, as we view thy sun's reviving rays,  
And feel its cheering influence o'er us glow,  
Still other feelings, as we longer gaze,  
Rise, o'er our heart a mournful gloom to throw.  
Our thoughts revert to the long night of woe,  
Whose darkness from the land scarce yet hath fled ;  
And deeper still these sadd'ning feelings grow,  
As more we muse :—from joy we turn to shed  
A grateful tear for those who, unrequited, bled.

## XVIII.

And, on these recollections whilst I dwell,  
 My mind will paint it scenes of fancied woes,  
 And thoughts, and words, and feelings on me swell,  
 Such as, perchance, might be the thoughts of those  
 Who dwelt in Greece ere yet her sun arose.—  
 Even now before me do her plains arise ;  
 One wanders there—'tis one the Muse well knows,—  
 'T is Riga!\* Absent long 'neath other skies,  
 He wanders forth to muse, unseen by mortal eyes.

## XIX.

'T is night, the hour—the pensive hour that woos  
 The soul to meditate on times gone by,—  
 On friends we see no more ; when, as we muse  
 On long departed joys,—we know not why—  
 Such pleasure mingles with our frequent sigh  
 As day brings not.—Come, let us list unseen,  
 As, on the plains of his loved Thessaly,  
 The patriot bard pours to the listening e'en  
 His thought of what his Greece—is not, but once had been.

## XX.

“ Welcome, ye hallowed shades—ye darkened skies !  
 I come to meditate, as o'er the tomb  
 Of one for ever hidden from mine eyes,  
 And, while I muse, may all my thoughts assume  
 A cast congenial to your pensive gloom ;  
 And while, fair Greece, thy hapless child, I mourn  
 My mother dead and my own orphan doom,  
 Yet, gazing o'er these plains—thy funeral urn—  
 O, may I feel, even now, thy spirit in me burn !

\* A poet whose songs and other productions contributed greatly to rouse the Greeks to a struggle for freedom. He spent a considerable time in improving his mind and acquiring knowledge in foreign countries

## XXI.

"In other climes—less lovely and less loved—  
Where, in my youth, a pilgrim to the shrine  
Of thy once favouring Muses, late I roved,  
At midnight worshipping the lovely Nine,—  
Even yet in every Poet's dreams divine,—  
While there with melancholy steps I strayed,  
Far, far from all that spake of thee or thine,  
Why loved I so the midnight's gloomy shade,  
And almost loathed the day, with all its vain parade ?

## XXII.

"Whence, as at eve I roamed abroad to catch  
The sun's last glow, in dying beauty bright,—  
Whence, as I fondly lingered still to watch  
The slow approach of the descending night,—  
Whence came those visions that, before my sight,  
Seemed on the slowly shifting clouds to roll ?—  
And whence, too, came that strange—that wild delight,  
That tumult in the feelings of my soul,—  
As Night's dark cloud-borne car seemed hastening to  
its goal ?

## XXIII.

"'T was that the darkness that enwraps thy doom  
A constant shadow o'er my mind had thrown,  
And, in my heart, with Midnight's mournful gloom  
A strange congeniality had grown.  
And when the day to other climes had flown,  
And slowly sank the world around to rest,  
She seemed to smile on me, as, all alone,  
I hailed her car approaching from the West,  
And silent beckoned me to be awhile her guest.



## XXIV.

“ And half unconscious did my soul obey  
The grateful summons, and, upon her car,  
Was wafted swiftly to the skies away,  
Beyond the bounds of every earthly bar,  
And borne to regions unexplored afar,—  
And visions saw unseen by mortal eye;  
And sounds I heard—such as they hear who are  
Of Heaven.—The past before me flitted by,  
And flashed across my mind the bright Futurity.

## XXV.

“ And there was Music 'mongst the starry choirs,  
And still, as various worked each magic spell,  
The spheres accordant tuned their heavenly lyres,  
And bade the varied incantation swell.  
And, as the charm allowed mine eyes to dwell  
On sights of glory, or on scenes of woe,  
Upon my ravished ears alternate fell  
Now the loud peal—the joyous thrilling flow,  
Now notes of dismal sound, and dolorously slow.

## XXVI.

“ Come, Memory! (for thine the spell that first,  
When Night had borne my soul to yonder skies,  
Raised the bright visions on my mind that burst,)  
Be with me now, and to my longing eyes  
O bid again these glorious scenes arise!  
And O, prophetic Hope! again display,  
To my rapt soul, thine awful mysteries;  
And thou, O Spirit of Truth! to thee I pray  
Flash o'er each rising scene thy pure uncolouring ray.

## XXVII.

"Ye tuneful spheres, that still harmonious roll  
Along the sky,—your music yet I hear ;  
Not as it then entranced my spell-bound soul  
Flowing in mystic numbers, full and clear,—  
But still while Fancy, dwelling in mine ear,  
Turns into music every gentler sound,  
As now I gaze to Heaven, it doth appear  
As if I heard the soft strains rise around,  
As then they gently breathed o'er all the enchanted  
ground ;

## XXVIII.

"When, swelling faintly, calmly sweet, at first,  
As from a lyre touched by some fairy hand,  
As louder, bolder, on my ear they burst,  
I saw a bright yet earthly scene expand.  
It was, methought, to me no stranger land,—  
Yet scarce it seemed like any e'er I knew,—  
So rude, so wild, appeared the roving band,  
That with their flocks and herds there idly grew,—  
But ah ! what hills—what plains so fair ! what skies  
so blue !

## XXIX.

"Yes ! it could only be—it was in truth—  
The land whose ties I ne'er could wish to break ;  
Land of my hopes—my fears ! Land of my youth !  
Scene of my every dream—asleep,—awake,—  
Or in that state which doth of both partake,  
In which our dreams are sweetest and most wild.  
'Twas Greece ! my mother ! she, for whose dear sake,  
I could have roved for ever, self-exiled.  
And now she seemed herself a young and healthy child.

## XXX.

" But wild, as yet, her youthful mind had grown,  
 And such its fruits had been as Nature breeds  
 Spontaneous. From its soil had sprung alone  
 Brambles and wild flowers and luxuriant weeds,  
 And all that from the uncultured ground proceeds,  
 Till, from the glowing regions of the South,\*  
 Where first were scattered Learning's precious seeds,  
 Bold Cecrops came—the fosterer of her youth,  
 And Cadmus op'd to her the glorious fount of truth.

## XXXI.

" In vision now her first-born sons passed on.  
 Heroes were there, but chief I marked a hoar  
 Old minstrel†—ay the glorious heaven-taught one!  
 And, as he swept his harp beside the shore,  
 The waves made concert to it with their roar;  
 And the spheres hushed their lyres,—though they  
     had been  
 His teachers, and had often used to pour  
 Their music to him, till, no longer seen,  
 They sang not, but would list his harp, well pleased, I  
     ween.

## XXXII.

" A Constellation bursts upon mine eyes!  
 The Pleiades, in Hellas' sky that burn,—  
 The glorious seven!—the greatly—early wise!  
 But from those peaceful sages must I turn  
 To view the battle-field,—rejoice and mourn  
 While hearing now the shout of victory,—  
 Now sighing o'er the heroes' laurelled urn;—  
 Now, by one hand see Freedom prostrate lie,—  
 Raised by one hand again, reviving Liberty.

\* Cecrops and Cadmus both came from Egypt.   † Homer.

## XXXIII.

“ And, gazing still, delighted Fancy sees  
The dark, innumerable, slavish horde  
Of Persia, baffled by Miltiades.  
Now, Greece, thy breast with glorious wounds is gored,  
In bleak Thermopylæ by barbarous sword.  
And now again I see the Persian host,  
Like a wild, roaring mountain billow, poured  
Upon the ‘ wooden walls ’ that guard thy coast,  
And view its foaming force back in derision toss’d.

## XXXIV.

“ Various the scenes I saw,—and glorious all ;—  
For many a hero passed, and many a sage,  
Whose names are talismans that can recall  
The deeds that shine in many a storied page,  
Whose names have been—shall be, in every age,  
The watchwords of the free,—words that excite  
In every breast a sympathetic rage—  
Imp every Muse’s wing to bolder flight,  
And nerve the heart—the arm that combats for its right.

## XXXV.

“ And then I heard the heavenly music swell  
To strains still more sublime.—Its lofty tone  
Appeared in conscious triumph to foretell  
The approach of some exalted, heaven-taught one,—  
That should outshine all that before had gone,—  
And Socrates burst forth, and with him brought  
That pure, serene, ethereal light that shone  
Around him from the deep recess of thought,—  
That light, ‘ midst which he met even death,—unawed  
by aught.

## XXXVI.

“ But, Greece, thy sun of glory now had passed  
Its bright meridian, and full many a cloud,  
Sweeping thy once clear skies, now o’er it cast  
A dark and gloomily portentous shroud.  
By various blasts conveyed, I saw them crowd  
The sky.—’T was thy own discords brought them first;  
From Macedonia then the storm grew loud;—  
Then Rome bade all her thunders o’er thee burst,  
And clouds around thee closed—ah! ne’er to be dispers’d.

## XXXVII.

“ Yet, while these storms thy lovely skies defaced,  
Thy sun at times its brightness would resume,  
And o’er thee still its cheering radiance cast;  
As when, the gathering darkness to illume,  
Demosthenes arose; or, o’er thy doom  
When darker still the clouds of Fate had met,  
Aratus, Philopœmen, cheered the gloom;  
Showed that thy sun, though *darkened*, had not *set*,  
And, though full oft obscured, was on the Horizon yet.

## XXXVIII.

“ And, ’mid the darkness of thy dim twilight,  
The Muses lingered, in their Greece to sing,  
As birds that, carolling their fond good-night  
To all around, still hover on the wing,  
While the once glorious day is vanishing;  
Though now more melancholy seems their tone  
To him who, to their sweet notes listening,  
Upon the sun that late so brightly shone  
Gazes, while slow it sinks, till they with it are gone.

## XXXIX.

" But Time, with desolating step, swept on,  
 And with it came the Turk,—and I beheld  
 Another scene,—thy glories, Greece, were gone!—  
 Gone—save the scattered monuments of Eld.—  
 For Freedom's tree had withered, and was felled.  
 Throughout thy land no cheerful note was heard ;  
 Amid thy groves the voice of song was quelled !  
 Nought save the moanings of Minerva's bird,\*  
 The cold and noxious air of thy dark midnight stirred.

## XL.

" It was the awful silence of the grave,  
 Unbroken—save by mourner's wail and tread ;—  
 It was the silence of the skulking *slave*,  
 More dreadful than the silence of the *dead*,—  
 For 't was the offspring of *soul*-dead'ning dread.  
 It was the silence of a desert heath,  
 Where all around is desolation spread ;—  
 Where hath been harvest for the reaper *Death*,  
 Who thence hath gone to hold his Harvest-home  
                   beneath.

## XLI.

" Still, as these visions passed before mine eyes,  
 And as intent I gazed, in them to see  
 Thy *glory*, Greece, and then thy *shame* arise,  
 How burned the hopes that thou might'st yet be free !  
 For could I deem them vain ? and could it be  
 That for thy sons no name hath now a spell  
 To rouse to arms for Freedom and for thee,—  
 That in their souls those fires no longer dwell  
 That bade their fathers' breasts with patriot ardour  
                   swell ?

\* The Owl.

## XLII.

“ Thus, even while musing o’er the mystic train  
Of varied visions, which, at the control  
Of Memory rose to people Night’s domain,  
With bright-eyed Hope my longing, anxious soul  
Held converse, and her smiles the blackness stole  
From the dark visions raised by Memory’s spell.  
And, as I saw the clouds o’er Hellas roll,  
Some voice amid the silence seemed to tell  
That next on future scenes my raptured eyes might  
dwell.

## XLIII.

“ Then Hope advanced, and, o’er th’ enchanted land,  
With mystic signs proclaimed her joyous sway ;  
And as she, smiling, waved her magic wand,  
Melted the darkness from the land away :  
And soft and faint at first the gladdening ray  
Stole through the gloom that o’er it wont to brood.  
Red flushed the skies, as nearer drew the day,  
Till Freedom’s rising sun poured forth a flood  
Of glory o’er the scene—tinged with the hue of blood.

## XLIV.

“ With glorious meaning seemed the vision fraught,  
As wildly bright it burst upon my view ;  
And, as intent the sphere-born strains I caught,  
More wild, more changeful, and more glad they grew ;  
But, when the coming day still nearer drew,  
The fair enchantress gave the final stroke ;  
And, as the skies assumed a heavenly blue,  
The music died away—the spell was broke,  
For hope gave way to joy—and from my trance I woke,

## XLV.

“ And such, fair Greece, when far from thee I roved,  
The visions that entranced my joyful sight ;  
And hence it was that still so much I loved  
To hold communion with the mystic night ;  
And hence the mingled feelings—the delight,  
The softened sadness, that she brought to me ;  
For still, as fled the day's gay, dazzling light,  
My soul would turn again to think of thee,  
As of some one I loved—but might no longer see.

## XLVI.

“ I thought of thee as 't were of something holy,  
And something cursed seemed to me thy foes.  
And 't was a sweet and awful melancholy  
That stole upon me, as the thoughts arose  
Of thy past glories and thy present woes ;  
And that soft sympathy for thee I felt  
Which o'er the faults of absent loved ones throws  
An hallowed veil ; and then it bade me melt  
In pity—not in hate, if upon thine I dwelt.

## XLVII.

“ But when returning, Greece, to thee again,  
I mingled with the deep-degraded race  
That skulk in bondage on thy lovely plain,  
How sicken'd then my heart in all to trace  
The progress of corruption and disgrace,—  
Too deeply marked, though man alone appears,  
These scenes—else still how glorious!—to deface,  
With craven heart, unroused by hopes—by fears—  
Or by the stirring voice that speaks from bygone years.



## XLVIII.

" These mountain caves—these glens that shelter  
now

The robber flying from a despot's view,  
Have heard thy sons breathe out the glorious vow,  
That to their country and to freedom true,  
Unsheathed should be the swords they dauntless drew,  
Save in a tyrant's heart, till Freedom's reign  
Should be acknowledged and confirmed anew,  
And blood should wash from thy indignant plain  
The foot-prints of thy foes—Oppression's loathed stain.

## XLIX.

" And is it now indeed the sleep of death  
That chains thy giant mind—thy mighty hand?  
No! still dost thou inhale the vital breath,  
And, come but Liberty, and wave her wand  
In mystic circles o'er thy slumbering land,  
Instant thy long, inglorious trance shall cease;  
And, thronging at her call, the sister band  
Of Graces, bringing all the arts of Peace,  
Shall come to hail again, and beautify their Greece!

## L.

" Too long, alas! insensate hast thou lain,  
And heavy have thy slumbers been and deep;  
But shall the Muse still call on thee in vain?  
Ah, no! this harp Hope cheers me still to sweep,—  
Nor only to bid Pity o'er thee weep,—  
But in a strain high-swelling, clear and loud  
To bid thee rise from thy long, death-like sleep,  
To life—to action,—to cast off thy shroud,  
And bid the Tyrant quail, to whom thy spirit bowed!

## LI.

"Greece! I have gazed, and I have loved to gaze,  
 (For thy lost spirit dwelt with me the while,)  
 On mouldering relics of long-vanished days—  
 The tower—the palace—and the vaulted aisle,  
 That long have ceased alike to frown and smile.  
 Pleased have I looked, even deeply while I sighed,  
 In distant lands, on many a hoary pile  
 That time and war and change have beautified,  
 And hallowed while they stole the trappings of its  
 pride.

## LII.

"And as I heard their freeborn sons relate,  
 That in a bygone—ne'er forgotten age,  
 These towers, ere yet they felt the stroke of Fate,  
 Withstood the oppressor's, and the invader's rage;—  
 That in these aisles dwelt many a saint and sage;  
 Nor vainly, now, the deeds that kept them free  
 Each race succeeding reads in history's page;—  
 Then have I sighed, and thought, fair Greece, of thee;  
 Thought of what *once* thou wast—what thou *no more*  
 mayst be.

## LIII.

"Doth not each pile whose mouldering ruins tell  
 That here thy sons of old the foe withstood,—  
 That here some field was won, some hero fell,—  
 Some army drenched the ground with hostile blood,  
 Or checked the torrent of Oppression's flood,—  
 Doth not each monument of glory speak  
 Their shame who now, in dastard silence, brood  
 O'er woes,—o'er vengeance that they dare not wreck  
 And inly curse the chain they never strive to break?"

\* \* \* \* \*

## LIV.

Cease we to list these plaintive strains, nor ask  
 What fate, ere long, laid low the Patriot's head  
 Who thus lamented:—nor be ours the task  
 To say what blood by Tyranny was shed,—  
 What darkness o'er the land Despair had spread.  
 Turn we, at length, to view a brighter scene,  
 To see the plain, where all seemed black and dead,  
 Burst forth again, in renovated green,  
 And Freedom's tree give fruits such as its first had been.

## LV.

When through the land, from every guardian hill,\*  
 Sprung from the founts that never dried could be,  
 Swelled by Heaven's dew, full many a secret rill  
 Flowed clear—yet strong—rejoicing silently  
 To swell the mighty Nile, that to the sea  
 Of Freedom—deep and pure, yet secret—flowed.  
 And by its side grew many a stately tree;  
 And every ray that burst the darkening cloud,  
 By it alone returned, with lively lustre glowed.

## LVI.

But all around in desolation lay,  
 And the heart sickened at the joyless sight; [ray  
 Naught save these streams seemed gladdened by the  
 That broke the darkness of the surly night.  
 But the lone stars that still shot down their light  
 Upon the desert's wide spread, cheerless dearth,  
 Amid the gloomy, universal blight,  
 Sought these fair rills that lonely gilt the earth,  
 With them rejoicing still—but with a chastened mirth.

\* The following three stanzas refer to the Hetaïria, a society whose object was the regeneration of Greece, and which was for some time secret.

## LVII.

And onward, silent, and unseen at first,  
The waters flowed throughout the blighted ground;  
Till, swelling high and gathering strength, they burst,  
Like the Egyptian river, every bound,  
Refreshing all the thirsty land around,  
And pouring their red current dark and deep;  
While, roused in terror by the rushing sound  
Of that great deluge in its mighty sweep,  
In wrath the despot rose, as from a troubled sleep.

## LVIII.

Then host met host, and in each bosom there  
Passions more strong than mortal seemed to reign.  
Revenge and scorn and hatred and despair  
Raved through each maddened breast—a frantic train.  
In all the crowds that thronged the blood-strewn plain,  
Christian and Turk—oppressor and oppressed—  
Tyrant and slave—in all, alike, in vain  
You seek one generous—one relenting breast:  
By wild and headlong rage is every heart possessed.

## LIX.

The indignant Greek, by every thought impelled,  
By every passion—wrath and pride and fear,—  
While on his soul the recollection swelled  
Of all that to his patriot heart was dear,  
When rushed the din of battle on his ear,  
Well might he then exult with fierce delight;  
And as he onward pressed in wild career,  
Well might the turmoil of that desperate fight  
To yet more phrensied zeal his fiery breast excite.

## LX.

And when the sounds of strife had died away,  
And night sank down upon the crimson plain,  
Could that dead calm, which spread around, allay  
The tumult of his heart and fevered brain?  
No! even the songs of triumph then were vain  
To banish from his thoughts the ills that preyed  
Upon his country's breast;—her heroes slain—  
Her sons enslaved—her glory prostrate laid.  
And was no arm stretched forth, that suffering land to  
aid?

## LXI.

Didst thou sleep, Britain, in thy awful might,—  
Thou delegate of Heaven, upraised by God?  
Couldst thou in vain bear Greece assert her right,  
Groaning beneath the blood-stained, iron rod  
Of a proud tyrant, whose despotic nod,  
(As when the black Siroc o'er some fair soil  
Breathes desolation and despair abroad,)  
Could of their dearest rights her sons despoil,  
And bid the sickened heart of Liberty recoil?

## LXII.

Say was there not a voice within thy breast  
That bade thee rise and stretch thy hand to save,—  
A voice that bade thy heart disdain to rest  
Unmoved, whilst Greece remained a struggling slave?  
Called not each long-lost hero, from his grave?  
Seemed not each bard to breathe throughout his strain,  
"Come, sons of Liberty, o'er land and wave,  
Champions of Freedom! shall we call in vain?  
Shall not your voice—your arm bid Greece be Greece  
again!"

## LXIII.

No, Britons! not in vain ye heard the cry,—  
It was the cry of long enduring woe;  
Faith, Mercy, Justice, bade ye loud reply  
We will, we come to pay the debt we owe  
To her who first bade Science dwell below,  
We come, by Gratitude and Pity warmed,  
To strike for God—for Greece,—for all—the blow;  
We come, by wounded Freedom's cries, alarmed;  
We come, with zeal and wrath, and might and thunder  
armed!

## LXIV.

Nor came from Britain's sons alone the voice  
That bade the tyrant fall—the slave be free—  
The abodes of misery again rejoice!  
For, when arose the Empress of the Sea,  
Rose all around the sons of Liberty,  
And, in their cannons' hoarse, united roar,  
The world, rejoicing, heard the glad decree  
That, echoed loud from Navarino's shore,  
Bade Greece shake off her chains, and be a slave no  
more!

IMAGINATION

A TALE.





# IMAGINATION.

## A TALE.

### I.

AUTUMN had tinged the forests, and the sun  
Was shedding from the West his tranquil rays,  
When through a peaceful vale I strayed with one  
Who there, with simple heart, had passed his days ;—  
One who from infancy had loved to gaze  
On Nature's face, and had by her been taught  
The deep, pure lessons her sweet voice conveys  
To those who love her. Thus, by kindred thought  
And feeling, in our hearts confiding trust was wrought.

### II.

Onward we strayed, till on our view arose  
The modest village Church : and soon we found  
Our wandering steps allured to where repose,  
In the sweet stillness of the hallowed ground,  
They whose calm lives had in the vales around  
Been passed ; and, while the simple words we traced  
That told who rested 'neath each grassy mound,  
Among the stones by Time's rude hand defaced,  
Mine eye was fixed on one which there had late been  
placed.

## III.

It told that there reposed what e'er could die  
Of four who all the immortal crown had won,  
Though led to their inheritance on high  
By various paths :—a mother, and a son,  
And the sweet sister of his heart, and one  
Dearer—if dearer still to him could be.  
I questioned my companion how begun  
And ended how their pilgrimage, and he  
Made answer, while his breast heaved deep and pen-  
sively.

## IV.

Well did I know them all, he said, and dear  
They were to me ; ah ! rarely may be found  
Spirits of purer mould than those who here  
Have left their mortal coil. To all around  
Lovely and pleasant were their lives ; but bound  
Unto my heart was he whose cherished name  
Is graved on that sad stone, by ties which wound  
Still closer, as more near the dark hour came,  
That left me nought of him but his cold lifeless frame.

## V.

In truth, together though our boyhood grew,  
And to no ear would he more trustingly  
Confide his thoughts than mine, I never knew  
His nature then aright ; there seemed to me  
About him somewhat of a mystery,—  
A blending of strange opposites of mind ;  
Nor, as I since have marked it, could I see  
The plan whereby a gracious Heaven designed  
That chaos vast and dark in harmony to bind.

## VI.

Yea, to himself a mystery he seemed,—  
A thing by every wind tossed to and fro ;  
And hence it was that, though his spirit teemed  
With ever-varying thought, he shunned to throw  
Its dark recesses open, and to show  
To others—what himself ill understood—  
The hidden source of rapture and of woe  
Which ruled his being; and he loved to brood  
Over his own deep thoughts in cherished solitude.

## VII.

And it was not till many a varied year  
With hallowing influence o'er his head had rolled,  
That, as he felt his last hour drawing near,  
And as we called to mind the days of old,  
With deep and humble gratitude he told  
How he, a wayward, wandering sheep, had been  
By the Great Shepherd gathered to the fold.  
Then, as we strayed o'er each familiar scene,  
He told what storms had tossed that soul, now so  
serene.

## VIII.

And, as he opened all his heart to me,  
While all he gazed upon recalled some thought  
Or feeling of his youth, he bade me see  
How strange a work may in the soul be wrought  
Where reigns imagination, all untaught  
To yield to sterner powers; and where she sways  
A mind unconscious whence those spells are brought  
That bind it:—yet what bliss she oft conveys  
And healing to the heart she rules not but obeys.

## IX.

Gentle from earliest years, he never loved  
The scenes of boisterous mirth and discord rude,  
But oft he fled from these, and lonely roved  
Far from the hum of the gay multitude,  
Through deep, sequestered dell or mazy wood ;  
Or down the banks of some meandering stream  
His devious way at evening he pursued,  
And yielded all his soul to some sweet dream,  
While pleasing fancies thick within his soul would teem.

## X.

And yet he had a love of human kind,  
A deep desire of human sympathies ;  
And wheresoe'er he found a kindred mind,  
He felt it bound to his by viewless ties ;  
But few were these, alas ! and from his eyes  
Oft doomed to pass, unknown to his embrace ;  
As lovely visions in our dreams will rise,  
And vanish, leaving no abiding trace,  
Save feelings deep and pure which nothing can efface.

## XI.

And, even thus early, in his spirit dwelt  
Strange wild imaginings,—yet high and pure ;  
And deep and strong emotions, rarely felt  
By boyhood's careless heart ; and, though obscure  
And vague his visions rose, yet could they lure  
His fancy on and on through many a maze,  
Well pleased if treasures such as might endure  
Should rise at last upon its eager gaze,  
But feeling that the search its own sweet toil o'er pays.

## XII.

And, conscious to himself that he could find  
In gay companions, full of life and mirth,  
Small sympathy in those strange moods of mind,  
Even had he words wherewith to body forth  
His wayward feelings, or to trace their birth,  
He hid them in his breast, like seeds which, cast  
Into the bosom of the fostering earth,  
Evolve themselves in secret, but at last  
Spring forth, prepared to bear the sunbeam and the blast.

## XIII.

And often would he quit the noisy throng  
And wander forth alone, in musing mood,  
Pouring his soul the while in pensive song.  
Yet, as he strayed through trackless glen or wood,  
At times an awful sense of solitude  
Sank on his soul, and he would take his seat  
Upon some mossy bank, and sadly brood  
O'er thoughts and feeling which, though now so  
sweet,  
Prepared him ill, he knew, the storms of life to meet.

## XIV.

But hours there were when on his spirit fell  
'Mid these lone scenes a soothing influence ;  
And what or how it was he could not tell,  
Nor, while he felt its magic, knew he whence  
Its power, but all things then—even things of sense,  
With feelings like his own appeared to glow,  
And then he almost felt he could dispense  
With human sympathies—so cold and slow,  
While Nature thus partook in all his joy and woe.

## XV.

Fixed he would stand, and mute, while not a sound  
Broke the deep hush ; the flood-gates of his soul  
Opened as of themselves ;—from all around  
A tide of vast emotions seemed to roll,  
Concentrating the spirit of the whole  
Within his swelling bosom : calm and deep  
Over his thirsting heart the waters stole,  
But oft o'er every barrier would they leap,  
And one wide whelming flood o'er all his soul would  
sweep.

## XVI.

And Nature ever varied to his view ;  
For, as his fitful fancies inly wrought,  
Giving his mind a sad or lively hue,  
Her lovely face a like expression caught,  
And stood a mirror to his cast of thought.  
Still, as more strong his own emotions rose,  
With feeling more intense her breast seemed fraught ;  
And the sweet sanction sympathy bestows  
Now nursed his nascent joys, now fed his cherished  
woes.

## XVII.

If he was glad, the flowers that o'er the mead  
Sported with nodding heads,—the purling stream,—  
The waves that gently flow and soft recede,  
As if in frolic with the dancing beam,—  
The lake that smilingly appeared to gleam  
Rejoicing in the mild and mellowed light,—  
All with a voice of kindest tone would seem  
His wandering footsteps fondly to invite,  
And as the sun sunk down they softly said, Good night !

## XVIII.

But if some saddening thought within his soul  
Had bowed his yielding heart beneath its sway,  
All Nature, too, was changed by its control;  
A deeper sadness tinged the evening ray,  
The murmuring streams bewailed the fading day;  
The wind, in mournful tone, appeared to sigh;  
The lake in melancholy silence lay;  
A pensive gloom seemed to his musing eye  
To brood o'er all the earth and spread throughout the  
sky.

## XIX.

And, on this wondrous mirror while he gazed,  
Pleased, with a childlike pleasure, to behold  
An image of his own deep feelings raised  
In every star and every cloud that rolled  
Athwart the sky; and while the mountains old  
Spoke of the unchanging God's protecting power;  
Like gentle hearts, from stormy blasts and cold  
Shielded by Him, he deemed each lowly flower  
Which at that mountain's base bloomed forth its little  
hour.

## XX.

Yet, while in Nature's volume thus he found  
That which deep feelings in his soul could wake—  
While to his listening heart the scenes around  
Of the Creator's glory sweetly spake;  
Alas! their soft voice lured him to forsake  
That holier Book which he deemed writ alone  
For souls of mould too earthly to partake  
That finer sense through which the heavenly tone  
Of Nature's voice is heard and her deep mysteries known.

## XXI.

"Here," he exclaimed, "and here alone, we find  
A fitting temple, arched by yon bright skies,  
Wherein to worship the Eternal Mind  
With pure and acceptable sacrifice ;  
Here, on the wings of love, our souls arise,  
Communion with the God of Heaven to hold ;  
Here, by his own hand written, to our eyes  
Doth Nature's book his character unfold ;  
It let us read, no more by creeds and forms controlled."

## XXII.

Yet there upon his mind would oft intrude  
Dark doubts by which his inmost soul was riven ;  
And reasoning he would ask, " If God be good,—  
As good He surely is whose love hath given  
This lovely Earth, o'erhung by yon fair heaven,  
For man's abode,—oh ! wherefore then this chain  
Of linked sin and woe, which men have striven  
By every art to break—but striven in vain ;  
Showing the sin more black, and feeling more the pain ?

## XXIII.

" If He is just—as just he needs must be  
Who ruleth over all, supremely blest  
Without man's aid,—then wherefore do we see  
The wicked triumph and the good oppressed,  
The hardened sinner in his heart at rest,  
While still the just go mourning ;—or if all  
Alike bear sin within their rebel breast,—  
If boundless guilt for boundless vengeance call,  
Why then so long forbears Destruction's bolt to fall ? "



## XXIV.

While thus he mused, all Nature seemed o'ercast  
With gloom. The sun's glad rays appeared to mock  
The darkness of the soul. The moaning blast,—  
The lowering cloud—the tempest-riven rock,—  
The voice of thunder,—the convulsive shock  
Of elements,—with these he felt at one,  
But gentler voices could not now unlock  
The cell of this shut heart, which sought to shun  
Such tones, with which it felt no more in unison.

## XXV.

Then on some jutting rock, amid the rush  
Of rolling waters, where the whitening spray  
Dashed wild around him, while the crimson blush  
Of eve was fading into pensive gray,  
He loved to sit and muse the hours away.  
It seemed as if in the stream's brawling sound  
Amid the calmness of the closing day,  
Something accordant with those thoughts he found  
Which stirred his restless soul while stillness reigned  
around.

## XXVI.

One lovely eve of a bright summer's day,  
When peace and soft repose were brooding o'er  
The fading scene he chanced alone to stray  
To a sweet spot to which he ne'er before  
Had wandered. Thither from the neighbouring shore  
The dashing waves sent a deep, lulling sound,  
And Heaven, and Earth, and Sea, an aspect wore  
Of tranquil beauty and of calm profound,  
Which deepened 'mid the shade of the dark woods  
around.

## XXVII.

There as he wandered, o'er his thoughtful breast  
That strangely pleasing melancholy rose  
Which the soul would not, if it could, resist,  
But to its power will yield, though scarce it knows  
Whence that o'ermastering fascination flows;  
And through the mind strange fancies then will steal  
Tinged with the pensive hue which Sadness throws  
O'er all that we behold, or hear, or feel;  
Nor care we from its sway to Reason to appeal.

## XXVIII.

Along the winding path he slowly strayed;  
And still his musing eyes were turned aside,  
While the far gleaming ocean he surveyed,  
Where slow the sun was sinking in his pride,  
Pouring his glory o'er the illumined tide;  
And, on that magic scene as tranced he gazed,  
Bright images of beauty, all allied  
By mystic ties, within his soul were raised,  
And spell-bound long he stood, at his own work amazed.

## XXIX.

Thus while he wandered o'er the mazy track,  
Drinking the beams that bathed the hills and skies  
In floods of light, sudden he started back,  
As if before him his astonished eyes  
Had seen some dreamlike apparition rise.  
With noiseless step the path he quick retraced;  
But soon, recovered from his sweet surprise,  
He turned, repenting of his timorous haste,  
To where the shadowing trees their branches interlaced:

## XXX.

And hidden there he stood, and gazed intent  
On that fair form that on his sight had beamed  
So like a spirit. Her soft eyes were bent  
Upon the setting sun, whose radiance seemed  
As if into her very soul it streamed,  
Feeding her spirit as with angel's food,  
Her tranced eyes with such pure rapture gleamed ;  
And hence he shunned, with foot profane and rude,  
On the deep bliss of that bright being to intrude.

## XXXI.

And still, as longer on that form he dwelt,  
He lingered, bound by spells yet stronger there ;  
And still more deeply in his soul he felt  
How hard his still unsated eyes to tear  
From gazing where she stood—so heavenly fair,—  
So like those images of loveliness  
He oft had dreamed of, but could never dare  
To hope that Earth a being might possess,  
Who with such charms as these his waking eye might  
bless.

## XXXII.

Her hair like light clouds floated on the wind ;  
In her pale brow deep thought appeared to lie ;  
Her form and features all were full of mind ;  
A pure soul seemed to dwell in her bright eye  
Of deep, soft blue, like Evening's pensive sky,  
When one sweet star from its calm depth shines forth  
And holy feelings, thoughts serene and high,  
Seemed to have almost severed her from earth,  
And made her like a thing of more than mortal birth.

## XXXIII.

Slowly began the sun to disappear,  
And a soft, tranquil gloom o'erspread the sky ;  
And, as she still gazed on, a starting tear  
Came, like a dew-drop, o'er her musing eye :  
Perhaps the whelming thoughts of days gone by  
Had rushed upon her soul ; for at that hour  
(The heart so yields itself to Memory)  
The sinking sun—a withering leaf or flower  
With thoughts of faded joys will all the soul o'erpower.

## XXXIV.

Now softly set the beaming stars that shone  
From her clear eyes with pure and placid ray ;  
And now he felt a sweeter light was gone  
Than ever flowed from the bright source of day.  
She lightly dashed the glistening tear away,  
And cast her pensive eyes upon the ground ;  
Then, as if starting at her long delay,  
Light as a fawn along the mead may bound,  
Tracing the shady path, with graceful steps she wound.

## XXXV.

'Twere long to tell how oft that vision rose  
Upon his dreamy spirit, while in vain,  
With longing heart that never knew repose,  
He sought to gaze on that bright form again :  
'Twere long to tell how many a plaintive strain  
'Mid these lone wilds from his sad lips would fall ;  
To Nature only would he then complain ;—  
In after times to me he told it all,  
And still such words as these my memory can recall.

"She beamed a moment on my sight—  
A moment worth an age to me—  
It was a vision pure and bright  
As ever Fancy's eye might see.

"She vanished—and my spirit felt  
As if a glorious light were gone ;  
It seemed as darkness round me dwelt,  
When on me she no longer shone.

"Long years have passed ; and yet my dreams  
With that sweet vision still are fraught ;  
Still shine upon my heart the beams  
Of that bright eye which then I caught.

"And vainly have my longing eyes  
Sought her 'mong forms of mortal birth ;—  
Sure 't was some inmate of the skies  
Who but a moment dwelt on earth !"

## XXXVI.

At last—oh rapturous hour ! they met ; and Heaven,  
Methinks, for this high end ordained it so,  
That to his doating heart might thus be given  
Its utmost wish, and he at length might know  
All that a kindred spirit can bestow,  
That, when that reed on which he leant should break,  
His spirit might be weaned from all below,  
And cling with grateful trust, which nought could  
shake,  
To Him who said, "I ne'er will leave you nor forsake."

## XXXVII.

Oh! I have marked how down his pale cheek rolled  
A tear of humble penitence, no less  
Than grief for the departed, while he told  
What visions of enduring blessedness  
He cherished in the idolatrous excess  
Of his heart's passionate love—unmixed with fear  
Of coming woe. Such love he would express  
In rapturous song ; and she, well pleased, would hear,  
While such soft strains as these he warbled in her ear :—

“ My thoughts, my dreams are all of thee ;  
Though absent still thou seemest near ;  
Thine image everywhere I see ;  
Thy voice in every breeze I hear.

“ When softly o'er the evening sky  
The stars come twinkling, one by one,  
The star of Eve arrests mine eye,  
As if it lit the heavens alone ;

“ So like its tranquil lustre seems  
The light of that soft eye of thine ;—  
That star of hope whose cheering beams  
Upon my soul so sweetly shine.

“ When o'er the placid lake I gaze,  
That lies unruffled by the wind,  
To me an image it displays  
Of thy serene and pensive mind.

“ The streams that wander glad and free,  
And make sweet music as they flow,

Remind me of thine hours of glee,—  
Thy playful arts to banish woe.

“Thy soul seems imaged in the hills  
That stand unshaken by the blast;  
And hence the hope my bosom fills  
Thou wilt be constant to the last.

“Whate’er in heaven or earth I see  
That’s pure or lovely, calm or bright,  
Reminds me ever, love, of thee,  
And brings thine image to my sight.”

## XXXVIII.

Nor was his doating fondness unreturned :  
She he so loved ne’er gave him to deplore  
Love cold or false. Like *his* her bosom yearned  
For some congenial breast wherein to pour  
The deep, warm feelings in her heart she bore.—  
But why delay the sad event to tell ?  
Scarce was she his when Death, relentless, tore  
That idol from his breast ; and when it fell,  
He felt his whole proud heart against the stroke rebel.

## XXXIX.

And then the light of Heaven was all shut out.  
From his imagined Deity he drew  
No comfort and no peace ; and hence his doubt  
To impious hate and dark rejection grew.  
The inward strife his tottering strength o’erthrew.  
He pined away ; and grief and wild despair  
Had turned his brain—but that, at last, he flew  
To his sweet sister’s tender breast, and there  
Poured forth the woes he could no more in secret bear.

## XL.

She, like a fair plant, 'neath the fostering care  
Of a loved mother in her youth had grown ;  
Nor scorching suns nor Winter's chilling air  
Her tender mind's incipient growth had known.  
Secure beneath the shelter round her thrown  
By that o'ershadowing tree, the budding flowers  
Of her expanding soul had sweetly blown,  
Ere yet *his* infant mind's half-conscious powers  
Had opened to this world—its sunshine and its showers.

## XLI.

But even while yet in her young mind the first  
Fair blossoms in their loveliness were blowing,—  
In fresh and blooming beauty as they burst  
From the green bud, a cheering promise showing  
Of more luxuriant beauty,—and were throwing  
Sweet odours on the air as sweet as might be,  
Even then was death's insidious poison flowing  
Into the sap of that fair parent tree,  
Her offspring's lovelier growth by Heaven denied to see.

## XLII.

But yet a tender recollection dwelt  
With her of one who o'er her slumbers hung,  
Like a protecting spirit;—one who knelt  
Beside her couch, and prayed for her, and sung  
Sweet songs to lull her, or to mould her young  
And tender mind to pure and holy feeling;  
Silvery and soft the tones were of her tongue,  
Her every look a heavenly mind revealing,  
Which purest shone when, rapt in prayer, beside her  
kneeling.



## XLIII.

And these blest lessons of her early youth,  
Deep in her pensive bosom still abiding,  
Had ruled her spirit with the power of Truth ;  
And o'er the councils of her soul presiding,  
Had sat like faithful monitors, whose chiding  
Rebuked her wanderings when she went astray ;  
And whose calm voice, her gentle footsteps guiding,  
Had led her with the just in that bright way  
Which "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

## XLIV.

Meet breast was hers whereon, when faint and failing,  
The wounded soul might lean to find repose.  
No empty words of comfort unavailing  
Breathed her soft lips to heal a brother's woes :  
She knew that not as this vain world bestows  
*He* gives, who left his own the rich bequest  
Of peace, and from whose lips the assurance flows,  
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest,  
Ye of the weary heart, and heavy laden breast."

## XLV.

To all his tale with patient ear she listened,—  
A weary tale of wandering and of woe ;  
And in her eye a starting tear-drop glistened,  
Which Hope and joyful Faith forbade to flow ;  
For well she knew, and she rejoiced to know,  
That, watered by sweet influence from the skies,  
The plants of grace with firmest root will grow  
In contrite spirits, nor will God despise  
The broken heart—to Him a pleasing sacrifice.

## XLVI.

Therefore she sought not with such soothing balm  
As Earth affords, his bleeding heart to heal;  
With no weak solace did she strive to calm  
The fears and griefs he could no more conceal:  
She bade him not with cold indifference steel  
His breast against the darts which anguish shod.  
She knew that he did well to own and feel  
The power of the Almighty's chastening rod,  
"Humbling himself beneath the mighty hand of God."

## XLVII.

But, stricken as he was, and inly bleeding  
With wounds too deep for human skill or care,  
She pointed to the Cross; and, thither leading,  
She bade him fix his eye intently there  
On Him who all our sins and sorrows bare  
In his own body on the accursed tree,  
And there was lifted up, that whosoe'er  
Should look to Him in faith might straightway be,  
By that confiding look, from death and sin set free.

## XLVIII.

And, gazing on the Cross, she bade him mark  
In what harmonious union there displayed  
Truth met with Mercy, and whate'er was dark  
And awful in pure Deity, arrayed  
In the dread robes of judgment, here was made  
To yield strong consolation to the heart  
That there has fled for refuge, and is staid  
On Him whose will nor death nor hell shall thwart—  
Whose covenant still shall stand although the hill de-  
part.

## XLIX.

" Good is the Lord, dear brother," thus shespoke,—  
 " You own Him good, but yet you question why  
 His creatures still are bowed beneath the yoke  
 Of sin or suffering.—Lift your downcast eye,  
 And see what He hath done that they who lie  
 Sunk in that cruel bondage might receive  
 A glorious freedom. He who dwelt on high  
 Hath here poured forth His life's blood to achieve  
 Victory o'er Death for all who on His name believe.

## L.

" Just is our God,—you would believe him just—  
 ' But wherefore then forbears His vengeful hand  
 To strike his rebel creatures to the dust,  
 Since all have dared His holy will withstand ? '—  
 Behold the worst that Justice can demand  
 Poured on the guiltless head of Him who bore  
 His people's sins away into a land  
 Of deep forgetfulness—to rise no more  
 In judgment against those who now these sins deplore.

## LI.

" Wherefore no condemnation now remains,—  
 No blighting curse, for them :—but if they bear—  
 And not unmoved—a weight of woes and pains,  
 In these they see a Father's tender care,  
 Who, though the chastening rod He will not spare,  
 Afflicts them but in faithfulness and love,  
 That they His perfect holiness may share,  
 And grow in meetness for their home above,  
 As onward to that home with patient steps they move."

## LII.

Thus, not in vain—for not unblessed—she strove  
To calm his troubled spirit ; thus she sought  
To woo him to the Saviour, and remove  
Each guilty fear and dark, distrustful thought.  
And, while his wandering footsteps thus she brought  
To the one source of comfort and of joy,  
The feelings, too, wherewith his breast was fraught—  
The fancies he had cherished from a boy,  
All to the same high end she taught him to employ.

## LIII.

And, as they roved together, oft she took  
The volume he had read—but ne'er aright,—  
Even Nature's lovely and familiar book ;  
And, casting on it Revelation's light,  
She showed how weak is man's unaided sight—  
How impotent all Nature's boasted powers,  
To scan the secret of that withering blight  
Which Sin hath cast o'er all this world of ours,  
Or chase away the gloom which round us darkly lowers.

## LIV

Yet would she show that when aright we read  
The book of Nature, by the heavenly aid  
Of God's own Word and Spirit, it may lead  
Our thoughts—not up to Him alone who made  
That wondrous frame, and hath therein displayed  
His might and wisdom—but to Him who came  
In human likeness, and for us obeyed  
The Law, and satisfied its utmost claim,  
That from its curse we might find refuge in His name.

## LV.

" 'Twas well," she said, " dear brother, that thine eye  
Should roam through the bright realms of boundless  
space ;  
And in the glories of the midnight sky,  
And in this lovely Earth, should seek to trace  
The attributes of Him whose unveiled face  
Man cannot see and live : but not alone  
Of power and skill, but of redeeming *grace*  
Doth Nature speak, when to our soul 'tis shown  
Wherefore she seems 'in pain to travail and to groan.'

## LVI.

" Yes, when the Christian stands and looks around  
Upon this fair creation, for his sake  
Cursed of its Maker, then each mournful sound  
And scene of desolation can awake  
Deep musings ; for it seems as if they spake  
With sympathetic voice ; and in the throes  
Of Nature's breast, she seems but to partake  
Our sufferings here—our pains, and toils, and woes—  
Our longings for the time when this dark scene shall  
close.

## LVII.

" The sweeping blasts that o'er the desert howl,—  
The winds that through the leafless forest sigh,—  
The drifting clouds that in the tempest scowl,  
And hide the brightness of the glowing sky,—  
The barren wilderness, all bare and dry,—  
The shriek of birds around their rifled nest,—  
All dismal sounds—all sights that pain the eye,  
Are but the groans of Nature's heaving breast,—  
The unseemly scars which still her unhealed wounds  
attest,

## LVIII.

" Yet 'mid her sufferings there is still a song,—  
 ' A song as in the night,' \* when they who keep  
 Some holy, high solemnity, prolong  
 Their watch till morn; and now they raise the deep  
 Sad plaint of mourning—and anon they sweep  
 The harp with joyous hand, and tell aloud  
 That ' they who sow in tears, in joy shall reap,'  
 And that though darkness for a while enshroud  
 All heaven and earth, morn comes to banish every cloud.

## LIX.

" Yes, every cheerful sound—the voice of birds—  
 Of gentle streams and winds, and every sight  
 That glads the eye of man—all these have words  
 That speak of hope to him who knows aright  
 Their meaning: for they tell that, though a blight  
 Still, for man's sin, upon this Earth remain,  
 Yet it is not of Heaven abandoned quite,  
 But rests in hope † to be restored again [shall reign.  
 When they who suffer now with Christ, with Christ

## LX.

" For say, why is it that albeit so much  
 Now mars the beauty wherewith Earth was crowned  
 In its first state, and speaks the blighting touch  
 Of that dread curse which came upon the ground  
 When man rebelled,—albeit that, all around,  
 Discordant elements for ever rage  
 Where once was nought but peace,—there yet is found  
 So much that may the admiring eye engage,  
 Though little but the wreck of a more glorious age?

\* "Ye shall have a song, as in the night when a holy solemnity is kept," &c.—Isaiah xxx. 29.

† "The creature hath been made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of Him who subjected the same in hope," &c.—Rom. viii. 20.

## LXI.

" Why is it that this sin-polluted world  
 From its just doom so long a respite knows?  
 Why is it that it hath not yet been hurled  
 Back to the depths of darkness whence it rose?  
 Why tarries still God's vengeance on His foes,  
 And spares a world that 'gainst his will rebels?  
 Why is there aught but deaths and pangs and woes  
 Where Sin, the mother of Destruction, dwells,  
 And sends her horrid brood forth from a thousand cells?

## LXII.

" Why is it, but that He whose word called forth  
 The worlds from nothingness, and who bestowed  
 On our first parents this most lovely Earth,—  
 For innocence and peace a fit abode,  
 And bade them live for Him to whom they owed  
 That glorious gift, and use it to his praise,  
 Hath taken on Himself the mighty load  
 Of guilt that had o'erwhelmed us, and so stays  
 God's vengeful hand, and bids His seed 'prolong their  
 days.'\*

## LXIII.

" Prolong their days!—and to what end? to whom  
 Shall they devote the lives so dearly bought  
 But unto Him who chased away the gloom  
 Their mad rebellion on the world had brought?  
 And, as the glories wherewith Earth was fraught  
 In its first state proclaimed a Maker's love,  
 So by its tarnished splendours are we taught  
 To look to Him who sits enthroned above,  
 With blood-bought power the curse for ever to remove.

\* " He shall see his seed, He shall prolong *their* days." This seems the right rendering of Isaiah lili. 10.

## LXIV.

" And is not all that we on earth survey,—  
Are not all lovely forms that glad our eye,  
(Each in itself still hastening to decay,  
Yet still renewed by influence from on high)—  
Ordained of heaven some lesson to supply ?  
Or is it, think ye, but blind Nature's power,—  
By infidels adored—that from the sky  
Sends down the summer dew—the vernal shower,  
To cheer the thirsty field and raise the drooping flower !

## LXV.

" See ye not, in that genial influence  
Poured from on high, a type by Heaven designed  
To figure forth unto the eye of sense  
The Spirit's quickening power ? and when we find  
In the soft breathings of the viewless wind,  
And in its rushing sweep, an emblem meet  
Of his deep working, is it but the *mind*  
Whose fruitful fancy frames such fond conceit,  
Deeming all Nature's forms with meaning thus replete ?

## LXVI.

" No, better is the creed that He who blessed  
That fair creation which his hands had made  
Lovely and pure as man's untainted breast,  
And all his habitation then arrayed  
With beauty, stainless, and not formed to fade,  
In mercy for man's sake this Earth hath cursed,  
That 'mid the tokens all around displayed  
Of some dire change from what He formed it first,  
Our sickly souls might for a better state be nursed,—



## LXVII.

"Kept ever in remembrance that on Earth  
Is nought abiding—passing all away;—  
That now in every thing of Earthly birth  
The seeds are sown of sickness and decay;—  
That flesh, like grass, resolves itself to clay  
And worse corruptions in man's spirit reign;  
Nor is there aught exempt from Death's dark sway  
Save where the Spirit breathes upon the slain,  
And calls the whitening bones to a new life again.

## LXVIII.

"Go forth, then, still, my brother, as of old,  
Through Nature's glorious Temple. Let the Word  
Be thine interpreter, and 't will unfold  
Deep mysteries there; and while its light is poured  
On all you see, 't will show that Temple stored  
With emblems—types of heavenly things, which speak  
Of the rich grace and mercy of the Lord,  
And point to where the soul, diseased and weak,  
With sure and joyful hope for strength and peace may  
seek."

## LXIX.

'T was thus that o'er the path he loved to tread  
Her gentle steps went with him. Thus she drew  
His heart by sympathy's strong bonds, and spread  
The scenes of Nature open to his view  
Illumed by light so pure, and yet so new,  
That in his humbled heart a deeper love  
At once to God, to Man, to Nature grew;  
And with more earnest spirit now he strove  
To link with all below high thoughts of Heaven above,

## LXX.

And not alone o'er Nature's realms was shed  
The light thus newly dawning on his mind ;  
It chased away the gloom that once o'erspread  
The ways of Providence ; and bade him find  
Even in the woes whereat he late repined  
The tokens of a Heavenly Father's care.  
And now, with spirit tranquil and resigned,  
He mused on scenes which late he strove to tear  
From Memory's book, but found too deeply graven there.

## LXXI.

Still to his loved and lost one, and to all  
That spake of her, his heart would fondly cling.  
Dear were the strains, though sad, that could recall  
Her image. Oft he sat mute listening  
To hear his sister strike the harp and sing  
Some song that dear one loved in days gone by ;  
And ere she ceased to kiss the trembling string  
With her light fingers, he, with pensive sigh,  
Would thus himself prolong the same sweet melody.

Touch, gently, gently touch again  
The harp o'er which thy fingers stray ;  
And bid that once familiar strain  
Wake thoughts of many a bygone day.

For I have heard that tender lay  
From lips I hung upon in love,  
The lips of her who fled away  
To join the sainted choirs above.

And every time I hear that strain  
Warbled as it hath been by thee,  
I seem to hear her voice again,  
Her very form I seem to see.

My thoughts are wafted back to years  
Of varied hue with her I spent;  
And joy is mingled with the tears  
In which my musing soul has vent.

And then my spirit longs to fly  
Away to her, and taste the joys  
Which spirits know beyond the sky,—  
That bliss which grief no more alloys.

## LXXII.

Nor long did Heaven the wished-for time delay.  
And sweet it was to mark him as he grew  
In ripeness for his change. For, day by day,  
His thoughts and feelings caught a heavenlier hue  
As coming glories brightened on his view.  
Nor was his converse to our souls unblessed;  
Oft, as to that long home he nearer drew  
Where now these dear ones all together rest,  
He breathed, in words like these, the feelings of his  
breast.

A heavenly voice is falling  
Upon my silent heart;  
I hear it softly calling  
My spirit to depart.

With tottering footsteps wending  
Along a rugged path,  
I feel I am descending  
Into the vale of death.

Yet, its dark precincts treading,  
Feeling its gloom so near,  
I enter it undreading,  
For, wherefore should I fear?

That Shepherd is beside me  
To guard me and to cheer,  
Who, wont through life to guide me,  
Has brought me safely here.

Then let me still, as slowly  
I tread this region dim,  
Breathe through my heart a holy,  
A deep and silent hymn.

Soon, soon shall it be given  
This feeble voice of mine,  
With all the choir of Heaven,  
To raise a song divine ;

In one full chorus pouring  
The everlasting strain ;  
With grateful joy adoring  
The lamb that once was slain.

And, even while yet I 'm numbered  
With those who dwell below,  
With mortal flesh encumbered  
Amid a world of woe,

May not this heart be sweetly  
Attuned by God's own hand  
To join, and not unmeetly,  
With that rejoicing band ;

Its deep tones humbly blending  
With that celestial song,  
Whose strains of joy unending  
In Heaven it shall prolong ?

# MENIE

## A BALLAD.

" My Menie, in thy early days,  
Thou aye wast full of glee ;  
And in this world o' cares and waes  
Thou wast a joy to me.

" And what is 't, lass, that ails ye now ?  
There's something grieves ye, sure,  
That gies ye sic a thoughtfu' brow,  
And maks ye sae demure.

" My ain dear Menie, tell to me,  
What gars ye look sae wae ;  
For oh ! I canna bide to see  
My lassie pining sae."

" Ay, mither, blythesome I ha'e been ;  
But blythe I'll be nae mair :  
For a' the joys that I hae seen,  
I now maun dree despair.

" Oh, weel I ken, my mither dear,  
Your heart can feel for me,—  
Feel for the pangs o' hope that sear,  
And love that canna dee.

" I need na' tell to you how hard  
Frae ane's fond love to part:  
I need na' tell how hope deferr'd  
Brings sickness to the heart:

" But, oh ! you canna ken how cauld  
And witherin' is the blight,  
When the last hope that could uphauld  
Has vanished frae the sight.

" And oh ! what hope can now remain  
For me, this side o' death,  
Since he who vowed to be my ain  
Has broke his plighted faith ?

" When to misfortune's heavy hand  
We were constrained to yield,  
And left our bein, auld house and land  
For this bit scanty bield.

" When Willie's father looked wi' scorn  
On ane sae scant o' gear,  
And strove his heart frae me to turn  
By artfu' hint and sneer ;

" When we that had together played  
In childhood's happy days,  
And aft at eve together strayed  
O'er blooming banks and braes,

" Were watched wi' keen and jealous eye,  
Lest we should chance to meet,—  
Forbid, though ah, how fruitlessly !  
Each other's converse sweet,—

“ Still, still did happiness unite  
    Wi’ love’s eternal flame :  
The more ’twas sought to quench their light  
    The stronger it became.

“ Even when his father’s cruel pride  
    To part us had prevailed,—  
When far across the western tide  
    With sorrowing heart he sailed,—

“ Still, still, did hope support my soul,  
    And in our parting hour,  
The force of grief I could control  
    By that delightful power.

“ I felt that nought could quench the flame  
    Of love wi’ which I loved ;  
And thought he aye maun bide the same  
    Though far frae me removed.

“ But, though long, weary months flew by  
    Nae word frae Willie came ;  
Nor e’er frae human lips did I  
    Hear mention o’ his name.

“ And I began, aye, mair and mair,  
    A’ hope and joy to tyne ;  
And it’s nae wonder could despair  
    At last should gar me pine.

“ And aft I’ve sat in weariness,  
    Alone frae morn till e’en  
And naething seen but dreariness  
    Spread o’er life’s future scene.

“ And yet at times a sudden gleam,  
O’ hope would cheer my heart ;  
And gladness wi’ a fitfu’ beam,  
Across my soul would dart.

“ I thought that yet the time might come,  
That should our bliss restore,—  
When Willie’s should be Menie’s home,  
And we should part no more ;

“ When on those griefs we should look back,  
That once so sore distressed :  
As travellers on a rugged track  
That brought them to their rest.

“ But oh ! nae blink o’ joy shall shine  
Upon my sorrows mair ;  
The portion that shall now be mine  
Is anguish and despair.

“ Long did I strive against the thought  
That it could ever be,  
That my ain Willie could be brought  
To prove sae fause to me :

“ But oh ! the hope I leant on now  
Has proved a broken reed ;  
For Willie has forgot his vow,  
And he is fause indeed.”

“ Ay, Menie dear, wi’ earthly joys,  
Sair, sair, it is to part,—  
Sair when the hand of God destroys  
An idol of the heart.



" But mind, when joys and hopes sae dear  
 Frae our fond hearts are riven ;  
 'Tis that they may be brought mair near,  
 And closer up to heaven.

" O then, dear Menie, dinna let  
 Sair grief afflict your mind ;  
 And if ye never can forget,  
 O seek to be resigned.

" Forsaken by the ane mair dear  
 Than a' the warld beside ;  
 Still mind there's Anethat's ever near,  
 And mair in Him confide."

\* \* \* \* \*

Months more of dark and hopeless woe,  
 O'er Menie's head have passed ;  
 And now the withering flower may show,  
 How keen has been the blast.

Now pale she sits, her soft blue eyes  
 Watching the sun's last rays ;  
 And thoughts within her soul arise  
 Of bygone, happy days.

She sees a stranger's form brush past !  
 She hears a stranger's feet !  
 With wild emotions, high and fast,  
 Her breast begins to beat.

Whose step is at the cottage door ?  
 Whose voice is that she hears ?  
 That voice she oft has heard before,  
 'Tis music to her ears !

'Tis he ! her loved one ! Oh ! too deep  
For her weak frame to bear,  
This flood of bliss that comes to sweep  
Away her dark despair !

With face bright beaming with delight  
He hastes to clasp the maid ;  
But, ah ! how starts he at the sight  
Which there he sees displayed !

There pale and motionless she lies,  
And seems as if 't were death  
That closed those lovely lips and eyes,  
And stopped her struggling breath.

Distraction in his face appears,  
And tells the inward storm,  
And in distress too deep for tears  
He gazes on her form.

To raise her child to life again  
Each art the mother tries ;  
O'erjoyed he sees 'tis not in vain,  
She opens wide her eyes.

At first in vacancy they swim,  
As waking from a dream,  
But now, intently fixed on him,  
With calm delight they beam.

Grief from her soul has fled away,  
And hope and joy arise,  
Re-kindled by the gladdening ray  
Of love from Willie's eyes.

It needs not words to her to tell  
That Willie's heart is true ;  
She reads it in his face full well,  
Bright beaming to her view.

With ecstasy her bosom glows,  
Now locked in his embrace ;  
And blooms again the faded rose,  
That long had fled her face.

Her cheek, no more of ghastly white,  
The purest colour dyes,  
And heavenly loveliness and light  
Are beaming from her eyes.

"O dear, dear Willie," thus she spoke,  
"Fause tongues have wronged ye sair ;  
But, oh ! the weak heart that they broke,  
Itsel' has wronged ye mair.

"They said that you, in yon far land  
Across the Western tide,  
Had sought and won another's hand,  
And she was now your bride.

"And I—O trustless heart, to think  
That it could e'er be true !  
Began in dark despair to sink  
The mair I thought on you."

"Yes, black the heart and false the tongue  
That thus could speak," he cried ;  
"Oh, foully have they done me wrong,  
And basely have they lied !

" Though tossed upon the world's wide sea,  
This heart still turned to home ;  
Still, Menie, pointed it to thee  
Wherever I might roam.

" And now I thought my sorrows o'er,  
And all my wanderings done,  
And I have sought my native shore  
To clasp my faithful one."

Thus they embraced in joy again ;  
But ah ! mysterious Heaven !  
On Earth his Menie to detain  
Too late this bliss was given.

He saw her hastening, day by day,  
To her eternal rest,  
Yet treading joyfully the way  
By resignation blessed.

And oft he sat at her bedside  
With looks of utter woe,  
And down his cheeks a whelming tide  
Of burning tears would flow.

There once he sat as the bright sun  
Behind the mountain set ;  
And bygone days he thought upon  
With anguish and regret.

Upon that happy time he thought,  
When Menie's face of mirth  
More light to his glad spirit brought  
Than yon sun brought to earth.

And now he saw her vanishing  
For ever from his sight,  
And what now to his soul could bring  
Its wonted joy and light?

He gazed upon her faded cheek,—  
Her cheek so pale and mild;  
His sad heart was too full to speak,  
But thus she spake and smiled.

“ Dear Willie, why sae sairly grieve,  
And look sae wae on me?  
What gars thae choking sighs to heave,  
And tears start in your e’e?

“ Is’t that ye see this wastin’ form  
Melt like the drifted snaw,—  
This heart, that braved the roughest storm,  
Sink in the calm awa’?

“ Is’t that ye see this frame, that bore  
Fu’ mony a wintry blast,  
Now, seared and blighted in the core,  
Wither’in’ awa’ at last?

“ Is’t that a sair and throbbin’ stoon  
Gaes through your sinkin’ heart,  
And something tells ye that fu’ soon  
We maun for ever part?

‘ And think ye, Willie, when I’m gane,—  
Gane to my home above,  
That ye’ll be left on earth alane,—  
Robbed o’ your only love.

“ O mind there's Ane that 's luvit you  
Wi' love mair strong than mine,  
For oh ! what love sae strong and true  
As Jesus' love divine ?

“ Keep close to Him ; to Him gie up  
The keepin' of your heart,  
And He will bless this bitter cup,  
And heal your bosom's smart.

“ Through Him alone may you sustain  
The weight of crushing grief ;  
He only to affliction's pain  
May bring a sure relief.

“ O weel I ken what you maun feel  
When we at last maun part ;  
O weel I ken how ill to heal  
That anguish o' the heart.

“ When severed frae a dear loved one,  
Though by a hand divine,  
O weel I ken the heart is prone  
To murmur and repine.

“ For what is't but the bitter thought  
That we for aye had parted,  
That down to this my strength has brought,  
And made me broken-hearted ?

“ And oh ! what tongue can ever tell  
How I hae luvit thee !  
Ob ! I hae thought no' heaven itsel'  
Without thee bliss could be.

" But in the boundless grace of Heaven,  
Even while I thus repined,  
A ray of hope by God was given  
To cheer my darkened mind.

" And oh ! how wondrous is that grace !  
And oh ! that hope how sweet,  
That soon in one prepared place  
We twa again shall meet !

" Yes ! though I gang awhile before,  
You too will follow soon,  
And care and grief will a' be o'er  
When we are met abune.

" There's something tells me, Willie dear,—  
I kenna how it is,—  
There's something says the time draws near  
When we shall meet in bliss.

" It's may be that your clear blue e'e,  
And pale cheek gar me think,  
That 'neath your sorrows you, like me,  
At last fu' soon maun sink.

" But, Willie, yet I may be wrang ;  
Its God's to tak or spare,  
And He on earth may keep ye lang,  
To glorify Him there.

" But be it soon, or be it late,  
'T will be when He kens best ;  
It's no the dart o' chance or fate  
That then will pierce your breast.

"Then rest ye still, content to be,  
And bear what He may will ;  
And if ye live, or if ye dee,  
Gie Him the glory still."

Thus ere her soul this earthly scene  
For brighter realms forsook,  
Together pensively serene,  
Sweet counsel oft they took.

To sanctify affliction's smart,  
As well as heal she strove ;  
And all the balm she brought his heart  
Was gathered from above.

And as from her dear lips it flowed  
Peace o'er his spirit stole,  
And sweetest comfort was bestowed  
Upon his anguished soul.

She seemed a being from above  
Who here awhile had dwelt,  
And reverence mingled with the love  
That then for her he felt.

But death would not be stayed, and fast  
He saw her strength decay :  
And soon, all ills and sorrows past,  
From Earth she winged her way.

In mansions far beyond the skies  
Her soul is with her God ;  
In yon kirkyard her body lies,  
Beneath the grassy sod.



And to that hallowed spot full oft,  
Her Willie comes at even,  
And thence his soul is borne aloft  
To meet with hers in Heaven.

And every time that there he kneels,  
His Maker to adore,  
His earthly house of clay he feels  
Dissolving more and more.

And patiently he waits the day  
That sets his spirit free ;  
Unto the land of rest away,  
Even like a dove to flee.

And the glad thought upon him swells,  
A place shall then be his,  
Where his beloved Redeemer dwells,  
And where his Menie is.

# TO A MOUNTAIN STREAM

## AMONG THE OCHILLS.

---

PURE flowing and rejoicing stream !  
 How oft, in childhood's happy dream,  
 I've wished or fancied that like thee  
 The current of my life might be ;  
 Through scenes of beauty ever straying,  
 Each wayward impulse still obeying,  
 And oft in lovely spots delaying,  
 Till, sudden urged by such desire  
 As playful Fancy might inspire,  
 Away to other scenes it passed,  
 While each seemed lovelier than the last.

Far up among the mountains wild  
 I've loved to wander, when a child,  
 To mark the region of thy birth,  
 Where, from the womb of Mother Earth,  
 Instinct with life, I saw thee gushing,  
 And down amid the valleys rushing.  
 At first, a little trickling rill,  
 I saw thee wander at thy will,  
 Scarce heeding what thy path might be,  
 If 't were but unconstrained and free.

I saw thee in thy onward course  
From all around thee gaining force.  
I saw the Earth, I saw the Sky,  
To thee new energy supply.  
Imbued by these with conscious strength,  
I saw thee burst away at length,  
And, proudly spurning all control,  
Adown the hills impetuous roll.

Even when stern Winter's icy chain  
Bound all the rivers of the plain,  
I saw it strive, but strive in vain,  
Thy restless wanderings to restrain.  
And when the gentle voice of Spring  
Was softly breathing o'er the Earth,  
And filling every living thing  
With new delight and lively mirth ;—  
When many a glad and tuneful bird,  
Called forth by it on joyous wing,  
Amid the o'erhanging woods was heard  
Its song of grateful praise to sing ;—  
When from the clear and placid heaven  
A stream of joy appeared to flow,  
By whose enlivening touch was given  
New life to every thing below,—  
At times I saw thee gently wending,  
Where birch and willow, o'er thee bending,  
And flowers, their gentle heads depending,  
Shed o'er thy pure and tranquil breast  
Their hues, with heaven's clear azure blending,  
And calm thy waters seemed to rest,

As if unwilling to forsake

Their sweet companions smiling round,  
Or loath the pleasing charm to break

Whose magic there thy current bound.

Anon I saw thee burst away,

As if thou might'st no more delay ;

I saw thee onward gaily dashing,

Thy glad waves in the sunbeam flashing ;

I saw the cheerful smile they cast

On every lovely flower they passed,

Which nodded back, as on they rushed,

Or bowed its gentle head, and blushed.

I heard the woods around thee ringing,

With thy glad laughter and thy singing ;

And then my heart leapt up with glee,

In joyful sympathy with thee !

Like thee, I wished to me 't were given,

Beneath the smiling cope of heaven

To roam, restrained by no dull bound,

With none but Nature's children round,—

And these all free and glad and gay

As I myself the livelong day,

And ever, as I roamed along,

To pour my cheerful soul in song,

Joining the strain of grateful mirth

That seemed to rise from all the Earth.

But different now my hopes from these ;

Serenes joys my spirit please ;

Like some calm river, broad and deep,

I would my stream of life might sweep,

Even such a course would I pursue

As thine, majestic Avon Dhu,

Whose distant waters, bright and blue,  
Gleam o'er the scene which now I view,  
Cheering the vale thou windest through;—  
Bidding the smiling banks around  
With plenty and with joy abound;—  
A cheering influence round them pouring,  
The scorched and drooping flowers restoring,  
And keeping all the lovely scene  
Through which they flow, so fresh and green.  
How sweet methinks if thus 't were given

The current of my life to flow!

If thus, in the pure light of heaven,

My bosom, calm as thine, might glow!

If comfort thus it might bestow

On many a wearied soul below,

When worn by care or sunk in woe!—

If, even while rapt in heavenly dreams,

Absorbed in sweet and holy musing,

My soul, poured forth in tuneful streams,

Refreshing waters round diffusing,

A soothing solace might impart

To the disconsolate in heart;

Or foster the young flowers of Earth,

And call their lovely blossoms forth,

And, while the light of Heavenly Love

Poured down upon them from above,

Bid them their earliest bloom expand

To greet that influence pure and bland!

Yet not in vain our thoughts are borne

Back to our life's delightful morn,

Recalling all those visions bright

That rose before our infant sight,—

The aspirations pure and warm  
That wont our simple hearts to charm,—  
The joys with which our spirit thrilled,  
The feeling that our bosom filled,  
By Nature's gentle voice instilled ;  
And all the hopes we loved to cherish,  
Though doomed, perhaps, too soon to perish.

And not in vain our steps retrace,  
In riper years, each well-known place,  
Each lovely haunt—each calm retreat,  
Where fancy led our youthful feet,—  
Where first we held communion sweet  
With Nature, and her forms impressed  
Upon our warm and yielding breast  
Those images of loveliness,

Which still, in many an after year,  
Beam on our hearts with power to bless,

And, even in hours of gloom, to cheer ;—  
Where our young, tender spirits first,  
In Nature's kindly bosom nursed,  
From her sweet inspiration drew,

Reclining in her gentle arms,  
And that deep love and reverence knew  
For her, which ever deeper grew,  
And, though a while we bade adieu

To her inspiring charms,  
Springs up within our soul anew,  
Whene'er her face again we view.

Ah ! yes, we feel 'tis ne'er in vain  
We tread these lovely scenes again !  
For, even as yon "abounding river"

Which in the glimmering distance gleams,

Pouring its cheerful flood for ever,  
Fed by a thousand hill-born streams,—  
When Summer's hot and sultry suns  
Have robbed it of its wonted force,  
And lessening, now, its current runs  
Along its half-deserted course,—  
As then its strength is oft renewed  
By pure and copious waters, sent  
From forth those regions, grandly rude,  
Wherein its infancy was spent;  
So, when the current of our soul  
Has sunk beneath some parching drought,  
And languidly begins to roll  
The tide of feeling and of thought,  
Our heart a grateful impulse feels  
Amid the scenes we early loved,  
And o'er our soul new vigour steals,  
When wandering where our youth had roved,  
The simple joys that then we knew,  
The feelings all to nature true,  
Fall on our breast like vernal dew  
Upon a drooping flower;  
The springs from whence our childhood drew  
The freshness of the heart renew,  
And all our souls again imbue  
With more than wonted power.

## THE COMMUNION OF HEARTS.

COMPOSED DURING A SOLITARY RAMBLE IN THE HIGHLANDS

IN solitude 't is sweet to stray,  
 And muse o'er some familiar scene,—  
 Familiar in life's early day,  
 When hopes and joys were fresh and green ;

Where every sight and every sound  
 Awakes old feelings in the mind ;  
 And dear associations round  
 Whate'er we gaze on are entwined :

Where every sighing breeze appears  
 To speak in a familiar tone,  
 And every streamlet charms our ears  
 With songs our infancy had known.

And sweet it is when on our gaze  
 Those scenes—so oft imagined—burst,  
 Wherein the happy infant days  
 Of those we deeply love were nursed ;

Where we may feel as they have felt,  
 And every influence they have known  
 Upon our soul may softly melt,  
 And mould it to a kindred tone.



Their absent form we seem to see.

Their voice makes music in the air,  
Their joyous, artless infancy  
Even now seems gaily sporting there.

But, wandering, lone, o'er some fair scene,—

Mute gazing o'er some bright expanse,  
Where those we love have never been,  
Or have but cast a passing glance ;

Though every beauty there be found

To charm our fixed and musing eyes,  
Though on that "rich historic ground"  
All bright associations rise ;

If there be nothing there that speaks

Unto our hearts in friendship's tone,  
If vainly there Affection seeks  
For something it may call its own ;

How bright soe'er the prospect, still

Its glories are but half enjoyed,  
And still our spirit feels a chill,  
A dreary and a craving void.

Though not with sweeter influence roll

The softest sounds upon my sense  
Than comes the music on my soul  
Of Nature's silent eloquence ;

Though deeper joy my heart hath known

When gazing from some mountain height,  
Or pensive wandering all alone,  
Than scenes of festive mirth excite

Yet sweet it is to feel and know  
That there is one congenial breast  
Wherein the same emotions glow,  
Deep, strong, and pure, though unexpressed;

To read a kindred, calm delight,  
Within some dear one's musing eye,  
Mild beaming forth, serenely bright  
As Evening's soft and pensive sky.

Then, while our hearts within us thrill  
With love to that Almighty One  
Whose goodness and whose glory fill  
And brighten all we gaze upon;

How doubly sacred, then, appear  
The ties by which we feel allied  
To that dear one—now doubly dear—  
Who stands deep musing by our side!

For then we feel how true it is—  
In what a glorious sense 't is true—  
That we are children both of His  
Who spread these glories to our view;

That, on our souls by Him impressed,  
His image is not yet so dim  
But still we feel supremely blest  
In viewing all that speaks of Him:—

Say, rather, that His image bright  
Hath on our souls been so renewed,  
That *there* to gaze we most delight  
Where pure that image may be viewed.

As brethren on a foreign shore,  
Where long their absent steps have roved,  
Together mutely musing o'er  
A father's pictured form beloved ;

When on them seems serenely bent  
That father's mildly beaming eye,  
Where anxious care is sweetly blent  
With that deep love which cannot die ;

While, gazing on that placid face,  
Upon their thoughtful spirit throngs  
Each moral charm, each mental grace,  
That to that father's soul belongs ;

While those dear eyes and lips recall  
The looks—the words—the tones that shed  
The light and warmth of love o'er all,  
And round the hearth such gladness spread ;

While melting thoughts of bygone years  
Upon their spirits softly come,  
With all that brightens and endears  
The memory of their childhood's home ;

And while within their bosoms burn  
Deep longings for that hour of joy  
When to that home they shall return,  
And taste its bliss without alloy ;

As then more closely still they cling,  
In that strange land, to one another,  
And doubly feel how sweet a thing  
The fond affection of a brother ;

So, pilgrims in this land of Life,  
Where few congenial hearts are found—  
Where coldness, and deceit, and strife,  
And all the fruits of sin abound,—

When, as in pensive mood we stray  
With one who to our heart is dear,  
We pause together to survey  
A scene like that I gaze on here,

Our warm imagination deems  
That from that pure and placid sky  
On us, His lowly children, beams  
Our Heavenly Father's tender eye.

Where'er we turn we seem to trace,  
In Earth below and Heaven above,  
The image of His glorious face,  
All radiant with the smiles of love.

And then how closely linked we feel  
To one who those emotions shares  
Of filial love, which best reveal  
How much his heart that image bears!

Then, though, perhaps, our lips refrain  
To break the silence brooding round,  
It seems as some electric chain  
Our souls in mystic union bound.

And, oh! the consciousness how sweet,  
While rapt in thoughts no words could tell,  
That still our hearts accordant beat,  
And with congenial feelings swell ;—

Feelings whose current, deep and strong,  
Sprung from one heavenly fountain, rolls  
Its ever-circling stream along,—

The life's blood of our kindred souls ;

Which, there in purity renewed,

The taint of earth from off it throws,  
And, with new life and warmth imbued,  
Deep through our thrilling bosom flows.

It seems as if a purer air

Than that of this polluted earth  
Were poured around our spirits there,  
To nourish thoughts of heavenly birth :

And thence upon our breast descends

A sweet and holy influence,  
That with our very being blends  
And purifies the soul from sense.

But, even though, poured from all around,

The streams of Nature's music roll,  
Unmarred by any jarring sound,  
Through the deep windings of our soul ;

Though all around be fair and bright,

And all within us be serene ;  
And calm our heart reflect the light  
That gilds and gladdens all the scene ;

Still, if we share these cheering beams

With no fond breast of kindred mould,  
A something o'er our spirit seems  
To cast a shadow dull and cold.

And, oh ! if even that placid hour—  
That lovely scene—these glowing skies—  
If even these should have a power  
To bid conflicting thoughts arise ;

If that serenely parting sun  
Upon our musing soul should pour  
Sad thoughts of some beloved one,  
Who now is seen on earth no more ;

If even the gladness and the peace  
That from such scenes are wont to flow,—  
If even these should but increase  
The depth and bitterness of woe—

Recalling those past hours of bliss,  
When with that loved one oft we strayed  
'Neath such a glorious sky as this,  
And such a lovely scene surveyed ;

Then when we think that low is laid  
That heart which then so warmly beat—  
So keenly felt that bliss, and made  
These joys to us so doubly sweet ;

Oh, then, our spirit looks around  
For some soft sympathizing breast ;  
And feels a pang when none is found  
Whereon the sinking heart may rest.

## THE MARTYRS OF THE ISLES.

Written on hearing of the persecution of the Protestants at  
Madeira, and particularly of the condemnation to death of  
Maria Joaquina.

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A VOICE comes o'er the waters!—a voice of thrilling  
sound!

A voice of lamentation in louder praises drowned!

'Tis the voice of suffering nature 'neath dark oppres-  
sion crushed;

'Tis the voice of praise to Him who bids that deep, low  
plaint, be hushed.

With the souls beneath the altar now it cries, "O Lord,  
how long?"

With the blest in glory now it joins the glad, triumph-  
ant song—

The song of praise to Him who gives His saints that  
fearless faith

Whereby they gain the victory o'er agony and death.

Whence comes that voice of wailing that floats along  
the deep?

Whence come those hallelujahs that o'er the waters  
sweep?

Hath the lone sea a temple? and are there altars  
there  
From whence the incense rises of a trusting people's  
prayer?

Yes, Ocean hath his altars; and afar upon the sea  
Are those who put their confidence, O living God, in  
thee;  
And Ocean hath his temples, and his priests prepared  
to give  
Themselves a living sacrifice for Him in whom they  
live.

Where the great deep is heaving its billows dark and  
wild  
Full many a rocky islet th' Almighty's hand hath piled:  
By many an awful token there His power hath He  
displayed;  
"The dwellers in the utmost parts" behold, and "are  
afraid."

Yet long the powers of darkness had held dominion  
there;  
And rites of horrid cruelty polluted all the air;  
And the cliffs that frown above them, and the waves  
that round them roll,  
Spoke of wrath, and not of mercy, to the terror-stricken  
soul.

By the drear expanse of Ocean, that compassed them  
around,  
They were severed from the Nations that knew the joy-  
ful sound;



And the winged winds swept o'er them, and the billows  
lashed their shore,  
But no tidings of salvation to these distant isles they  
bore.

But the Lord had not forgotten them ; his eye was on  
them yet ;  
And the time had come to favour them, the time that  
He had set ;  
And He sent from far his messengers,—His trusted  
ones, to bear  
The words of hope and comfort to these dwellings of  
despair.

Then burst the song of praise from those who, washed  
in Jesu's blood,  
From darkness unto light were called,—from Satan's  
power to God ;  
And, strengthened by victorious faith, with joyful voice  
they cried,  
“ We will not fear what man can do ; the Lord is on  
our side.”

But the startled powers of darkness with terror heard  
the strain,  
Like the trump of foes advancing to invade their  
ancient reign ;  
And they summoned all their hosts around ;—they bade  
them rise and quell  
The bands of those who dared against their tyrant sway  
rebel.

They marked with dread the gallant ship as joyfully  
it bore

The herald of salvation to Erromanga's shore ;

And they stirred their blinded minions from their am-  
bush forth to rush,

And they thought with carnal weapons th' Almighty's  
cause to crush.

Vain thought !—despite of Earth and Hell shall stand  
the high decree,—

For Jehovah's voice hath spoken,—“ The Isles shall  
wait on me : ”

And the arm of flesh may wither, and dust return to  
dust,

But the Lord will keep his people there while “ on  
His arm they trust.”

O sweetly beamed the light of truth on Madagascar's  
isle ;

And many a heart was gladdened by a Heavenly  
Father's smile ;

And the Martyr's voice was joyful as he calmly sank to  
rest,

While the poison chilled his life's blood, or the spear  
transfixed his breast.

And sweetly did the hallowed voice of adoration swell  
From the glad lips of the captive in Madeira's lonely  
cell ;

For his trust was in the God of truth, whose “ Word  
could not be bound,”

And he knew the seed his hand had sown was springing  
all around.

For the Lord's hand was not shortened, and it could  
not be restrained ;

And the light had beamed on many a soul where dark-  
ness late had reigned ;

And what though bonds await them, if to Christ they  
dare to flee ?

Yet none of these things move them, for the Truth  
hath made them free.

Yea, their life they count not dear to them, but calmly  
wait the day

That calls them for their Lord's dear sake, if so He  
wills, to lay

Their mortal bodies in the grave He robbed of all its  
gloom,

When He burst its bonds and rose again His glory to  
resume.

O, dark and drear He found it, when for us He laid Him  
there ;

And o'er it long had brooded the wings of black  
Despair ;

But full of light He left it, when the stone away was  
rolled ;

And the Angels watch beside it still who of His rising  
told.

And as the two lov'd Marys, who on His cross had  
gazed,

Came early to the tomb, from whence already he was  
raised,

So now another Mary stands beside that tomb once  
more,

Willing in death to follow Him, for her the cross who  
bore.

And still the angels speak to her as on that morn they  
spoke,

When from the slumbers of the tomb the Lord of life  
awoke ;

And now she sorrows not as those for Him who  
“ mourned and wept,”

For she knows that “ Christ is risen, the first fruits of  
those that slept.”

Then hush the voice of wailing !—raise high the voice  
of song,

Ye saints who out of weakness through faith have been  
made strong !

Patient in tribulation, and calm in midst of strife,

Be faithful unto death, and yours shall be the crown of  
life.

## LINES TO G. S.

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR INDIA AS A MISSIONARY,  
JULY, 1840.

BROTHER, thou seek'st a distant field  
To fight the battles of the Lord;  
Go forth, then, boldly—faith thy shield,  
The word of Truth thy sword.

Still be thy willing feet prepared  
The Gospel sound of peace to spread;  
Let Righteousness thy bosom guard,  
Salvation crown thy head.

Though foes shall compass thee around,—  
Foes oft unseen, yet fierce and strong,  
And weak thy single arm be found  
Against that mighty throng;

Yet all alone thou shalt not bear  
The heat and burden of the day;  
Amid the toils that wait thee there  
The Lord shall be thy stay.

Thy Saviour, like a mighty Rock,  
Shall shade thee in that weary land;  
And ever, 'mid the battle's shock,  
Shall be at thy right hand.

The Lord of Hosts himself shall be  
Thy leader and thy constant guide;  
To succour and to strengthen thee,  
For ever at thy side.

Amid thy foes he shall prepare  
A feast of soul-refreshing meat,  
Whereof a faithful few shall share,  
And make it doubly sweet.

That little band shall bear a part  
In every care and every grief;  
And, more than all, one *loving* heart  
Shall bring thy soul relief.

## LINES TO G. B. S.

INSCRIBED ON A COPY OF POLLOK'S "COURSE OF  
TIME," PRESENTED TO HER ON HER MARRIAGE  
AND DEPARTURE FOR INDIA. JULY, 1840.

SISTER, though now in sweet and sacred union  
We thus be linked together—but to part,  
Ours may be still the deep and pure communion  
Of soul with kindred soul, and heart with heart.

Still, o'er our musing spirits softly stealing,  
In silent intercourse our thoughts may flow ;  
And still with deep and sympathetic feeling  
Our conscious hearts, though distant far, may glow.

Still may the sacred bond of strong affection  
Unite our souls by its electric chain ;  
And, linked together by that sweet connection,  
Even half the world shall sever us in vain.

Upon that chain I hang this simple token  
Of fond remembrance and of love sincere ;  
And, while these sacred links remain unbroken,  
Slight though the gift, to thee 'twill still be dear.

Ah ! yes, whate'er, to Memory's heart appealing,  
Of those thou leav'st behind thee seems to speak,  
Shall have a power to touch the chords of feeling,  
To which the strains of eloquence were weak.

Each simple flower, whose breath, the air perfuming,  
In field or forest went to greet thee here,  
'Mid India's bright savannahs meekly blooming  
Shall to thy heart for Scotia's sake be dear.

There, from the beaming smile of checrful Morning,—  
From the soft blush of meek, retiring Eve,—  
From every star that burning sky adorning,  
Sweet thoughts of home thy spirit shall receive.

When, o'er the Western plains serenely sinking,  
The setting sun his softened light shall pour,  
Thy spirit, of these floods of glory drinking,  
Shall fondly muse on those thou seest no more.

Then shall thy heart, in silent sadness doating  
On the bright memory of the days gone by,  
Find types of these in the fair islets floating  
In the soft, liquid light that bathes the sky.

And when the Moon, in placid beauty shining,  
Shall round thee there her tranquil beams diffuse,  
With feelings sad and deep, yet unrepining,  
On scenes she once revealed thy soul shall muse.

If e'er, perchance, thy pensive ear shall listen  
To some sweet strain in days of childhood dear,  
Ah, then, methinks, thy brightening eye shall glisten,  
And tell thy feelings by a starting tear.

And when thy little household duly gathers,  
To join in praise and prayer at evening's close,—  
When to the God and Guardian of your fathers  
Ye raise the song which oft in Scotia rose,—



Should thoughts arise of those who round the altar  
Are meeting now where thou wert wont to meet,  
Though sad thy soul, and though thy voice should  
falter,  
Yet will that sadness of thy soul be sweet.

But though, the sacred lyre while gently sweeping,  
At times thou touch its chords with trembling hand,  
Let not the voice of joy be drowned in weeping,  
Nor "the Lord's song" be hushed in that "strange  
land."

Oft let thy strains, poured forth in cheerful measures,  
Proclaim to all around, with joyous thrill,  
That the bright source of these remembered pleasures—  
The unchanging God of Love—is with thee still.

This little span of earth our paths may sever,  
Through one short stage of this brief "Course of  
Time,"  
Yet shall we meet, ere long, to dwell for ever  
United in one bright and glorious clime.

## THE SOLACE OF IMAGINATION.

## I.

WHEN doomed to see, with tearful eye,  
 Each cherished flower of mortal birth  
 Droop, one by one—decay—and die,  
 And leave a wilderness on Earth;  
 When all we loved have passed away,  
 And scarce a joy is left to us,  
 And even Hope's delightful ray  
 Is growing faint and tremulous;

## II.

Still hath Imagination power  
 Around our souls a gleam to throw,  
 Which may, at least for one short hour,  
 Chase from our hearts the clouds of woe,  
 And waft us from this scene below,  
 By weak and wearied mortals trod,  
 And bid us taste the streams that flow  
 Throughout the garden of our God.

## III.

Oh! but for her how dry and parched  
 Would seem this Earth on which we move—  
 A dull, dark, flat expanse, o'erarched  
 By tinsel drapery stretched above!

For, oh ! 't is she herself who gives  
The stars their power o'er human hearts,  
And Nature all around us lives  
But in the life which she imparts.

## IV.

Sweet Power ! how oft hath it been thine,  
Amid the dungeon's rayless gloom,  
To make the light of Heaven to shine,  
And all the flowers of Earth to bloom !  
By thy serene and cheering ray,  
There to thy musing son\* 't was given  
To trace the Pilgrim's onward way,  
Through all the snares of Earth, to Heaven.

## V.

'T was thine round Tasso's pensive soul,  
While brooding there o'er many a wrong,  
To bid celestial visions roll,  
And pour the heavenly light of song.  
And Dante, from his home exiled,  
And Petrarch o'er his Laura's grave,  
The bitterness of woe beguiled  
By the deep bliss thy visions gave.

## VI.

The bard divine,† whose outward eye  
In deep and cheerless gloom was sealed,  
Beheld the glorious realms on high,  
To his rapt soul by thee revealed.

\* Bunyan.

† Milton.

Thy purest light, around him poured,  
Gave smiling Eden to his sight ;  
And, led by it, he fearless soared  
To the third Heaven's sublimest height.

## VII.

Thy voice recalls whate'er hath flown,—  
Whate'er hath blessed our happiest hours,  
To cheer our hearts when sad and lone,  
And chase the gloom that round us lowers.  
Thou to our spirits canst restore  
Whate'er the hand of Time destroys ;  
And o'er them floods of joy canst pour,  
Drawn from all past and future joys.

## VIII.

Yet are there whose dull souls deride  
The raptures of thy favoured few,—  
Whose cold and philosophic pride  
Disdains the joys they never knew ;  
But he who, in affliction's hour,  
Hath felt the balm bestowed by thee,  
Reveres thee as a holy Power,  
And ever keeps thy sacred dower  
From Earth's profane pollutions free.

## THE SOLACE OF FRIENDSHIP.

## I.

WITH thoughtful spirit when we gaze  
 On Midnight's deep and glowing sky,  
 Though many a star sends down its rays  
 Upon our calmly musing eye;  
 Yet thou sweet Moon, who shinest nigh,  
 Art lovelier, dearer to our soul,  
 Than all the radiant orbs on high  
 That through the blue empyrean roll.

## II.

Bright suns are there, we know, and each  
 The light and glory of his sphere;  
 Yet, ere their glimmering rays may reach  
 Our dim and distant vision here,  
 Though pure their lustre be and clear,  
 How faint and chill to us it seems!  
 But sweet thine influence is, and dear  
 The smile on thy mild face that beams!

## III.

Afar we view their mystic dance,  
 And faintly hear their choral song,  
 But cold and distant is the glance  
 Bestowed on us by that bright throng  
 We see them gaily glide along,  
 Yet mingle not in all their mirth;  
 But deep the sympathy, and strong  
 The ties that bind thee to our Earth.

## IV.

Even so, when clouds of sorrow roll,  
And tinge with gloom our every thought,—  
When to relieve that night of soul,  
Some cheering ray our heart hath sought,—  
The gleam from mirthful faces caught,  
May some faint light, perchance, impart;  
But sweeter far the solace brought  
By one dear, sympathizing heart.

## V.

Yea, though this world's most glorious ones  
Around us pour their fostering rays,—  
Even they who seem to shine as suns,  
With planets basking in their blaze,  
We draw less pleasure from the praise  
Of flattering multitudes around,  
Than to our soul the smile conveys  
Of one who to our heart is bound.

# LINES WRITTEN IN GALLOWAY,

JULY, 1843.

I SAID my harp should sleep for aye—flung by—a  
useless thing :

I said that thou, my joyous muse, must curb thine  
eager wing ;

I said that I must onward press, my pilgrim path  
along,

Nor cheer me, as in days gone by, with the glad voice  
of song.

Vain thought for him who strays alone o'er this wild,  
martyr land !

I feel a spell upon me here I may not dare withstand.  
If on these scenes that stretch around mine eye un-  
moved should look,

The murmuring streams would speak to me with sadly  
mild rebuke :

For still they seem to whisper, as they sweep their  
pebbled bed,

The names of those who here, of old, for Jesus lived  
and bled ;

And still they seem to image, in their pure and peace-  
ful flow,

The holy lives of those who dwelt beside them long  
ago.

Each rock and cave, each woody holm, preserves their  
memory still ;

There stands for them a monument in every rugged  
hill ;

And yet along the mountain side a lingering echo  
floats, [notes.

Where oft of old their song of praise sent up its joyful

The old familiar voices upon the breezes come,  
And while all nature speaks aloud, shall man alone be  
dumb ?

Ah ! no : nor is his voice unheard ; the same rejoicing  
strain

That gladdened once the wilderness is thrilling there  
again.

'Tis heard by Renwick's simple tomb, amid the green  
Glencairn ;

'Tis heard amid the heathy wilds of lone and drear  
Carsphairn ;

'Tis heard beside the silvery Ken, and by the banks  
of Ayr,

Where Welsh and Guthrie rais'd of old the voice of  
praise and prayer.

'Tis heard beside the rude grey stones\* where oft in  
days of old

The holy convocation met, the sacred feast to hold ;  
Green Anwoth's † heights have heard afar the same  
triumphant song.

And all the echoing rocks around the hallowed strain  
prolong.

\* The communion stones at Irongray.

† Where Samuel Rutherford was for some time minister.



'Tis heard where lie the bones of him who lived to  
preach and pray,\*

And died with prayer upon his lips amid the bloody  
fray ;

'Tis heard where pours the winding Nith, and sweeps  
the placid Dee ;

It mingles with the voice of streams, and with the  
sounding sea.

'Tis heard where'er the memory lives of those whose  
blood was shed

Like water in the glorious cause of Christ, their living  
Head,—

Where'er a fearless soul shakes off the world's debas-  
ing bonds,

And to the known—the thrilling voice of Christ the  
king responds.

'Tis heard from thousand voices now, of stedfast men  
and true,

Where once the scattered remnant met,—the faithful  
but the few :

And still more loud that strain shall swell, though  
hand should join in hand,

From moor to hill—from hill to shore—to drive the  
dauntless band.

Vain thought, that they, whose breasts are warmed with  
blood of martyred sires

Whose voice of praise unsilenced rose 'mid tortures,  
chains, and fires

\* Richard Cameron, of whom it was said that "he lived  
preaching and praying, and died praying and fighting."

Should shrink because the tempest-gloom hangs  
low'ring o'er their path,  
Or quail before the ruder storm of man's relentless  
wrath!

Vain thought that they, whose eyes are fixed in con-  
fidence and love  
On Him who deigned to leave for them His glorious  
home above,  
And for the joy before Him set such bitter anguish  
bore,  
Should fear to tread the roughest path that He has trod  
before!

Ah, no! where'er the Shepherd leads the trusting  
sheep will go,  
Rejoicing still to follow him, because his voice they  
know;  
And pleasant is the path to them, though rugged oft  
it be,  
Where yet the footsteps of the flock are traced along  
the lea.

## THE BATTLE OF DRUMCLOG.

[Supposed to be spoken by a peasant, while standing with his son upon Glaster-Law, Drumclog, where he had been posted as a sentinel, on Sabbath, the 1st of June 1679, while the Covenanters were engaged in worship in the neighbourhood, when Claverhouse led his dragoons from Hamilton to attack them.]

COME here, my son, and stand with me, where forty  
years ago  
I stood upon my lonely watch, against the prowling foe;  
And I will tell of a good fight that on yon field was  
fought,  
And of the great deliverance for the faithful remnant  
wrought.

My step, that then was firm and light, is slow and tot-  
tering now ;  
The snows of age are on my head—its furrows on my  
brow ;  
The ear is dull that then could catch the faintest, furth-  
est sound,  
And dim the eye that keenly roved o'er all the country  
round :

But my heart is fresh as ever, and the picture still re-  
mains  
Graved on my soul, of every spot 'mong all these hills  
and plains.

And though many a later trace is worn from Memory's  
book away,  
Undimmed her record stands of all that passed on that  
bright day.

O still, as on that Sabbath morn, I see from far and near,  
The scattered sheep come trooping forth, their shep-  
herd's voice to hear ;  
And still, as then, I seem to catch the sweet and solemn  
sound  
Of psalms, from where the flock were met, beyond yon  
heathy mound.

Now loud it swells to God our strength, and now it dies  
away ;  
And a low faint whisper steals along, as the people stand  
to pray :  
Scarce can I hear the earnest voice, wherewith the pas-  
tor pleads ;  
And now 'tis lost, as solemnly the Sacred Book he reads.  
But again the voice of psalms peals out ; and again 'tis  
silence all,  
Save when the loud tones reach my ear of the preach-  
er's rousing call.  
" Oh ! hear *that* watchman's trump," methought ; " then  
need ye not to fear,  
Though soon *my* warning voice should tell that threat-  
ning fœs draw near."

Then, in defiance, more than dread, around I cast my  
glance,  
When, far o'er Straven's heights, I saw the men of  
blood advance ;

Whereof when I had signal made, at once I looked to  
see

The flock disperse in silence, and to distant shelter flee.

But far other was their purpose, for their spirits had  
been stirred,

And their hearts aroused to bold resolve, by the reviving  
word.

"Ye've heard the precept," Douglas cried; "'tis time  
for practice now ;"

"One foot we will not flinch," cried all; "Heaven  
witness this our vow :

"Who is this boasting Philistine, that he should dare  
defy

The armies of the living God, whose strength is from  
on high ?

The Lord hath done great things for us, and greater yet  
will do,

For what is it to Him to save by many or by few ?"

Small was the band, and rudely armed, then marshalled  
for the fight.

No burnished helm or hauberk there flashed back the  
dazzling light ;

No drum rolled out its call to arms ; no trump its war-  
note pealed ;

No blood-red banner proudly waved, to lead them to the  
field ;

But calmly rose the voice of psalms, and floated far  
away,

'Mid the yet unbroken silence of the peaceful Sabbath-  
day :

And their snow-white flag was like the bloom that some  
frail stem adorns,  
Emblem of Christ's meek, suffering bride—the lily  
'mong the thorns.

I saw them trooping on their way ; I heard their joyful  
song.

" Now be the Lord our shield," I cried ; " the Lord in  
battle strong ! "

Then downward from this height I sped, to join the  
faithful band,

For well I weened that day had work for every willing  
hand.

With sturdy step to yonder spot, our fearless way we took,  
Where gently slopes the mossy ground towards a slug-  
gish brook :

While, with our wives and little ones, the sires with  
silvery hair

Up on yon mount, like Moses, stood, to lift their hands  
in prayer.

Along yon slope our bands were ranged—true men and  
trusty all,

By Cleland and by Burleigh led, by Hackston and by  
Hall ;

While Hamilton from rank to rank his gallant presence  
showed,

Exhorting all, and cheering, as along our front he rode.

Loud rose our song to Him whose arm is more than  
shield or spear,

When now we saw fell Clavers, with his blood-hounds,  
drawing near ;

He little thought when he set out to hunt his wonted prey,  
That he should find no timid bind, but a bold stag at bay.

Then he, who ne'er had mercy on the helpless or the weak,  
Was fain to send his flag of truce, and fain for peace to seek ;  
But we would not be deluded by his oily words of guile,  
For well we knew his blackest frown was better than his smile.

We sought not man's compassion, but we cried for help  
from Heaven ;  
We asked the Lord to guard us, and His gracious aid  
was given ;  
The clouds of battle lowered and flashed, and many a  
trooper fell,  
But scarce a bolt wrought scath on us, He shielded us  
so well.

We bowed a moment as they fired, and baulked their  
first attack ;  
Their blood flowed fast, as rank by rank, we rose and  
paid them back ;  
They fetched a compass round our flank, and hand to  
hand we strove ;  
Half that assailing band we slew, and half to flight we  
drove.

The tug was fierce and furious, when we heard a loud  
" huzza ;"  
" 'Twas gallant Nisbet riding in hot haste to join the fray.  
" Ho ! who will cross the brook," he cried, " and charge  
the foe with me ? "  
" All ! all ! " cried Burleigh, " we will make one deadly  
charge with thee."

Then onward o'er the marsh we pushed, and plunged  
and struggled through.

His bristling ranks, as we advanced, black Clavers round  
him drew.

Like two dark clouds with thunder charged, that burst  
with wrathful sound,

We closed, while poured the crimson rain upon the  
soaking ground.

Into the midmost of the foe the dauntless Burleigh  
pressed,

Where, floating on the surge of war, gleamed Clavers'  
snowy crest.

As melts the breaking billows' foam, that crest was torn  
and tossed,

And like a spent and ebbing wave fled Clavers with his  
host.

When men rose up against us, had not God been on our  
side

The waters had gone over us, high swelling in their  
pride :

Blessed be He who gave us not to their fierce wrath a  
prey,

For when the floods lift up their voice, He mightier  
is than they.

*Drumclog, 1846.*



## THE MARTYRDOM OF THE MARQUIS OF ARGYLL.

WITHIN a gloomy prison cell, where felons wont to be,  
There sits a gentle lady ; Oh ! sad and pale is she !  
A Bible lies before her, and her tears bedew its leaves ;  
And many a look to Heaven she turns, and many a sigh  
she heaves.

And now she bends upon her knees, and breathes an  
earnest prayer  
That God would turn the hearts of men, her husband  
dear to spare ;  
For they have had him from this cell, in yonder hall  
to stand,  
And plead his cause, for life or death, before a perjured  
band.

Once for the truth, these recreant lords contended by  
his side,  
But when iniquity prevailed, they floated with the tide ;  
And now they seek to crush the man who will not base-  
ly bend,  
Nor traitorously abjure the cause he gloried to defend.  
But, hark ! a sound of coming steps ! harsh grates the  
turning key !  
Creaks on its hinge the opening door ! 'Tis he, at last,  
'tis he !  
Scarce can she speak, so sinks her heart 'neath strug-  
gling hope and fear,  
But earnestly she looks on him, intent his words to hear

With eye serene and cheerful mien he meets her  
 anxious gaze ;

And " let God's will be done, " with calm unfaltering  
 voice he says :—

" A few brief hours I am with thee, and then I go to  
 Heaven ;

Then, dearest, let us make for it, while time on earth is  
 given."

" God will require it at their hands," the weeping lady  
 cries,

Tears flow from all around, but calm the martyr thus  
 replies,

" Forbear, forbear, I pity them ; they know not what  
 they do :

They cannot sever me from God, nor hide him from my  
 view.

" As pleased am I that, while they hold this body in  
 their power,

This cell should be my dwelling as the Castle or the  
 Tower ;

Yea welcome shall the scaffold be as any of them all,  
 For there I soon shall burst their bands, and loose me  
 from their thrall !"

Draw near, ye heralds of the cross, this setting sun to  
 watch ;

The words of wisdom from the lips of this true witness  
 catch.

" I've prayed the Lord to strengthen me ; and though  
 my heart be frail,

Yet mark me now if faithless fears shall o'er me e'er pre-  
 vail.

" Weep not for me. Oh ! some of you, ere many days  
be o'er,  
Will wish to be at rest with him who now goes on  
before.  
But watch, and be ye clean who bear the vessels of the  
Lord,  
For o'er this land shall be outstretched the persecutor's  
sword.

" One choice alone remains to you, to suffer or to  
sin.  
Choose now the course that you would hold, and so  
your race begin :  
For, though in part you follow with the men of these  
dark times,  
You still must bear their malice, if you share not *all*  
their crimes :

" And if you follow not at all, their anger cannot burn  
More fierce than if you follow now, and seek at last to  
turn.  
Strive not to serve two masters, for both you cannot  
please ;  
Nor think to make the way to bliss a path of earthly  
ease."

Alone with God he communes, as the hour of doom  
draws near ;  
Then mingles with his friends again. " And now, my  
Lord, what cheer ?"  
" Good cheer," he says ; " for I have heard my Father's  
voice from Heaven,  
Confirming still his precious words, ' Thy sins are all  
forgiven.' "

Again he speaks, while tears of joy flow down his manly  
cheek,

" 'Tis His kindness overcomes me; yet, because He knows  
me weak,

He lets not all the glory out, that yet shall be revealed  
When I shall quit this vale of tears, and faith to sight  
shall yield.

" Come, then, for Death has lost his sting; to welcome  
him I go.

Can he who comes to bear me home be counted for a  
foe?

I could meet him like a Roman, with defiance in mine  
eye,

But rather like a Christian, would I meekly choose to die.

" He who goes first goes cleanliest; then give me joy,  
my friends,

That I am taken from the ill that o'er the land impends."

"And I," says gentle Guthrie, "soon with thee in bliss  
shall be;

But that my own death-doom is sealed, I fain would die  
for thee."

Encompassed now with sorrowing crowds the fearless  
martyr stands,

Adjuring still to faithfulness these covenanted lands.

His latest prayer is breathed,—his hand the fatal sign  
has given,

His precious dust to dust returns—his joyful soul to  
Heaven.

## JESUS WEEPING OVER JERUSALEM.

JOHN xii. 9-18. LUKE xii. 36-44.

'Tis the time when Salem gathers  
 All her favoured children round,  
 Praising Him who freed their fathers,  
 Long in sorest thralldom bound.  
 'Tis the holy convocation  
 By the Lord ordained of old ;  
 And the bless'd and chosen nation  
 Come, their yearly feast to hold.

There, among the mingling masses  
 Thronging to that sacred scene,—  
 Hark ! from lip to lip it passes,  
 " Jesus comes—the Nazarene !  
 He who bade the soul departed  
 Seek its earthly house again,—  
 At whose voice to life have started  
 They who in the grave had lain."

Like the heaving waves of ocean,  
 By the inconstant breezes stirred,  
 Thrills each breast with strange emotion,  
 Roused as by a magic word.  
 Like the billows proudly roaring,  
 So the crowds, with joy elate,  
 In one swelling tide are pouring  
 From the sacred city's gate.

Like the voice of many waters,  
Like the deep-resounding sea,  
Israel's joyful sons and daughters  
Raise the song of jubilee ;  
" Blessed be the King for ever,—  
He who, in Jehovah's name,  
Comes, his people to deliver  
From their bondage and their shame."

Such the sounds around Him ringing  
From the glad, exulting bands :  
Compassed thus with mirth and singing,  
On mount Olivet He stands.  
From the heavens, serenely beaming,  
Gladsome light around Him falls :  
Spire and dome are yonder gleaming,  
And the temple's marble walls.

" Now exult, ye towers of Zion !  
Cast away your weeds of woe !  
See approaching Judah's Lion,  
Soon to vanquish every foe !  
Soon shall all the chosen nation,  
In one loud, triumphant song,  
Swell the joyful acclamation  
Raised by this rejoicing throng !

" Well may He, who long in sadness  
O'er His blinded people mourned,  
Share in this exulting gladness,  
Now no more refused and scorned ! "  
Hush ! and cease thy idle dreaming ;  
E'er a few short days be passed,  
This glad scene, so bright in seeming,  
Shall with clouds be all o'ercast.

Mark the sorrow, deep and holy,  
Sitting on the Saviour's brow !  
Seemed He e'er more sad, more lowly,  
More in grief absorbed than now ?  
These glad sounds, in rapture swelling,  
He can hear already changed  
Into savage groans and yelling  
From the bands around Him ranged.

For these songs of exultation,  
Bursting all around Him thus,  
He can hear the imprecation,  
" Be His blood required of us."  
'Mid the sunshine calmly flooding  
Tower and temple, spire and dome,  
He can see the tempest brooding,  
Of the wrath that is to come.

O'er that proud, apostate nation,  
He can see th' uplifted rod,  
Soon to smite with tribulation  
These despisers of their God.  
Sacred though these towers and regal,  
He even now foresees the day  
When proud Rome's descending eagle  
Low in dust their pomp shall lay.

Thus the gloom of woes impending  
Darkens o'er the Saviour's soul,  
And, while shouts the air are rending,  
Clouds of sorrow o'er Him roll.  
Thus futurity, unfolding,  
O'er His spirit darkly sweeps ;  
And, that hallowed scene beholding,  
Crowds rejoice, but Jesus—weeps !

Weeps he thus, in anguish brooding  
O'er the woes He soon must bear ?  
Wakes yon hill a dark foreboding  
Of the pangs that wait Him there ?  
Is the thought that wounds and grieves Him,  
Bidding these sad tears to flow,  
That His chosen few shall leave Him,  
In His hour of deepest woe ?

No ! though men reject, deride Him,  
While forsaken of His own,  
Yet the Father is beside Him,  
And He cannot be alone.  
None of these things e'er can move Him,  
Death or torture, shame or pain,  
If the Father's voice approve Him,  
If the Father's love sustain.

But that Father too shall bruise Him,  
And shall hide His face awhile ;  
Wrathful Justice shall refuse Him,  
On the cross His Father's smile.  
Is it then this darkest, deepest,  
Deadliest woe that prompts thy fears ?  
Is it therefore that thou weepest,  
Blessed Lord, these bitter tears ?

No, ah ! no, 'tis by a token,  
Darker, more portentous yet,  
*That* sore anguish must be spoken, —  
By the Garden's bloody sweat.  
Never shall thy soul be shaken  
By the wrath of Earth or Hell :  
By the *Father's* smile forsaken,  
*Tears* could not thine anguish tell.



Wherefore then this lamentation ?  
Wherefore flow these tears of thine ?  
Is it for the desolation,  
Coming on yon glorious shrine ?  
Is it that yon tower and temple  
To the ground shall be o'erthrown,  
And the ruthless foe shall trample  
O'er the ruins crushed and strown ?

No ! though ties most pure and tender,  
Link Jerus'lem to thy heart,—  
Though her consecrated splendour  
Speaks of more than human art,—  
Though full many a recollection  
To thy soul her dust endears,  
Yet not hence thy deep dejection ;  
'Tis not this that moves thy tears.

Though her towers, sublime and hoary,  
Soon be levelled with the plain,  
Yet, in more than pristine glory,  
She may rear her head again ;  
But her faithless sons and daughters,  
Who, despising thus their day,  
By remorseless strifes and slaughters,  
Shall so soon be swept away,—

When they raise the voice of wailing,  
'Mid eternal darkness chained,  
Ah ! to them how unavailing,  
That the city they profaned,  
By the curse no longer blighted,  
From its ruins shall arise,  
While the light they scorned and slighted  
Never more shall cheer their eyes !

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