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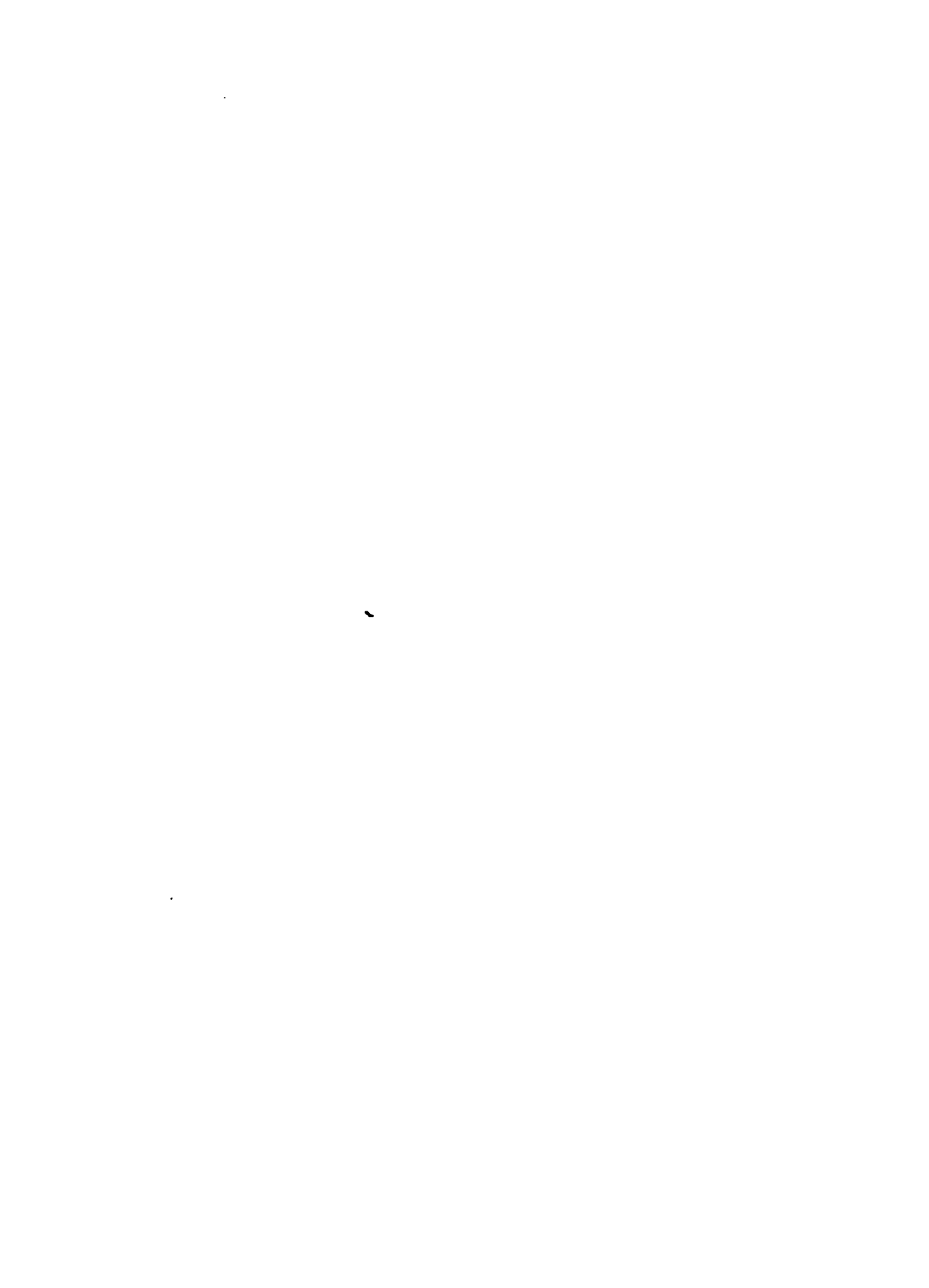
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CRAIG PHADRIC,

Inverness

VISIONS OF SENSIBILITY,

WITH

LEGENDARY TALES,

AND

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

By DAVID CAREY,

AUTHOR OF THE "REIGN OF FANCY," "PLEASURES OF NATURE,"
&c. &c. &c.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

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1811.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

FRANCIS LORD SEAFORTH.



MY LORD,

As every Work which treats of that part of the country wherein your Lordship's extensive domains are situate, and to the prosperity of which your Lordship has so materially contributed, must connect the name of LORD SEAFORTH with whatever has the advancement of taste and the interests of the Highlands of Scotland for its object, I take the liberty of

dedicating this volume to your Lordship ; and in doing this I feel a considerable degree of pride and satisfaction from the well founded hope that, in whatever light these pages may be viewed by others, they will meet with an indulgent, though a discerning, critic in your Lordship.

I have the honour to be,

With the profoundest respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

Few observations, it is presumed, are necessary by way of Preface to the following Poems. If any preliminary remark be requisite, it should be such as might induce the Reader to view with a favourable eye an attempt to perform a self-imposed task, by no means easy of execution—to delineate with the hand of a Poet, and the pen of a Historian, an extensive and highly romantic district, comprehending the scenes of many remarkable events hitherto but indistinctly pointed out, or inaccurately narrated; and now exhibiting a very different aspect from what it bore in former times; a district which, perhaps, more than any other in the kingdom, presents a train of pleasing and splendid examples of industry in a class of people formerly not remarkable for possessing that quality, and of well directed attention in the Proprietors, whose exertions have happily been at length called forth with success in the improvement of their native land. To these are to be added the beneficial results arising from the beneficence of Government, which by the great works it has completed, and is still completing, throughout the Highlands of Scotland, has not a little fostered the interests of the empire at large. To give, therefore, in a small compass, a picture of the past and present state of a part of the country so deserving of attention, and to bestow the meed of praise where praise is so justly due, is the intention of the poem

entitled **CRAIG PHADRIC**, and of the Notes which accompany it. If, from such a contrasted view of the state of the Highlands, any conclusion may be drawn favourable to the encouragement of that love of country so intimately blended with happiness, which the good possess, and the Patriot ever strives to cherish in the minds of a people, (and how much of the happiness of human life springs from contrast!) an object of still greater importance will be attained. The Muses who have of late years made rural life their theme, have laboured too long and too zealously, perhaps too successfully, to augment the causes of discontent among a numerous class of society, and to unnerve the arm of industry where its most strenuous efforts are necessary to the comfort of the whole community. Let the most querulous of these writers, or any inhabitant of the Highlands who has imbibed a portion of dissatisfaction respecting the means of happiness to be found upon his native soil, and its capability of improvement, let such look upon the prospect here described, and the change which has recently been effected by the hand of industry, and if they can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say "'tis all barren," how much are such persons to be pitied! how much have they yet to learn respecting the path which leads to the dwellings of prosperity and content! The author of this volume has not the vanity to suppose that any production of his may serve the purpose of even a finger post upon such a road; but if one Muse has led astray, another ought, for the honour of truth, at least to endeavour to point out the proper tract: and to twine a wreath for the brow of meritorious individuals is the Muse's peculiar province; such as she has here attempted to twine—not for the destroying brands of ambition, but for the peaceful improvers of their native country; such as Cincinnatus was solicitous to earn, and gave a lustre to the imperial diadem of Maximilian. No author ought to be a

stranger to his subject, but the present writer has to confess, what perhaps will appear but too evident, that he is not a native of that part of the country which he attempts to describe, and is but little acquainted with its ancient and still existing language, consequently is not possessed of that information regarding many subjects connected with those he has chosen for his theme, which such an acquisition must furnish; but if industry and a *love* of his subject, which are equally necessary in an author, can supply such deficiency, he is not without hope that his labours in a department so new to him, will be favourably accepted, and his errors, though they be many, indulgently forgiven.

The Poem entitled VISIONS OF SENSIBILITY may be regarded as a more free and extended exemplification of the feelings which must naturally arise in minds of sensibility upon beholding the works of nature, or in contemplating cases where our sympathies are excited by other circumstances, and where the imagination is called into play by the wishes of the heart. Views of human life, therefore, in various situations, together with such scenes as tend to awaken the fancy, and interest the heart in the cause of taste, virtue, and human happiness, make up the subjects treated of in that Poem. The world, it must be allowed, has too many objects calculated to awaken Sensibility, and draw the tear of sorrow from the most obdurate eye, but it has also landscapes bright with the sun-shine of innocent pleasure, in which the mind participates with a lively feeling of enjoyment. To the admirers, then, of natural and moral beauty, whose contemplations are always the sources of endless gratification, because they are pure, and who cherish virtuous feeling because it is the parent of happiness, this poem is particularly addressed.—If there are any who shall regard these effusions as the reveries of morbid melancholy, it is only necessary to say, that such persons are very much mistaken, and that they make a

very erroneous estimate of the extent and nature of that pleasure which springs from the reflections of a cultivated mind.

The smaller Pieces in this volume are a species of wild flowers gathered with no great degree of care pretty near the bottom of the Muses' hill. Some of these have before appeared in print, but rather in an imperfect state, which the publication of the present volume has given the author an opportunity of correcting to the best of his judgment.

Upon the whole, though the author, like some other writers, who make a parade of the pains and difficulties attending the compilation of their works, for the purpose of inducing the Reader to overlook faults, and speak only in the gentle language of commendation, has ventured to hint that the track which he has been treading has not in all places been smooth and free from difficulty, yet it must be allowed that it has already been productive of no small degree of pleasure. It was an observation of a miser, upon being told on his death-bed that his son, who was a youth of *Taste*, would soon run through the dear lov'd hoard he was about to leave him, that "if he experienced as much pleasure in spending it as his father had enjoyed in collecting it, the precious ore would not be scattered in vain;" in like manner should the Reader feel as much pleasure in *running through* these pages as the author has experienced in writing them, it is presumed he will think neither his time nor his money mispent, and the Work will have completely answered the purpose for which it was intended. That he may not have to reproach himself or the author for the misapplication of either, is the sincere wish of the Reader's most obedient humble servant,

D. C.

INVERNESS, Sept. 17th. 1811.

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July 14th 1811

very erroneous estimate of the extent and nature of that pleasure which springs from the reflections of a cultivated mind.

The smaller Pieces in this volume are a species of wild flowers gathered with **CONTENTS** near the bottom of the Mount. vint, but represent vo-

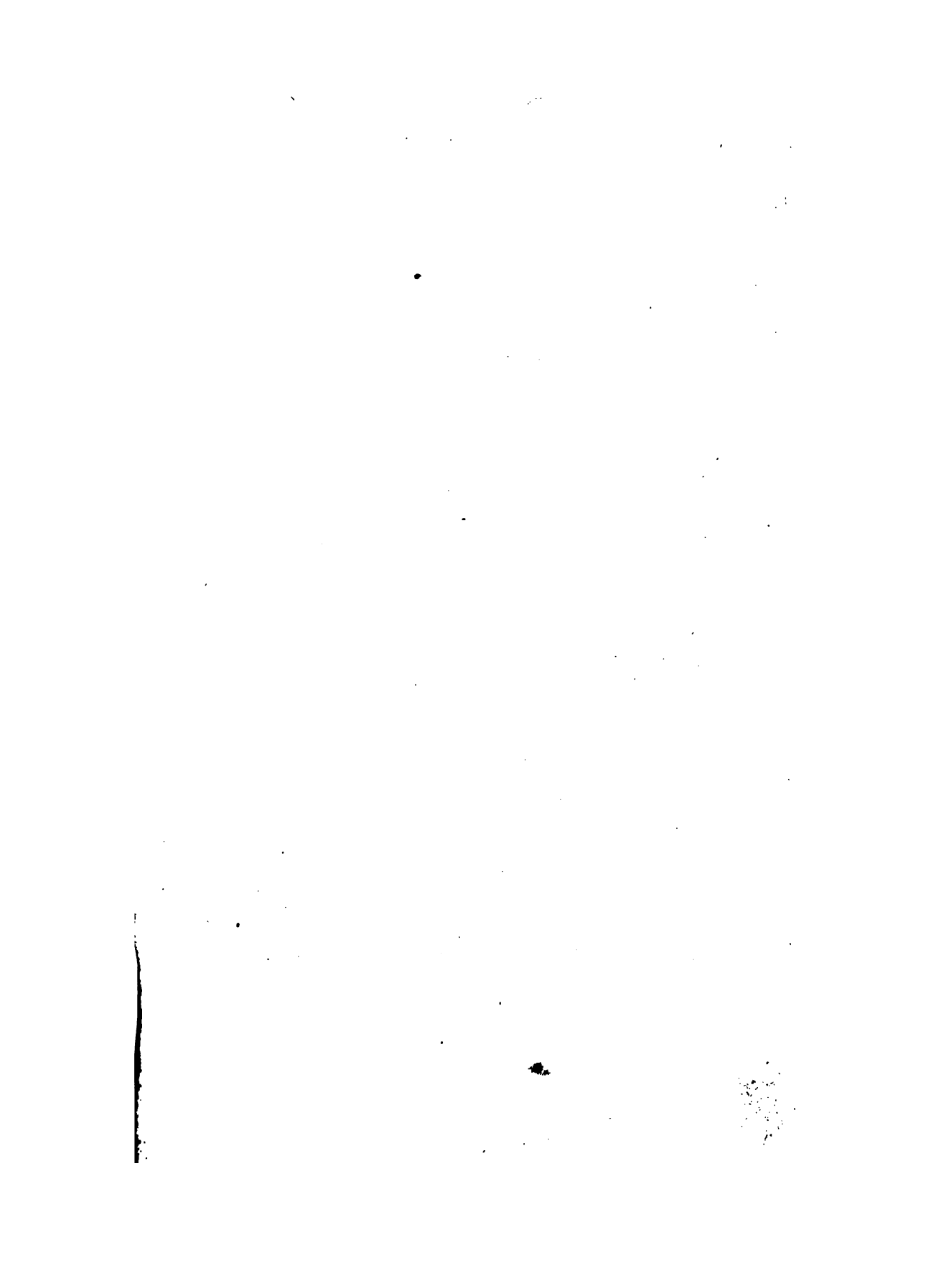
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ARGUMENT OF PART I.

The Poem commences with a cursory view of the scenery in the immediate neighbourhood of Inverness as beheld on a vernal morning from the summit of Craig Phadric. Hence the subject suggests itself as well to the imagination as to the eye of the Poet, by affording a review of objects and events celebrated in history, rendered interesting by the traditions connected therewith, or attractive in themselves by the appearance they exhibit on the face of nature. For the purpose of giving a more animated and poetical picture of the country in the early periods of its history, an attempt is made to describe an invasion of the Danes—the alarm posts—and method of arousing the inhabitants. This gives occasion for allusions to the monuments of still more remote times and the warlike spirit of the ancient Caledonians. Macbeth having, as is believed, signalized himself in an exploit of this kind, is introduced as repelling the foe. Hence the story of his usurpation—the Weird Sisters—and the motives which actuated the conduct of this powerful Chief and his ambitious Consort to assassinate King Duncan in the Castle of Inverness. Reflections suggested by this event, and the retributive justice of Heaven—Parallel between Macbeth and Bonaparte—The regal palace at Inverness destroyed, and its site now only pointed out by the hand of tradition—Brief sketch of the state of the Highlands consequent upon changing the seat of Government—Origin of the Clan-Chattan—and their efforts to repel the encroachments of more powerful Clans—Massacre of the M'Donalds of the Isles at Drumderfuit, near Inverness—Battle of Clachnaharry, of Blar-nan-lein, or Cean-Loch Lochie—of Glenlevit—Aultdearn. Vale of Glence,—Episode illustrative of the character of the times—Battle of Culloden—and the emigrations of the Highlanders to America, which shortly after took place—Reflections suggested by the subject.

CRAIG PHADRIC.

PART I.

WHILE reddening Phœbus climbs CRAIG PHADRIC's * brow,
And streams his light on fields and waves below,
Where long Canals uprear their verdant sides,
And KESSOCK rolls his congregated tides—
Labour's light sons, and barks with streamers gay,
And fleecy flocks, all jocund in the ray—
Here, 'mid surrounding hills that rise to meet
Th' ethereal dew, and court the sun-beam sweet ;
Here where the rampart, vitrified, sublime,
Brav'd the rude ravages of War and Time ;
Where now the wild bee sips the rathe perfume,
And lambkins sport amid the yellow broom,

*The hill, or rock, of CRAIG PHADRIC is situate nearly a mile west of the town of Inverness. It forms the eastern extremity of that range of elevated country which is interposed between Loch Ness and the river Beaully. The elevation of Craig Phadric above the sea is 510 feet, as ascertained by Barometrical measurement. Dr. Robertson, in his Agricultural Survey of Inverness-shire, states it to be 1150. It commands an extensive prospect along the shores of the Moray Firth, as far eastward as Burghead, (the *Alata Castra* of the Romans,) more than 40 miles distant, and a considerable extent of country northward; overlooks the Peninsula of the Black Isle, and the vales of the Ness, the Beaully, and the Conan. The summit of this rock exhibits evident traces of ancient fortification, and is one of the most celebrated of those objects which have of late attracted much notice under the name of vitrified forts. *The ensiente at*

While many a vernal flower of humble birth
 Decks the green borders of the peaceful firth,
 Here let me mark fair Scotia's mountain reign,
 And teach the Doric Muse a bolder strain.

Poetic fields! I trace your honour'd round,
 Nor vainly think I tread on Classic ground :
 For whatsoever of magic charm pertains
 To scenes that bind the captive soul in chains,
 Rapt where her tear and heart's warm sigh are won,
 Where Bards have dwelt, or valorous deeds been done,
 To you belongs, ye Vales and waving Woods,
 Ye celebrated Hills, and far fam'd Floods.
 Though fairer scenes have caught my wandering eye,
 That bask, like Hope, beneath a brighter sky,

top is of an oblong or elliptical figure, about 220 feet in length, and nearly half as broad. It is surrounded with a rampart of earth and loose stone, parts whereof appear in many places to have been agglomerated together by fire. On the East, West, and South sides, the rock is precipitous, and descends on the North with three successive and lower summits to the village of Clachmaharry, at the mouth of the Caledonian Canal. On the last mentioned side of the fort there appears to have been some outworks calculated, probably, for the greater security of the gate. An exterior rampart, or line of vitrification, is likewise perceptible on the East side, but does not seem to have extended round the whole of the hill.

From the vast masses of vitrified matter which this and several other hills in the neighbourhood exhibit, it has been imagined by some that the whole were of volcanic origin, and that these ramparts were, in fact, masses of lava; others, and in particular Williams, in his Natural History of the Mineral Kingdom, have supposed that this was a particular species of military architecture, employed in preference to, or perhaps anterior to the use of lime-mortar. In support of this opinion, it has been alleged, that two parallel walls being formed of turf or other combustible matter, the intermediate space was filled with such stones as were

Ah! ne'er methinks the flowers of joy have smil'd
 So sweet as those which deck this fragrant wild,
 As up CRAIG PHADRIC'S woody steep sublime,
 Like Fame's eternal heights, I fondly climb,
 Where, pleased, I mark, in various hues array'd,
 An amphitheatre of objects spread ;
 While Fancy's art and History's page recal
 Events that sleep beneath Oblivion's pall.
 Ah! bloomy Hills, and Vales of jocund song !
 Where peaceful Culture drives his team along,
 Not always thus from cruel uproar far
 Ye slept unconscious of the din of war;

known to be easily fusible, and the whole set on fire. A wall or rampart would be thereby formed equally indestructible by any kind of artillery then known, as by the still more powerful hand of time. As this, however, seems an operation of greater nicety than could be expected among a savage people in the formation of a regular structure, it has been maintained on the other hand that the vitrification is merely accidental; in consequence of the destruction of the original building by fire, which was the most common mode of besieging a strong hold employed among barbarous nations. That the vitrification was accidental seems indeed highly probable, for in no instance can we trace a complete structure formed of vitrified matter. Indeed no opinion seems more entitled to credit than this. These hills were the appointed stations on which to kindle fires for alarming the country in the event of an invasion. A line of telegraphic communication of this kind can be traced through most of the northern parts of the island. To convey information, these fires must have been constantly rekindled in the same place and order; and it is probable that a variety of information could be conveyed in this way; such as a single fire for a single ship—two or more for several—and a line of fire for a fleet. The stones that were used to keep these fires within bounds would undoubtedly, if of a fusible nature, soon give way to the repeated application, and might in time produce all the appearances we now see. This is the opinion of a gentleman of distinction in this neighbourhood, who has examined many of these

Not always thus at dawn and evening's close
 The valley's lily and the mountain rose
 Oped their fair bosoms to the beauteous sky,
 Unstain'd by murder's everlasting dye.

Where countless themes appear, to which belong
 Immortal fame, what first demands the song?
 O! as the eye of Fancy, backward cast,
 Pierces the dim pavillion of the past,
 What visionary forms unfold afar
 The blazing pomp and revelry of war?
 Hark! from on high the shell's arousing chime
 Peals the loud voice of Scotia's elder time,—
 Hear it, ye Hills! while through your midnight haze
 From steep to steep your answering war-fires blaze.

forts very carefully, and who it is to be hoped will soon communicate his observations to the public.

Craig Phadric is undoubtedly well situated for an *area speculatoria*, or beacon-fort of this kind. It seems to have been the centre of the system. On the North we have in view Knockfarrel, on the Valley of Strathpeffer above Dingwall, and several others in Ross-shire—up the Beauly, the *Dun*, or Castle of Reindown; Dun Evan on the East, near Calder, (not vitrified, so called from *Evan* a Danish Prince who, tradition says, was killed while besieging it, and who lies buried there.) The Dunmore of Daviot, to the South; and Duudardail on the South West, on the Side of Loch Ness at the influx of the Farigag, from the bank of which it rises with a precipitous front of 430 yards perpendicular, and from which a succession of these forts continues the line to Fort William and into Argyll. The rock of Craig Phadric is a pudding-stone, or breccia, in which there is a considerable quantity of felspar, and other matter, that soon gives way to fire. Knockfarrel and Duudardail are of a similar description.

Craig Phadric, or Peter's Rock, as the name signifies, has been most accurately explored by Mr. Fraser Tytler, now Lord Woodhouselee, the result of whose researches are published in the 2d vol. of the *Philosophical Transaction of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*.

Bright on DUNDARBAIL's height the faggots beam,
 While high KNOCKFARREL's fiery ensigns stream ;
 No lovely star of night, no moon's faint glow
 Has flush'd, MEALFOURVONIE!* thy reddening brow,
 But fires of death thy shadowy vesture stain,
 And columns gleaming to the Western main
 Foretel the danger nigh †.—Anon, sublime
 DUNEVAN flames, and lights the eastern clime.
 Where rest the brave who own their country's call ?
 The War-horn sounds—Arouse ye, one and all !
 Lo ! where DRUMDERFAIT's ‡ airy beacons show
 Close at his winding foot the lurking foe,

* The lofty mountain of MEALFOURVONIE, (*i. e.* *hill of the cold lump*.) in the Parish of Urquhart, rises almost perpendicular in one uniform face from the Lake on the south east side to the height of 3060 feet. On the other side rises a round rocky peak, about a fifth part higher than the general elevation of the mountain. The prospect from the summit of this peak is highly interesting. The view is chiefly extended in the course of east and west, commanding an extent from the environs of Fort George nearly to Fort William. The whole expanse of Loch Ness, stretching below, appears at such a distance as to suggest the idea of a narrow ditch deep sunk within steep banks. The distant horizon from the west, round over the north, is bounded by the mountains through Ross and Sutherland to the shores of Caithness. The peak itself may be descried by the mariner immediately on his clearing Kinnaird's Head, where the Moray Firth is lost in the German Ocean. Notwithstanding it is a most commanding station, and must consequently have frequently been used as an alarm post, Mealfourvonic exhibits no traces of vitrification.

† We find the custom of kindling fires upon high places as a signal of distress so far back as the days of Jeremiah. "Blow the trumpet in Tekoa, set up a sign of fire in Beth-haccerem; for evil appeareth out of the north, and great destruction." Chap. vi. 1.

‡ DRUMDERFAIT, *Druim deur*, or the *Ridge of Tears*, on the north side of the Kessock, at its entrance. For an account of a most sanguinary massacre of the invading Islanders which took place at this spot, see subsequent note.

There, while his felon eyes your creeks explore,
 Rides the proud VIKINGUR * from LOCHLIN'S shore.
 But check thy swelling sails, thou Ocean King !
 And cower in midnight shades thy raven wing ;

* Commonly spelt VIKINGR. Danish rovers, or pirates, by whom the eastern and western coasts of Scotland were often annoyed. The first serious attack of the Danes was made on Ireland, and vigorously repulsed during the year 812. They however obtained considerable establishments in various parts of that kingdom, from which they were the more enabled to annoy the western shores of Scotland, which then became the objects of their attack and plunder ; while from their native havens they had an easy passage to the eastern shores of that devoted country. The frith of Moray in particular, the river Tay, and the Forth, offered these predatory warriors attractive harbours, and fertile fields, with still more precious spoils furnished by the Royal seats, religious houses, &c. The Danish power in North Britain was crushed by Malcolm II. in a fierce conflict at Mortlich, near Fochabers, in the year 1010. Notwithstanding his triumphs over the common foe, the vigorous reign of Malcolm could not pass away without the horrors of civil conflict. FINLEGH, the Maormor, or Ruler of Ross, and the father of the celebrated MACBETH, together with GILCOLMGAIN, the Maormor of Moray, having headed separate rebellions, fell each a sacrifice to the vengeance of their irritated Sovereign, who, according to Boece, Buchanan, and Lesley, was also the father-in-law of Finlegh, the latter having married Doada, the daughter of Malcolm. Though this Monarch, whose crimes as well as his virtues were many, died shortly after without feeling the point of the dirk, or the poison of the bowl, revenge never sheathed her sword until she avenged the fall of Finlegh, who, at the commencement of the eleventh century, carried on a vigorous war in defence of his country against the incursions of that powerful vikingr, Sigurd, the Earl of Orkney and Caithness. These invasions were continued by the sons of Sigurd, Earls of Orkney, assisted by their brother pirates the Danes, in the days of Macbeth, and of the "gracious Duncan," the grandson of Malcolm II. who was now to expiate by his blood his grand-father's cruelty, and his great grand-father's crimes. The latter, Kenneth III. son of Malcolm I. attempted to change the old mode of succession, by the murder of Princes who stood before his son, whilst Kenneth IV. who was reigning lawfully, was slain by Malcolm II. at the battle of Monivaird. Kenneth left a son, who appears

Ah! shun the land, where at each step appear
The eternal Cairns* that mark th' Invader's bier.

to have been unable to contend with the slayer of his father, but who dying, left a son and daughter to inherit his pretensions, and avenge his wrongs. This son, however, was slain in 1033, by one of the last orders of Malcolm. The daughter was the Lady Gruoch who married for her first husband the before mentioned Gilcolmgain, the Maormor of Moray, the father of her son Lulach, and who, by the cruel orders of Malcolm, was burnt in his *Rath*, or Castle, along with fifty of his friends. For her second husband she married the never-to-be-forgotten Macbeth. The Lady Gruoch had, therefore, with great strength of character, the most afflictive injuries rankling at her heart; a grand-father dethroned and slain, her brother murdered, her husband and friends burnt by the unrelenting mandates of the jealous Malcolm, and herself and son fugitives on the earth: and surely these were injuries sufficient to fill her, as Shakespeare says, "from the crown to the toe top full of the direst cruelty." Having fled into Ross, then ruled by Macbeth, she was espoused by him, who thus became Maormor of Moray, during the infancy of Lulach. If therefore Macbeth was, added to this, as we are assured by Boece and Lesley, the son of Doda, a daughter of Malcolm II. he might well enter into competition for the crown with Duncan, the grandson of Malcolm; and we thus perceive that he "wanted no spur to prick the sides of his intent."

Fiction represents this period as disturbed by some rebellion; possibly the sons of Sigurd may, as Mr. Chalmers in his *Caledonia*, from which I have collected most of the above particulars, poetically expresses it, have "tried their young pinions as eaglet vikings, and soared for prey along the shores of the Moray Firth, while the Maormor of that district was yet an infant." As however the rebellion of Macdonald, from the Western Isles, as feigned by Shakespeare, is mere fable, and as that which is reported to have at this time disturbed the tranquillity of the kingdom, and for the quelling of which Macbeth is said to have obtained the peculiar favour of King Duncan, could not have been, as some have ignorantly asserted it was, the rebellion of Gilcolmgain who was burnt by the orders of Malcolm; and also as the hostile descents made on the kingdom must have come with much greater force from the Norwegian shores than from those of Orkney, whose vikings were now weak and divided, I have ventured to ascribe to Macbeth not the triumph over a petty Chieftain, but the honour of checking the last effort of a powerful enemy to establish himself on our shores, and of overturning for ever the *Norwegian banner* which flouted the sky so often and with such havoc along the coasts of Scotland, In short I am in-

Attest, ye mouldering Urns by Beaul's wave
 That frequent point the hapless Warrior's grave ;
 And ye that on *Drimashie's* † ridge proclaim
 The foes defeat and Fingal's deathless name ;

clined to believe there was no revolt, in the time of Duncan, in the West-
 ern Isles, for this obvious reason, that the Hebrides then belonged not to
 Scotland but to Norway. Lochlin is the name which the ancient Cale-
 donians gave to Norway, or Scandinavia in general.

* Amongst the antiquities of the district under review, the Cairns, or
 heaps of stones, which are to be met with in so many places, are not a
 little entitled to attention. Those which come more immediately under
 consideration in this place are the Cairns on the Firth of Beaul. These
 are numerous, but two are much larger than the rest. One is oppositē
 to Redcastle, and the other about two miles above the ferry of Kessoek,
 and may be distinctly seen above the surface of the water during ebb tide.
 In some of those which are accessible, beams of wood have been found ;
 in others urns and human bones, which, together with many concurr-
 ing circumstances, leaves no doubt that the spot where they are situatē
 was at one period dry ground, and that they have been used as cemetē-
 ries for those who have fallen in battle, chiefly, no doubt, for the invading
 Danes, whose fate our ancestors may have been anxious to point out. The
 supposition entertained by some that they may have been dwellings
 of the living, who, by the sudden encroachments of the sea, may have
 met a watery grave, is not supported by any thing like historical datē.
 That they were intended to secure the ashes of departed friends from the
 ravages of ravenous beasts is more probable. The practice, however, of
 raising the grey stone over the graves of the valiant dead, as well to
 perpetuate their fame as to preserve their remains from insult, was of
 very remote antiquity, as we learn from Ossian. *Cairdb mi clach ar
 do charn*—"I shall add a stone to your Cairn," is still among the High-
 landers an expression of gratitude or esteem. The two immense
 Cairns of this kind which are to be seen near the ancient mansions of
 Kilcoy and Redcastle, are also believed to have been raised with this view ;
 the largest is said to mark the grave of a Danish Prince, Irenan, or Ear-
 nan, who fell there in battle. Hence the Parish is called Kilearnan, or the
burying place of Earnan.

† Numbers of these monuments of death and victory are still to be seen
 on the summit of Drimashie, and on the plain stretching beyond that
 mountainous ridge. *Drimashie, or the bill of war* (literally *dispeace*) a few

Where oft at eve, long faded bliss to share,
 His ghost reposes in his Rocky Chair—
 Musing on scenes, where, 'mid the ranks of war,
 The beams of conquest lightened from his car.—
 Tyrants, avaunt! ye tread on holy ground,
 Once bright with sacred flame, with temples crown'd,
 The everlasting shrines that Kings revere,
 And dear to Liberty, to Justice dear;
 Where, starting from their rites, with horrent hair,
 Pale victims saw even Druid* bands prepare

miles to the south of the town of Inverness, is believed to have been the spot on which Fingal established his fame as a Warrior; and a rock, somewhat resembling a chair, is still pointed out in which the father of Ossian is said to have rested after the fatigues of the battle. At the south end of the Moor is another rock on the summit of which some traces of building are visible. It is called *Dun-ri-chatb*, or "the Castle of the King of the Fight." Though Fingal's residence was in the midst of his kingdom, *Mor-beinn*, a term of the same import as Highlands, and which is now confined to a single parish, that of Morven, in Argyleshire, he had many other places of residence, the names of which are still extant; such as *Scalama*, or *Selma*, signifying "a beautiful view." *Taura*, "a house on the sea-coast," and *Tigb-mor-ri*, "a royal palace." It is not easy to fix with precision the boundaries of Fingal's kingdom, but it is most likely that it comprehended almost all that territory, which afterwards made up what was called the Scottish kingdom, before the Pictish kingdoms were annexed to it. According to two ancient fragments of Scottish history, published in the appendix to Innes's Critical Essay, "Fergus the son of Eric reigned over Albany, from Drumalbin to the sea of Ireland and Innisfail (or Hebrides)." The sea of Ireland is a boundary well known; and by Drumalbin is meant, according to the best antiquaries, those high mountains which run all the way from Lochlomond, near Dunbarton, to the Frith of Tain, which separates the county of Sutherland from a part of Ross.

* In the days of Druidism, "Ere the Day-spring from on high had vided us," the Deity was worshipped in open fields, in a kind of sacred inclosure, formed by a circle of large stones, generally standing upon end.

To mingle in the sacrifice of strife,
 And for their country's spoilers bare the knife;—

The Highlanders call them *Clachan*, i.e. a collection of stones, and hence they call a Church, *Clachan*, as Clachan Michal, Clachan Muire, i.e. Michael's Church, Mary's Church. The altar-stone they call *Cromleacbd*, which signifies the bowing or worshipping stone, and the Priest, *Crompear*. The Saxons called it *Cirs*, from Circle, and hence, no doubt, the word *Kirk*. One of these Druid temples, consisting of three concentric circles, is to be seen in an entire state on a part of the Estate of Inches, upon the ridge of Drimashie, the whole of which seems to have been a sacred portion. (The contiguous Estate of *Drakies*, has evidently derived its name from *Drui*, a Druid.) On this property there was lately dug up, while making a drain, a stone of about fourteen inches in length, round at the one end, and at the other tapering to a point, and very sharp, which it is supposed, must have answered the purpose of a knife in their sacrifices, as not far from it was also found a cup of stone which to all appearances was used for holding the blood of the victim. If this was the purpose which these articles actually served, it would carry us back into those times when the use of iron was not known, and that state of Society in which the South Sea Islands are yet sunk, where such implements are through ignorance and necessity still used. But we find that the Druids were not unacquainted with the use of metals. Cæsar says that they knew the uses of money, and consequently, at least in his time, they must have been acquainted with the metals of which it was made. And if we place any reliance as authentic authority upon those Poems which have come down to us under the name of Ossian, we must allow that blacksmiths existed even in the days of Fingal, long before the Druids were extirpated. It is true that the smith who so admirably tempered the sword of Fingal was a *Scandinavian vulcan*, but as swords and spears were in great use in those days, we are not to suppose that the ancient Caledonians imported all their weapons of war, or such other instruments as required to be made of metal, from Lochlin. Be this part of their history as it may, there appear to have been so many mild features in the character of the Celtic Druids, that I am averse to entertain the opinion that human sacrifices made any part of their religious rites. They owned the immortality of the soul, they taught a warm devotion to God, and the strictest virtue and equity among men, and offered oblations and sacrifices, but these I believe to have been of the animal kind. If the sacrifice was at any time of a human creature, it is probable that it was only of such as had been found guilty at their Assizes, as the Druids acted also in the capacity of Judges, and this they

What time on yonder strand no ray divine
 Fell on the dark *Crantara's** battle sign,
 When on his stormy rock that awes the main,
 Wrapp'd in thick clouds, the Watchman watch'd in vain,

might consider as an acceptable offering to the great and just Being whom they worshipped. To be intrepid was also one of the grand articles in their religion, and enforced by the doctrine of reward in a future state.

The Druids in other countries seem to have delighted in groves, and under the shade of lofty oaks, performing their rites in the most retired places, which, if they did not actually there perform human sacrifices, might give rise to the supposition that they did so; but the Druids who lived in this country do not seem to have been so fond of the shade; their circles are mostly to be found on level plots of ground, and even upon mountains. This does not argue any great wish to conceal the nature of their rites. Besides the *Clachan* at Inches, which I have mentioned, there were similar places of worship at Ness Castle, at Dores, Gask of Dunmaglas, Achnaclach, (or Stoncy-field,) at Petty, and three in the *Aird*, on the south side of the Beaully. But the most complete Druidical Temple which is now to be seen, is upon the property of Kilcoy, on the opposite side of the Beaully, or Firth of Kessock. This *Clachan* is composed of three concentric circles, the largest of which is about 100 feet in diameter, the other two decreasing by twenty; from the outer circle there is a passage of about three feet broad to the centre. Some of the large stones which composed this avenue falling down, impede the passage; in the centre there is a large flat stone, on which the sacrifices must have been offered, and in the outer sides are four stones at right angles, N. S. E. and W.

* The *Crantara*, a piece of half burnt wood, dipt in blood, the signal of distress or approaching battle, which was used at no very distant period in this country for convoking the Clans, as afterwards more particularly noticed, seems to have been common to other northern nations.— See Olaus Magnus, page 146. It literally signifies “the gathering pole,” and was not used only on land; it was carried at the mast head of such vessels as were going to war, and answered to the fire-kindled upon eminences for the same purpose. In a Poem entitled *Dargo, Dan an Deirg*, (son of the Druid) in Smith's Gaelic Antiquities, and said to be the composition of *Ullin*, a Bard who lived prior to the days of Ossian, and frequently spoken of by him, we meet with the following men-

While o'er each hill and plain, by rapine led,
 Ye rush'd—and Eagles track'd your darkling tread,
 Till loud the *Slugborn** blew, and beil fires red
 The birds of carnage to their quarry led.—
 Even now, rejoicing in the sanguine rays,
 They leave their eyries at the blood-fire's blaze.
 Pale at the sight, the virgin's courage dies,
 And o'er the heath th' affrighted mother flies,
 Her faint babes sinking in convulsive swoon,
 Or trembling, wondering at the fiery noon!
 Convok'd from glens obscure and hill and plain,
 The gathering crowds come rushing in amain;
 And still on each bright steep that blazes high
 They turn with ardent glance th' expectant eye.

tion of the Crantara. I quote the passage at length, for it is beautiful:—
 “ Our eyes were turned to the sea. On the distant wave arose a cloud.
 We knew the skiff of Innisfail, (the Hebrides.) On its masts we saw
 the Crantara hung. “ Spread,” said Comhal, “ the white wings of my
 sails. On the waves we fly to help our friends.” Night met us, with
 its shades on the deep. Waves lifted before us their white breasts, and
 in our sails was the roar of winds. “ The night of storms is dark; but
 a desert isle is nigh. It spreads its arms like my bow when bent, and its
 bosom, like the breast of my love, is calm. There let us wait the light,
 it is the place where mariners dream of dangers that are over.” Our
 course is to the bay of Botha. The bird of night howled above us from
 its grey rock. A mournful voice welcomed its sullen note from a cave
 “ It is the ghost of Dargo,” said Comhal; “ Dargo, whom we lost re-
 turning from Lochlin's wars.” Waves lifted their white heads among the
 clouds. Blue mountains rose between us and the shore. Dargo climbed
 the mast to look for Morvern; but Morvern he saw no more. The
 thong broke in his hand; and the waves, with all their foam, leapt over
 his red wandering hair. The fury of the blast drove our sails, and we
 lost sight of the chief. We raised the song of grief in his praise, and
 bade the ghosts of his fathers convey him to the place of their rest.”

* See a subsequent note.

To thee, whose sanguine fires their path illumè,
 Whose blaze has lighted monarchs to their doom,
 To thee, CRAIG PHADRIC! rock of strength, they turn,
 While in each breast indignant ardours burn ;
 Till, lo ! descending like malignant star,
 A Chief appears, and guides the shock of war.
 Loud sounds the clash of arms, that brightly glow
 Like war-fires blazing on the mountain's brow.
 Weep in your beauty, maids of Lochlin ! weep
 For each fond youth who sinks in death's long sleep.
 Shun, ye gay Summerlids !* the fatal strand,
 The Maormor chief uplifts his levin† brand—
 The battle rages, furious—fell—and death
 Shoots glancing from the faulchion of MACBETH.
 O ! hide thy face, thou blessed Morning Sun !
 Till the dire business of destruction's done ;
 And ope thy charnelled womb, thou green TORVAINE ! ‡
 Where oft the captive dragg'd the penal chain :

* *Summerlids*, Seafaring people, who only venture abroad in the Summer.—*Danish*.

† *Levin*, *Lightning*. SPENCER.

‡ The hill of TORVAINE is situated in the middle of the valley of the Ness, close to the line of the Caledonian Canal. It is now difficult to determine whence it derived its name. *Tor* signifying hill, and *Bain* being a common name in the country, it may imply *Bain's Hill*, and should the name be spelt with an *h* after the *b*, as is done in forming the genitive case, this derivation will appear the more probable, as it would then exactly sound like *Torvaine, bh* in the Gaelic being pronounced like *v*. Tradition says a noted marauder of the name of Benjamin (contracted *Ben*.)

Low falls the blooming pride of Lochlin's vale,
Hail! *Thane of Ross*, triumphant Conqueror, hail!

Camerus, who had rendered himself formidable in Badenoch, and was expelled from thence by the Cummings, took up his abode, and was buried there. But this will not account for the tumuli and cairns which have been discovered in the vicinity of this hill. The truth seems to be that the ground adjoining has, at a remote period, been used as a burying place, as there is a part of it called Killyvain, Kiel signifying a grave.

A circumstance, perhaps still more remarkable, deserves to be mentioned here in speaking of these relics of antiquity. In digging near this spot some labourers, in the month of July 1808, found in the side of a large flat cairn a massy silver chain, consisting of thirty three circular double links, formed of a perfectly cylindrical body, half an inch thick, and neatly joined without solder. The following figure will assist the reader in forming an idea of this curious relic.



Each of these links is about two inches diameter, except those at the extremities, which are $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. A link at one of the ends has, since the discovery of the chain, been taken away; but as the remaining one is of the same dimensions with those at the other end, we may conclude that the chain was then entire. Its whole length is 18 inches, weighing 104 oz. The two small figures are parts of a flat and very massy ring, which has been broken since it was found; but from its form, and the appearance of wearing in the inside, it has evidently moved on some bolt. It is neatly channelled round, leaving a prominent astragal on every side. Both the chain and ring are of excellent workmanship; and whether we attend to the uniform thickness and polish of the links, the ingenuity with which they are joined, or the perfect symmetry of the whole, we cannot but pronounce it to have been the work of an artist of no inconsiderable skill. The admirers of Caledonian antiquities are under considerable obligations to Mr. Stewart, Goldsmith, of Inverness, by whom it was purchased, for having rescued this curious relic from the fate to which things of the same kind are but too frequently consigned. It is now, I believe, in his Majesty's Exchequer at Edinburgh, or in the possession of the Scottish Antiquarian Society. Whoever considers the nicety of the workmanship, and the metal of which it is composed, must be

Come from the darkest pit of Acheron,
 Where Witchcraft dwells, and baleful rites are done,

of opinion that the mechanic arts were carried to a very high perfection at that period which we are but too apt to consider as the dawn of society, and that silver could be no scarce article, when it was applied in such quantity and to such purposes as chains usually are.

* Macbeth was styled Thane of *Crombachty*, or *Cromarty*. I have used Ross, of which he was Maormor, or Grand Officer, for the sake of the verse.

A curious topic in history here offers for discussion, which, at the risk of wandering a little from the locality of my subject, I shall endeavour briefly to illustrate. Mr. Chalmers is not satisfied by saying in the first vol. of his *Caledonia*, p. 700, that the ancient Scottish Thanes were fictitious, and that it is uncertain when the title of Earl or Earldom were introduced into Scotland, but he repeats it in the 2d vol. of that work, p. 10. He says the question regarding these "has never been satisfactorily answered. It has been more instructively said, that the Earldoms originally appeared under that new dynasty when the Gaelic Maormors assumed the English title of Earls," by which period he means the Reign of David I. (*anno* 1124.) David was the salutary Reformer of his Country, the wise institutor of the Municipal Law of North Britain, and the enactor of the *Leges Burgorum*, and who introduced so many Anglo Saxon, Anglo Norman, and Anglo Belgic gentry into his kingdom, that he may be said to have peopled it with a new race, "all honourable men." But as we find that no less than ten Earls existed in the time of David, there is good reason to think that they are of a still older date. It is questionable that they existed, as some writers have said, in the early Reign of Malcolm, only from the circumstance that the Celtic people had a strong aversion to the language, laws, and customs of their Saxon neighbours. Notwithstanding this, we are told that Duncan M'Duff, who was the first Earl, was made Earl of Fife, so early as the year 1057. "My Thanes and kinsmen henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland in such an honour named."—*Mal. Trag. of Macbeth*. As to the want of any authentic documents to prove the existence of an Earl, a Baron, or a Thane, this deficiency has been too much built upon, and ignorantly spoken of, even by the above mentioned diligent writer. The laws of Malcolm II. which are preserved, mention *Comite*, which I take to be the same thing as *Count*, or Earl. We have even, as far as history can go in assuring us, the certainty that Earls existed many centuries earlier, an instance of which we have mentioned in the Sigurds, Earls of Orkney and

What haggard forms, the ministers of Death,
 Have loos'd the winds on yonder blasted heath?*

To them the mirror of enchantment's given
 That shows to man the dark decrees of Heaven,

Caithness. Duff, Earl of Fife, as has been observed, was the first Earl created in Scotland proper. The first Duke we had was David, son of King Robert III. so created about the year 1397. The first Marquises were, George Marquis of Huntly, and John Marquis of Hamilton, so created in one day; viz. 19th April, 1599. The first Viscount was Thomas Lord Erskine, created Lord Viscount Fenton, anno 1606. How early we had Lords or Barons, either by tenure or by writ, I do not find. It is certain, we had such named, *Leg. Malc. cap. 8.* but Lords by patent we had not before the reign of Queen Mary, or of King James VI.

Throughout the whole extent of the Scoto-Saxon period, from 1097 to 1306, there only appeared, in North Britain, thirteen Earls, without any Lords of Parliament. *Ten* of those Earls certainly existed under David I. as has been already observed, perhaps under Alexander I.; the Earl of Lenox, under Malcolm IV.; and the Earls of Sutherland and Carrick, under Alexander II. Such, then, was the whole peerage of thirteen Earls, at the end of the Scoto-Saxon period, when Robert Bruce ascended the throne. Of all those ancient Earls, not one of them is lineally represented by the same blood at this day, except the Earl of Sutherland, by the Marchioness of Stafford.

Respecting *Thanes*, *Fordun*, lib. 4. cap. 45, may be consulted. See also *Dempter*, p. 120. They were at first the King's servants, (so the word signifies) or officers in provinces, and during pleasure only, or for life; but afterwards the title and the lands granted to them were made hereditary. In the Highlands, *Maormor* and *Thane* were the same. Among the *Thanes*, of whom we have authentic record, may be mentioned the Thane of Moray, the Thane of Brodie, and "last, but not least," the *Thane of Calder*. The succession of these *Thanes*, always so designed, continued to the year 1500. Buchanan says "about the year 1040, the tyrant Macbeth cut off the Thane of *Nairn*. This, no doubt, was the Thane of Calder; for no history or tradition mentions a Thane of *Nairn*, distinct from the Thane of Calder, who, as Constable, resided in that town; and Heylin in his Geography, expressly calls him Thane of Calder. But not to deal in uncertainties, *Dovenaldus* *Thanus* de Calder was one of the estimators of the Baronies of *Kilravock*,

^ Fraught with fell charms from Hecate's rounds that came,
The Cauldron boils with lightning kindled flame,

and Geddes, anno 1295, His son William had from King Robert Bruce, 7mo Augusti, anno regni 4to. 1310, "Thanageum de Kaledor, infra vicecomitatum de Inner Nairn, propter servitia debita et assueta tempore Alexandri Regis predecessoris nostri ultimo defuncti," (*Pen. Cald.*) His son Andrew was killed by Sir Alexander Raite, whose son Donald was served heir to his father Andrew in 1405, and raised in the offices of Sheriff and Constable of Nairn in 1406, (*Ibid.*) He purchased the lands of Dunmaglas from William Mensies of Balwhonzie in 1414; the lands of Moy in Moray from the Earl of Ross in 1419; and Urchany-beg in Calder from Henry Bishop of Moray in 1421, (*Ibid.*) His son William was in 1442 infeft in the Thanage of Calder, the Sheriffship and Constableness of Nairn, in Boath, Benchir, half of Raite, and six merks out of Belmakeith, (*Pen. Cald.*) In 1450, he built the Tower of Calder by a royal licence. His son William, in 1471, bought from Andrew Lesley master of the hospital of Spey, with consent of the Bishop of Moray, the mill of Nairn with its pertinents, (*Ibid.*); and in 1476, the Thanage of Calder, Baronage of Clunie and Boath, Belmakeith, half of Raite, Moy, Dunmaglas, two Kinkells, Kindess, Invermarkie, Mulchoich, Drumurnie, Ferintosh, &c. were united in one Thanage, and such lands as lie in Inverness or Forres shires, to answer to the Sheriff Court of Nairn, (*Ibid.*); hence Ferintosh, Moy, and Dunmaglass, are a part of the shire of Nairn. (*Shaw's Moray, &c.*)

* It was on the *Hardmoor*, on the west side of the park of Brodie House where Macbeth and Banquo, according to Shakespeare, going to wait on King Duncan then in the Castle of Forres, on his way to Inverness, were saluted by the Weird Sisters. This long waste which seems to have exceedingly fatigued the patience of Banquo, as it doubtless has of many a less celebrated traveller, may be seen from the top of Craig Phadric. Mr. Chalmers (*vide Caledonia*) is of opinion that there were no such persons as Banquo and Fleance. He says their very names seem to be *fictitious, as they are not Gaelic*. "History" he adds, "knows nothing of Banquo, the thane of Lochaber, nor of Fleance his son. None of the ancient chronicles, not even Fordun, recognise these names, though the latter is made "the root of many Kings." Surely that industrious compiler has never read the authorities he mentions, or the Rev. Author of the History of the Province of Moray, laboured under an egregious mistake when he wrote thus, quoting the authorities of *Fordun and Bar-*

MACBETH appears, and blood confirms the spell—

Yet stay, ye Sisters dread! and tell, O! tell—

Whose steps shall tread with courage not his own

Yon bloody path that leads to Scotland's crown—

Couch'd in that Lion heart, the Dove resides,

Let not Ambition with resistless tides

Sweep love and peace and mercy from the soul—

Oh! hide the dagger's blade, the murderer's goal!

"All hail, MACBETH! sprung of a royal line,

"Hail, CAWDOR! GLAMMIS! yon glittering crown is thine."

Quick they disperse—yet breaks no beam of joy

On CAWDOR's soul, or lightens to destroy!

File high the Banquet, let the choral strain

Ring in the hall of ancient Kings again,*

No cloud deform the day—no blast annoy

The sacred mansion dedicate to joy.

chaban in support of what he says. "It was in this fort, (at Forres) anno 965 or 966, that King *Duffus*, was barbarously murdered. Donald, grand-uncle of *Bancho*, *Thane of Lochaber*, and ancestor of the family of Stuart, was Governor of the fort, and much trusted when the King came to Forres. The King was a strict Justiciar, and would not grant remission to some criminals, for whom Donald and his wife had warmly solicited; wherefore they caused strangle him in his bed, and hid his corpse, under a bridge near Kinloss. Donald, conscious of his guilt, fled from Cul-len to *Duffus*: but his wife, being put to the torture, confessed the whole. Donald was seized, and with his accomplices put to death, and the fort was razed."

Buchanan's account of the appearance of the witches differs from Shakespeare's representation. It is amusing, and often favours the cause of truth to compare different views of the same subject. Buchanan says; "When matters thus prosperously succeeded with the Scots both at home and abroad, and all things flourished in peace, Macbeth, who had always a disgust at the inactive slothfulness of his *cousin german*, and had from

Welcome with festal pomp and grateful state
 The coming honours that on Valour wait.
 A King shall grace the feast, and bow his crown
 Beneath your lofty banners of renown—
 But say not when the mantling cup goes round,
 And fancy's ear should list no warning sound,
 A redder stream shall flow—and that fair face
 Be changed—that smiles with such enchanting grace;
 And even the bird of darkness learn to shun
 The fatal mansion where such deeds are done.
 “Revenge! revenge!” the Lady GRUOCH cries,
 And bids adieu to Woman's tears and sighs.
 Reft of a crown, whose ill-won splendours shine
 To gild the brows of DUNCAN's bastard line,

thence conceived a secret hope of the kingdom, in his mind was farther encouraged in his ambitious thoughts by a *dream* which he had: For one night, when he was far distant from the king, he seemed to see three women, of a more majestic stature than mortals usually are; of whom one saluted him *Thane of Angus*, (meaning Glamis); another, *Thane of Moray*, (Calder); and a third King of Scotland.”

† In the sixth century, Inverness was the capital of the Pictish kingdom, as appears from a variety of authorities, but from none more evidently than from the life of the celebrated Saint Columba, who left his monastery of Icolmkill, and came to the Pictish Court, “*ad Ostiam Nesse*” in order to convert Brudius II. son of Mailcoh, and his subjects, to the doctrines of Christianity. The Pictish Monarch seems to have exercised an extensive jurisdiction, as there was a “*Regulus*” of Orkney at that time, in his Palace. Adomnan himself, the Biographer of the Saint, had frequently visited the Northern Capital, and describes even the very route in the subsequent century. What was the exact scite of the *Regiam Domum*, he mentions, it is now become difficult to ascertain. It is, however, highly probable, that the town of Inverness did not then stand in its present situation, for that seems not long ago to have been a mere peat bog, and was, perhaps, at a still earlier period pervaded by the river.

- Stern Vengeance checks the big drops ere they fall,
 And turns the milk of Woman's breast to gall—
- "Now, while in prosperous quiet Scotland lies,
 - "Soft as the sleep that sits on DUNCAN's eyes,
 - "Won by the valour of thy conquering sword,
 - "And dauntless Chieftains hail their long lost Lord,
 "What! shall MACBETH, who heirs, who earns a crown,
 "In coward, hopeless slumber lay him down,
 "Nor make his loud tongued wrongs and rights his care,—
 "Wasting his triumphs on the idle air?
 "No! while pale Fear and scepter'd Dulness sleep,
 "Let Vengeance wake and plant her dagger deep.—
 "Tis thine to still the voice that ever cries
 "From the dark tomb where murder'd FINLEGH* lies;
 "That pleads to kindred breasts, nor pleads in vain,
 "O God! from the red bed of GILCOLMGAIN.
 • "Their dying malison a power has given
 "On regal pomp to work the wrath of Heaven:
 "Then lift on high, in Fortune's golden hour,
 "Thy arm of strength—thy amulet of power,
 "And bid again returning splendour bless
 "The lone and dusky halls of INVERNESS."

We must, therefore suppose, agreeable to tradition, that the town was chiefly situated above the bank which is now on the south, and the *Regiam Domum*, or Palace, must have been the spot now called the *Crown*, a little to the eastward of the present town. That the scite of the town is now different from what it was, is rendered almost beyond doubt, from the circumstance of a stone cross having been dug up not long ago on the road to *King's Mills*, and I doubt not many concurring testimonies might still be found to support this opinion.

See Page 14.

See! gliding to their prey, in yonder tower,
 (While sad and solemn tolls the midnight hour,
 And rocking whirlwinds vainly strive to wake,
 Conscience! thy throes for bleeding Mercy's sake,
 (What denizens of Hell, in human form
 Presiding, add new horrors to the storm?
 O! foulest blot! O, most accurst of deeds
 That shun the light! the blameless DUNCAN bleeds.
 Yet not unmark'd by heavenly eyes, ye fall,
 Ye drops that stain the hospitable hall!
 And, hark! a voice that nature's pulses tore
 Proclaims aloud "MACBETH shall sleep no more."
 Ah, never, never more, her gentle balm
 Shall steep his senses in her holy calm;
 In vain may golden Seasons bless his reign,
 And liberal gifts and vows be made in vain;
 Frantic he grasps, (while hope and joy are flown,
 A barren sceptre and a joyless crown.

* The true character of Macbeth and of his reign has not been faithfully represented. On the stage we behold this wily Usurper, with his "fiend-like Queen," partaking more of the demon than of any thing that is human; but history, which conceals not the crimes of the guilty, also records the virtues which are not unfrequently blended with the acts by which they are "damn'd to everlasting fame." Whatever defect there may have been in Macbeth's title to the sceptre of his unhappy predecessor, he seems to have been studious to remove it by a vigorous and beneficent administration. During his reign plenty is said to have abounded, justice was dispensed, and quiet was for a long time preserved in the kingdom. The Chieftains who would have disputed his claim to the Sovereign authority, being either overawed by his power, pacified by his bounty, or

Here mark thy prototype, and mark thy fate,
 Thou who with Power's presumptuous dream elate
 O'er peaceful nations spread'st the flames of war,
 And yok'st the Furies to thy baleful car.
 Thus, though the Imperial Diadem adorn
 Thy brow supreme, thus shalt thou droop forlorn ;
 Even when the Banquet's high, and Pleasure's cup
 Rests on thy lip, Remorse shall dry it up ;
 While pale Affright, for ever hovering nigh,
 Shall wake to horror with prophetic cry.

Now not a single vestige tells where stood
 Th' o'ershadowing palace, stain'd with royal blood : *

repressed by his valour. Yet the odious crime by which Macbeth acquired his authority, seems to have haunted his most prosperous moments, and to obtain relief from "its terrible affliction" he is said to have bribed the Court of Rome, Goodal, the Editor of *Ferdun*, says, visited it; distributed money to the poor, and made largesses to the clergy, but without effect. Let Ambition read and profit by the page of history which records his fate and his misdeeds.

* The scene of the murder of King Duncan is laid by Shakespeare in Macbeth's Castle at Inverness. "And here," says Dr. Johnson, in his *Journey to the Western Islands*, "is a Castle called Macbeth's Castle, the walls of which are still standing." Mr. Chalmers, however, disputes with reason the accuracy of this statement, but is rather too confident in his ability to rectify the mistake. He says, "There was in fact a Castle built at Inverness" (he should have added *on an eminence to the west, and close adjoining the town*, as it was not the only Castle built at Inverness,) "as early as the twelfth century, which, even as late as the eighteenth century, was, with some modern Barracks, used as a Royal Fort, and was destroyed by the rebels in 1745. The remains of this Castle were a shapeless mass of ruins when Johnson visited Inverness in 1773; and it was an illusion both in the traveller and the commentator to talk of Macbeth's Castle, *where he never had a Castle nor a residence.*" The *Chronicle* has indeed fixed the site of this tragical

Tradition's hand alone dares part the veil;
 Points to the Crown, and hints her tragic tale;
 That tale at which in every age and clime
 Compassion weeps, but scorns Ambition's crime.
 Ah! let not Hope, deceitful, hang her wreath
 Upon the frightful precipice of death!
 And ye, blest Guardians who on Virtue wait,
 And watch below the changes of her fate,
 O! smile propitious on her slumbering hour,
 And shield with holiest spells her blameless bower,
 Till o'er yon cope, where no kind radiance streams,
 Her own sweet star of glory sheds its beams.

event at Bothgowanan, (of which nothing is now known, though stated to be) "near Elgin;" but with what accuracy this statement is made has been questioned. This Chronicle, however, of the rhyming Monk of Melrose, seems to be a strange mixture of truth and fable. The author, who wrote at a distance, and perhaps knew but very little of the geographical situation of places in the Highlands, might consequently be under the necessity of taking the current rumour, without having it in his power to be either minute or accurate in his statement. It is not impossible that the meeting between Macbeth and Duncan may have taken place at *Boath*, on the old road from Nairn to Forres, and which, if it ever was called *Bothgowanan*, which is not very unlikely, may have thus been mistaken for the scene of the murder. But as Duncan must, while on his journey, have been attended by a strong travelling guard, and was avowedly going to repose the utmost confidence in his kinsman, it is natural to suppose that Macbeth would delay the execution of his "most treasonable" design until he had got the King more completely into his power. Buchanan, who wrote a century after Winton, says "Macbeth got a fit opportunity at *Inverness* to slay the King, which he did in the seventh year of his reign." Whatever be the fact, a Castle certainly might have been at *Inverness*, (even Craig Phadric, as already stated, is believed to have exhibited at one time something of this kind) wherein Macbeth might have resided and received the visit of his Sovereign, though the one in question is not allowed to have possessed that hon-

Why from the halls of Heroes and of Kings
 Flies Pleasure's jocund train on summer wings?
 Mourn, Land of Warriors! clouds are on the hill,
 The Sun withdraws his smile—thy Courts are still.

our. Accordingly, tradition says that a Castle *belonging to Macbeth* actually stood in the close neighbourhood of Inverness, on a rising ground to the eastward of the present site of the town, now called the *Crown*, for what reason, unless from this circumstance, or some fancied resemblance to that ensign of Royalty, is now uncertain. So that if the conjecture above hazarded respecting the site of the Regiam Domum of the Pictish Monarch is in any wise warranted by probability, that the ambitious Macbeth should choose to fix his residence on the same spot where Kings before had dwelt, is not beyond the reach of belief; and if we admit that the site of the town itself was at one time different from what it now is, there appears no place so likely for Macbeth, then the most powerful Chieftain in the North, to have had a Castle, and which would have thus stood in the centre of his extensive domains. The ravages of time, and the more destructive zeal of a barbarous and reforming age, are sufficient to have long ago effaced every trace of this ancient structure. Fragments, however, of a castellated building have, in the remembrance of persons living, been dug up upon the spot here mentioned, and I am told the Fraser Clan distinguished themselves in the loyal defence of a Castle which stood upon the *Crown* in the troublesome times of Bruce. The Hon. Colonel Fraser, therefore, to whom the property now belongs, and who has a residence upon it, could not fix his abode in a more congenial or a more honourable place. The improvements which have of late produced such a pleasing change upon the face of the country have been very fatal to the remains of antiquity. But when cumberous ruins give place to gardens, corn fields, or the more cheerful edifices of modern date, who would be antiquary enough to repine at the transformation?

Among the ancient furniture and decorations still preserved in *Caldet Castle*, there is the bed-stead on which, it is said, King Duncan was assassinated by Macbeth, in the Castle of Inverness: it is entirely of timber, appearing never to have had curtains, and the frame and posts are adorned with figures in low bas relief, not inelegantly carved.

It should also be added here that there is a *Clashan*, or collection of stones, about a mile from the town of Inverness, not far from the road

As when a ray from the great source of morn
 Falls on the Greenland native's cave forlorn,
 Shivering and sad, he blames its long delay,
 And mourns 'mid icy fields the niggard day;

side, where the property of Inches marches with that of Culduthel which is pointed out as the spot where King Duncan was buried. It is called *Glacban Donachaidh*, i. e. the grave of Duncan. Against this however, we have again the evidence of history, to which Shakespeare, with all his fancy, has most scrupulously adhered. Thus *Ross*—"Where is Duncan's body?" *Macduff*—"Carried to Icolmkill, the sacred store-house of his predecessors, and guardian of their bones." How much is it to be lamented that the numerous *stones of memorial* which we meet with, were erected in vain, since they have no inscriptions, or such as have long since become unintelligible! and how valuable to the world, and dear to feeling, is the monumental art, the *monumental Verse!*

As these notes are intended not merely to elucidate the allusions to local circumstances throughout the Poem, which cannot descend to minute particulars without losing a great part of its effect, but to give a more intimate view of what may appear worthy of attention in the scenery and objects around the capital of the Highlands, a few words farther on the remains of ancient building in its vicinity, may not be deemed superfluous by such as take an interest in these subjects. The Castle alluded to by Dr. Johnson stood on what is called the *Castle hill*, an immense heap of quick sand, which had the disadvantage of being easily sapped or undermined. It is not easily ascertained when this Castle was built, though said to have been as early as the twelfth century. It was in a ruinous state in the year 1715, when it was begun to be repaired for the purpose of lodging the officers of the royal army, and was from that circumstance named *Fort George*. A fine house was built for the Governor; a pile of barracks stood as wings to the castle, a chapel, magazine, and store-house were also built, the old draw-well opened, and the whole surrounded by a strong wall, proof against any artillery but battering cannon. It was not, however, a place of great strength, for in 1746, it fell an easy conquest to the rebels, and was reduced by them to its former ruinous state. The ancient walls are still seen on one side, but do not overtop the area which they surrounded.

The Citadel of Inverness, called *Oliver's Fort*, from its having been built by Oliver Cromwell in 1651, was a regular building, which stood on the east side of the river Ness, where its foundation is still visible, and its ruins form a part of the pier. It was a regular pentagon, with

So faint and powerless on this northern clime
 Fell the blest light of polity sublime;
 So mourn'd the land the absent genial ray,
 Rank and untill'd,—to fierce brigands a prey.
 Justice had lost her balance and her spear,
 And Honour's sacred stream was frozen here.*

bastions, ramparts, and wet ditches, a covered way and glacis, and could lodge 2000 men; but it had also several inconveniences—the foundation was bad, and brandered with oak, the water brakish, and the air moist from its low situation and vicinity to the sea; approaches to it were easy, and the town was a shelter for an enemy. In the year 1662 it was demolished *because it was a relic of usurpation*, but chiefly because it was a check upon the adjacent highlanders. When it was judged expedient by Government to build a fort near Inverness for the same purpose when the events of 1745 had rendered it necessary, the scite of this Fort was, notwithstanding the inconveniences above mentioned, deemed a proper situation for the erection of Fort George, afterwards built at Ardersier; and few will now be inclined to question the propriety which dictated this change of position in the erection of this beautiful Fort, from the commanding view which it possesses on the peninsula of Ardersier, and the situation so well calculated for trade and commerce thus afforded by the former scite, which, I presume, is much better occupied by an extensive manufactory which has been established there by several public spirited individuals, where, instead of the tactics and parade of war, a number of industrious persons chearfully earn a comfortable subsistence.

* It has been said by Historians, that the introduction into Scotland at the commencement of the Scoto Saxon period of a people possessing habits and knowledge, acquired in countries of more refinement, gave unwonted energy to all the pursuits of an improving husbandry, whilst the municipal law introduced at the same time for the protection of right and the punishment of wrong, preserved public tranquility, and by divesting powerful individuals of their assumed privileges, confirmed the jurisdiction of the State. This might be the case in the low countries and such districts as were near the centre of government, but so slow was the growth of order in the Highlands, arising out of that policy which the laws of England, and the salutary division of the country into Sherifdoms, introduced to supersede the Celtic customs, and repress the family feuds and depredations upon property which so often wasted every district of a wretched land, that we see whole centuries

Hence fell Contention woke, whose wasting arm
Spread havoc as she went, and wild alarm.

elapse before the influence of the government is visible, either in encouraging industry or repressing crime. This is of course attributable to the deep rooted habits of the people, and the stubborn system of vassalage, which often put the Chief of a Clan above the reach of the law, and enabled him to do whatever he pleased with impunity. The Chiefs of Clans, or great men in the Highlands, therefore, for many ages lived independent of the Kings; they held their lands by no other tenure than *dachus*, or possession, which they were ready on all occasions to maintain by force; and as the few royal forts in that large portion of the kingdom, where it was next to impossible for a regular army to act, were insufficient to awe them into subjection, they set the sovereign edicts at defiance with impunity, whilst the public peace was often disturbed by jealousy and revenge amongst themselves, productive of the most sanguinary conflicts of the Clans. Every Chief of his Clan was considered by his dependants as a little Prince, by whom their differences were removed, and their injuries punished or redressed, and who considered himself amenable to no court of law or justice whatever for his conduct. Even a century back, probably not so much, the Laird of Glenmoriston, whose family seat is not quite thirty miles from Inverness, was considered by his vassals beyond the reach of the law, which gave rise to the following Gaelic proverb:—*The Mac Phadrig fada on Lagh, or M'Phadrig*, (Peter, or the son of Peter, Mr. Grant's christian name,) *is at a great distance from the law*. Thus, without the fear of punishment before their eyes, and that "vigour beyond the law" which honour and honesty supply, it will not be wondered at that when the supreme Courts of justice were removed to a distance, dissension and the most daring outrages should prevail. To such a degree had this warlike spirit of insubordination attained, that Chiefs and heads of families were regarded according to their military or peaceable dispositions. If they revenged a Clan-quarrel by killing some of the *enemy*, or carrying off their cattle, and laying waste their lands, they were highly esteemed, and great hopes were entertained of them; but if they failed in such attempts they were little respected, and if they did not incline to them at all, they were despised, and looked upon as a degenerate progeny. Nor were the Clans without organization; each had their military officers, who were not arbitrarily or occasionally chosen, but fixed and perpetual. The Chief was Colonel, or principal Commander. The oldest Cadet was Lieutenant-Colonel, and commanded the right wing. The youngest Cadet com-

Discord unsheaths her fratricidal sword,
 And marks the footsteps of each savage horde.
 On war and rapine bent, the Clans awake
 Bold issuing forth from mountain, glen, and brake;
 Fast flit around the presages of death,
 And quick the *Firs-Cross** travels o'er the heath,

manded the rear. Every head of a distinct family was Captain of his own tribe; and every Clan had an ensign or standard bearer, whose office, obtained at first as the reward of valour, became hereditary in his family. Their military music was the great bagpipe; and thus equipped they sallied forth to try their prowess,

“ War in each breast, and freedom on each brow.”

* The manner of convoking the Clans on any sudden emergency, was by the *Fiery Cross*; the *Crantarab*, or *Cross-tarich*, already mentioned. It was done in this manner:—The Chief ordered two men to be dispatched one to the upper, and the other to the lower part of his lands, each carrying a pole with a cross tree in the upper end of it, and that end burnt black. As they came near to any village or house, they cried aloud the military cry of the Clan, and all who heard it quickly armed, and repaired to the place of rendezvous, for which each Clan had a stated spot. If the runner became fatigued, another was obliged to take the pole. Each Clan had a peculiar cry of war, by which they were convoked to the place of general meeting. The cry of the Frasers was *Mbor-shaich*, i. e. the great plain, latterly Castle Dounie; of the Macdonalds *friech*, heather; of the Macphersons, *Craig ubbie*, or the black rock in Badenoch; of the Mackenzie's, *Tallich-ard*, or the high hill; of the Grants, *Craig Klabie*, rock of alarm; names of places belonging to the respective Clans. The war cry was sometimes denominated *Slughorn*, from a horn being frequently used at the same time to spread alarm, as was common among people in a rude state. It was also called *Slagan*, an evident corruption of *Slughorn*. The words of alarm were repeated with great emphasis, to denote the place of meeting. At the fatal battle of Flodden, says Pitscottie, the Earl of Huntly thinking to regain the field, “ called his men together by *Slughorn*, and sound of trumpet; and so late as the year 1745, the M'Pherfons, and I doubt not many other Clans, were convened by the *Cross-tarich* and by *Slughorn*.”

The war cry may be traced up to the earliest ages, it was a sort of watchword by which the individuals of the same Clan recognised each other.

While loud the Bag-pipes yell, and shouts resound

**Duis! Clan-na-Ghail an gualabb cheil* around.

either amidst the darkness of the night, or confusion of battle. *To the Lord and to Gideon*, was the cry which *Gideon* gave to his party against the Midionites. The Irish also had their *war cries* similar to the Celts and the Chieftains of the Border, which the Irish Parliament attempted in vain to abolish. These, when the manners of the people underwent a change, were converted into mottos, which the ancient families whose war-cries they were, placed upon escrols above their Crests, as may be seen in those of the Dukes of Lennox and Leinster. Districts had also their peculiar pennons, which distinguished the several *septs* amid the conflicts of the Clans. Every Clan had also a distinguished *badge*, by which they might be known, as they had no military habit or livery. These badges were very simple, and worn in their bonnets. The Macdonalds wore a bush of heather; the Macintoshes, boxwood; the Grants, a fir bush; the Frasers, a yew tree branch, to which they are still very partial, and wear, if it can be got, in their caps or bonnets when going to war; this they generally obtained from an enormous yew tree (supposed to be the largest in Scotland) which grows at the western extremity of the district of Stratherrick, part of the Estate of Lovat. Upon an expedition they much regarded omens. If a woman crossed the road, barefooted she had good cause to rue her want of shoes and circumspection, for they immediately seized her, and fetched blood from her forehead. If a deer, fox, or hare, or any beast of game appeared, and they did not kill it, they regarded it as an unlucky omen.

This disposition in the Clans to predatory warfare called forth, it would seem with no great success, an Act of the 14th Parliament of James VI. for the punishment of theft, *rief*, oppression, and *sorning*, and the *Maisteris*, and *sustainers* of thieves, *rief*, &c. which runs in this extraordinary way:—"Sik hes bene, and presently is the barbarous cruelties, and daily Hejrschippes of the wicked thieves and *limmers* of the Clannes and surnames following, inhabiting the Hie-landes and Iles; That is to say, Clangregore, Clanfarlane, Clanlawren, Clandowall, Clandonoquhy, Clanchattane, Clanchewill, Clanchamron, Clanrannald in Lochaber, Clanrannald in Knoydert, Moydert, and Glengarry, Clanlewid of the Lewis, Clanlewid of Harriche. Clandonald South and North Clangilleane, Claniane, Clankinnon, Clanneil, Clankenzie, Clannandreis, Clanmorgun, Clangun, Cheilphale: And als monie broken men of the surnames of Stewarts in Athol, Lorne, and Balquhadder, Campbells, Grahams in Mentieth, Du-

When man and nature suffered cruel wrong,
And bade the weak unite to awe the strong, †

chananes, Galbraiths, Mackaulais, Macknabbes, Macknabrichtes, Menzies, Fergusones, Spaldinges, Mackintosches in Athoil, Mackthomas in Glensche, Ferquhardsonnes in the Braie of Mar, Mackinphessonnes, Grants, Roscs, Frasers, Monroes, Neilsonnes: and others inhabiting the Sheriffdomes of Argyle, Bute, Dumbartane, Striveling, Perth, Forfar, Aberdene, Bamff, Elgin, Forres, Narne, Innernes, and Cromartie, Stewartries of Strathern and Mentiech. And likewise a great number of wicked thieves, oppressours, and peace-breakers, and receipters of theft, of the surnames of Armestrangs, Elliottes, Grahames, Beatisones, Littles, Thomsons, Moffets, and others inhabiting the Bordoures. And understanding that this mischief and schamful disorder increaseth, and is nourished be the oversight, receipt, mainteinance, and not punishment of the thieves, limmers, and vagaboundes; partly be the Landlordes, Masters, and Baillics of the landes and bounds, quhair they dwell or resortis: And partly throw the counsellcs, directions, receipt, and partaking of Chieftains principales of the branches, and housholders of the saids surnames and Clannes, quhilks beares quarrel, and seeks revenge for the least hurting or slaughter of ony one of their unhappy race, although it were ordour of Justice: So that the saids Chieftains, principal of the branches, and housholders, worthely may be esteemed the very authors, fowcers, and maintainers of the wicked deeds of the vagaboundes, of their Clannes and surnames. FOR remeid quhairof, &c." it was *statute* and *ordained* that the landlords and Baillics should be held sureties to bring the offenders to justice, and that no action criminal or civil should be competent to rebels for ejection, spulzie, slaughter, fire-raising, or other violent deeds, committed against them, to bring them to justice and order.

I have been thus ample in the detail of these customs as they are now happily but little practised, and the memory of them is, consequently, fast wearing away—But the contrast between the past and present times will appear the more striking as we proceed to give some account of the battles of the Clans.

* *Duing! Clan-na-Ghail, &c.*—"Awake! the sons of the Gauls shoulder to shoulder."—An expression generally used when any great enterprise or act of friendship is about to be performed.

† In the days of barbarism and misrule, when right and wrong were determined by the sword, those clans or families who were but feeble in comparison to others united themselves under one common head for pro-

Where was thy brand, *M'Pherson!* in that hour,
The first to break the arm of lawless Power?

tection and defence against their more powerful neighbours. In the province of Moray, in particular, the M'Phersons, M'Beans, Shaws, M'Gillivrays, M'Queens, M'Phails, the Davidsons, &c. &c. entered into a combination of this nature, and denominated themselves the *Clan Chattan*, which since the period of record, viz. the end of the 12th century, to the time when it might be expected such an association would cease, continued under the direction of the Laird of M'Intosh, who was called Captain of the Clan Chattan. As the question of honour and privilege derived from the Captainship of the Clan Chattan has long been a subject of dispute between the M'Phersons and M'Intoshes, and but very little is known generally of the era of this remarkable association, I doubt not but that I might find a ready pardon from many of my readers, were I to be more prolix than my present limits will allow, in detailing its history. An account of the origin of the Clan Chattan is to be found in the *Dictionaries of Collier, Moreri*, in the family papers of the M'Phersons and M'Intoshes, from which I have been favoured with extracts, and in Shaw's History of Moray; but these accounts are too long and contradictory to be copied here. I shall only state what appears to me to be interesting, from the sources to which I have had access.

The Clan Chattan originally comprehended none but M'Phersons, or such as came with the head of that family from *Caithness*, which they peopled from Germany, and to which they gave name, viz. the *ness*, or promontory where the *Catti* landed, there being little doubt, notwithstanding the arguments adduced to the contrary by some writers, that they were a part of the *Catti* whom *Tacitus* mentions, and Cæsar found inhabiting the northern parts of this kingdom. *Caithness* and *Sutherland* were then styled *Cataniacis et ultra montem*, and the inhabitants were afterwards called *Catach*, or *Catenaub*, from the country, as above named, or from *St. Cathan*, or *Cathain*, a *Cathnessian* Saint, to whom the Priory of *Ardchallan*, in *Lorn*, and that of *Searinch*, in *Lewis*, were dedicated. From *Caithness* and *Sutherland* they removed to *Lochaber*, and thence to *Badenoch*, but at what precise period is uncertain. Tradition says it was in the time of *Malcolm II.* which was before the M'Intoshes were known in that country, they having only obtained a footing there in the reign of *Malcolm IV.* when the *Moray men*, as the just reward of their rebellion, were expelled by royal edict from that province, and when it was again peopled by strangers from the south, among whom was that branch of the family of *Macduff* which became

Thou bad'st nò recreant hands thy banner bear,

But joined with *M'Intosh's* rival spear.

the Chief of the M'Intoshes, as will be shown when I come to give some account of that Clan. It has been said that *Gillicattan More*, the Chief of the settlers from Caithness, was expelled from thence for refusing to join the royal standard against the Danes, but a more probable supposition is that he and his people finding their habitations untenable by reason of the frequent visits of these invaders, they resolved on removing to a more safe and pastoral country, as they seem to have been originally a peaceable people. As strangers they would long be exposed to injuries from the aborigines among whom they had taken up their residence, and they would find it necessary closely to unite for the purpose of repelling aggression, in consequence of which they became in time equally experienced in war and depredation with their neighbours. As people were then distinguished by the name of the country from which they came, as appears even in our own days, such as *Sutherland* and *Murray*, or *Moray*, from the original removal of the inhabitants of these counties, the followers of *Gillicattan* retained for a long time the name of *Catach* or *Catenach*. The forfeiture of Cummine, Lord Badenoch, in the time of Robert the Bruce, may have opened to them from Lochaber the country which they now possess. The most probable account of the descendants of *Gillicattan More*, comprehending the origin of the name M'Pherson, and nearly a period of 200 years, is as follows:—*Gili Cattan More* was father of *Dougal*, father of *Gili Cattan* and *David Dow*, ancestor of Invernahavon. From *Gili Cattan More* they got the name of *Mac Gili Cattan*, while the progeny and adherents of *David Dow* were denominated the Clan *Dhai*, or *Dabhi*, i. e. *Davidsons*. From *Muirack More*, the son of *Gili Cattan*, the *Catenach* were termed also *Glan Muirack*. *Muirack More* had two sons, *Kenneth* and *Gili Cattan Clerach*; (i. e. the *Clerk*, or *Priest*.) *Kenneth* had no issue, and was succeeded by his brother, *Gili Cattan Clerach*, the *Priest*, or *Parson* of Kingussie, who on the death of his brother resigned his pastoral charge, married, and became Chief of the Clan, who were then called *Macpherson*, i. e. *son* or *sons* of the *Parson*. *Gili Cattan Clerach* had two sons, *Gili Patrick* and *Ewan Bane*. *Gili Patrick* was father of *Doual Dal*, whose only child *Eva* married *Angus M'Intosh* of that ilk, about anno 1292. The manner in which this marriage took place shows strongly how little influence the civilizing dictates of christianity had upon the times. The account says that M'Donald, King of the Isles (which title he acquired in virtue of an invitation from the other Chiefs to lead them against the Danes, and afterwards by a marriage

Chiefs who in triumph o'er the invading foe
 Their blood-cemented union joy'd to show.

with the heiress of the Danish monarchy in Sky,) sent his nephew, Angus M'Intosh of that ilk, to *Dougal Dall Mac Gilicattan*, Chief of the Clan Chattan, to acquaint him that the King intended to visit him. At this time it was a custom when the King or Lord paid a visit to any of his vassals, that he was presented with the daughter, or failing a daughter, the wife of the vassal, for his companion for the night, if required. This barbarous custom, though seldom practised, *Mac Gilicattan* knew would not be dispensed with upon this occasion; and having an only daughter, in order to prevent the bad consequence he foresaw would happen, he offered this daughter in marriage to M'Intosh, together with his estate, and the Chieftainship of the Clan Chattan. This event accordingly took place, and M'Intosh by this means became Captain or Leader of the Clan Chattan. The direct male line of the M'Phersons failing thus, the Chieftainry of that Clan devolved to the descendants of *Ewan Bane*, second son of *Gili Cattan Clerach*. *Ewan Bane* died about anno 1296, leaving three sons viz. *Kenneth*, ancestor of Clunie, *John*, ancestor of Pitmain, and *Gilies*, the first of the family of Invereshie. The family of Clunie, from *Ewan Bane*, continued the succession, but I cannot pretend to give correctly the names of the representatives before the last century. In 1660 it would appear Andrew was Laird of Clunie, whose son Ewan was father of Duncan, who died in 1722, without male issue. The direct line thus failing, the nearest collateral male was Lachlan M'Pherson of Nuid (son of William, who was son of Donald, whose father John was brother to the aforesaid Andrew of Clunie. Lachlan, in 1722, had the designation of Clunie, and by Jean, daughter of Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel, was father of a numerous issue, of which the eldest son, Ewan of Clunie, rashly engaged in the rebellion of 1745, in consequence of which his lands were forfeited to the Crown. After a lapse of nine years of concealment in Badenoch, during which he had as many "hair breadth 'scapes" as the Pretender himself from those sent in search of him, Ewan contrived to get to France, and served for some time as a Colonel in the French service. He died at *Drivy*, in French Flanders, and was buried in his own garden, being a protestant. Ewan was married to Janet, daughter of Simon Lord Lovat, by whom he had Duncan, the present possessor of the Estate of Clunie, to whom the lands were restored in the year 1787. It should be noticed among such memoranda of times happily gone by, when those who were the bravest suffered the hardest fate, (it matters not now from

But why, when Peace should smoothe their heather bed,
And from their haunts the prowling *Wolf* is fled,

what cause,) that at a time when the owner of the Estate of Clunie was roaming a proscribed outcast, and his noble mansion reduced to ashes by order of the commander of the royal army, his lady, Lord Lovat's daughter, was delivered of the present Col. D. M'Pherson in a kiln, where she had taken up her abode, destitute of every comfort.

M'Pherson quarters upon his Crest a Gally with sails trussed and oars in action, indicative of the voyage of the Catti from Germany to Caithness; and a Cat, supported by a Celtic warrior on each side, grasping a dagger, point upwards. Motto—*Touch not the Cat but (without) a glove.*

The M'Intoshes, it has been observed, are a branch of the family of Duff, or Macduff, the son of Duff, Earl or Thane of Fife. *Tosch*, or *Toshach*, a word of Irish or Gaelic origin, probably from *Tus*, i. e. first, was a name given to the Thanes, or Caledonian *Primores*; which, together with the prenomens *Mac*, signifying *son*, and *an*, of, gives the origin of the name *Mac-an-Tosh*, or *Toshach*, i. e. *Thane's Son*. The history of the family is as follows:

Shaw Macduff, second son of Duncan, fifth Earl of Fife, who died anno 1154, is said to have had a command in the army of Malcolm IV. against the Moravians about 1160, and, upon quelling that rebellion, he was by the King made Governor of Inverness, and had also granted him some lands near to it. This is highly probable; for when Prince Henry, only son of King David I. died anno 1152, and the King declared Malcolm the son of Henry successor to the Crown, he committed him to the foresaid Duncan Earl of Fife, to carry him through all the counties and towns to have him proclaimed Heir of the Crown. In this tour, Shaw Macduff accompanied his father, and got into the favour of the young Prince. Shaw fixing his residence in the North, and being called, *Mac-an-tofich*, i. e. "The Thane's son," this became the surname of the family. His son, who was also named Shaw, was thirty-six years Governor of the Castle of Inverness, which he bravely defended against the Lord of the Isles. By a daughter of Sir Hary Sandyland, he had Farquhar, William, and Edward, ancestor of Monivaird, Chamberlain to the Earl of Perth, who it is said held a regality court at Monivaird, where on every Court day he caused a person to be hanged, in order to make himself famous, and to strike terror into the thieves, which occasioned the proverb "*Cha'n e na h-uile la' bhias moid aig Macantoichich.*" "It is not every day M'Intosh holds a Court;" nor at this rate, was it much to be desired that he should. The place where the Gibbet stood is still

Why love the brave, (beneath no blessed star)
To rove and feed the wasting flames of war ;

known by the name of the *Gibbet Knowe*. He died about 1209. Farquhar had no issue, and was succeeded by Shaw, son of William, and, by a daughter of the Thane of Calder, was father of Farquhar, who fought at the head of his Clan against Haco, King of Norway, in the battle of Largs, anno 1263. By Mora, daughter of Angus Oig, Lord of the Isles, he had Angus, who married Eva, the only child and heir of Dowal Dal, Chief of the Clan Chattan, or descendants of MacGili Cattan, as has been already observed. By her he obtained the lands of Locharkeg, Glenluy, and Strathlochic, which remained with the Family, till they were sold to Lochiel in 1665. Argyle paid the purchase-money, and is superior of these Lands. In consequence of this marriage, the Lairds of MacIntosh were designed "Captains of Clan Chattan," and here commenced the union of the Clans of M'Pherson and M'Intosh, when the Chief of the latter became the Captain of the Clan Chattan. In a bond of man-rent, dated 4th April 1609, and granted by the M'Phersons to M'Intosh, they name him, "Our Chief, as it was of auld, according to the Kings of Scotland, their gift of Chieftainry of the hail Clan Chattan." But if there were such a royal gift, it is now lost. Yet it cannot be doubted, that the M'Intoshes, M'Phersons, M'Beans, Shaws, M'Gillivrays, M'Queens, M'Phails, Smiths, M'Innes's, &c. as one incorporated body, did own M'Intosh for their Captain and Leader, for about 300 years.

Having gone into the genealogy of the family of M'Pherson, for the purpose of illustrating their claim to the Captainship of the ancient Clan Chattan, I trust it will not be deemed foreign to the subject briefly to trace the descent of the highly respectable and rival family of M'Intosh, since the head of that Clan became, in the place of M'Pherson, the Chief of the Clan Chattan. It is as follows:—

Angus, by his wife Eva, had a numerous issue, and dying, about 1346 his eldest son William, married a daughter of Rory More M'Leod of Lewis, and had Lachlan, who fought the Camerons at Invernahavon, as will be afterwards noticed, and by a daughter of Fraser of Lovat, had Farquhar: this gentleman, being of a peaceable disposition, lived a private life, and resigned the Chieftainry and fortune in favour of his uncle Malcolm Beg, who brought a battalion to the battle of Harlaw anno 1411. and for his conduct there obtained the Lands of Braelochaber, in 1447. By a daughter of M'Donald of Moidart, he had Duncan, William of Kylachic, and Lachlan Badenach, and died 1457. Duncan, by

While murder mars each social scene of joy,
As when the fatal sigh was given in *Moy*?*

Florence, daughter of M'Donald, Earl of Ross, had Farquhar, who died 1514, without male issue, and was succeeded by William, son of Lachlan Badenoch, who married Isabel M'Nivan, Heiress of Bunachtin: he was murdered in Inverness, by one of his own Clan, in 1515; of him came Strone. His Brother, Lachlan Oig, succeeded, and married Jean, Heiress of the line of Gordon of Lochinvar, and was also barbarously murdered by some of his Clan in 1524. His son William married a daughter of Findlater, and was treacherously murdered in Huntly Castle by that Earl's orders, anno 1550, for which Huntly paid a compensation in lands. His son Lachlan More was a gentleman greatly respected, for his behaviour in the Battle of Glenlivet, afterwards noticed, 1594. He married a daughter of Lord Kintale, and died 1606; of his sons are descended the families of Borlum, Aberarder, and Corrybrugh. His eldest son Angus died at Padua in 1593; by a daughter of the Earl of Argyle he left a son, Sir Lachlan, who was, for some time, a gentleman of the Bed Chamber to Prince Charles: he married a daughter of the Laird of Grant, and died in 1622, leaving two sons, William and Angus of Daviot. William, by a daughter of Graeme of Fintrey, had a son, and dying in 1660, Lachlan married the daughter of Lindsey of Edzel, and dying in 1704, his son Lachlan succeeded, but died in 1731 without issue, and was succeeded by William, son of Lachlan of Daviot. This gentleman dying in 1740 without issue, was succeeded by his brother Angus, who married a daughter of John Farquharson of Invercauld, and died in 1770 without issue: he was succeeded by his nephew Æneas, son of Alexander, third son of Lachlan of Daviot, the present Laird of M'Intosh.

M'Intosh's Motto is the same as Clunie's. He quarters for arms, a Lyon for M'Duff, supported by two wild Cats. He bears also a dagger pointing downwards, alluding to the M'Intoshes cutting off the Cummings in their own castle of Rait, an account of which follows.

* Cumming, the Earl of Badenoch and Athole, was denominated the *Wolf* of Badenoch. The great and powerful Clan of the Cummings were almost cut off by private quarrels, and their opposition to King Robert Bruce. Their war with the M'Intoshes was long, and of the most inveterate kind. A desperate battle was fought betwixt the two Clans at Leac na Maigh, near Moy, not far from Inverness, where the Cummings were defeated with great slaughter. This did not, however, end the quarrel. As M'Intosh on his way home passed through a wood, his servants (who had gone a considerable way before their master), were

Hark! the loud war-cry, heard o'er all the land.

Convenes in *Baden's* fields a dauntless band;—

Death's ensign then the fierce *Clan Chattan* bore,

And show'd their vengeful poniards dipt in gore.

'Twas then with hearts unknowing how to yield,

They reaped a sanguine palm on *Avon's** field;

found hung up upon the trees at the way side when their Chief came up. At last Cumming of Rait pretended to make peace; and with an intention to destroy the whole Clan, he invited M'Intosh with his followers to a feast. M'Intosh was to be placed at the head of the table, and Cumming himself was to be at his right hand; the rest of the Clans were to be seated in the same manner, i. e. a Cumming on a M'Intosh's right hand, from the Chief down to the lowest man, as a particular mark of the friendship now commenced between them; a bull's head was to be brought in as a signal to the Cummings, for every man to stab his left hand neighbour, being a M'Intosh. But, unluckily for Cumming, he revealed his design to a gentleman who was a well wisher to M'Intosh, and for the better security took his oath to keep it secret; the gentleman, however, contrived a method to reveal it to M'Intosh, without breaking his oath. As they were walking in the fields he desired M'Intosh to stand on one side of a large stone that lay in their way, while he went to the other, and, in M'Intosh's hearing, told Cumming's plot to the stone; upon which M'Intosh convened his Clan in all haste, who were no sooner got together, than an invitation was sent for them to the feast and, according to the custom of the times, it was cowardly not to accept of it. Accordingly they went well prepared: Cumming met them on the way, and told them his method of entertainment, and hoped they would be so kind as to comply with it. Macintosh answered, that he would not; but, on the contrary, he would give Cumming the preference, otherwise he would not enter; Cumming with some reluctance at last agreed to it; both clans seated themselves according to this last proposal; the Macintoshes had their eye constantly on the door; at last the bull's head appeared, and the Macintoshes drew their daggers, and treated the Cummings in the same manner in which they were intended to be treated themselves.

* *Invernahavon*, from *Inver*, mouth; and *Avon*, a river, in Badenoch. Buchanan in his life of James I. briefly mentions a conflict which took place at *Invernahavon*, between the *Gatanci* et *Cameranii*. The occasion of this battle

And bade the battle rage for many a day
 (From Spey's green borders to the winding Tay.

is detailed in the Manuscript History of the family of M'Intosh, as follows:—The lands of M'Intosh in Lochaber being possessed by the Camerons, the rents were seldom levied but by force and in cattle; the Camerons, irritated by the pointing of their cattle, resolved to make reprisals, and marched into Badenoch about four hundred men strong, commanded by Charles M'Gilony. M'Intosh informed of this, in haste called his friends and Clan to meet together; the M'Intoshes, M'Phersons, and Davidsons, soon made a force superior to the enemy; but an unseasonable difference was like to prove fatal to them: it was agreed by all that M'Intosh, as Captain of the Clan Chattan, should command the centre of their army; but Cluney and Invernahavon contended about the command of the right wing. Cluney claimed it as Chief of the ancient Clan Chattan, of which the Davidsons of Invernahavon were but a branch. Invernahavon pleaded, that to him, as the oldest branch, the right hand belonged, by the custom of Scottish Clans. The contest was spun out, till the enemy were at hand; and then M'Intosh, as Umpire, imprudently gave it in favour of Invernahavon. The M'Phersons, in whose country they were met, and who were as numerous as both the M'Intoshes and the Davidsons, being greatly offended, withdrew as spectators. The conflict was very sharp, by the superior number of the Camerons; many of the M'Intoshes, and almost all the Davidsons were cut off. The M'Phersons could no longer bear to see their brave neighbours and friends overpowered; they rushed in upon the Camerons, and soon gave them a total defeat: the few that escaped, with their leader, were pursued from Invernahavon, the place of battle, three miles above Ruthven in Badenoch, over the River Spey; and Charles M'Gilony was killed in a hill in Glenbenchir, which is still called *Cor-Harlich*, i. e. Charles's Hill. The lands of Keppoch, which M'Intosh also got as part of the dowry of Eva, the daughter of Donal Dal Macgillicatan, were possessed in like manner, rent free, by the M'Donalds for three hundred years. They were always ready to give battle at term day, and no rents could be obtained from them but by force. These M'Donalds of Keppoch are amongst the oldest Clans in Scotland, but being poor and few in number, from their proneness to this kind of warfare with their superiors, they never became formidable beyond the bounds which they occupied.

But these conflicts among the Clans had not always the maintenance or acquisition of property for their object. Revenge was a principle which they cherished long, and gratified with singular asperity. In consequence of the above mentioned decision of M'Intosh, the M'Phersons and Da-

Then War's fell fiends a deed of vengeance saw,
And threw their darkest shades around *Harlaw*.*

Davidsons did little but slaughter one another for many years. The trial of valour betwixt these two Clans on the North Inch of Perth had its origin in the preference given to the Davidsons at Invermahavon. This fight can hardly be said to come within my present limits, but as the account of it is curious, and tends to illustrate other subjects, I shall briefly detail the circumstances attending this bloody fray, of which the King, (Robert Third) and his Nobility, were spectators. It took place in 1396. It being found impossible to reconcile the two Clans, the King sent Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, and Dunbar, Earl of Moray, two of the greatest noblemen in the kingdom, to compromise matters between them. The historians who have noticed this event, say, that it was fought betwixt the Clan Chattan and Clan Kay, the last they suppose to be the *M'Kays*, instead of the Clan *Mhic Dhai*, pronounced *Cay*, or Davidsons. The Clan *Mhic Aoi*, or *M'Kays*, lived at a great distance from the Clan Chattan. It was agreed that the M'Phersons and Davidsons should each chuse thirty men from their several Clans, who were to fight before the King and Court, and the conquerors were ever after to be the superior. The North Inch of Perth was chosen as the field of battle, and the combatants were allowed no other weapons but broad swords. The day appointed being come, both parties appeared, but, upon mustering the combatants, the M'Phersons wanted one of their number, he having fallen sick; it was proposed to balance the difference by withdrawing one of the Davidsons, but so resolved were they upon conquering their opponents that no one would be prevailed upon to quit the field. In this emergency, one Henry Wynd, a foundling, brought up in an hospital at Perth, commonly called the *Gobh Crom*, i. e. the Crooked Smith, offered to supply the sick man's place for a French crown of gold, about three half crowns sterling money, a great sum in those days. Every thing being now settled, the combatants began with incredible fury, and the Crooked Smith being an able swordsman contributed much to the honour of the day, victory declaring for the M'Phersons, of whom only ten besides the Gobh Crom were left alive, and all dangerously wounded. The Davidsons were all cut off except one man, who, remaining unhurt, threw himself into the Tay, and escaped. Henry Wynd set out from Perth after the battle with a horse load of his effects, and swore he would not take up his habitation till his load fell, which happened in Strathdone, in Aberdeenshire, where he took up his residence. The place is still called, *Leac 'ic a Ghobhain*, i. e. the Smith's

Ah! hapless land, a demon haunts your shore,
 With bloodier wing than vikingr of yore :

Dwelling, or Croft. The Smiths, or Gows, and M'Glashans are commonly called, Sliochd a Ghobh Chruim, i. e. the descendants of the Crooked Smith; but all agree that he had no posterity, though he had many followers of the first rank, to the number of twelve, who were proud of being reputed the children of so valiant a man; and the more to ingratiate themselves in his favour, they generally learned to make swords as well as to use them, which occasioned their being called Gow, i. e. Smith. Smith of Balharry's motto, "Caraid an am feum," i. e. "A friend in need," seems to allude to the Gobh Crom's assisting the M'Phersons on the above occasion.

* As the combatants in the battle of Harlaw were also northern, it will not be reckoned a digression to give a brief account of it here. It took place anno 1411. Walter Lesley, a man nobly born, succeeded to the Earldom of Ross in right of his lady, who was daughter of that House. He had by her a son, who succeeded him, and a daughter who was married to the Lord of the Isles. His son married a daughter of the Duke of Albany, son of Robert II. at that time Governor of Scotland, but dying young, left behind him only one child. It is said that she was somewhat deformed, and rendered herself a *Religieuse*. From her the Governor easily procured a resignation of the Earldom of Ross, in favour of John, Earl of Buchan, his second son, to the prejudice of Donald, Lord of the Isles, who was grandson of the said Lesley, and supposed the nearest heir. He claimed his right accordingly; but finding the Governor, who probably regarded him already as too powerful a subject, not inclined to do him that justice he expected, he immediately raised an army of not less than 10,000 men, within his own Isles, and putting himself at their head, made a descent on Ross, of which he obtained possession without opposition, and after encreasing his army with the inhabitants, he continued his march until he came to Garioch, within ten miles of Aberdeen, ravaging the country through which he passed, and threatening to enrich his men with the wealth of that City. But before he could reach that place, his career was stopped by Alexander Stewart, grandson of Robert II. and Earl of Marr. This brave youth, by orders from the Governor, drew together with great expedition, almost all the nobility and gentry between the rivers of Tay and Spey, and with them met the invader at Harlaw, where a long, uncertain, and bloody battle ensued; so uncertain that it was hard to say who had lost or gained the day; so bloody that one family is reported to have

Daughters of Innistore! how did ye rue
 The hour when guardian hands their *Bitag** drew,
 Plying at dead of night their silent oar
 Along Kilmuir's wild wave indented shore!
 When, vainly clad in their forefathers' arms,
 The Hyperborean Isles pour'd forth their swarms,
 Following to scenes of death M'Donald's Lord,
 Rapacious Chief! on whose remorseless sword,
 Blood never dried till Ruin whelm'd his host—
 Long lock'd in fatal trance on yonder coast;
 While Vengeance vigils kept, and the bright Sun
 Lingered in Ocean till the deed was done.
 Hence streamed yon ridge, the *Ridge of Tears**, with blood,
 And billowy Kessock roll'd a sanguine flood.

lost the father and six sons. The Earl of Marr's party, who survived, lay all night on the field of battle; while Donald, thought fit to retreat, first to Ross and then to the Isles, burning and laying waste the country as he went. *Abercromby's History, &c.*

* The Highland Dirk.

* *Drum-deur*, i. e. *Ridge of Tears*, now called Drumderfuit, is a mountainous ridge on the north side of Kessock, which tradition reports to have been the scene of a most sanguinary event, from which it no doubt derived its name. The circumstances are said to have been as follow. About the year 1400, Donald, Lord of the Isles, who it would seem, treading in the footsteps of his ancestors, was anxious to rival the exploits of the vikings of yore, having collected a powerful army, made a descent on the coast of Ross, and encamped on this ridge of rocks facing the town of Inverness, which he threatened with fire and sword, if not ransomed at a most exorbitant rate. Luckily for the town, the Provost, whose name was Junor, was a man of great penetration and address. Aware of the situation of Donald's army, which had been greatly fatigued, and was in the utmost want of provisions, Provost Junor, who,

Then stern Revenge with plundering, gory hand
Dyed the rude rocks on *Clachnaharry's strand*,*

by temporizing, had obtained a short delay, contrived to smuggle into Donald's camp a vast quantity of strong liquors, which were eagerly consumed by the besiegers, who soon owned the power of the potent beverage by sinking into the most profound slumber. In the mean time, the Provost collected a number of resolute adherents, and landing with his *arma blanca* at dead of night, in the midst of Donald's camp, massacred every man who was found within it, except one single individual, who escaped by hiding himself beneath a *loban*, a species of basket which is dragged upon two parallel pieces of wood, with the ends laid upon an axle, and serves instead of a cart in various parts of the Highlands. This islander, who was so providentially permitted to survive his less fortunate countrymen, unwilling, it may be supposed, to be the bearer of such melancholy tidings to his friends at home, afterwards took up his residence on the very spot where this tragedy was acted, and his descendants have to this day followed his example, by residing upon, and cultivating the same portion of ground, which they have occupied as labourers or tenants for these four hundred years, and have been known by the name of Logan, or more properly *Loban*, from the vehicle which saved the life of the founder of the family.

* *Clachnaharry*, i. e. *Stone of the Watchman*. In those days of sudden and savage inroad by the predatory hordes from the North, particularly, as has been observed, by the followers of Donald, Lord of the Isles, who so often made their hostile descents upon the coasts of Moray, and Ross, and never failed to carry destruction wherever they went, it was often the fate of the town of Inverness to suffer either pillage or conflagration. If the enemy did not commence their depredations on the banks of the Nefs, they always took care to leave memorable traces of their returning and departing steps. To give intimation of the earliest moment of invasion, it was found necessary to station watchmen upon such eminences as commanded a prospect of the sea, and as the rocky elevation, at the bottom of which the village of Clachnaharry is situate, enjoyed in a peculiar degree the advantage of a station of observation as well as of communication to the surrounding country, it was in consequence used for this purpose, and was hence called *Clachnaharry*, or, the *Stone of the Watchman*.

So much of the economy of agriculture in the Highlands consisted in the feeding of flocks, and so little was the right of property or of passage known until latter times, when civilization, with slow but gradual

Then gleam'd the sword, then rose the bitter wail,
 O'er blooms blood-nurtur'd in *Blar-leina's** vale,

progress, changed the manners and views of the inhabitants, and the important use of roads came to be fully understood, that quarrels of the most sanguinary kind were continually taking place, originating in this primitive state of things, this *Arcadian* simplicity. How rude and barbarous was the spirit of men in those days! and upon what trifling, nay shameful, provocations did they butcher one another! A conflict of this kind took place between the M'Intoshes and the Munros in the year 1454 at Clachnaharry, the occasion of which was as follows:—

John Munro of Fowls, on his return from Edinburgh, rested upon a meadow in Strathardale, and both he and his servants falling asleep, the peevish owner of the meadow cut off the tails of their horses, a treatment which Munro thought extremely unworthy, and resented accordingly. He returned soon with 350 men, spoiled Strathardale, and drove away the cattle. In passing by the Loch of Moy, in Strathdearn, he was observed by M'Intosh, then residing in that Isle, who sent to ask a *Stike Raide*, or *Stike Cricch*, a road Collop; a custom among the Highlanders, that when a party drove any spoil of cattle through a gentleman's lands, they should give him part of the booty. Munro offered what he thought reasonable, but not what was demanded. M'Intosh, irritated by some provoking words given to the messenger, instantly convoked his Clan, pursued the Munros, and at Clachnaharry a desperate battle ensued, in which many were killed on each side, and among the rest the Laird of M'Intosh. Munro was wounded and rendered lame, and ever after called *John Bachdach*, limping John.

* The next battle in order of time was that of *Cean Loch Lochie*, in the year 1544. The minority of the infant Queen, and the disturbance raised in the south by the Queen Mother and Cardinal Beaton, encouraged the Highlanders to break loose, and to hope for impunity; particularly the Clan Ranald, who became extremely unruly. Ranald, son of Donald Glas of Moidart, was sister's son of Hugh Lord Lovat, and the Clan Ranald conceiving a prejudice against him, much upon Lovat's account, dispossessed him, and put John M'Ranald, his cousin, in possession of the estate. Lovat resented this injustice, and put his nephew again in possession of his property; but the unruly Clan dispossessed Ranald once more, and in revenge laid waste a part of Lovat's lands in Glencg. George, Earl of Huntly, *Lieutenant of the North*, was then ordered to march against the Clan Ranald, and to reduce them to a peaceable behaviour. He set out, attended by the M'Intoshes, Grants, and Frasers, and when they arrived in Lochaber all differences were con-

Where rival Clans expire, and none remain
 To grasp the target or entomb the slain.—
 'Twas then Conspiracy her ruffian crew
 With ire and hasty march around her drew,
 And bade her banners wave, inscribed with woe,
 Where lone *Aultoulachan's* red waters flow,

promised in a seemingly amicable way, by the mediation of the Earl of Argyle; Ranald was put in possession of the estate; Huntly returned home; the M'Intoshes and Grants conveyed Lovat to Gluy, now called Low bridge, and offered to escort him into his own country, but Lovat, apprehending no danger, declined it, and they marched home by Badenoch. Lovat soon came to see his error, for at Letterfinlay he was informed that the Clan Ranald were at hand in full march to intercept him. He dispatched Bean Clerech with 50 men, to secure an important pass, but Bean either losing his way or playing the knave, kept out of danger. As Lovat came to the north end of Loch Lochie the Clan Ranald appeared, coming down the hill from the west, in number about 500; Lovat had about 300, who all *strips to the shirt*, it being a hot day in July; and hence the battle is called *Blar-nan-Lein*, i. e. the *field of shirts*. The fight was very obstinate, first with arrows, and next with sword and target. In the heat of action Simon Fraser, younger of Lovat, came up with a few men, and rushed in to find his father, but soon received a mortal wound. His father observing it became desperate, and both were killed. The fight continued till night, and tradition says that only four of the Frasers and ten of the Clan Ranald remained alive. One remarkable circumstance is mentioned respecting this event; eighty gentlemen of the Frasers, killed in this conflict, had left their wives pregnant, who all brought forth male children, which contributed much to recruit the Clan.

* The battle of *Aultoulachan*, was so called from its being fought on the banks of a small stream of that name, betwixt Glenlivet and Glenrinner. It is also called the battle of Glenlivet. The cause was this:—The Earl of Huntly having basely murdered the Earl of Moray at Dunsibrie in 1592, became on that account odious to all protestants; and he, with the Earls of Errol and Angus entered, it is said, into a conspiracy against both Church and State, inviting also at the same time the King of Spain to invade the kingdom; but the latter part, if not the whole of this charge, appears to have been a gross calumny. For this, however, they were ex-

What time fell Treachery with triumphant smile
Crimson'd the yellow standard of Argyle.—

communicated by the Church, and their estates by the King (James VI. who was spurred on by the Church, which at that time presumptuously interfered in affairs of State,) were *unwillingly* declared forfeited. Commission was also given to the Earl of Argyle, a youth of nineteen years of age, and of no military skill, to reduce them. The Earl of Athole, Lords Forbes and Lovat, the M'Neils, the M'Leans, M'Kenzie's, M'Intoshes, Grants, Munroes, Irvines, and the Leslie's of Balquhan, were summoned to join Argyle, and the king promised to follow him in person with another army. The rebel Lords were not afraid. They knew the king's favour for them, and that he would make no haste. They also were well aware of Argyle's want of experience, and that many in his army were Roman Catholics: who would not heartily promote the protestant interest, and that all his army were a raw militia: wherefore they prepared a body of horse, all gentlemen, and some field pieces; they likewise corrupted the Grants and Campbells of Lochinell.

Argyle marched in the beginning of September 1594, and on the 27th laid siege to the Castle of Ruthven in Badenoch, which he was soon after obliged to abandon, it being bravely defended by the M'Phersons, Huntly's vassals. He then marched through Strathspey, and came to Drummin. The Earls of Huntly and Errol, for Angus had not come up, were that day at Auchindun. Argyle's council advised him to wait for the king, at least till the Frasers and M'Kenzie's should join them, and till the Irvines and Forbesses and Leslie's should come up with their horse, and make a balance against those of the enemy, But on the approach of the latter he determined to fight. The numbers on either side are not agreed upon: Argyle, considering the absent Clans, had, it may be supposed, about five thousand, Huntly not half that number. The field of battle was, as already observed, the declivity of a hill betwixt Glenlivet and Glenrinnce. Huntly's field pieces, which many had never seen before, put the Highlanders into disorder, and his horses rushing in increased it. Campbell of Lochinell, whose brother Argyle had put to death for murdering Campbell of Calder, (anno 1592,) and who was himself Argyle's nearest heir, had wrote to Huntly to point his artillery against the yellow standard. This was done, and Lochinell himself falling, all his men fled. John Grant of Gartinbeg, Huntly's vassal, had concerted that the Grants, whom he commanded, should retreat as soon as the action began, which they accordingly did. Thus the centre, (the Campbells,) and the left wing (the Grants) of Argyle's army were bro-

Then mild Religion dar'd the sword unsheath
 On dark Aultdearn,* and sung the song of death.

ken by treachery. The right wing, the M'Intoshes and M'Leans, stood firm after the rest had fled, but were obliged to retreat, which they did with order and safety. Argyle attempted in vain to rally his men; the defeat was complete. On his side 500 were killed, besides M'Neil of Bara, and Lochinel and his brother. On the other side Errol was wounded; Sir Patrick Gordon of Achindun, Huntly's uncle, and Gordon of Gight, with twelve of his men were killed, and many more were wounded. Burnet of Crimond in his M.S. History declares that he saw among Huntly's papers a private remission to him for the battle of Glenlivet, granted in the same year.—(M'Quaire, Burnet, History of Moray, &c.)

* The circumstances attending the battle of Aultdearn, are shortly these. The Marquis of Montrose, who was endeavouring by force of arms to fulfil the wishes of Charles I. to establish prelacy in Scotland, having in 1645 surprised during the night the Campbells at Inverlochic, in Lochaber, and thereby defeated them, wrote a vaunting letter to his Majesty, which he thus concludes—"Give me leave, after I have reduced this country to obedience, and conquered from Dan to Beersheba, to say to your Majesty, come thou thyself, lest this country be called by my name!" This vain letter, this triumph over a few scattered Highlanders, made the King break off the treaty of Uxbridge, which proved his ruin.—(Welwood's Memoirs.) Montrose then marched into Moray, and was joined by Lord Gordon, the Earl of Aboyne, Lord Napier and others. The Highlanders, who are not famous for their love of the doctrine of passive obedience and non resistance, then bearing with those in the south, who espoused the same cause, the name of *Covenanters*, had, in the meantime, called over 1000 of their troops from Ireland to join their raw Militia, and Gen. Baillie remaining in the south, Lieut.-General Urry marched into the north, and came to Inverness, where the forces of the people rendezvoused under his command, understanding that Montrose was with his reinforcement marching from Strabogie, and spreading devastation as he proceeded. In a casual skirmish as the troops marched onward, Mr Gordon of Rhynie, who was of the king's party, was wounded, and retired for his recovery to the house of a friend at Struthers, near Forres, where he was murdered by a party of the people from Elgin, headed by the young Knight of Innes, zealous against prelacy, and non resistance, and hastening to join the army at Inverness. Montrose followed after to Aultdearn with 1500 foot, and 250 horse, where he was met by Urry, and many of the Chiefs of the Clans, with an army of 3500 men, and

And hence full many a cruel tale of woe
 In these lone vales has taught the tear to flow,
 And Love and Pity shriek'd, with horror pale,
 Wild as when Mercy wept in Glenco's* vale.

400 horse. From before such superior force Montrose was inclined to retreat, but this was extremely hazardous by the approach of General Baillie from behind with an army still better prepared for action. He was therefore obliged to try the fate of a battle, in which the superiority of numbers was in a great degree compensated by the advantage of ground. Montrose concealed the greater part of his forces behind the village at that time on the height, covering the valley below, in which he placed a chosen band protected by an earthen fence. He gave the command of the right wing to Col. Alexander M'Donald, placed also in a protected situation. There the royal standard was displayed, to entice the enemy to waste the exertion of their best forces. This the van of the army of the people accordingly attacked, bending, as had been foreseen, their best strength against the right wing and the royal standard, but a vigorous charge by the horse of the royal army put the cavalry of Urry into disorder; in their rout they trampled upon the foot. For some time, however, they bore up against the shock, but at last fled with cowardly precipitation; whilst the veteran foot maintained their ground against the whole of the royal force, till almost every man fell in his rank; and the victory of Montrose was complete, with the loss only of *twenty* of his men, while more than 2000 were killed on the other side, and many prisoners taken. Montrose however found it advisable to penetrate no farther, but returned southward, plundering and burning the country, particularly the estate of Cawdor, and the houses belonging to that family in Nairn; and to avenge the murder of Rhynie's son, the houses of the guilty party in the town of Elgin were rifled and burnt, by which a number of other houses in the town were incidentally destroyed.

* The vale of Glenco has been noted for the cruel massacre of its unsuspecting inhabitants in 1691. King William had published a proclamation, inviting the Highlanders who had been in arms for James II. to accept of a general amnesty before the first of January, on pain of military execution after that period. Alexander M'Donald, Laird of Glenco, went accordingly to Fort William, on the very last day of December, and offered to surrender to the governor of that fortress. The governor

Romantic scene ! where, 'mid your mountains dear,
 Far other sounds once caught the listening ear,
 When sweet in Cona, dear to memory long,
 Was heard the voice of never dying Song.

informed him that he must apply to the civil magistrate. Upon this he repaired with all possible haste to Inveraray, the county town, and surrendered himself to the Sheriff, the time prescribed having expired one day. The Sheriff, in consequence of his offer to the governor of Fort William before the time had expired, accepted his submission; and M'Donald, having taken the oaths, returned to Glenco, with full confidence of security and protection. Early, however, in the month of February, a party of military, under the command of Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, entered the vale, on pretence of levying the taxes and hearth money; and when inquired at by M'Donald if his intention was friendly, assured him *on his honour* that it was. Accordingly, for two weeks, the unsuspecting inhabitants treated their visitors with every mark of attention and friendship: but, at length, the fatal period arrived, and, on the 13th of February, after M'Donald and Campbell had spent the night at cards, and departed with mutual promises of the warmest affection, the signal for execution was given, and the massacre began. Thirty-eight persons were murdered in their beds, and, amongst these, M'Donald, Laird of Achtrichatain, the guest of Glenco, who had submitted three months before, and had the royal protection in his pocket. The design was to murder all the males in the valley; but, fortunately, some of the detachments did not arrive in time to secure the passes, and about 150 made their escape. The houses were demolished, and the cattle became a prey to the murderers. The women and children were indeed spared the stroke of death, as if to render their fate more cruel; for, such as had not died from the fright were turned out naked at the dead of night, in a keen frost, into a waste covered with snow, 6 long miles from any inhabited place. Many of them were found dead or dying under the rocks & hedges. According to Smollet (Continuation, vol. i, page 156,) the Earl of Braidalbin, from personal enmity to Macdonald, had concealed the circumstance of the surrender from the ministry; and an order for military execution, signed by King William, was transmitted to the secretary of state in Scotland, and but too fatally executed. But the horrid business was never sufficiently examined; and, notwithstanding all the casuistry adopted to mitigate it, the authors and perpetrators of the deed are certainly in the highest degree blameable. Glenco is also famous as the birth-place

Th'ee may I hail, though distant far, and hail
Th' ethereal forms that sweep your haunted vale !

of Ossian, as appears from many passages in the Poems of that Bård; and many of the places are accurately named and described. In the middle of the vale runs the stream of Cona. The mountain of Malmor rises on the south; and the celebrated Dun Fion, the hill of Fingal, is situated on the north side of the same vale.

There is not, perhaps, a place in Britain more awfully wild than Glenco. This valley is narrow, naked, deep, and gloomy, which the heights on both sides render more awfully striking. The mountains stand beside one another like immense cones of bare and ragged rock, some of which are 3000 feet high, very steep, with little verdure, and but few shrubs. The soil has been washed down by the deluges of thunder showers which break on the summit; and where the soil is worn off by torrents, the rocks themselves are loosened, and tumble down in fragments, which in some places cover several acres of the narrow flat below.

There are two Highland roads into the county of Inverness, one by the west road, and another by the east. Going from the county of Perth to Fort William, a part of Argyleshire must be passed through, between Tyndrom and Ballachulish. In this ride, which is an ordinary day's journey, the Black Mount, the inn called the King's House, and the valley of Glenco, are interesting objects which powerfully arrest a traveller's attention. The Black Mount has been covered, at least all round the base, with a forest of natural firs. The remains of this wood are still growing at Inveroran. The stocks of the old trees are so weather-beaten by the storms, that their bleached tops resemble human skulls strewed on the ground. On the south are high hills, affording good pasture for sheep. On the north is a boundless flat of deep moss, reaching from Glenlyon and Rannoch on the east to the braes of Badenoch on the north, and westward to the confines of Lochaber, at Lochtreig. There is little doubt of this being the most extensive field of moss in Britain; in which numberless little lakes are interspersed, full of trouts of various kinds; and in some of these are islands with tufts of trees. In the islands the deer take shelter during day-light, and roam about in quest of food whenever the darkness makes it safe for them to quit their cover. On approaching the King's House inn, that steep ascent, with its manifold traverses, called the Devil's Staircase, appears in full view in the west. This path is now deserted, and the public road is turned towards the left, down the valley of Glenco, which forms a long circuitous line to Fort William. Glencoan, in the language of the country, signifies a valley very much confined; nor can any name be more descriptive of the place.

Soft fell the sunbeam (village legends say,)
 On Beaufort's* stately walls at close of day,

* Beaufort is the splendid mansion of the family of Fraser of Lovat. Its name denotes that it was originally a fortress. On the north it was secured by a steep green bank, rising about 100 feet from the edge of the river: on the land side it was guarded by two ditches, the nearest about forty, and the other about 300 yards from the walls. Although the traces of fortification may be still explored, the present edifice is a modern elegant palace, embellished by ornamented grounds, shrubbery, extensive plantations, and natural groves. The garden, almost itself a farm, is inclosed by a wall 18 feet in height, lined with brick, extended in various flexures upwards of 800 yards, opening right upon the sun from hour to hour, through the whole course of his diurnal rotation. The river *Beaulie*, (a French name, signifying "beautiful place," which was given by the Monks of the Priory to both the river and the Monastery) flows on the north side of the Castle. At what time, or by whom this Castle was built is not known; but it would seem to have been in the time of the Bissets, who possessed the barony of *Loveth* prior to the introduction of the Frasers into the North: The manner in which the Frasers became possessed of this extensive domain is, according to the M.S. memoirs of the house of Lovat, as follows:—

About the year 1244, while King Alexander the Second, and a great number of his nobility, lay at Haddington, the lodging of Patrick Cumming, Earl of Athole, took fire on a sudden, in which the Earl and two servants were burnt to death; though it was not known how the fire began, yet a general suspicion ran against the Bissets, upon account of a standing feud betwixt the Earl and them. They were accordingly summoned to appear to answer for that murder; and such was the great power and interest of the Cummings, who ruled all at Court at the time, that though William Bisset, the chief of the Bissets, proved, by many witnesses, among whom was the Queen, that he was at Forfar, upwards of 60 miles from Haddington, the night that the villainy was perpetrated, yet the Cummings insisted that several of his servants and vassals were seen there; upon which the whole family was banished, and their estates confiscated to the king. But besides the above account given by our historians of the banishment and forfeiting of the Bissets, John Major adds, that John Bisset had met with the same fate, though for a different cause. The King being informed that John Bisset had entered into a league with M'Donald of the Isles; that he had done him homage, and received a charter from him, (a copy of which Charter is preserved among the family papers of Lovat,) he ordered the Earl of Ross to appro-

When Helen sought the greenwood's fragrant bower
 Where Love had first confess'd his pleasing power.

friend and imprison him in the castle of Inverness, till he transported him to Edinburgh. Bisset having got intelligence of this order, made his escape in the most private manner, to his lands of Auchterless, in Banffshire, where he remained in great obscurity for a year, till his neighbour, John Dempster of Muros, understanding that there was a price set on his head, got some armed men together, and seized Bisset in the wood of Achterless, and carried him to Kirkcaldy, where, being convicted, he was banished, and his estate confiscated. It was afterwards bestowed by the King upon Sir Simon Fraser of Tweeddale, who, long before his death, made over the rights of it to his son, Sir Simon, though I do not find that any of them designed themselves of Loveth. And, though Sir John Bisset is called in ancient writs *Dominus* Laird of Loveth, yet, I find, in his time, David Graham was constable of the Fort of Loveth, so designed of Loveth in the Chartulary of Murray, where there is mention of a controversy betwixt Andrew, Bishop of Murray, and David Graham of Loveth, about the Ess, the river Forms at Kiltarlity, signed by the Bishop and Chapter, at Spyncey, *anno* 1242, which was four or five years, at least, before Sir John Bisset was banished.

Thomas de Fenton was constable of Beaufort. There were several other gentlemen who were possessed of small interests in the Aird, commonly called the Bisset's Barons; such as M'Gilandrish of Moniack, Corbat of Drumchardney, Chrysty of Foyness, Haliburton of Culbriny. The Macraes, (perhaps the Mackays,) a brave and numerous clan, inhabited the Clunes, Oberlathan, Urquhart, and Achmony.

Though all our historians agree, with respect to the time of the fall of the great family of the Bissets, as above related, yet we have authentic evidences that Bisset of Lovat's daughters shared a considerable part of their father's estate among them, though not the whole. Sir Simon Fraser, to silence all disputes, married Mary, the eldest. William de Fenton, who, in some writs, is called Lord of that ilk, and in others Laird, i. e. Lord of Beaufort, married Cecilia, another daughter, and had some part of her father's estate with her. David Graham, above-mentioned, married Margaret, another of Sir John Bisset's daughters. Another of them, Elizabeth, was married to Andrew de Bosco of Redcastle, in Ross-shire.

By the settlement of Sir Simon on the children of his first marriage, his son, Sir Simon, was denuded of the greater part of his paternal estate in the south. But fame, and the welfare of his country seem to have been dearer to him than all other objects beside. This great man

'Twas then quaternion victims dy'd the vale
 Beneath the vengeful sword of Fraserdaie,
 But vain he strove—'twas his to view forlorn:
 Insensate Beauty far in triumph borne.
 And lo! the dungeon's sad sepulchral gloom
 The captive greets, and opens to entomb,
 Where, 'mid yon clustering elms, in Gothic cell
 The peaceful Monks of Beaulie* wont to dwell.

vicarage which appertained to the Priory of Beaulie. The situation of the parish church is denominated TOMNA-CROSS, *the hillock of the cross*. A little more than half an acre planted with fir, mingled with a few oak, birch, and elm trees, now almost eclipse the church: and, after the manner of the most ancient religion in the island, public worship is still performed here in a grove. There are six Druid temples within a mile of the church: one of these is within the present church-yard. A small farm near the church is named ARD DRUIGH NAUGH, *the high place of the Druids*: another place is named BLARNA-CARRACHAN, *the moor of the circles*: and a third, BALL-NA-CARRACHAN, *the town of the circles*. About two miles east from the church is situated Castle Spynie; in the Gaelic, CHASTAIL SPUNIDH, *the fortress of the spoil*. The wall of the building is completely circular, formed of a stone without any kind of cement, about ten feet thick, and 54 yards in circumference; it is placed on a hill almost 800 feet above the plain, so as to be in view of Knock Farril, a contemporary stronghold, in the parish of Fodderty on the north; and on the west it is in sight of DUN FHION, *Fingal's fort*, which is situated on a conical hill, accessible only on the eastern side; it is also perfectly circular, about 60 yards in circumference, just visible only above ground, but completely visible almost to the depth of three feet.

* In all the accounts which I have seen of the Priory or Monastery of Beaulie, it is stated that it was established in the year 1230, by James Bisset of Loveth. But in the family papers of Lovat, it is insinuated that it was built and partly endowed by the lady of Sir Simon Fraser, who was killed at Hollydown hill in the service of his country and lawful Sovereign, a century after the Bissets had been banished the north. The following paragraph to this effect is quoted from "Annals of the family of Fraser" *printed, but not published*, a copy of which I was some

Yet here, even here, in sorrow's darkest hour
 Came sympathy with joy dispensing power ;
 Won to relent the gaoler turns the key,
 And shows the realms of light and liberty.
 Ah! then what mingled hopes and fears assail
 The warm, unchanging heart of Frasersdale !
 As down yon tranquil stream's romantic side
 His boat glides silent with the reflux tide,
 By moonlight glades to waking fancy dear,
 And hallow'd oft by love's enraptur'd tear,
 How glowing yet, by busy Mem'ry shed,
 Seem the warm traces of the transports fled !
 How quick disperse the meteor beams of joy,
 And darker presages the soul employ !
 Still, still, his anxious thoughts to Helen turn,
 And Love's and Anger's fires commingling burn.

time ago favoured with by the present worthy head of that family.
 " This good lady lived at Kirkhill, till her son came to be of age ;
 she spent much of her time in piety, virtue, and charity ; she con-
 tributed liberally to the *building* and beautifying the monastery of Beau-
 lie, and intended to build a stone bridge over the river, and for that
 end, began to found a pier of large stones, which is still to be seen in the
 river, called in the language of the country *Carn-na-Vantiern*, i. e. the
 lady's cairn, or heap." The Sir Simon Fraser above mentioned is said, in
 the work here quoted, to have been *Nephew* to *King Robert Bruce*. The
 Monastery was of the same order with that of Pluscarden. The only
 remains of the building are the walls of what had been the place of wor-
 ship, bearing no trace of turret or steeple, or any ornament of architec-
 ture. The floor is almost covered with tomb-stones of various ages,
 many nearly coeval with the building itself : the most ancient, from their
 construction and form, appear to have been the lids of *stone coffins* ; on
 each is a large cross, surrounded by ancient vignettes, swords, animals, and
 other symbols, the import of which is not now to be defined.

Much injur'd Fair! from woe's entranced sleep
 'Twas thine with bitter throes to wake and weep.
 In yonder hall, by no fond ties deterr'd,
 A Tyrant long his odious suit preferr'd;
 Long, long, inhuman, drew the precious tear
 For Love reposing on an early bier,
 And, flattering still, in splendid guise pourtray'd,
 Life's brighter smile and Fortune's gay parade.
 But vain each dark insidious' effort proves
 To win a heart that droops, yet fondly loves;
 And, leaning on that breast too sadly gor'd,
 Spurns the stain'd hand of Lovat's haughty Lord.

"And why, she asks," where ruder thoughts annoy,
 "Sudden resounds the revelry of joy;
 "For whom awakes the hymeneal strain,
 "The banquet smiles, and joy invites in vain?"
 "For thee, my fair! the minstrel wakes the string,
 "And the gay Loves their hymeneals ring;
 "For thee the splendid banquet decks the hall,
 "And lo! my vassal crowds attend thy call."
 Avert, ye gracious Powers! the impious plan,
 Ere force confirm what violence began!

As when 'mid scenes that festal mirth endeared
 Banquo his horrid, gory front uprear'd,
 And blanch'd the Tyrant's cheek with deadly pale,
 So Lovat mark'd the form of Fraserdale
 A darkly frowning barrier interpose,
 And snatch a sweet reward for all his woes.

" Proud Chief!" he said, " thou canst not now with-hold
 " That dearest blessing which my arms infold—
 " Fierce in their ire, on yonder spreading lawn,
 " My Clan is marshall'd, and their swords are drawn :—
 " But be a nobler, sweeter vengeance mine,
 " Thus, pleas'd, our hands in amity to join,
 " And while symphonious sounds the warbling lay,
 " And the gay feast invites, keep we the bridal day !

Like some fair maid whose tender heart of love
 Is given where prudence never can approve,
 Whose tears (for Love is cause of cruel smart,)
 Atone, how amply! for her erring heart;
 So Calcdonia, heedless of the crime,
 With love and hopes romantic as her clime,
 Welcom'd her Royal Exile* to that zone
 He fear'd to tread, yet dar'd usurp its throne:

* The attempts made by the unfortunate House of Stuart to regain the abdicated throne are sufficiently known, but it is not generally known how much the *Pretenders* were prompted to the enterprizes in which they embarked by representations from this quarter of the kingdom of the affection and sincerity of the people, who were ready to espouse their cause. The Highland Jacobites, attached to their King as much as to their *duchas*, (a word signifying right, or possession, but ill translated by either, or any set of words in the English language,) and who were apprehensive of the annihilation of their power and people, by the House of Brunswick, on whose part they had received but few assurances of protection or conciliatory advances, complained loudly that they were deserted by the Princes whom they had called to the throne, and used every argument to induce them to come over, and the Court of Versailles to prepare an expedition for the coast of North Britain. For this purpose they endeavoured in the following curious account of the Highland Clans, which I feel myself warranted in adding here, as not irrelevant to the object of this work, and which was sent to the Court of France, to induce

How quick, when Fancy, like a gifted *seer*,
 Saw unappall'd dishonour's phantoms near,
 She grasp'd, as oft in fields of fair renown,
 The dirk that guards her *Duchas*, and her Crown!
 How vain she strove another's triumphs show,
 Her sons by long hereditary woe.

Lewis XIV. to send aid, by representing their own power. Nothing in the paper appears to be exaggerated, though its design is sufficiently evident. The *loyalty* therein mentioned, it will be observed, relates to the *House of Stuart*. That and the Catholic religion seem to have been inseparable.

STATE OF THE HIGHLAND CLANS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE
 18th. CENTURY.

The Clans are here mentioned, with five hundred men to a regiment. It is true, that some of them can bring more men into the field, and others fewer, but, computing them one with another, they may be reckoned so. The three great branches of the M'Donalds, viz.

CLANRANALD.—GLENGARIE.—Sir DONALD M'DONALD of Sleat.

The captains of Clanranald's family have still been loyal, and had a good regiment in the fields for King Charles I. and II. and this present captain, at fourteen years of age, was, with 500 men, at the battle of Killicranky for King James VII. This family has suffered much for their loyalty, by the oppressions of the family of Argyle, who have been rebels for four generations past. Clanranald's family and their followers are Catholics.

Glengarie his predecessor, the late Lord M'Donald, had still a regiment for the service of King Charles I and II and this present Glengarie had the same for King James VII. This family has suffered much also by the family of Argyle. Both he and his followers are Catholics.

Sir Donald M'Donald of Sleat was with his regiment at the battle of Killicranky, for King James VII. and continues still very loyal. These three branches of the M'Donalds, including other lesser branches of that name, may bring to the field, of very good men, 1500.

The three great branches of M'Duff or Clanchattan, viz.

FARQUHARSONS.—M'INTOSHES.—M'PHERSONS.

The Farquharsons have still been loyal: for Findlay Farquharson of Braemar and Inverey was killed carrying the royal banner at the battle of Pinkie, in the year 1547, against the English. His grand child, James Farquharson of Inverey was, at 70 years of age, kept two years prisoner at Edinburgh for his loyalty; and was forced to pay a considerable fine before he was released. His son, Colonel William Farquharson of In-

War ! whose inhuman arm and poisoned dart,
Red with the blood of many a noble heart,

werey, had still a good regiment for the service of Kings Charles I. and II. under the command of the Marquisses of Huntly and Montrose, and the Earls of Glencairn and Middleton; and being still without pay, and at his own charges, mortgaged all his estate for the said service, worth about 500l. sterling a year. Yet his son, Colorel John Farquharson of Inverey, was among the first who took arms for King James VII; and after all the other Highlanders had given over coming to the field, he raised betwixt eight and nine hundred men, and sustained the small party of the King's officers a whole campaign, acting offensively as well as defensively; for which he had six parishes (belonging to him and his relations) entirely burnt and destroyed, which was procured by the Lord Forbes and his family; one of the most rebellious in Scotland, and their next neighbours. Witnesses of their last services and sufferings are Colonel Rattrey, Major Holmes, Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzsimons, and several others present in France. Many of the name of Farquharson and their followers are Catholics.

The M'Intoshes and M'Phersons, although they did not rise to arms all of them, yet they still sent men to the field, both for the service of Kings Charles I and II. and for King James VII.; and are all of them at present loyal. These three fore mentioned branches, including others lesser about them, can bring to the field, of very good men, 1500.

The M'Leans have still been loyal; their chief and 500 of his name being killed at Inverkeithing, for King Charles II. by Cromwell. They have been also in the field for King Charles I. and they had, at the battle of Killcranky, for King James VII. five hundred men, and will be found very ready when the King shall have use for them. They are mightily oppressed by the family of Argyle. They can bring to the field, of very good men, 500.

The Camerons have still been loyal, and have still had a good regiment in the fields, for Kings Charles I. and II. and for King James VII. and continue very loyal; and may bring to the field, of very good men, 500.

The Stuarts and Robertsons of Athol have still been loyal, and have still taken the field for the Kings Charles I. and II. and for King James VII. notwithstanding the present Marquis of Athol, who was superior to the most part of them, was then for the Prince of Orange; but it is now the better that he himself is loyal at present. They may bring to the field, of good men, 1000.

The M'Naughtons and Stuarts of Appin have still been loyal to the Kings Charles I. and II. and to King James VII. and were in the fields

The angel Pity strives to check in vain—
 Ah, never did thy foul, abhorred fane
 Rise blazing with a sacrifice so dread,
 As on yon heath that hides the nameless dead ;

for them ; as was also M'Neil of Barra, who, with his men, are all Catholics. They may raise, of very good men, 500.

The Drummonds' loyalty is not to be doubted ; since they will certainly follow their chief, the Duke of Perth, or his son the Earl of Drummond. They may bring to the field, of very good men, 500.

The M'Kenzie's are neither to be doubted ; since they will follow their chief the Marquis of Seaforth. They, with other little names about them, may bring to the field, of indifferent good men, 1000.

The Frasers are loyally inclined ; and may bring to the field, of very good men, 500.

The M'Leods are loyally inclined ; and may bring to the field, of very good men, 500.

The Sinclairs are esteemed loyal ; and may bring to the field, of indifferent good men, 500.

The M'Kays and the Highlanders of Strathnaver ; their superiors are not loyal ; yet their commons can be brought to the field, and may do good service, being joined with others ; they may make, of very good men, 500.

The Rosses of Balnagowan ; their chief is not loyal, yet his clan might be brought to the field ; and they may make, of none of the best men, 500.

The Grants ; their chief has been very violent against the late King, and raised a regiment against him, and entertained it three years at his own charges ; yet his clan might be called to the field, and joined to others of unquestioned loyalty. They may raise of none of the best of men, 500.

The Campbells of Breadalbin ; their superior, the Earl of Breadalbin, is a very cunning man ; yet still pretends to be very loyal. They may bring to the field, of indifferent good men, 500.

The Grahams of Monteith and Stuarts of Down are loyal ; and may bring to the field, of very good men, 500.

The M'Neils of Galchyle, M'Lauchlans, M'Kinnons, M'Aulays, M'Nabs, M'Gregors, M'Gibbons, M'Echins of Dumbarton, Argyle and Stirling-shires are loyal ; and may bring to the field, amongst them all, of very good men, 1000.

Then follow representations of the number of men which the *King*

Where, full in front, her brow in vapours dun,
 Culloden* rears, dark frowning to the sun.
 There the lone ashes of the brave repose,
 O'er whom no weeping marble ever rose,

might expect from the Lowlands, but these it is not necessary to specify here.—*M'Pherson's Original Papers.*

The true motive of the Court of Versailles for not embarking more heartily than it did in the cause of the Pretenders, appears not to be well understood by historians. It had evidently an interest in keeping these personages in France. Whilst this was the case, and whilst they were kept in expectation of aid from France, she had a powerful friend in each of them in the heart of her dominions, whom she could wield at will, whether in war or at peace with this country; for the friends of the Chevaliers, who were many and powerful in both Houses of Parliament, and throughout Britain, could not but be influenced by their expressed wishes. A memorable instance of this is given in Nairne's Papers, (vide the documents above quoted,) where it is said that the Chevalier, father to the young Pretender, ordered his friends in England to promote the views of France in obtaining peace with Britain, which they effected, and by which the French themselves acknowledge they were saved from ruin.

* The memorable field of Culloden is about three miles to the eastward of the town of Inverness, and in full view of Craig Phadric. It is a bleak moor, upon which the graves of those who fell are strikingly distinguishable by their verdant surface of grass rising through the brown surrounding heath, where bullets and fragments of armour are still picked up. To the traveller of sensibility it is a most interesting scene, where the disasters of civil war terminated with the lives of many brave men, who, notwithstanding the principle by which they were guided, deserved a better fate. The rebel army could not have chosen a worse field to meet an enemy such as they had to engage, nor the royal troops a better, had the choice of ground been left to themselves. A moor extending many miles in length, from near Nairn to the foot of Stratherrick, and of several miles in breadth, from the river of Strathnairn to the Moray Firth, without a hillock or glen, or thicket or rock, for a cover, was a most extraordinary situation to receive the shock of the Royal army. To draw up an irregular body of men, in such a place, to contend with disciplined, veteran troops, with cannon, and cavalry, was a fatality which might have prognosticated the fate of the day. To account for this choice on their part, and to save

But mouldering bones alone remain to tell
 Where Scotia's standard wav'd, her heroes fell,
 When, rushing from the steep, her plumed van
 Pour'd the red thunder of each mountain Clan;

the trouble of referring to the accounts given of the battle it may not be amiss in this place to give a brief sketch of the event. The Duke of Cumberland having arrived at Aberdeen about the end of February, and completed his magazines, commenced his march northward, crossing the Spey without opposition; although the Duke of Perth, the Lords John Drummond, Kilmarnock, and Belmerino, and Secretary Murray, engaged in the cause of Prince Charles Edward, had taken up their quarters in and near the Manse of Speymouth, with 2000 men, a force sufficient to have prevented the passage of the royal army, but who retreated to Elgin with the most unaccountable precipitation. On the 14th of April, the royal army arrived at the town of Nairn, where they solemnized the anniversary of the Duke's birth-day, and trimmed their accoutrements and arms.

By this time the greater part of the rebel troops, from various quarters, under different chiefs, had rendezvoused with Prince Charles, at Inverness. But instead of prudently retreating to the fastnesses of the mountains, which then afforded store of live cattle for provision, where their regiments would have been recruited, and their force augmented by a strong reinforcement of the M'Phersons, then actually in full march to join them, and where subsequent disaster might have thus been prevented, they determined to make a desperate effort to arrest the progress of the Duke's forces upon the moor of Culloden, where they lay the whole night under arms; having very little provision—two bannocks of bread only to each man. And in the anxious expectation of the advance of the royal army, they waited in order of battle the whole of the succeeding day; during which they were joined by 1400 men, under young Lovat, Keppoch, and Lochiel. Having formed the weak purpose of surprising the Duke's army in the night of the birth day solemnization they marched eastward after sun-set in two columns: but, faint with hunger and fatigue, many were unable to come up; embarrassed by the length of the columns, they were obliged to make several halts; and many overpowered with sleep, dropped off unperceived in the dark, and lay hid in the fields. At the distance of three miles, it was found impossible to reach the Duke's army before the rising of the sun, and only then with half the number that had marched off the moor. Charles therefore was reluctantly prevailed upon to measure back his way to the

When blaz'd the bright Claymore o'er hills of slain,
That shore the pride of England's fair domain;

ground first chosen for the battle, in which he was rejoined by the greater part of those who had straggled in the nocturnal march. Immediately on regaining their station, great numbers dispersed in quest of provision, and many, overpowered with fatigue, lay down to sleep on the heath. About 5 o'clock in the morning, the royal army began their march from Nairn, nearly 15 miles distant from the place of engagement: and the repose of the wearied Clans was disturbed by the alarm of their approach. They formed the order of battle with at least 1000 fewer than they had mustered on the preceding day: the front in 13 divisions, each clan under its respective chief, having 6 field pieces in the middle of the line; to support the front, were disposed Fitz-James's horse on the right, covered by the wall of an inclosure; 4 companies of French picquets composed the middle column; and on the left were 5 companies of Lord John Drummond's foot, and a body of horse composed of the Prince's guards: open to the centre of the foot was the young Adventurer and his body guard; and in his rear was the line of reserve.

The Duke's army formed in 2 lines also, and 3 regiments for the corps of reserve: the dragoons, under Hawley, were on the left flank, and Kingston's horse guarded the right; the artillery, consisting of 10 field pieces, were placed 2 in the centre of each regiment, so that some pieces were capable of flanking the enemy on whatever part of the line the impression might be made. The royal army consisted of 8,811, and the other numbered 8,350. About one o'clock afternoon the artillery of both parties opened: that of the Prince's was ill served and inefficient, but the king's made dreadful havoc among them; which Lord George Murray, the leader of the right wing, perceiving, called on them to advance; and 500 charged the left wing with their usual impetuosity. Burrel's regiment and Monro's were yielding to the pressure of this column, when they were sustained by two battalions under Wolfe, advancing from the second line; by whose close fire great numbers fell, while the cannon continued to pour destruction with their cartridge-shot. Meanwhile the dragoons, aided by the militia of Argyle, having opened passages in the dyke, which is still seen standing at the western extremity of the moor, broke in upon the right flank; while Kingston's horse, upon the left, met them in the centre, completing the confusion of the rebels; their rout in less than thirty minutes was final, and the field covered with the slain. The French picquets in their right covered their retreat for a little by a close and regular fire; then retiring to Inverness,

When Albin's pibroch* bade her echoes ring,
 And quire the triumph of her Wanderer King—

they surrendered themselves prisoners of war. The road to that town was strewn with the bodies of the dead. Many friends, who had come to share the victory, were sacrificed in the undistinguishing exultation of the victors over the unresisting foe. An entire body of the Frasers from the Aird, however, marched off the field of battle, their pipes playing, and their colours displayed. These colours, perforated by numberless bullets, are still preserved in Castle Downey.

In every instance of civil war, rapine, desolation, and murder, will prevail. The moderation, however, of the rebels in the season of their success, considering their necessities, is deservedly worthy of the most distinguished praise. But with an extremely different measure was it meted to them in the day of their calamity. The soldiers of the King, not contented with the blood which had been so profusely shed in the heat of action, traversed the field after the battle, and massacred those miserable wretches whom they found unresisting and maimed; some officers even, uninspired by sentiment, untinged by humanity, bore a part in this cruel scene of assassination. But that day did not sate the vengeance of the royal troops: in the month of May they advanced into the highlands, and encamped at Fort Augustus, which had been lately by the rebels blown up; whence detachments were sent off to every quarter to spread destruction without distinction; and so active and alert were those ministers of vengeance, that in a few days neither house nor cottage, man nor beast, was to be seen within the compass of 50 miles: all was ruin, silence, and desolation! Yet jollity and glee resounded in the camp at Fort Augustus, sadly contrasted by the scenes every where else to be seen. It were ungracious to dwell longer upon this subject. A glance at the present state of the country, thanks to superior wisdom and humanity! makes us forget that ever such scenes existed. How often is the slow springing flower of pleasure watered by the tears of grief!

* The *Pibroch* is the music of war, expressive of the summons to battle, the impetuosity of the onset, or the thickening of the combat. In the sublime *strains* of the pibroch, which cannot be tried by the ordinary rules of musical composition, no conjunction of notes that are calculated to soften or to melt can be admitted. They are the sounds that inspire lofty ideas of victory and contempt of death, marking, by the accumulations of hurried, but distinctly articulated notes, the increased rapidity and force of the blows. The musician must possess no common strength of

But ah! it quir'd in vain—the chanter fails—
 Ceas'd is th' unequal strife—the foe prevails.
 Yet, yet, one dauntless band their wrath defies—
 Arouse, ye Clans! the LOVAT banner flies.
 But vainly peals aloud in desert climes
 The music that the warrior's soul sublines;
 Ah! Climes beloved! that echo far and wide
 The gory triumphs of the Conqueror's pride.
 The notes are steep'd in death, and Scotia's sword
 Gems the proud girdle of an English Lord.
 Daughters of Albin! weep in bower and hall
 Your vales blood-stain'd, your hapless warriors' fall,
 While Valour's panting bosom rues the day
 When Scotia's heroes gave their father's sword away.*

While cruel mirth in yonder camp resounds,
 And Horror pale, and Rapine walk their rounds,
 The swain retiring seeks the sea-beat shore,
 Where, stretch'd immense, Atlantic billows roar.

lungs who can do justice to this ancient and warlike piece of music, which is still cherished in our days, and to the force of which upon many of our countrymen, inspiring and enabling them to perform prodigies of valour Voltaire, in his account of the ever memorable battle of Fontenoy, and many of our enemies bear testimony. Albin is the ancient name of the Highlands.

* Alluding to the disarming of the Highlanders. The emigrations to America which followed the events of the rebellion, an infatuation equally powerful, are well known, and it is to be lamented have not ceased in the present day, notwithstanding the altered and improving state of almost every district in the Highlands, which it has been reserved for the mild Government of George III. and the exertions of humane and public spirited individuals, to meliorate and enrich by every means calculated to benefit a country.

There, hid by jutting rocks, the vessel rides,
 And pensive crowds watch sad the ebbing tides—
 Then came the bitter throe, when, ere they part,
 The father clasp'd his offspring to his heart,
 The mother wept forlorn, the brother's soul
 Beat high for filial wrongs, and spurn'd controul;
 Transfix'd with agony, the lovers stood
 Awhile, and gaz'd upon the briny flood,
 Then took a last farewell with down-cast eye
 And lip that quiver'd with the parting sigh.
 Country and kindred dear they thus deplore,
 Till from the deck their native hills once more
 Affection's throb and Memory's pangs renew,
 And the heart sinks as fades the distant view.

Thus when the stern relentless hand of Fate
 Tears from the bosom of its widowed mate
 The soul's companion, cherish'd and rever'd,
 By love, or social sympathy endear'd,
 On whose fond breast the heart long lean'd below,
 And lov'd 'mid all its weal and all its woe,
 Sighs the lone mourner, doom'd to wander wide,
 Lost to the sweets of home and all beside.
 On each faint smile the eye long loves to dwell
 And weeps and languishes a long farewell:
 While Memory, fond and faithful to the last,
 With sweet affection weeps for pleasures past.



ARGUMENT OF PART II.

This part of the Poem describes the present aspect of the surrounding country, as contrasted with the past, affording a display of the benefits resulting from the improvements which have been, and are still, carrying on under the beneficent direction of an enlightened Legislature and of numerous public spirited individuals, some of whose names and patriotic labours are pointed out. This brings into review the moor of Culloden, Merino-hill, Allangrange, Redcastle, Newton, and the scenery along the Beauly—Estate of the Chisholm—Falls of Kilmorack, the Dream, Belladrum, Beaufort, Reilig, and the improvements effected by Major Duff of Muirtown, and other Gentlemen in the vicinity of Inverness.—Reflections suggested by the spirit of emigration and the system of Sheep Farming—Description of local scenery resumed—The ancient burgh of Rosemarkie or Fortrose, and the walks in its neighbourhood—the same line of coast pursued—Braelangwell, Ferrintosh, Cadboll, Kiltearn, Novar, Balnagown, Brahan Castle, and the great exertions of Lord Seaforth to improve his extensive estates, comprehending a short description of the island of Lewis. Summary view of the subject—Fort George,—and the attachment of the Highland Chiefs and their Clans to the present Sovereign and his Government.—From thence the view is turned to the vale of Ness, and its romantic scenery—the Caledonian Canal—Hill of Tomnahurich—Road along the north side of Loch Ness to the Castle and Valley of Urquhart, and the most remarkable objects there described—Summer evening view, and Moonlight amusements on Loch Ness—Fall of Foyers,—moral reflections.—Prospect as beheld on a Sabbath morning—The old bridge across the Ness—A Winter scene—The town of Inverness—the Academy and Infirmary—Concluding reflections honourable to the character of the natives of the Highlands.

CRAIG PHADRIC.

PART II.

FOSTER'D by Heaven and GEORGE'S royal smile,
And matchless Polity which guards our Isle,
What beauteous forms, like Spring's returning train,
Pipe their glad song on every hill and plain ;
While clouds that sailed in triumph o'er the past
Brighten in Pleasure's fleecy Heaven at last !
No more the baleful gleam of adverse powers
Circles from TARBATNESS to DARNWAY'S towers,*

* Darnway, the seat of the Earl of Moray, and within the view from Craig Phadric, from which it is distant about 30 miles, is nearly opposite to Tarbatness, the point of land formed by the Firths of Cromarty and Dornoch. The Castle of Darnway has been noticed in times more ancient than even the age of the Bishop of Ross. The fabric which he admired, continued to exhibit its original grandeur till only a few years ago. Attention, in its structure, to the means of its defence, seem to have greatly interfered with domestic convenience. To a number of apartments which the present age would account mean, incommodiously arranged, and which were accessible only by steep, narrow, winding stairs, there was a hall conjoined, which admitted, it is said, the muster of one thousand armed warriors on its floor : its roof of ebon oak, similar to that of the Parliament House at Edinburgh, and of Westminster Hall, remaining still unceiled, displays, at the height of nearly forty feet, the strength of the workmanship of the fourteenth century, for it was built in the minority of David Bruce. It was at first intended to furnish temporary accommodation, or hunting quarters merely, and the hall originally comprised the whole building. Tradition relates, that its floor was each night littered with green rushes or grass, and the Earl,

Parching on every hill the verdant sward
 From high BENRINNES' brow to TULLOCH ARD,
 No more through Albia's danger-haunted bounds
 The Fire-Cross speeds, and the loud War-Cry sounds.
 Stranger! if Fancy rightly has pourtray'd
 The Landscape's features rude, and awful shade,
 Which yon devoted shores and hills sublime
 Spread to the blushing sky in elder time,—
 Now mark the pleasing change. As from a dream,
 Where horror, pain, and discord reigned supreme,

with all his suite, reposed together in this single apartment, for their mutual protection. This hall, which was the first, is now the only part of the ancient castle which remains. A new and splendid palace, which to all the elegance of modern taste conjoins in its exterior form the style of gothic magnificence, is reared on the old foundations, the old hall, in its original magnificence, constituting a part of this modern edifice. The decorations of its inside, though renewed, are still appropriate, in some measure, to its magnitude and ancient state. This elegant palace rises on a small green hill near the skirt of an aged forest, which spreads over a thousand acres, to which the Earl has added an extent of plantation, including the groves around the castle, of nearly 3000 acres more. Beyond these groves, which shelter large gardens, much meadow land, and extensive corn fields, the river Findhorn rolls its stream on the south, presenting, in its course through the forest, combinations of rock, water, and wood, which alternately impress the idea of the rude sublime, and the image of the beautiful and tranquil.

The lofty mountain of Glenrinnos is situate in Banffshire, yet may be seen from the top of Craig Phadric, as may also the mountains of Cairngorm, stretching along the Spey.

Tulloch Ard is a high hill in Ross-shire in the district of Kintail, which in ancient times, like the temple of Janus, indicated peace or war; for when the fire which was the signal to war was kindled, as was the custom, upon the highest peak, in twenty-four hours all the tenants and vassals of Seaforth appeared at the Castle of St. Donan, armed *pro aris et focis*. This mountain is the crest of Seaforth's arms.

Pleas'd Nature wakes, and feels Joy's soft controul,
 Like Heaven's pure morning dawning on the soul ;
 So, ye green hills, and vales, and glades ! appear,
 Rob'd in the verdure of the smiling year.
 Even now while round your shores pale Danger rides,
 Safe in your shades the cherub Peace abides ;
 Health walks the field, and Plenty pours her horn,
 And minds as liberal as the smite of morn,
 Impart superior charms to Nature's face,
 To life a joy, to Beauty sweeter grace.

Witness the change, ye hills ! that proudly rise,
 Ye glades where FORBES* rov'd the good and wise,
 Whose steady loyalty and fervent zeal
 In trying hour upheld the public weal ;

* Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, Lord President of the Court of Session, who was indefatigable in the service of Government during the period of the rebellion in 1745, and indeed through the whole course of his useful and meritorious life, and of whose talents and virtues few need be informed in this place, met with but a poor return from those deluded men whom he befriended, and that Government which he so zealously served. His property was often plundered and destroyed by the agents of those who were inimical to the cause he espoused, and it is reported that he distributed above 20,000*l.* out of his own private purse among the Chiefs of the Highlands, not only to keep that part of the country quiet, but to assist the King's troops ; but that weak administration which could without any apparent cause give solid grounds of disaffection to such a turbulent, revengeful, and powerful man as Lord Lovat, who, with his single Clan, could have suppressed the rebellion in its infancy, refused to repay to the Lord President Forbes what he was so justly entitled to expect, with every honourable testimony of gratitude in return. The Forbeses of Culloden have ever been distinguished for their loyalty. At the time of the revolution, in 1688, Mr. Forbes of Culloden was a zealous whig, in consequence of which his estates were laid waste, particularly the barony of Ferrintosh, on which extensive distilleries belonging to him were de-

But on whose lov'd retreats, by Science bless'd,
 Revenge full oft his deadly seal imprest.
 Where scream'd the bittern o'er the deep morass
 The mower stalks amid the bending grass,
 And where the battle rag'd with fury fell,
 And waves, all lonely waves, the heather bell,
 Lo! bright IMPROVEMENT wakes, at whose command
 The vernal Joys advancing paint the lawn— *land*
 And where with Industry she plies her toils,
 The pure stream murmurs, and the green field smiles.
 Ah! ne'er may other hands with touch unblest
 Ye slumbering brave! disturb your hallow'd rest.
 Ye youths who shun afar the tented field,
 And till the soil which your forefathers till'd;
 Ye generous patrons of Art's brightening train,
 Who shed a roseate bloom on hill and plain,
 Woo to your mountains wild and lowly vales,
 IMPROVEMENT, borne on Spring's fayonian gales.

stroyed. As a compensation, the Parliament of Scotland granted to him in 1690, freedom from Excise for these lands, on condition that he should make an annual payment of 400 merks Scots. This privilege was resumed in 1786, by Government, who granted the sum of 20,000l. to the Proprietor as a compensation. The son of Mr. Forbes to whom this singular privilege was granted, raised in arms all the men upon his extensive estates for the support of the Hanoverian succession. The zealous endeavours of the Lord President, his son, and grandfather of the present Proprietor, in preventing the extension of the rebellion in 1745, have been already noticed. The Estate of Culloden, like most of the Highland properties, has of late years been much improved. And even the celebrated scene of the last efforts of the Pretenders to the Crown of these Realms, is fast assuming a fairer aspect under the hand of cultivation.

Nature, till she diffused her ray serene,
 Repos'd a gloomy, rude, uncultur'd scene ;
 She taught the swain o'er barren heaths to lead
 Th' irriguous rill, and form the painted mead ;
 She taught him, emulous of toil and praise,
 To drain the marshy vale, and hamlets raise
 Where lurk'd the toad, the serpent rear'd his crest,
 And nature seem'd a dark incorrigible waste.
 She bade him pluck from yonder shores the thorn,
 And clothe the hills' soft slope with waving corn,
 Or bid th' ambitious fir, with murmurs deep,
 Wave o'er the darkling horrors of the steep ;
 Where o'er the lofty mountain's breezy side
 The plaided Shepherd leads his snowy pride,
 And, crown'd with fanes, now moss o'ergrown and still,
 Rise the green summits of MERINO HILL.*

* A farm in the parish of Kilmuir Wester, or *Knockbain*, as it is now called, stretching along the borders of the Moray Firth, where the experiment of improving our breed of sheep, by crossing them with the more pure and finer woolled Merino race, has been successfully exemplified. The history of this little colony of Merinos, the first of that breed introduced into the North of Scotland, is not a little curious. It is briefly this—Lord Selkirk had with much care selected in Sweden a flock of Merino sheep, for the purpose of being sent to his Lordship's possessions in the Gulph of St. Lawrence, and which were shipped accordingly, but the vessel was wrecked in the Moray Firth in December 1803. Fortunately, however, the crew and cargo were saved. As the whole of the sheep could not conveniently be taken through the snow to Greenock, where they were again to be shipped, Lord Selkirk's agents thought it advisable to sell two score of them by auction. Mr. Young, Bookseller in Inverness, aware of the value of such a breed of sheep to a part of the country where they were not known, and partly depending upon its sheep store, attended the sale with the inten-

Her patient hand with ever pleasing change
 Adorns the cultur'd walks of ALLANGRANGE,*
 Or spreads along REDCASTLE'S fair domain,
 Each varied charm of water, wood, and plain ;
 While oft she hears amid her quarries sound,
 The arm that forms proud Ocean's mightiest bound,

tion of purchasing the whole, but was under the necessity of contenting himself with two lots. As he knew how to appreciate the value of this little stock, he took every possible care of them, and at last obtained a tract of ground from Mr. Graham of Drynie, which is admirably suited for the purpose of rearing and increasing them, and where their number has since been much augmented. This is the farm alluded to, which has hence received the name of Merino Hill, and is a beautifully sloping bank of considerable elevation, two miles in length, and directly facing the sun at noon. Previous to this event there was not a single Merino sheep north of the Grampians. In a national point of view the introduction of these sheep into this country may be reckoned an important era in the history of its agriculture. The partial change, however, which this and other improvements lately made in the sheep farming system of the Highlands have rendered necessary, has given rise to much difference of opinion, which time and a growing enlargement of mind are fast diminishing, to the honour and benefit of the country.

Upon this farm stand the ruins of the old parish church, to which there is a burying-ground attached, forming exactly such a place of rest from earthly cares as Beattie has finely described :—

“ Mine be the breezy hill beside the down,
 “ Where a green grassy-turf is all I crave,
 “ With here and there a violet bestrown,” &c.

* To enumerate those Gentlemen to whom the extensive district under review is indebted for their meritorious exertions in reclaiming waste land, and otherwise improving and beautifying the face of the country, would be to enumerate almost every Gentleman who has the possession of an acre of ground in it, as well as some “~~who~~ have ceased from their labours,” for the benefit of mankind. Among those, however, who have zealously devoted their attention to this laudable object, it would be injustice not to mention the name of Mr. M^cKenzie of Allangrange, whose estate, lying in what is called the Black Isle in Ross-shire, exhibits a pleasing picture of what may be effected by industry and judicious management.

Where, stretching far from Clachnaharry's shore,
 The pier shall rise, and Commerce spread her store.
 She walks 'mid NEWTON'S shades, and pleas'd surveys
 Her toils complete.—O! lose me in the maze
 Of Beauty there, or, rapt in musing mood,
 Give me to trace at will the BEAULY'S flood,
 From where, in Classic bower, above, below,
 The CHISHOLM* sees his woody treasures grow,

Upon the same side of the Beauly, and beautifully adorning the banks of that river, lies the Estate of Redcastle, the property of Col. Grant, who, as well as the late proprietor, has added much to its beauty and fertility. The taste and judgment which have been evinced by Mr. M'Kensie of Kilcoy, in laying out and improving his extensive property, which is contiguous to that of Redcastle, are also conspicuously eminent.

The same praise is due in no inconsiderable degree to the proprietors of the following estates, lying also in the peninsula already mentioned, viz.—Suddy, Roschaugh, Poyntzfield, Newhall, and Braelangwell; and if the voice of well merited commendation could “soothe the dull cold ear of death,” it ought not to be withheld from the late Mr. Ross of Cromarty, who was one of the most spirited improvers and patrons of industry that has at any time been given as a benefit to his country. His beautiful and elegant mansion of Cromarty House is now in the possession of Col. Munro of Culcairn, who is also distinguished for similar valuable qualities.

In the district called the Aird, lying along the opposite side of the Beauly, in Inverness-shire, the country is infinitely indebted for most judicious improvements upon their respective estates to Major Fraser of Newton, Mr. Fraser of Achnagairn, Mr. Fraser of Fingask, Mr. Fraser of Culbockie, Mr. Fraser of Belladrum, Mr. Fraser of Reilig, and Mr. Warrand of Warrandfield.

* William Chisholm, Esq. of Chisholm, the Chief of that name, a Gentleman whose mind is richly stored with polite learning and the love of his Country, and who joins to these the most pleasing urbanity of manners. The Estate of *The Chisholm*, as he is called, comprehends the whole of Strathglass, the most northerly valley in Inverness-shire, where the face of the country presents a very singular appearance; whilst the tops of the mountains are covered with snow, the bottom of the Strath is a

And fields less fertile than his fancy spread
 In lengthen'd prospect to Glencannich head,
 To where in downward line amid the flood
 AIGISH expands her isle of waving wood;
 Or, wandering by KILMORACK's thundering falls,
 Where the chaf'd tide o'erleaps her giant walls,
 Trace, awe struck, all the wonders of the DREAM,
 So form'd to wake, and bear a vision's name.

beautiful flat, nearly all green, in which much meadow and arable land is interspersed. It is not a little remarkable also that there is upon this estate a lake which is constantly frozen, even in the warmest seasons. In Glenstrathfarar and Glen Cannich, valleys stretching to a great distance towards the mountainous district of Kintail, there is likewise much green pasture and fir woods. The river Glass running in the middle, gives name to this Strath, and has in many places the appearance of a narrow lake from the slowness of its motion, which in many places is scarcely perceptible, occasioned by the difficulty it meets with in discharging its waters at its confluence with the Farrar. As it approaches the Castle of Erchless, the family seat of Chisholm, the scenery is uncommonly engaging, growing still more beautiful as it advances towards the Aird. A great extent of rich and fertile corn-fields lies around the majestic and elegant messuage of Erchless Castle. Its environs farther down the river are decorated by the picturesque island of Aigish, an oval nearly two miles in circuit. Formed of hard and solid rock, it rises in a gentle slope about 100 feet above the river: covered with a variety of wood, it affords pasturage and shelter for sheep, goats, and a few cows, during the months of summer and harvest. Near its eastern end, the landscape is enlivened by a fall in the river, about six feet in height, and a saw-mill: seven saws are wrought by four wheels, turning 80 or 90 times in a minute, and cutting a log of ten feet long, from end to end, in little more than four minutes. This work was established in 1765, whereby a vast sum is yearly produced from the forests of the Chieftain. The wood is floated along the rivers that have been mentioned, for 30 or 40 miles to the mill; where, after being cut up, it must be still carried by horses below the fall of Kilmorack, about three miles farther down than the mill, where it is again floated in rafts to the Firth. Above the falls, the track of the river, which is the most romantic that can be

Or, roving still where beauties ever new
 On either side seem rising to the view,
 Pleas'd let me shun the city's noisy hum
 Amid the green retreats of BELLADRUM,
 Or BEAUFORT's vistas fair, or REILIG's bowers,
 And grotts and shady walks, adorn'd with flowers.

conceived, is called the *Dream*, for what reason I know not, unless it is from *Dreum*, a ridge.

Those who have not beheld the falls of Kilmorack will not easily conceive an idea of these precipitous gulphs, forming the bed of a large river composed of the torrents of many hills, and the streams from many lakes, which, thus united as for the effort, roll on a majestic volume, little inferior to the Spey, and rivalling the Clyde or Dec. It approaches this precipice, about 20 feet in height, as if unsuspecting of the fall; collected there, and hovering, doubtful as it were, for a moment over the gulph, as if forced reluctant by the unconscious river behind, it is poured down without resistance, in one unbroken ponderous mass, with a sullen heavy plunge, and an unvaried hollow roar: rising again through the pressure of the deep water, with much less ebullition or violence than might be pre-supposed, it sluggishly occupies the bottom of a precipitous chasm, at such a depth below as to excite apprehension and dizziness on looking down into the shadowy abyss. The northern brow of the cliff is decorated by a handsome summer-house, built by the late minister upon the environs of the glebe of Kilmorack, from whence this great object may be viewed in the most comfortable circumstances, and to the greatest advantage. Having slowly won its passage through the rifted rock, the river winds in silence through the wooded dale, to meet the tide advancing between the contracted shores of the terminating Firth.

Hundreds of salmon at times are seen below, attempting to spring up the fall, and they bound, when in full vigour, to an amazing height, Unconscious of the unsurmountable steep, they repeat their unavailing efforts, while many swerve so far to either hand, as to fall back upon a ledge of rock almost level with the water upon both its sides. Branches of trees have been arranged along the edges of these shelves, to prevent the fish from regaining the river: and by these simple means eight or twelve have been got in the course of a night. Here also the late Lord Lovat had a kettle placed over a fire, into which some of the fish uncon-

But why will Fancy for some foreign sweet
 For ever slight the beauties at her feet?
 Not less adorn'd with all which the blest hand
 Of bright IMPROVEMENT scatters o'er the land,
 Are these rich fields where, wandering oft, we find
 Some pleasing mark of thy enlighten'd mind,
 DUFF!* who hast cloth'd the rock and arid plain
 With verdant green, or heaps of waving grain.
 Bade the plough fearless trace the mountain's side,
 And even CRAIG PHADRIC smile in woody pride.
 O toils more sweet! O wreaths more glorious far
 Than ever lur'd to crimson fields of war!

sciously plunged; and, boiled in this manner, were served up to dinner, with the marvellous recommendation to strangers, "That the fish had spontaneously vaulted from the river into the boiling kettle to be dressed:" which was afterwards explained by ocular inspection at the place. Farther down the Beaulieu are the beautiful residences alluded to in the Poem, together with many others, some of which are already mentioned.

* In the vicinity of the town of Inverness much spirit and taste have within these few years been manifested in the improvement of waste land. The agreeable transformations effected by Major Duff of Muirtown, upon whose estate the Hill which gives name to this Poem is situate, and who has converted into arable ground, and covered with thriving plantations what has hitherto been looked upon as incapable of cultivation, or of rearing plants of any description, are above all praise. In the same list of benefactors to their native land, may be enumerated the names of Mr. M'Intosh of Holm, Mr. Baillie of Dochfour, Provost M'Intosh of Drummond, Mr. Grant of Bught, the late Mr. Gordon of Drakies, Colonel Fraser of Culduthel, Mr. Fraser Tytler of Aldourie, Mr. Fraser of Torbreck, Mr. Forbes of Culloden, Mr. Sheriff of Kinmylies, Mr. Young of Inverness, and many others who will long be gratefully remembered as friends to the true interests of their country.

O'er all the view her forming hand I trace,
 That sheds at every step peculiar grace—
 Now rears the Wharf, the stately Mansion rears,
 Where busy life, or polished taste appears :—
 Now spans the rapid tide with Arch sublime,
 Or forms the path to Scotia's farthest clime,
 Where never wheel has roll'd, and scarcely finds
 The swain his bleak home scourg'd by warring winds ;
 Or spreads afar the cultivated plain,
 Or clothes her mountains with the fleece of Spain,

Let not the peasant view with sorrowing eyes
 The flock's increase, whose growth his wants supplies ;
 Nor let the swain in wandering mood deplore
 The scanty limits of his native shore,
 And those light vacant hours when o'er the land
 Content and Poverty went hand in hand.

On Scotia's sheltering hills and wide stretch'd plains

There's room for Sheep and blythesome Peasant Swains,

(From fields where Nature wantons wild and free,
 Crops not a sweet reward the industrious bee?
 Shall Scottish swain for other lands perform
 What Scottish vales that hid him from the storm,
 Require to spread autumnal treasures round ?
 Though poor it seem, 'tis still thy native ground.
 Call but the Genius of thy country forth,
 Fraught with affection warm and patient worth,
 And dearer, sweeter blooms shall blossom there
 Than aught of joy that scents the foreign air.

Sweet is the theme when Nature's charms inspire,
 And wide the range when Learning lends her fire.
 Turn to the haunts long dedicate to fame,
 Where pious hands have fed her vestal flame,
 Lonely and lingering like the star of morn,
 And mild as those in orient chambers born.
 Turn, musing wanderer, where, in sunny nook,
 ROSEMARKY* sees the hills of Ross o'erlook

* Rosemarky, now better known by the name of Fortrose, which also comprehends the town of Chanonry, nearly a mile distant, is spoken of as a place flourishing in the arts and sciences at a very early period. It was erected into a royal burgh so early as the reign of Alexander II. and has given birth to, and been the residence of many eminent men. The celebrated Historian Bishop Leslie, the last Catholic Bishop of Ross, resided in what is now the Presbytery seat. He was the zealous advocate of Queen Mary, in whose cause he lost his Bishopric, having been obliged to seek an asylum at Brussels, where he died. Dr. Gregory M'Kenzie, the laborious compiler of the "Lives of the most eminent writers of the Scottish nation," also resided here in an old Castle belonging to the Earl of Seaforth, and lies interred in the tomb of that family in the Cathedral; and Dr. James M'Kenzie, author of the "Art of Preserving Health," is said to have been for some time employed in teaching the Grammar School of the burgh. That eminent Statesman and Lawyer, Sir George M'Kenzie, often retired from Courts and Senates, to enjoy the delightful walks and prospects in the vicinity of Fortrose. It should also be mentioned, for the honour of this place, that Sir James M'Intosh, the present Recorder of Bombay, received the rudiments of his education at the Academy of Fortrose. This Academy, to which the town now owes its consequence, is conducted under the direction of the Clergy and several public spirited gentlemen in the town and neighbourhood, and is a very flourishing Seminary, where the Languages, and the principles of Natural Philosophy are taught to a great number of young persons, many of whom come from very distant parts of the kingdom, on account of the healthiness of the situation, and the celebrity of the place as a school of learning, for which, it must be allowed, it possesses many advantages.

Her shelter'd walks, her consecrated bowers,
 Where Science twin'd her earliest, fairest flowers.
 And where, though tott'ring at the touch of time,
 Crumbles the sacred Edifice sublime,
 And Ruin's fingers blot the sculptur'd line,
 Where Learning worship'd at Religion's shrine,
 Gay crowds no more in busy circle meet
 But Silence hovers o'er each grass-grown street,
 Still the mild lingering light of Science throws
 A brightening gleam on Nature's lone repose.
 There he who sad with MARY mourn'd and fell
 Cheer'd with no fading light his lonely cell;
 There, where the vernal blossoms love to wave
 O'er the still mansions of the wise and brave,
 The patriot mind who India's race sublimed
 Woo'd brighter rays than gild her glowing climes,
 And conn'd great Nature's ample volume o'er
 For many a day along yon verdant shore,
 Health's breezy walk, where, mingling with her flowers,
 The wreath that decks her Academic bowers,
 Lore's youthful sons in pleasing tasks engage,
 Their's the light heart, and their's the palm of age.
 O! sweet to stray by CRAIGWOOD's haunted side,
 In contemplation lost, at eventide,
 When waving birch the air with fragrance fills,
 And the sun slopes his beams on western hills,
 And many a scented bloom on briar and thorn
 Where Music flows, ROSEHAUGH's gay scenes adorn;

While bearing up the frist with swelling sail,
 The vessel joyful plows the wat'ry vale,
 Or rides in CROMAR's bay, where Britain's pride,
 A thousand dauntless keels, may safely ride.
 There while innumeros and immensely spread
 O'er the gay landscape, softening into shade,
 Hills, hamlets, spires, and battlements appear
 In rainbow pomp, to vary and endear,
 Nature's pleas'd votary shall raptur'd own
 In many an ardent glance and whisper'd tone,
 How sweet the transport rushing on his heart
 Their mingled views of blameless life impart.

Pursue the summer walk, the ride, the sail,
 Skirting, by verdant mounts, yon briny vale,
 Still shall the landscape wear a brightening hue,
 And rise in soft and picturesque review.*
 Fair smiles the scene, with villas richly gay,
 That gem like glittering pearls yon sheltering bay,

* The Gentlemen of the shires of Ross and Cromarty, the greater part of both of which shires is within the view from Craig Phadric, have of late been indefatigable in carryiug on improvements of every kind. The barren moors they have covered with trees, or converted them into arable fields; good roads have been formed in every part of the country, and bridges built over every rivulet, whilst round their residences, the greater number of which are fixed near the coast, plantations have been raised of the finest pine, and every indication of taste and growing prosperity manifested. Without entering into any particular detail in regard to every place distinguished by this spirit of improvement, it may be sufficient to remark, that in addition to those already mentioned, Brahan Castle, Coul, Hillton, Tulloch, Mountgerald, Foulis, Novar, Culcairn, Teaninich, Balnagown, New Tarbet, Invergordon, Geanies, and Tarlogie, can boast of plantations, and other beauties, which rival almost any in the island. Most of

From where the Muse delighted loves to rove
 BRAELANGWELL's fields, to CADBOLL's charmed grove,
 Or where regenerate FERRINTOSH no more
 Laments her Charter lost, her unplough'd shore;

these improvements have been very recently effected. In the parish of Rosskeen, about sixty years ago, there were no plantations of any kind, and no natural woods, excepting about the House of Ardross. But since that period, by the continued attention of Sir William Gordon, and his son, Sir John Gordon of Invergordon, a very extensive, well wooded, and beautiful place has been formed about Invergordon Castle, now the seat of Mr. M^cLeod of Cadboll. The family seat of Novar has been highly cultivated and improved by the late Sir Hector Monro, at a very great expence, and with much and approved taste. It is, indeed, a great and finished place, and one of the most complete in the north, and the admiration of all travellers to this county. It is very advantageously situated, considerably elevated above the Firth, not a mile distant from it, and commanding a full and extensive view of the neighbouring country, and of the Bay and Headland of Cromarty; objects greatly admired for their singular beauty.

Among the spots which have fortunately fallen into the hands of men of discernment and active philanthropy, may also be mentioned the grounds attached to the Manse of Kiltearn, lying along the borders of the Dingwall Firth, which have been much improved and highly ornamented by the Rev. Dr. Robertson, the present worthy incumbent of that parish.

In the parish of Kilmuir Easter, the late Admiral Sir John Lockhart Ross expended upwards of 10,000*l.* in improving his family estate, and thereby made Balnagown, now the residence of Sir Charles Ross, Bart. one of the most desirable seats in the north. Immense tracts of ground, at proper distances from the house, are covered with very thriving plantations of fir and forest trees. Most of them were planted by his immediate predecessor, and his family now begin to reap the benefit of his judicious labours. Within a mile of the House of Balnagown, towards the south, and near the shore, lies New Tarbat, the principal seat of the Earls of Cromarty, and now that of E. H. Mackenzie, Esq. brother to the Marquis of Tweeddale. This place, once the pride of Ross, both for situation and ornamented grounds, was, during the forfeiture of the family, not only neglected, but dismantled of its principal ornaments. The largest

No more a barren contrast stretching wide
 To numerous charms that deck the opposing side,
 Where Taste may still a sweeter lesson learn
 Roving the blooming walks of lov'd KILTEARN,
 Onward to shadier bowers, where, stretching far,
 She hails the fragrant green woods of NOVAR,
 Or rests well pleas'd 'mid arbours all her own,
 With LEINSTER's fairest boast in BALNAGOWN.

But chief where BRAHAN her princely fabric rears
 The brightening hand of polish'd Taste appears,
 And all the Muses love to linger round,
 For every Muse has there a patron found,
 And there the Arts a happy dwelling find
 With high born Beauty and the Noble mind.

forest trees ever seen in this country were cut down and sold; much of the ground within the policy or park was parcelled out in lots to disbanded soldiers and sailors; and the most elegant and best finished house in the north was allowed to fall into ruins. The place, however, promises, in a few years hence, to recover its ancient beauty and grandeur, from the well known taste and unremitting attention of the present proprietor. The late Lord M^cLeod, immediately upon the restoration of his estate, began to inclose and extend the policy, planted many thousand forest and fir trees which are now in a thriving condition, and built a superb house, upon a modern plan, which, in point of elegance and accommodation, is inferior to few seats in Scotland.

* Brahan Castle, the principal seat of Lord Seaforth is situated in the parish of Urray. It stands near the river Conan, which descends from the west into the Firth of Cromarty. On the banks of this beautiful river, at the distance of two miles from Brahan, stands also Conan House, the elegant residence of Sir Hector M^cKenzie of Gairloch, Bart. Brahan Castle is a fine building, pleasantly situated, commanding a view of a large plain to the south and east, and to the west a wild prospect of broken and lofty mountains. The policies about Brahan Castle are extensive and

Who there, with Science charm'd and Nature's lore,
Spread to Botanic hands her valued store?
Who chang'd yon long dark wastes of furze and thorn
To fertile fields, now clad with waving corn?
Who bade yon clustering Villages arise,
Where cheerful Trade his busy labour plies;
Where, with parental care, his liberal mind,
Anxious, still plans new comforts for mankind?

beautiful, and there is an orchard of his Lordship's planning far superior to any thing of the kind in this part of the country. His Lordship's collection of plants, and knowledge of Botany, may also be reckoned almost unequalled for their variety and extent. Indeed Lord Seaforth, and every branch of his family, are no less distinguished for their taste in the fine Arts, than for their patronage of every thing that is useful.

But that praise to which the Patriot aspires in his silent and ceaseless endeavours to benefit his country, should be heard above all in speaking of those efforts which Lord Seaforth has for many years back been making for the improvement of his extensive domains, and which, wherever they have been exerted, have been attended with the happiest success. His Lordship, I am credibly informed, has for a considerable length of time, expended under the direction of a cultivated taste and discriminating judgment, a very considerable sum annually in rendering the soil of his estates more productive, making the face of the country more beautiful, and the people upon his property more happy.

The cultivation of the Moor of Ussie, and the erection of the thriving village of Maryburgh, about two miles from Brahan, and Dornie in Kintail, the patriotic work of Lord Seaforth, deserve to be mentioned with peculiar commendation. The island of Lewis also, one of the largest of the Hebrides, being about 60 miles in length, which is attached to Ross-shire, and the whole of which belongs to Lord Seaforth, owes much of its present prosperity and pleasing appearance to the wisdom and encouraging attention of his Lordship. The town of Stornaway, the harbour of which is one of the finest in Europe, and capable of containing the whole of the British navy, and consequently, like the whole of the island, admirably fitted for trade, has, from a very small origin, arrived, by the exertions of Lord Seaforth, at a considerable

A wide domain amid the northern wave
 Lies stretch'd, where the poor native to his cave
 Pursued th' unsightly Seal, his sole employ,
 With lighted brand, and pike, and furious joy—
 Who turn'd him from his scenes of horrid strife,
 And taught him cheering arts of busy life ;
 And bade the city rise, the hamlet smile ?
 SEAFORTH, *the Man of Ross*, the Lord of Lewis' Isle.

size, enjoying also a pretty extensive commerce. The situation of the inhabitants throughout the island has likewise been much meliorated by the benevolent care and inspection of its noble proprietor, who has an elegant residence in the vicinity of Stornaway, called Seaforth Lodge, to which he occasionally resorts, and acts the part of the father of his people.

On the coast, in the parish of Stornaway, is a large cave, into which the sea enters at high water, and which is only accessible from the sea. When it was first noticed, a great number of seals were killed in it annually; and the practice is still continued; but now seldom more than seven or twelve are destroyed. The method of killing is this: a number of people assemble about low water, and carry a boat into the cave as far as she can proceed; they take from the boat a pot, which they have filled with live coal, and with which they light their torches; they then fall upon the poor seals without mercy, with clubs shod with iron. The entry of the cave is very steep and narrow on its sides, and does not admit more than the breadth of a six-oared boat. After going in a great way the light of day becomes somewhat obscured, and they then meet with a large pillar, which divides the cave at this place into two large openings or arches; by one of which they enter and walk a long way under, where they meet with large tumbling round stones, surrounded in part by water. As they advance farther in, they come to a fine pleasant beach, where they meet with the seals. Further in still there is a small chamber, which by the light of the torches appears remarkably white, its roof being all covered with white stalactites, which are seen hanging from the roof like large icicles. Some of them have the figure of hieroglyphics, and each of them seems perforated from the base to the point with a small tube. The cave within is very high,

Such are the toils, the triumphs greatly won
 In peaceful fields, where noblest deeds are done
 By that kind Spirit whose enlivening sway
 Smooths with an Angel's hand life's rugged way.
 She, waking late, but lovely in her charms,
 Chiefs of the North! your patriot bosoms warms,
 And where o'er all your field's her steps are seen,
 Each tranquil spot assumes a livelier green.
 O! court her stay! O! woo her to your fields,
 The fair whose hand such beauteous prospects yields.
 And O! accept the Muse's thanks, whose lay
 Would fain your arduous ceaseless toils repay,
 Ye who with cultur'd taste and liberal mind
 Adorn the walks of nature and mankind;
 Who bid round Caledonia's shores the sail
 Expand with freighted pride and court the gale;
 Or spread around, o'er moorland, hill, and fen,
 The simple pleasures of the golden reign.
 Friends to the Muse's land, to whom she yields
 A varied garland reap'd on native fields—
 Fair fields that owe to you their blooming pride,
 Take it, and take your Country's thanks beside.

On yonder strand where War's red ensigns spread,
 And still where shines the warrior's burnish'd blade,

and the sound is very loud when the voice is exalted, but it has no particular echo. From the outermost entry to the innermost part of it is no less than one eighth of an English mile.

High o'er the wave, lash'd by the sounding surge,
 Rise, verdure crown'd, the ramparts of FORT GEORGE,
 Stretching sublime amid the watry roar
 Protection's giant arms from shore to shore.
 Like Albion's bulwarks, thunder fraught, when high
 Her war sign floats along the lurid sky.
 There, lodg'd at ease, his toils, his perils past,
 The war-worn Veteran finds a home at last :
 There on the turf, or by the winter's fire,
 While chearful ale and warlike deeds inspire,
 He feels his joyous youth again restor'd,
 And grasps in Britain's cause his well tried sword,
 And glories in the oft repeated lay
 That tells of MAIDA's fields or TALAVERA's day.

Fear not, Britannia ! fear not now the hand
 That bravely sinn'd against its native land.
 The sword that on Culloden blaz'd afar
 For England's King now courts the shock of war ;
 Nor fear a foreign foe's insidious harm
 While patriot ardour nerves thy filial arm,
 And plaided Chiefs their flowery rest disdain,
 Gay cinctur'd Liberty's unconquer'd train,
 Whose marshall'd bands with war's indignant shene
 Gild the blue concave of thy sky serene.

Along her shelvy margin, prankt with flowers,
 See N~~ees~~ soft lapsing like the gentle hours,
 While morning from yon steep with dewy smiles
 Spangles her fir-tree and embosom'd isles,

Or decks the lawn where nature's charms allure,
 By the green borders of the gay DOCHFOUR.
 There pleas'd the fond enthusiast oft shall bend
 To view the patient woodman's raft descend,
 Who chaunts his wild traditionary rhymes
 Like floating native 'mid Norwegian climes.
 There while the salmon cleaves the limpid tide,
 And 'mid the sedge their boat the fishers guide,
 And Cultivation sheds a soften'd charm
 Round the neat mansion and the shelter'd farm,
 Whate'er of beautiful or darkly grand,
 Spread in long line by Art and Nature's hand,
 Shall seem all rising in romantic view
 Like smiling vales that youthful fancy drew.
 Still as thou roll'st, sweet stream! thy tide along,
 Like Life's smooth course, to Pleasure's jocund Song,
 What tranquil spots, to hermit Peace how dear!
 What fairy isles and images appear;
 While, light as angel feet along the green,
 The gliding forms of Beauty intervene.
 Ah! scenes beloved, may never mountain storm,
 Sweeping the vale, your tender bloom deform,
 But such pure joys as Virtue's dwelling bless
 Shine on the smiling valley of the Næss.
 Far, to the right, along yon level line,
 Mark the vast toil, the heaven-inspir'd design.
 Britannia's bounty, like the Sun, bids ope
 Joy's morning there, the radiant beams of Hope,

There the toss'd bark shall find a kinder sphere
 And domes and clustering villages appear,
 And there shall Commerce heap her thronged mart
 With splendid stores from earth's remotest part.
 Then shall the gleaming plough, the swelling sail,
 With genial influence trace the self same vale,
 And each bold native of this northern zone
 Confess no fields so happy as his own.

Hard by, see, TOMNAHURICH* rears his form
 Like hapless bark upturn'd by wintry storm.

* This hill stands on the northern bank of the river Ness, close by the line of the Caledonian Canal, and has exactly the appearance of a huge ship with her keel uppermost. It rises 250 feet above the level of the river, is 1984 in length along the base, and 176 in breadth. The name is Gaelic, and is evidently suggested by the resemblance of the hill to the *Jurich*, a ship, *Tomnaburich* signifying *bill of the ship*. Other derivations might be found, but this I think is the most feasible. Some writers in speaking of the *Jurich*, a *rigged vessel*, have confounded it with the *curach*, a species of boat made of cow hides, distended by hoops, which was in use at no very distant period in crossing rivers in the Highlands. It has been erroneously said that St. Columbus sailed from the main land to the Island of Icolmhill in a *curach*, whereas it is evident it must have been a *Jurich*; a circumstance which shows the maturity to which the art of navigation had arrived among the ancient Caledonians. Eminences of this kind, viz. sandy knolls, or hills, in the bottom and at the end of valleys, have time immemorial been accounted the haunts of Fairies, Genii, &c. Accordingly Tomnaburich has been called the hill of the Fairies, on account of a number of traditions representing it as the Head Quarters of Queen Mab and her Elfin train; and even Thomas the Rhymer and Michael Scott are said to have frequently resorted hither *in cog*. The latter is reported to have been educated at Fortrose, and is said at one time to have entertained a design of throwing a bridge, by means of his art, across the Moray Firth from Fortrose Point to the neck of land at Fort George, an intention which it is very much to be regretted that wonder-working magician did not carry into execution.

There oft at eve, while whispering breezes stir
 Along his side the gently waving fir,
 There, far from vulgar care, on grassy bed
 Reclin'd at ease, let Fancy's child be laid;
 And while the partial moon-beams light the green,
 Let fairy elves their sportive bands convene.
 Ah! then what visionary forms shall rise,
 Inspirers sweet! and glide before his eyes:
 Such as of yore rapt in poetic swoon
 On Huntly's banks the Bard of Ercildoune,
 Or Collins fitted to the pensive string,
 What time he bade prophetic Fancy fling
 O'er mead and moor and hill a darker stole,
 And lull in mystic trance th' involuntary soul.—
 Hence down the stream of time with warbled note
 Shall many a song and melting cadence float,
 And many a wild traditional lay
 The sacred throb of sympathy convey;
 Lays dear to Scottish breast, that fondly prove
 The heroes' might, the maiden's matchless love—
 That, true to Nature, long shall speak her power
 In courtly hall and cot's sequester'd bower—
 Strains that from dark Oblivion's grasp shall save
 The matchless deeds and language of the brave.
 Though thinly scattered o'er life's thorny wild
 Thy blooming roses, Pleasure! yet have smil'd,

Not always rugged, steep, and hard to tread,
 The mountain paths of difficulty spread ;
 And oft while Sorrow's keenest shafts annoy,
 Short is the space that severs grief from joy.
 Beyond the storm-clad hill, in lowly dell,
 Peace builds her home, and tranquil pleasures dwell.
 Pass yon precarious path the rocks among,
 That winds Loch Ness's northern side along,*

* Travelling along the borders of Loch Ness, a person of any taste must be struck with the sublimity of the scene. A sheet of water spreads before him at one view, twenty-two miles long, and apparently two miles broad, and unquestionably the largest body of fresh-water in Britain, whilst the sides present a continued line of mountains rising to an immense height, along the base of which the road winds over precipices the most frightful that can be conceived. Such has been the difficulty attendant upon making the road to Glenmoriston, that it has been necessary to blast the rocks, which project into the Loch in many places, by gun-powder, and to raise parapets in others, over which it is impossible to pass, and to look around, without experiencing sensations which it is not easy to describe. Here too the greatest number of weeping birches to be met with any where, are growing out of the rocks, and veiling the chasms and fissures through which the torrents incessantly pour. This wild scene is agreeably changed when the traveller arrives at the opening leading into the Valley of Urquhart, which is about two miles broad, and stretches to the mountains of Strathglass, in the bottom almost as flat as a bowling green, and beautifully diversified with wood and water, and enclosed fields of arable and pasture ground. Near the entrance of this valley is the beautiful villa of Balma-caen, belonging to Col. F. W. Grant, M.P. and farther up are the pleasantly situated seats of Lakefield, Shewglie, and Lochletter; together with the estate and mansion of Corrimony, the residence and property of James Grant, Esq. Advocate, and Author of *Essays on the Gaelic Language*, and the *Manners of the Celts*. Corrimony is derived from *Moni*, the King of Denmark's Son, who was buried there, and whose grave is still shown. Some other places in this country are also named after Moni. On the west side of Loch Ness stands the old Castle of Urquhart, the possession of which seems to have been an object of great importance to King Edward in his invasions of Scotland, during which it stood several sieges.

Wash'd by a thousand cataracts that sweep
 The lightning-scath'd and powder-blasted steep,
 Onward to where yon ruin'd Towers of yore
 Sublime th' unconquer'd Scottish ensign bore,
 When EDWARD's banner, hung with slavery's chains,
 Flouted the sky on Caledonian plains ;
 Towers lone and silent now, where, sailing high,
 The mountain eagle screams with warning cry.
 Pass, traveller ! pass these scenes of sombre hue,
 But dear to Freedom, dear to Fancy too,
 For there, o'erlook'd by mountains vast and dun,
 The vale of URQUHART opens to the sun.
 Pleas'd shalt thou own, while fondly wandering there,
 No gay Italian landscape half so fair.
 From BALMACAEN's slopes and walks of flowers
 To CORRYMONIE's glades and SHEUGHLIE's bowers,
 By lakes sedate and green fields shalt thou pass
 On to the white-topp'd mountains of STRATHGLASS,
 Where Winter holds his court 'mid realms of snow,
 While all the garden's pride expands below.
 Amid such haunts, where Nature wants free,
 'Tis sweet when summer-blooms on every tree
 Shed fragrance round, on some rude cliff to lie,
 And catch the themes that court the musing eye,

The ancestors of the family of Grant were the Governors of this Castle,
 and were for their bravery rewarded with the extensive estates now in
 the possession of their descendants.

To song inviting all,—melodious song
 That feather'd quires and Echo's voice prolong,
 Till Day walks o'er the mountains of the west,
 And lights with sanguine fires the lake's pure breast,
 While Fear comes riding on the downward sky,
 And far beneath th' innoxious lightnings fly.

The Moon's pale lustre lights Loch Ness's wave,
 Smooth glides the boat, and smooth the waters lave—
 By FOYERS's green Elysian soft it glides,
 Or by ALDOURIE's verdant borders rides,
 Where Taste, that dwells where no vain pomp invades,
 Resides with TYTLER 'mid embowering shades.
 Hark ! echoing wide, o'er many a rock sublime,
 Floats the romantic music of the clime,
 While, pausing oft, light hands obedient ply
 The oar that scarcely drowns th' enamour'd sigh—
 Love waves his purple wings in frolic mood,
 And Pleasure rides triumphant o'er the flood.
 Lo ! Beauty fainting in the gentle strife,
 Unclasps her zone to catch the gales of life—
 Tune the glad pipe, ye Youths of Ness's side !
 Sing ye the song of joy with conscious pride,
 Ye Maids ! whose hands the bridal pomp prepare,
 Strew the gay flowers and braid your yellow hair ;
 So mayst thou list the lover's tender tale,
 O ! Maid of Ness's fragrant-blossom'd vale ;
 So may such happy moments soon be thine,
 And Hymen light his torch at Virtue's shrine.

Turn to yon rocky path,* yon rude domain,
 Dyed by the rainbow in her orient grain.
 Slow up the rugged steep his winding way
 The traveller holds with wonder and dismay—
 Vales, streams, and mountains lessening on his sight,
 And Heaven diffusing dreams of pure delight.
 But who shall speak his awe and wild amaze
 When to yon scenes he turns his fear-struck gaze,
 Where rapid FOYERS adown the mountain's side
 Hurls with tremendous sweep his waste of tide?
 High springs in glowing arch the glittering spray,
 A beauteous Iris brightening to the ray,
 While earth's deep central caves which torrents tore,
 Gulphing the floods, rebellow to the roar.

* The road to the Fall of Foyers is, if possible, still more romantic and awfully grand than that on the opposite side of the Loch. The Fall of Foyers is one of the most interesting objects in this or any country, and of which it is impossible to give any thing like an accurate idea by description. The river takes its rise among the lofty mountains in the parish of Bolekine and Abertarff, and, pouring through a wooded and rocky vale, arrives at the Falls, so remarkable for their picturesque grandeur. The first is about a mile from General Wade's Hut, and nearly half a mile above the lower Fall. Here the river presents a fine cataract, falling into a basin of great depth, near which is a bridge, thrown across the river by Mr. Fraser of Foyers, from which the Fall is seen. Before this bridge was built, the only passage over this torrent was a rude alpine one, consisting of some sticks and turf. It is related in Dr. Garnet's Tour, that about three years before the present bridge was built, a neighbouring farmer on his way home from Inverness, in the midst of a storm, had stopt at the General's Hut, to shelter himself from the inclemency of the weather, where, meeting with some friends, the glass circulated pretty freely, till the farmer's spirits were raised to no ordinary pitch, and he determined to go home the same night. When he came to this place, having been accustomed to cross the bridge on foot, he habitually took this road, and forced his horse over it. Next morn-

Aghast and trembling, shrinking from the spot,
 Th' affrighted Naiads seek their inmost grot,
 While long in Fancy's ear, with sullen jar,
 Of waves and rocks resounds the infuriate war.

Thus, journeying up the steep of life, we climb,
 Led onward by the viewless hand of Time.
 Gaily at first the blossoms paint the ground,
 And many a jocund strain is heard around.

ing he had some faint recollection of what had passed, though the seeming impossibility of the circumstance made him suspect that it was a dream; but, as the ground was covered with snow, it was very easy to convince himself: he accordingly went, and when he perceived the tracks of his horse's feet along the bridge, he fell ill, and died shortly afterwards. The lower Fall is the most remarkable, and awfully grand. The beholder, as he creeps trembling to the margin of the vast abyss into which the collected waters of a whole river are precipitated over the most frightful precipices, involuntarily shrinks appalled from the contemplation of the tremendous scene. If he is determined to explore it, at all hazards, he must descend the edge of the steep a great way, which is done by the aid of slender twigs and jutting fragments of the rock, till he arrives at a point of view which offers itself in a situation almost as dangerous as that of the sapphire gatherer imaged by Shakespeare in his description of Dover Cliff. He then perceives the height of the Fall, which is about 207 feet, in one continued stream; whilst from the top of the rocks above to the surface of the water below, it is about 470 feet. The river rushes down the precipice with a noise like thunder into the abyss below, forming an unbroken stream as white as snow. From the violent agitation arises a spray which envelopes the spectator, and spreads to a considerable distance. From objects so fraught with terrific grandeur, the eye turns to rest with pleasure upon the green fields and plantations spread below around the Mansion House of Foyers, which present a striking contrast of repose and beauty to the rugged and tumultuous scenery above, as does the whole prospect of the Loch and its variegated shores, from Fort Augustus at the one end to the beautiful plantations of Aldonrie, the residence of W. Fraser Tytler, Esq. Sheriff of the County of Inverness, and those of Dochfour, the property of Evan Ballie, M.P. for Bristol, at the other.

But soon at Care's approach the vernal blooms
 Like guilty pleasures lose their sweet perfumes.
 Oh! save, ye pitying Powers! for far beneath,
 Lo! sudden yawns the dark abyss of Death.—
 Mercy her flag displays—on Heaven's high van
 Shines the ethereal bow,—the pledge of peace to man!

'Tis Sabbath morn, and holy themes inspire
 A kindred glow, and prompt the moral lyre.
 While the bright beams of God's own hallow'd day
 Gleam on yon spires that point to Heaven the way,
 And, hark! the cheerful bells chime sweetly round,
 'Tis sweet to mark from this aerial ground,
 The pious crowds in decent order press
 To earthly shrines of heavenly happiness.
 Along yon ancient Arch* their way they keep,
 That spans like human life a wasteful deep.
 Awhile the walking figures greet the view,
 Then fade like forms that idle fancy drew.

Thus MIRZA sat in visionary hour
 On Bagdat's hill, and own'd the Genii's power,
 And mark'd with tranced eye in moral mood
 Of Life's short course the just similitude.
 The vale that bounds the toils, the hopes, and fears
 Of man's unthinking heart, and winged years,

* The Old Bridge across the river Ness, when viewed at a little distance, from its proximity to the town, into which the crowds passing are suddenly lost, suggests to the contemplative mind a fine classic representation, fortunately not true in all respects, but possessing a strong resemblance in others to the bridge so beautifully figured as the picture of human life by Addison in the *Vision of Mirza*, see *Spectator*.

The glittering arch that spans the valley o'er,
 Which thousands read, and soon are seen no more,
 The mist born river rushing to the sea,
 Profound and vast, of dim Eternity,
 And all the train of objects to whose sway
 The wanderer yields him on his winding way,
 Behold them spread before thy musing eye,
 And 'mid the smiling prospect heave the sigh,
 To think while journeying o'er this mortal scene
 We walk on rainbows and on shadows lean,
 While ceaseless cares the mazy track pursue,
 And fury Passions bring the vengeance due.
 If, since my morning sun his course began,
 Like yonder orb, to gild my little span,
 Thou, dove-eyed Innocence ! in meek array,
 Hast been the blest companion of my way,
 Though these gay flowers, these stars be quench'd in night,
 And life's frail fabrics vanish from my sight,
 My soul shall with instinctive ardour bold,
 Though plung'd in death's dim gulph, thy garments hold,
 Thou who art seen along the vast profound,
 Treading the dim obscure with glory crown'd ;
 Thee, Heavenly Guide and Saviour ! will I win
 To ope fair Mercy's gate, and let me enter in.
 Such are the charms the wide spread prospect yields
 When vernal suns illumine the spangled fields ;
 But, ah ! how alter'd, yet how pleasing still,
 When gloomy Winter reigns on every hill,

And, tempest-winged, the spirit of the storm
 Mantles in clouds BEN-WEVIS' * giant form,
 And brews the baleful blast which Pity weeps,
 Sad as it wakes to rage th' unconscious deeps—
 Dark as Cape Wrath, when 'gainst the wreck-strew'd shore
 Atlantic waves in long succession roar.

Pleasing, though torrents sweep yon verdant vale,
 And the woods bow beneath th' ungenial gale,
 Pleasing to rove where INGLIS' † taste appears,
 Or GODSMAN's ‡ breezy walk his name endears
 To love-sick maid, or stripling fluttering gay,
 —Pleasing though she I love is far away.

Untir'd, unsated with the various view,
 From scenes to Fancy dear, to nature true,
 The Muse turns joyful her prophetic eyes
 To where yon domes and glittering spires arise ;
 There on her Isthmus, won from warring tides,
 Thy guardian Genius, INVERNESS! presides,—

* Benwevis, or Ben-Uaish, i. e. Mountain of Storm, is situate in the parish of Kiltearn. It rises to a great height, and has its summit constantly covered with snow. The reddendo, or quit-rent from the family of Foulis, for the tenure of the forest of Uaish, is the payment of a snow-ball to his Majesty, on any day of the year, if required.

† The late William Inglis, Esq. Provost of Inverness, took great pains in ornamenting his residence at Kingsmilla. It is now in the possession of his brother, George Inglis, Esq. and is one of the most pleasing villas in the neighbourhood of Inverness.

‡ A beautiful walk in the vicinity of the town of Inverness, affording a view of the picturesque valley of the Ness for several miles. It owes its name and formation to Alexander Godsmán, Esq. late factor to the Duke of Gordon.

Nurse of heroic ardours and of arts
 That prompt to deeds of fame congenial hearts,—
 Offspring of Science that in every zone
 Have made thy polish'd, dauntless spirit known.
 There Patriot worth unfolds the glowing heart,
 There Beauty charms without the gloss of art ;
 There Trade industrious plies in every street
 His busy toils, and bids the light heart beat ;—
 Trade, by whose ceaseless, ever varying toil,
 Wealth, empire, glory, crown'd Britannia's Isle.
 So rose Imperial Rome, and view'd elate,
 Each civil discord o'er, her growing state ;—
 So to the borders of the silver Thame
 From wood and hill and town the wanderers came,
 The fabric rais'd, the bellying sail unfurl'd,
 And London smil'd the Mistress of the world.
 Yes! triumph on thy *Clach-na-cutin* * throne,
 Queen of the North! Thy star that brightly shone
 Till discord quench'd its beams, again returns
 Serene, and with redoubled splendour burns,
 Like the fair orb that ushers in the dawn,
 And gilds with orient beams the spangled lawn.

* *Clach-na-Cutin*, or *Clach-na-Urchatin*, is a large stone upon the *Excubant*
 at Inverness, so called from the servant maids having been accustomed to
 rest their washing tubs upon it when carrying them to and from the river.
 It is looked upon by the Invernessians as a kind of Palladium, which, like
 that of Pallas at Rome, it is to be hoped, will, together with the best in-
 terests of the place, long be the favourite charge of the Goddess of Wis-
 dom and Valour.

And lo ! like Sin's enfeebling power, the yoke
 Of cruel Feudal Tyranny is broke,
 And Pride, and fell Revenge, stern demons, fly,
 And sullen ~~Prejudice, with jaundic'd eye.~~
 And mark ! by Enterprise and Science led,
 A vigorous progeny revive instead,—
 Taste, Industry, Content, a happy train,
 That clothe with summer blooms the arid plain ;
 Benevolence, that, like the morning beam,
 Sheds on the night of woe a gladdening stream ;
 And all the Charities beneath whose care
 Each god-like action shines divinely fair,
 While Learning in her ACADEMIC shade
 Points to aspiring breasts the wreaths that never fade.

Warm with the sacred ardour which inspires
 The breast that, Science ! owns thy quickening fires,[!]
 How looks fond Fancy with admiring eyes
 While Learning's youthful sons dispute the prize !
 In yonder Academic Hall * I seem
 To stand, and court awhile the pleasing dream—
 Hark ! ye who Genius love, from her fair fane,
 Symphonious bursts the rapt unbidden strain—

* The Royal Academy of Inverness. An institution of incalculable benefit to the town and quarter in which it is situate. The verses which immediately follow, forming the first outlines of this poem, and intended at the same time to give a view of the different branches of education taught at that seminary, are already in some degree known to the public, having been spoken at the Orations usually delivered by the students at the close of the sessions of the Academy, and handed about in a printed form.

Come to these shades and Academic bowers,
 And twine the garland of unfading flowers,
 Ye in whose ear, as dawn'd Youth's smiling day,
 Prophetic Hope has sung her winning lay.
 Lo! sudden bursting o'er your native north,
 The young Auroras fling their radiance forth ;
 So by thy banks, O Ness, and silver streams !
 The Sun of Science sheds his brightening beams.
 Sons of the rugged North, sedate and brave,
 For you the prospect wakes as from the grave.
 O'er all your fields, no more the haunts of strife,
 The *Liberal spirit* breathes creative life ;
 Wealth's ample tide flows fraught with blameless spoils,
 And Fame applauding waits to crown your toils.
There busy Industry his labour plies
 And rears the lofty fabric to the skies,—
 Or bids the waste in new-born beauty shine,
 Or forms the long CANAL's unrivall'd line ;
Here in the shade which hallow'd hands have rear'd,
 To Virtue's sons by no vain charms endear'd,
 Young Genius sits and culls the seeds of thought,
 With struggling energies sublimely wrought,
 And meditates with rapt aspiring mind
 The deeds that shed a lustre on mankind.

Does Fame enchant thee with the smiles of Peace ?
 Thy honours, Rome ! and thine, unrivall'd Greece !
 Shall here in vision bright delight thy view
 With blameless toils and triumphs ever new—

Shall bid the smiling Arts go hand in hand
 And bloom on Caledonia's farthest strand.
 —Has Science trimm'd her lamp at midnight hour
 To watch o'er Mind's illimitable power,
 Or fondly mark, by Chemic art refin'd,
 New scenes that claim the wonder of mankind?
 Here shall the studious mind be richly fed,
 And sweet enchantment close around his head.
 Or, eager still in Nature's book to pry,
 Wilt thou the Astronomic tube apply,
 And trace with Fancy thro' the wide inane
 The Comet's blaze and planetary train?
 Here shalt thou mark the various systems roll,
 And learn the laws that regulate the whole.

Do Nature's fairest charms, in summer bower,
 Sweet task! awake the Pencil's mimic power?
 Thy scenes, O Ness! shall prompt the pleasing toil,
 So oft by Beauty view'd with raptur'd smile.
 Or wake sublimer transports in thy soul
 To trace her mountain walks when torrents roll?
 Benwevis' pomp shall swell the bold design,
 And all Salvator's daring scenes be thine.

Does Valour fire thee?—In this calm abode
 Shall War's dread arts to glory point the road,
 And still may never Scottish blood run cold
 When Freedom calls to guard her little fold;
 But, Oh! while Honour's generous stream flows warm,
 May Scotia's weal still nerve thy dauntless arm,

Firm as that band, who late on Maida's field,
 Gain'd high renown, and taught the foe to yield;
 Or that bold arm, unconquerably brave,
 That snatch'd a wreath to deck his desert grave,
 When Scotia's bleeding sons on Egypt's shore
 Fell—nobly fell—and grasp'd their dread claymore ;
 So firm, so bold, the patriotic band
 That form “ a wall of fire to guard their native land ;”

To Fancy's eye does Commerce spread the sail,
 And gaily flit before the wanton gale,
 Fraught with the gorgeous stores of every zone,
 Hailing from far the woody Caledon ;
 From where the Pentland rolls his waste of tide
 To Morven's streamy hills, fair Scotia's pride ?
 Mark where the bark shall hold her liquid way
 Through winding vales with vernal beauty gay ;
 Where by the labouring hind are oft upthrown
 The bones of Chiefs, and tokens of renown :
 Securely there, when roar the weltering waves
 And murmur long in Staffa's twilight caves,
 And the sad *seer* the mariner deploras,
 Toss'd where Cape Wrath* frowns o'er his tangled shores ;

* Cape Wrath, or Wraith, is the extreme N.W. point of North Britain, and is exposed at once to the fury of the North Sea, and the raging pressure of the Atlantic ocean. Even in the calmest weather the waves roll in and impinge with vast force around the base of the precipice ; and what renders it peculiarly dangerous when it blows a fresh gale, is a shallow that runs in a north-east direction for more than six miles from the extreme point of

—Then by Torvaine's gay yellow blossom'd side
 The bark shall cleave the scarcely ruffled tide ;
 While Joy shall mark the flickering peanons play,
 And list the sailor's note—the shepherd's pastoral lay.

Or sigh'st thou still more sacred notes to hear ?
 Religion's voice shall oft delight thy ear
 With sounds all-eloquent thy soul to raise,
 Where infant voices hymn the song of praise,
 And Wisdom rises calm with lips unscal'd,
 And Zion's heavenly beauty shines reveal'd.

So Hope illumines her torch at Learning's shrine,
 And hymns her song, and spreads her hues divine.
 O, sons of Virtue ! fan the generous flame ;
 And wake the blossoms of immortal fame,
 Ye Patriots ! born those sacred fires to fan
 That guide, embellish, and ennoble man.

the cape ; besides these, there are dangers still greater ; these are two hidden rocks, one of which is about nine miles due north, and is only visible in neap-tides. The tremendous violence of the sea during a storm from the north, or a tempest bursting in all its fury from the west, is inconceivably awful ; and, in truth, the whole way from Cape Wraith to Duncan's-bay-head, including the raging whirlpools of the Pentland Frith, presents to the stoutest-hearted sailor perils the most formidable, and but too frequently the most fatal. Hence the propriety and vast utility of effecting an inland navigation by means of the Caledonian Canal, the incalculable advantages of which to Great Britain, and particularly to the northern parts of the Island, stand in need of no further illustration in this place. The idea of a spirit, or *wraith*, that haunts the dangerous head-land called Cape Wraith is not unnatural to minds unaided by reason, nor guided by experience ; accordingly the ignorant natives that live near the spot, and the mariners who dread the approach to this fatal rock, believe firmly in the existence of the spirit of the Cape.

—Haply from minds that here their gems unfold
 May Scotia gain, to deck her mountains cold,
 The wreaths that blossom in eternal hue,
 And here her vows be paid, her honours due.
 Hence on bold pinion may some Newton soar,
 And shed reflected splendours round her shore—
 Some future Ossian, 'mid her valleys gay,
 To love and glory pour th' incondite lay—
 And hence some fearless Wallace of the North
 Shall wake and call her mountain heroes forth,
 And, following where he leads, a patriot band
 Stretch their strong arm, and save a sinking land.

Hail to the morn whose orient splendours gleam,
 With bounties fraught, by Ness's favoured stream,
 Where many a generous deed of fair renown
 With lasting honour shall her temples crown.
 Lo! where Benevolence her arm extends
 To calm the pang that Misery's bosom rends.—
 When want and woe by turns assail the heart,
 And fell disease plants deep her barbed dart,
 Yon friendly Mansion * shall the mourner hail,
 And soothe his sorrows in the quiet vale

* The Northern Infirmary, a fine and extensive building lately erected on the west bank of the Ness. From the elegance of its structure, and the garden and cultivated grounds pertaining to it, which are inclosed with a stone wall, topped with cast metal railing, it has more the appearance of the habitation of a Prince than that of the diseased poor, and must consequently very powerfully impress the mind with ideas of that well directed munificence to which it owes its origin and support.

With balms medicinal, till Joy at last
 O'er bleeding Memory's wounds her veil shall cast,
 And health triumphant lead him o'er the plain
 Buoyant, to tread his native fields again.

Still, still, Britannia! view with fostering smile
 The *Mountain Bulwarks* of thy favour'd isle.
 'Tis these when round thy coasts a threatening foe
 Marshals his bands and aims the deadly blow,
 'Tis these, who oft on many a distant shore,
 Have dyed thy vengeful sword in hostile gore
 These to the ground shall dash Oppression's crest
 And plant thy standard on the tyrant's breast
 'Tis these, when milder fates a pause allow,
 Shall bind a brighter laurel round thy brow.





VISIONS OF SENSIBILITY.

ARGUMENT OF PART I.

Objects that awaken sympathetic feelings,—their pleasing effects on a cultivated mind—The Harp,—its analogy to the human heart. Hence the subject is proposed—Apostrophe to Nature,—feelings excited by a review of her works—The Painter—The Poet—their enthusiasm and labours for immortality—Excursions of the Muse—Valley of Cashmir—The Nightingale—A Caravan perishing in the desert—West Indies—Luxury,—its baneful effects—Virtue triumphing over the seductions of Pleasure—A range of Alpine scenery—Moses on Mount Pisgah—Music,—its influence on the Passions—The power of Love in various situations—Rural and fashionable life contrasted—Aquatic objects—Story of Juliet and Antonio—The Mariner—The Shipwreck—Domestic affection and anxiety—Patriotic Enthusiasm, and the force of Sympathy exemplified—Address to Sensibility.

VISIONS OF SENSIBILITY.

PART I.

WHY falls the tear for Beauty's faded bloom
Where flowery garlands deck yon Virgin tomb ?
Why mourns the heart when sad and far away
The lov'd companions of Life's happier day,
Whose presence taught her vernal scenes to shine,
Whose image lives in every soften'd line ?
Why throbs the breast with feeling's softest glow
To share the bliss that Nature's charms bestow ;
While Fancy pictures in romantic mood
The heaven of joy that waits the wise and good ?
'Tis Love's soft power, 'tis Friendship, Taste refin'd,
Prompts each fond thought, and sways the gentle mind,
For her shall Virtue, heavenly fair, be seen
To shed o'er life's dim path a ray serene :
For her shall Science spread her ample page,
And sister Arts with kindred charms engage ;
For her the tuneful Virgins raise the strain,
And bounteous Nature never smiles in vain.

When, fled afar, the Angel of the Lyre
 Wakes not its music with celestial fire ;
 When o'er the chords no wandering seraphs move,
 And raise no chaunt to Freedom or to Love,
 But Fancy fades, and Night her shadow flings,
 And Silence sleeps on the reposing strings,
 Ah ! who has power to say what numbers dwell,
 What spirits slumber in their magic cell ?
 What mortal hand, with passion-kindling power,
 Shall wake to life in Inspiration's hour
 The charmed wires, that, warbling unconfin'd,
 Pour the full tide of rapture o'er the mind,
 And warm with high-born energies the soul,
 Or o'er the heart the stream of pity roll ?
 In vision deep methinks I see him stand,
 The wild harp rings to his impetuous hand,
 And as he views with all a poet's fire,
 Futurity reposing on his lyre,
 Throws on the winds the deeds of other years,
 And calls th' immortal wanderers from their spheres.
 So, darkly clouded o'er in Error's night,
 Dead to each finer impulse of delight,
 The soul's fine faculties neglected lie,
 With all its hidden tones of harmony.
 So fond and free the vocal strings impart
 At Feeling's call the music of the heart ;

So quick the essenced spirit mounts on high
 At thy command, O ! *Sensibility !*
 And such the joys thy blameless triumphs tell,
 Dwell in thy courts, and in thy presence dwell.
 O ! Thou, whose boundless universal reign
 First gave the heart to throb with joy or pain,
 Nature ! whence Science gathers all her lore,
 And Fancy borrows and augments her store ;
 Thou spread'st the lawn, and rear'st the shady grove,
 And breath'st the notes of harmony and love ;
 Thy hand with life and beauty clothes the plain,
 And dyes the rainbow in her orient grain ;
 Thou bid'st the mountain brave the lapse of time,
 And lift'st the starry firmament sublime,
 And pour'st the arrowy day-spring on mankind,
 And dew-drops, like thy bounty unconfin'd ;
 Thou bid'st the Ocean's maddening billows roar,
 Or chain'st his slumbering waters on the shore ;
 At thy command the winds of winter sweep
 Athwart the earth, athwart the darkening deep ;
 And while the Comet shakes his burning brand,
 And red-wing'd lightnings blast the smiling land,
 Or rules the wave or rides the blasted heath,
 The Tempest, leagued with Darkness and with Death ;
 Thou walk'st supreme, and wav'st thy wand divine,
 And call'st thy wondering votaries to thy shrine.

O! as the mind by Feeling taught to share,
 With transports keen, each pleasure and each care,
 Warms with the glow thy pictur'd scenes impart,
 And turns to trace their influence on the heart,
 What joys endear the consecrated earth,
 As Pity or Affection gives them birth,
 Or Love's fair scenes bid tender thoughts arise,
 Or Piety exalts them to the skies!
 Such soft emotions in your bosoms swell,
 Such sacred drops your secret triumphs tell,
 Ye Guardian Spirits that on Virtue wait,
 And watch below the changes of her fate!
 O! as ye mark with sympathy divine
 The scenes that ask no borrow'd hues to shine,
 Whether ye tranquil glide, immortal forms!
 Or hush with Mercy's voice the howling storms,
 O! as ye hover round my verse inspire,
 And blend your sacred music with the lyre.

When earth and sea and skies together blend,
 And all the jarring elements contend;
 When groans the falling oak from cliffs above,
 And shadows skim along the lurid grove,
 Even then the fond enthusiast of his art
 To Glory gives the pulses of his heart;
 By shaggy steep his steps undreading climb,
 Aerial arch, or precipice sublime,

Fame's glittering palaces and bright abodes,
 The shrines and granite pathways of the Gods:
 O! not in vain the forked lightnings glow,
 And dark woods wave and mountain-torrents flow,—
 He marks the strife, and while his bosom warms,
 Steals from the landscape its tremendous charms,
 And while his pencil borrows hues divine,
 Salvator's spirit guides the bold design.

With him in kindred rapture shall be join'd
 The Bard, whose witch-notes, wandering on the wind,
 Convene each shadowy unsubstantial form
 That walks the earth or rides the howling storm :
 'Tis his, what time the charmed accents breathe
 Such mingled tones as thrill the caves of Death,
 To bid the spirits in long line unfold
 Each mystic rite, event, and vision old,
 And embryo ripening in the womb of Time,
 Each dark unfathom'd thought and baleful crime,
 And ask why Mercy is for ever fled,
 And stand between the living and the dead ;
 Then each attesting truth to man impart,
 And teach him all the science of the heart:

Yes! these are they whose names shall never die,
 Grav'd on the records of eternity.

Yet while ye moult where Science sits sublime,
 And stamp your fame beyond the reach of Time,

Scorn not the softer scenes a *Claude* approv'd,
Poussin ador'd, or *Shakespeare's* spirit lov'd ;
 The vernal prospect trac'd at eve or dawn,
 Pure stream, or sunny hill, or flowery lawn,
 And shepherd loitering on the thymy lea,
 And cot half-shaded by the green-wood tree,
 Nature's fair face, and Art's endearing strife,
 And varied change of many-coloured life.
 There while they twine the amaranthine wreath,
 The song shall murmur and the canvas breathe ;
 Hope, smiling, lend her energies divine,
 Expression paint, and live along the line,
 Till Beauty bid her amber tresses wave,
 Like Venus rising from her pearly cave.

Child of the feeling heart ! awake ! arise !
 The muse invites thee wheresoe'er she flies ;
 For thee she soars, for thee she fondly sings,
 And her wild music trembles from the strings ;
 For thee presumes on venturous wing to ride,
 Fancy her friend, and Nature for her guide.

What glory bursts ! what beauty meets my eyes !
 What dazzling splendour beams in eastern skies !
 O'er CASHMIR'S * vale with opening blossoms fair,
 Walks the young Spring, and waves his golden hair :

* The season when the rose of Cashmir first opens into blossom is celebrated with much festivity by the Cashmirians, who resort in crowds to the adjacent gardens, and enter into scenes of gaiety and pleasure rarely known among other Asiatic nations.

Daughters of light ! ye maids of Persia's plain !
 Thrid ye the maze, and quire the jocund strain ;
 And seek the bower, ye Youths so meek and mild !
 And sigh your loves, and weave the vale flowers wild,
 Or raptur'd rove where fairer sweets disclose,
 And chaunt the birth of Cashmir's blooming rose.

So when Zoharah * waves at shut of even
 Her starry standard at the gates of heaven,
 Sings the lone Nightingale in twilight bowers,
 To hail the Rose, resplendent Queen of flowers.
 The Moon, as from the chambers of the grave,
 Lifts her fair head above th' illumin'd wave.
 Sing on, sweet bird ! thy roseate blooms among,
 And many a harp shall mingle with thy song,
 And many a youth shall bless thy soothing power,
 And many a fine form wanton round thy bower,
 Till yon fair Orb, that shines with trembling horn,
 Hang its bright diadem on the brow of Morn.

O'er boundless deserts, rocking in his ire,
 Each blood-stain'd altar, and each fane of fire,
 Dread SIRIUS marches with triumphant stride,
 Death and Contagion riding at his side !
 Earth heaves—the caravan is buried deep—
 The Camel-drivers cease their songs and weep.

* Zoharah, or "the Beautiful," is the Arabian name of the planet Venus.

Mourn in your beauty, Maids of Mecca ! mourn
 The faithful youths that never shall return.
 Priests of Medina ! chaunt the sorrowing verse,
 And hang with blackening pomp the sacred hearse :
 For you, with ceaseless step and anxious toil,
 No sainted pilgrims bring th' accustomed spoil ;
 No balms from Mecca's glades your shrines to heap—
 Priests of Medina ! mourn ! and Maids of Mecca ! weep &

Or wilt thou ride upon the lightning's wing,
 To Western skies that breathe a second Spring ?
 Still Slavery there along the rolling year
 Pours her sad plaint and unavailing tear.
 O Mercy ! there diffuse thy brighter ray,
 And mould the heart to Pity's gentle sway ;
 For Murder walks and waves his demon crest
 O'er the green isles and gardens of the West.

As when some traveller, with averted eye,
 Lingered and slow, awhile neglects to fly
 From realms where Luxury spreads her fatal charms,
 And syren Pleasure lures him to her arms,
 And o'er the flowery prospect fraught with fate,
 Sees Virtue's rugged paths his steps await ;
 So flies the Muse and shuns your influence bland,
 Isles of the West, and Pleasure's sea-girt land !
 Flies, where with Nature in her chosen seat,
 Far other raptures teach her breast to beat.

Such mingled strife assails his gentle heart,
 Who feels, almighty Love! thy conquering dart.
 While in the presence of the lovely maid,
 Adown some smooth descent he seems to tread,
 Hope's devious way, where, crown'd with fairest flowers,
 The Queen of Joy invites to rosy bowers.
 But forc'd unwilling from the fair one's smile,
 Slow up some rugged steep he seems to toil,
 While still outstretch'd before his longing eye
 The flowery realms of sweet Perdition lie.

The summit gain'd, whence Virtue, heavenly fair,
 Long smil'd benignant on her votary's prayer,
 What scenes by Hope's awakening touch unroll'd
 To Rapture's eye their brightening tints unfold!
 The joys that with no borrow'd lustre shine,
 And shed o'er Woe oblivion all divine;—
 So when some stranger's steps intrepid climb
 Where Alps with giant grandeur towers sublime,
 Sudden the prospect wears a brighter hue,
 And bursts in boundless rapture on the view.

O'er Jura's ridge, with reddening splendour bright,
 Walk'st thou, O Sun! and shed'st thy purple light,
 While many a carbuncle with living gleam
 Joys in thy ray, and drinks thy orient beam,
 And many a songster trills his matin lay,
 And many a vine leaf trembles in the ray;

Or where Albano * spreads her tranquil floods,
 And shakes her dark-green crown of waving woods ;
 Or Tivoli, exalted to the skies,
 Sees at his feet new Appenines arise ;
 Throws a long shadow on the plains of Aar,
 And on his helmet binds the western star,
 Shall mortal foot these awful summits tread ?
 Does mortal eye behold the prospect spread ?
 Gaze, child of earth ! and wonder as you gaze,
 Kneel at the shrine, and whisper words of praise ;
 Thy heart with Feeling's hallow'd ardour burns,
 And thy fleet soul its mortal mansion spurns,
 Awhile in worlds that bless yet mock the mind,
 Imagination riots unconfin'd,
 And many a wandering phantom of delight,
 And many a dream shall flit before thy sight,
 And many a soothing thought thy bosom swell,
 Whose office and whose nature, who shall tell ?

* The favourite abode of landscape painters who travel into Italy for improvement, where the admirable assemblage of hills, meadows, lakes, cascades, gardens, meadows, and groves, and the ruins of temples and tombs rising amidst these, afford a delightful and magnificent spectacle. It was the favourite country residence of the ancient Romans, as Frascati is of the moderns. Horace is thought to have composed great part of his works in a retreat near Tivoli. Perhaps the country here mentioned possessed in the eyes of the gay Roman one still more attractive quality ;

*Est mihi nonum superantis annum
 Plenus Albani cadus, &c. &c.*

Emotions sweet ! your tranced hours prolong !
 The heart shall dance, but speechless be the tongue,
 So bright with heavenly hues, from Pisgah's height,
 The Land of Promise charm'd the Prophet's sight ;
 " Hail ! happy land, with gleams of glory gay !"
 Fondly he cried, and gaz'd his soul away.
 Sure bliss may Virtue's ebbing pulse employ,
 And he may gaze who never must enjoy !
 O ! then let Rapture wing the fleeting breath,
 And Fancy flutter in the arms of death :
 These are the scenes thy spirit sigh'd to see,
 The sunny realms of light and liberty ;
 For these, exulting in thy high behest,
 Thy steps intrepid trod th' Assyrian waste,
 Pac'd the lone wilderness with dauntless tread,
 And fearless follow'd where the night-fire led ;
 But, lo ! when bursts the day-spring from on high,
 And Joy's fair prospects greet thy longing eye,
 Alas ! the envious grave obtrudes between,
 And bars thy passage to the happy scene.
 Or, Child of Concord ! is thy spirit given
 To watch the power of sound and find it heaven ?
 Come to the breathing shrine, whose hearts are warm,
 Whose souls attun'd shall vibrate to the charm,
 And catch the mellow murmurs that dispense
 Ethereal sweets to bless the ravish'd sense,

The soul's fine accents living on the string
That thrills, O Harmony! thy hidden spring.

Hark! the loud Organ peals melodious, clear,
Angelic strains in midnight's hallow'd ear,
Like love-notes swelling sweet on moonlight seas,
And long, long lingering on the conscious breeze;
Ah! sure such sounds no mortal hand obey'd,—
Some hapless lover or some sainted maid,
With sweet assurances of holy rest,
Pours on the night the music of the blest:
Sweet Harmonist! Child of a happier sphere!
Awake the deepening tones to Nature dear,
And Joy shall lay her fingers on the soul,
And all the passions own thy high controul.

But most our hearts the power of Feeling prove
Rapt in the fond anxieties of Love.

Ah! why should virtuous bosoms feel the dart
That ever rankles in the guilty heart,
And bend on bliss a dim despairing eye,
And start in moody fit, and gaze and sigh?

When Beauty shines with Virtue's hallow'd fires,
Wakes the warm wish, the guiltless flame inspires,
And smiles, and heaves the sweet assenting sigh,
What vision's rise to Love's enraptur'd eye?
What seraph forms their virgin charms unroll,
Spread all their wiles, and win the love-sick soul,

And smiling beckon to the realms of rest,
 And hail him with the language of the blest !
 But if the eye that wont with love to melt,
 And on those maiden beauties mutely dwelt,
 And bade the heart dissolve in Passion's dream,
 Must never prove a lover's fond esteem—
 What woes are his, what struggles rend his frame,
 Doom'd but to sigh and feed a hopeless flame !
 Or warn'd from Love's deluding haunts to fly,
 A prey to grief and maddening agony,
 He sinks in torpor lost, or fierce Disdain
 Rides on the tottering axis of the brain.

Thus when the happy hand of plastic Art
 Quick into being bade the marble start,
 O'er charms divine the eye of rapture rov'd,
 Danc'd the fond feeling heart, and sigh'd and lov'd.
 But who shall bid the kindling ardours dart
 Through breasts of snow and warm the stony heart,
 Or snatch from realms of everlasting day
 The fatal flame that burns without allay ?
 'Tis his to feel the avenger's fiery reign,
 And his the lash of never dying pain.

But who can speak the soul entrancing power
 That triumphs in that visionary hour,
 When o'er those beauties vanish'd from the view
 The lover weeps and sighs a long adieu !

O'er her green grave the fond enthusiast stands
 With frequent sob, fix'd eye, and folded hands,
 And bends to kiss the roses round her shrine,
 As blushing emblems of her bloom divine,
 And in the balmy breath of evening sips
 The fancied odours of her ruby lips.
 Can Virtue's tears the soul's rapt flight delay,
 Or Love's warm kisses animate the clay?
 Wak'd from the tranced slumber of the dead,
 She comes in more than bridal pomp array'd,
 Spreads her fair hands amid the waste of night,
 Smiles through the gloom, and parts her veil of light,
 While Love, wild wandering o'er her glowing charms,
 Grasps the fair prize, and folds with eager arms;
 But clasps in dreamy mood and vision vain
 The love-form'd phantom of a labouring brain,
 The fair creation of a minute's stay
 That fades ere Reason can resume her sway;
 So Hope expires, a fancy-breathing shade,
 So Rapture dies though Love and Beauty wed.

All strive to shun the ills that life annoy,
 And all pursue the fleeting phantom Joy,
 And happiest they, remov'd from all alarms,
 By gentlest means who win her to their arms.

"Grant me, ye Powers!" th' enamour'd youth replies,
 And bends on Heaven his supplicating eyes;

" Where never footstep mark'd the trackless glades,
 And all unmark'd the blossom blooms and fades,
 One flowery spot to rest and silence given
 Where man may taste the borrow'd bliss of Heaven,
 And Love and Happiness may find a home,
 Nor Vice be near, nor Folly ever come ;
 But Joy may smile where Peace before has smil'd,
 And Science spread her volume in the wild.
 There be it mine the gurgling rill beside,
 When the loud tempest rocks the throne of Pride,
 To fence with guardian spells my humble bower,
 And gather bliss from every passing hour,
 Clasp to my breast perfection all my own,
 Hang on her smile and live for her alone."

O ! happy state when kindred spirits meet,
 And Fate allows a triumph so complete !
 In some romantic glade or flowery nook,
 By sunny hill or wildly wimpling brook,
 They build their bower, a happy, blameless pair,
 And Pleasure dwells a loving inmate there.

Thus, stranger to repose, the pilgrim bee
 Each mountain haunt explores, and thymy lea,
 Till in the depth of some sequestered dell
 Wandering he lights, and builds his fairy cell.

Ah ! how unlike the giddy, servile train
 That bow the knee in Folly's idle fane,

Or feel Ambition's lawless fires invade,
 Or flaunt their lives in Fashion's masquerade ;
 Who chace bewildering Pleasure's meteor ray,
 And squander life and happiness away ;
 With nightly blaze illumine the crowded streets,
 And talk of Joy but never taste its sweets.

O! where art thou for whom these lays are sung,
 With golden tresses o'er thy shoulders flung,
 And fine form by the Graces taught to move,
 And eye that speaks the chastity of love ?
 O! come in all thy matchless charms array'd,
 And we will leave the city's vain parade,
 And waste in vales of fragrance far away
 Our morn of life and inoffensive day,
 Where the light Loves, and rosy-winged Hours
 Shall strew our path with sunshine and with flowers.

Farewell the domes where regal trophies blaze,
 And pagan Flattery worships in the rays,
 And Fashion still pursues the changeful toy,
 And guilty Pleasure steals the smile of Joy,
 And Merit mourns her indigent reward,
 And barren laurels crown the hapless Bard,
 While Wisdom views from far, with eyes intent,
 Wealth walk with Power, on ravening purpose bent,
 And Grandeur glorying in her borrow'd glare,
 And Folly wondering with an idiot's stare,

Where Thames slow wanders down his subject vale,
 The bark is launch'd, and fresher blows the gale ;
 Lo ! Beauty rising o'er the sculptur'd prow
 Waves her thin kerchief, and her arms of snow.
 Augusta's spires are lessening on the view,
 Adieu thy domes, imperial Queen ! adieu !
 Now let the lute with voice of dulcet sound,
 And songs of joy and tales of love go round,
 Till Pleasure, borne sublime with streamers gay,
 Thron'd on the deep, shall rule the watery way.
 And oft shall Pity drop the glistening tear.

For Beauty floating on its watery bier,
 While Love's last struggles catch the fleeting breath,
 And sweet Affection steals the sting of death,
 When Fancy pencils on the shuddering brain
 The night of Fate and terrors of the main,
 And half inspires with Sympathy's soft art
 The mutual pang that tore the bleeding heart.

“ Adieu, the vales ! Adieu, the coasts of Spain ! ”
 Was Juliet's sigh, and Juliet's parting strain,
 And still Antonio gaz'd and fondly strove
 To soothe the panting bosom of his love,
 Dew'd her fair hand, with warmer wishes prest,
 And clasp'd her closer to his manly breast ;
 While day's faint lustre gleaming on the bay,
 Just told where Commerce smil'd, and Cadiz lay.

The anchor weigh'd—the swelling sails unfurl'd—
 The vessel launches on the watery world,
 And themes full dear the sailor's heart employ,
 That sighs a long farewell to love and joy ;
 But Oh ! when roll'd upon their blasted view
 The mists of death and cloud of baleful hue,
 While earth, and air, and ocean were asleep,
 And winds were cradled on the fitful deep,
 Mute as the lips and silence of the grave,
 Till Thunder issuing from his echoing cave,
 Burst his strong bands and shook the vast serene,
 And whirlwinds woke and lightnings flash'd between,
 How sunk the heart a prey to keen distress,
 With all its wandering dreams of happiness !
 Oh ! what is Man ? an atom in the blast,
 Life but a dream, a shadow fleeting fast—
 Long, long the seaman view'd th' adjacent shore,
 Toil'd on the deep—and sunk to rise no more ;
 Long on the deck the lovers gazing stood,
 Mantled in clouds, and eyed the briny flood,
 Met with moist lip, and took a last farewell,—
 And Ocean's waters rung their funeral knell !
 Ah ! ye who ride triumphant on the main,
 When moonbeams dancing on the liquid plain
 Wake with unwarming ray and glimpses pale
 Each blue-eyed sister in her briny vale,

Ah! then, when winds nor weltering waves annoy,
 Break not the silence with unholy joy,
 So shall the songs of Fancy's fairy clime
 Steal on your midnight watch in hallow'd chime,
 For there, Iberia's youths and damsels say,
 The Maids of Ocean quire the soothing lay,
 As there they scatter from their sea-fan urn
 Ambrosial sweets, and tears, and tones that mourn
 The hapless pair who own no mortal charms,
 Spread their white bones, and clasp with lifeless arms.

Who mounts the breach? who braves the vollied fire
 Where thousands rush to glory and expire;
 The sword of death with brandish'd arm who draws,
 And lifts his banner in his country's cause,
 Where o'er Iberia's plains and wasted fields,
 A British arm its high protection yields?
 There quench not, Liberty! thy vengeful brand,
 Till the Sun rise upon a rescued land.
 Bellona bids her crimson ensigns wave
 And wraps in bloody vest the hapless brave—
 Why melts the breast that throbs with valour warm
 To mark the havoc of his conquering arm,
 Like Pity rising from the fatal strife,
 And lonely weeping o'er the ills of life?
 Such mingled pangs MARCELLUS' * bosom wrung
 As o'er the pride of SYRACUSE he hung,

* "Marcellus, general of the Roman army," says Rollin, "when he besieged Syracuse, in the midst of his success, shed tears as he con-

When warriors joy'd the warrior's sword to meet,
 And Ruin nodded o'er each crowded street,
 And Greece in faded majesty deplor'd
 The cruel triumphs of the victor's sword.

Thus when at Victory's call triumphant rode
 Down Thracia's verdant steep the warrior God,
 His rapid coursers felt the slacken'd rein,
 And bore him vengeful to th' embattled plain.
 The coming wrath his mighty bosom feels,
 And Pain and Peril ride between the wheels ;
 Till lo ! by Music's sacred numbers charm'd,
 He drops the lance of all its rage disarm'd.
 The lulling strains his fiery course arrest,
 And drive each bloody purpose from his breast.

O'er hill and plain, and o'er th' infuriate deep
 The winds of winter dread dominion keep,

templated from an eminence the loftiness, beauty, and extent of that city, and deplored the unhappy condition to which it was upon the point of being reduced." Hard indeed must that heart be that would not experience one feeling of humanity in a similar situation. Yet that there exist wretches " whose breasts the Furies steel," the French armies by their horrid and wanton barbarities, particularly in Spain, have given us ample and lamentable proof ; witness even their own account of the siege and sacking of Tarragona.

What is here ascribed to a sudden impulse of Compassion excited by real objects, Pindar in his first Pythian Ode (See West's Translation) attributes with equal propriety, to the force of Harmony. The same effect Sulpicia, or as some critics will have it, Tibullus, ascribes to the power of female charms.


Hoc Venus ignoscet, at tu violente caveto
 Ne tibi misanti turpiter arma cadant

This sentiment and the images contained in the Greek poet have been imitated by Gray and Akenside with their usual felicity of expression.

Thron'd on the storm, Destruction rules the waves,
 And calls his howling monsters from their caves.
 Who ploughs the boisterous deep at midnight hour,
 And braves the tempest's desolating power,
 No friendly star to light him on his way,
 No guide but Heaven, and his no other stay ?
 Poor homeless wanderer on the faithless tide !
 'Tis thine the calls of hunger to abide,
 Affection's throb, and Misery's pointed dart,
 And all the nameless pangs that rend the heart.
 Hark ! on the rocks and savage bulwarks cast,
 Groans the rent bark, and creaks the falling mast,
 The dread waves mount, and part each splintering beam,
 And Hydra bathes him in her maddening stream.

In vain for thee in yonder vale remote,
 Where Virtue dwells and Angels guard the spot,
 Love pleads to Heaven, and Beauty plies her care,
 And infant lips prefer the ardent prayer,
 And Filial tenderness and Friendship form
 The wish that Heaven would guide thee through the storm ;
 For long, long shalt thou linger on the main,
 And Beauty weep and infants pray in vain.
 In vain for thee the radiant Star of Morn
 On Ocean's wave shall ray her silver horn ;
 No more the rising Sun with splendour bright
 Kindle his beams and wake thee to delight,

Nor Dian's lamp, when anxious cares annoy,
Pour on thy midnight watch the borrow'd beams of Joy.
Queen of the human heart ! whose powerful sway
The spirits own and all the nerves obey !
O ! as the mental melody you roll,
And thy rapt fingers vibrate on the soul,
They open to the heart and glowing brain
A thousand paths for pleasure or for pain—
So various are the ways where mortals press
And chace the fading form of Happiness ;
From earth-born scenes the winged phantom flies,
Celestial fair ! and centres in the skies.





ARGUMENT OF PART II.

Imagination presents a review of scenes and events celebrated in Greek and Roman history. Hence emulation and an interest in the cause of Freedom and Science is excited.—Athens—Plato teaching the Immortality of the soul—Epicurus—Aristotle—Demosthenes—Ancient and present state of Italy contrasted—Bonaparte crossing the Alps—Solitude and the Muse—Distresses and Sensibility of the Poetical character—Virgil—Horace—Sannazarius—Tasso—Burns—Patronage of Genius—Moral reflections, with a simile descriptive of the life of a Coal Miner—The Nun—Vespers—Women feel the pleasure arising from the contemplation of a beautiful prospect more acutely than men—Pride as much a foe to Happiness as to Sensibility of heart—Child nursing—The mother at the grave of her child—Allusion to a fabulous account of the Creation of Man—Youth—its visionary prospects—Reflections tending to elevate the mind.—Survey of the works of Creation—An enquiry into the cause—terminates in Deity—Age, and tranquillity—Prospect of Immortality—Concluding reflections on the death of a friend, and the influence of Grace on the Soul.

VISIONS OF SENSIBILITY.

PART II.

AH! most that Power to whom her lays belong
Demands the incense of the Muse's tongue,
Whose magic wand from Time's eventful urn
Can bid the scenes of ancient fame return,
Where dauntless Freedom led her patriot band,
And all the smiling Muses blest the land.
Still may their magic influence warm the heart,
And Emulation's sacred fires impart ;
Still may the dream my British harp inspire,
And light their faded torch with funeral fire !

O ! by Ilissus' waves of silver light
That flash their mirror on the dazzled sight,
What fanes appear ? what structures rise sublime,
And mock the rage of all-devouring Time ?
What God his * voice inspires, what periods roll,
And flash conviction on the awaken'd soul ?

“ This vital spark that warms its dark abode
 Is everlasting as its parent God—
 Fan the pure flame, and nurse the Virtues given,
 And emulate the purity of Heaven.”

And fly afar yon gardens of delight, *
 That bloom so fair and every sense invite,
 Though there the flowers are fairer to the view,
 And sweeter to the taste the mantling dew,
 When the ripe Vine her purple spirit pours,
 And Beauty wantons in her roseate bowers,
 For there a wizzard waves the wand of Fate,
 Joy flies, and pale Repentance comes too late.
 Hear not his words, nor list his syren song,
 For sweet persuasion hangs upon his tongue.

The Stagyrite with glory not his own †
 Lifts high his laurel'd brows and spurns the throne,
 With Plato's god-like rage the bosom warms,
 And gives to *Order* all her glowing charms.

But who with ire, and liberty his choice, ‡
 Peals the arousing thunder of his voice—
 “ Shall Tyranny, with blood-stain'd flag unfurl'd,
 Wrap in its baleful shade the subject world ?

* The Gardens of Epicurus near Athens.

† Aristotle was Plato's disciple, and may be said not to have invented a new philosophy, but to have tempered the sublime mysteries of his master with method, order, and a stricter mode of reasoning.

‡ Demosthenes.

Ye splendid domes where Science first began
 To trim her fires and lend her light to man,
 Shall ye no more in attic grandeur tower,
 Crush'd by Ambition in his march to power ?
 Philippi's lord the lord of earth become,
 And Freedom sink a martyr to the tomb ?
 Rise, Chiefs of Greece ! prepare the shock of war,
 And hurl Oppression from his crimson car."

Short is the date to human bliss assign'd,
 And lofty looks and labours of mankind—
 Mark where, elate with Pride's presumptuous dream,
 Child of Mortality, man walks supreme ;
 'Tis his to bid the wood-crown'd mountains bow,
 Or ride the infuriate wave with daring prow,
 War's demon bands with sinewy arms controul,
 Or speak in moral thunder to the soul ;
 Or guide the car, or brave the boreal storm,
 Or bid the quarry teem with life and form.
 The statue lives, the column towers sublime,
 But moulder soon beneath the touch of Time.
 The Minstrel sings the triumph of his power,
 And Man, the mortal, vants his little hour :—
 How ! soon the Io Pæans cease to breathe !
 The harp is mute, the songs are steep'd in death.—
 He dies, nor leaves the shadow of a name ;
 But bounteous Nature ever is the same.

Their toils are o'er, *their* voice in silence drown'd,
 Yet still the Seasons roll their annual round.
 No Plato walks the consecrated grove
 And breathes the soul of eloquence and love ;
 No Phidias wakes to life resistless charms ;
 No Myro paints, no Theseus calls to arms ;
 Yet still the Vine-tree waves in purple pride,
 Yet still the wild-bee loves Hymettus' side.*

From these, if Fancy still her aid bestow,
 To wake, O Genius ! thy celestial glow ;
 Through gentle bosoms kindred ardours roll,
 And touch the finer feelings of the soul,
 Enthusiast, turn ! and mark with musing eye
 Rome's awful Genius stalk in triumph by ;—
 Where'er she roves, see Glory's hands impart
 The wreaths of conquest and the palm of art,
 And scenes arise with deathless trophies fair,
 And all but Pity smile divinely there !

Lo ! the gorg'd Eagle whets his beak in blood,
 And Tiber blushing rolls a sanguine flood ;
 Pompey's freed shade indignantly retires,
 And Cato bleeds, and Liberty expires.

" Cæsar, beware ! the fatal Ides are nigh !"
 'Twas vain—he girds the dagger on his thigh ;

* Notwithstanding the various fate of Athens as a city, Attica, we are informed, is still famous for olives, and Mount Hymettus for honey.

The Forum shakes—for thee, Imperial Rome !
 What blood has flow'd—what brooding ill to come,
 Shed their malignant influence on the day,
 With Omens dire, and mark thee for their prey !
 Even now, what tears and crimson torrents flow !—
 “ Assassin, strike! 'tis CÆSAR feels the blow.
 BRUTUS, my son ! Oh, BRUTUS ! this from thee !”
 The deed is done, and Rome again is free.

Ye echoing shades, proud Latium's fairest boast,
 How is your beauty fled, your glory lost !
 Shades that could once the tuneful sound detain
 Of TULLY'S voice, and MARO'S deathless strain ;
 Who now with Inspiration's sacred fire
 Attunes his numbers to the living lyre,
 And bids your listening echoes still prolong
 The melting notes of soul-subduing song ?
 Who now for Freedom lifts the arm of might,
 With ardent soul devoted to the fight ;
 The friend of man, the champion of his God,
 Who, curst Oppression ! breaks thy iron rod,
 And stamps on shrines abhorr'd, with patriot zeal,
 Thy altars, Tyranny ! his fiery seal ?

To thee, O Power ! whose living accents thrill
 The factious crowd, and mould them to thy will,
 Who fearless now the heart's devotion pays,
 And shares thy smile and intellectual blaze ;

Thy thunders his, and his thy speaking eyes,
As when thy voice was heard in Attic skies ?

No Roman ardours revel in thy veins,
No lingering glories bless thy ravag'd plains,
At whose high mandate empires rose and fell,
At whose command the Arts could charm so well !
Mourn, Latium ! mourn the proud Oppressor's sway,
Thy myriads slain and vengeance far away,
Since on those heights where Valour first appear'd,
The Scourge of God, * his baleful banner rear'd,
Urg'd the long march o'er Alpine heights sublime,
The *Tocsin* pealing 'mid the savage clime.
While Danger scatter'd terror o'er the van,
Death in the rear disclos'd his bar and ban ;
And fell Despair the dagger planted deep,
And sinking sigh'd for everlasting sleep,
Ere yet from tyrant Rigour's dim domain
The Spoiler rush'd, with Slavery in his train.
Such are the scenes, that, fitted to engage,
Awake the poet's or the patriot's rage,
By Genius taught those sacred fires to fan
That guard th' inviolable rights of man ;—

* The cruelties committed by the modern Attila in effecting the subjugation of Italy formed a prelude never to be forgotten to the scenes of barbarity which he and his minions have since exhibited in the face of a civilized world, and which it would be difficult to parallel even in the darkest ages or most barbarous climes.

And such the charms th' Historic Muse adorn,
 When, rapt beyond a tyrant's haughty scorn,
 She holds the faithful mirror to mankind,
 And forms for Glory some intrepid mind.
 Bright from his eye Rome's piercing ardours dart,
 While Britain's generous spirit warms the heart.

The Muse still flies afar the courtly dome
 To make the woods and wilds her humble home,
 For there her panting bosom is at rest,
 And there the flowers of Fancy blossom best.
 Heard ye not Virgil load with sighs the breeze ?
 " Hide me, O Hæmus ! in thy vales of ease,
 And woods impervious to the noon-day beams,
 And gelid caverns, and translucent streams."
 Saw ye not Horace sadly pensive sit
 Amid the rich and gay in moody fit ?
 " Oh ! my lov'd fields, and my lov'd Sabine shade !
 When, when shall I, beneath your covert laid,
 Far from the haunts of folly and of strife,
 Enjoy the sweet forgetfulness of life ?
 The tranquil hours to learned ease resign'd,
 The soul's soft dream, the slumber of the mind ?" *

* An imitation of some animated exclamations of Virgil in his second *Georgic*, and of Horace in his sixth satire, descriptive of their feelings when surrounded by the bustle, pomp, and pleasures of Imperial Rome. Rural retirement has ever been a favourite theme with poets in general; *Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit Urbes*. And what, it may be asked, would be the charms of the Muse divested of the attractions which she borrows from rural scenes ?

Ah ! ne'er may hearts that scorn the power of song
 Be found where MINCIO rolls her waves along ;
 And ne'er unhallow'd footstep dare invade
 The bosom of AQUINNAM's fairy glade.

Where MERGILLINA * spreads her nymph-like charms,
 And woos the gales of Ocean to her arms,
 And gives her bosom to th' enamour'd bee,
 And weds her laurel to the citron tree,
 A Druid harp resounds, and through the grove
 The notes in sweet Sicilian measure move.
 Ah ! never poet pour'd a sweeter lay
 Where AGANIPPE's wandering waters play.

But hark ! in air what deafening clamours float,
 And drown th' Eolian harp's mellifluent note ?
 In MERGILLINE's lov'd bowers and sparry caves
 The trumpet twangs, th' Imperial banner waves,
 And Rapine mars each prospect of delight—
 And lo ! the master sickens at the sight,
 Weeps his stain'd streams, and grotto's ruin'd charms,
 And Death receives him in his sable arms.

* Mergillina, the villa of Sannazarius, near Naples. So strong was his affection for it that, we are informed, the destruction of this favourite retreat by Philibert, Prince of Orange, General of the Emperor's army, threw him into an illness of which he died. It is said that being informed a few days before his death that the Prince of Orange was killed in battle, he cried out, " I shall die contented since Mars has punished this barbarous enemy of the Muses." He wrote a great number of Italian and Latin poems, in which his place of retirement is beautifully described. Some of these descriptions have been noticed by Mr. Harris in treating of natural beauty.

Must sorrows mark the noble mind below,
 And chains eternal wed it to its woe ?
 Must Genius still distracting vigils keep ?
 Why weeps the Muse ? ah ! why does Tasso weep ?
 Can Sion's lute and heavenly harpings cease
 To soothe the rebel passions into peace ?
 'Tis his the power, though friendless and forlorn,
 To wake the tones of Inspiration born.
 Hark ! bow'd to earth, he spurns the cumberous load,
 And calls the spirits to his dim abode, *
 With shadowy pomp, and ensigns wide unfurl'd,
 The gory triumphs of another world.
 Or doom'd alike to wander and deplore,
 A lonely exile from his native shore,
 He feeds th' indignant flame that mocks repose,
 And strikes the lyre that maddens with its woe.
 Hence still to kindred bosoms ever dear
 The scenes that prompt the sympathetic tear,
 From climes where first the soft Melesian † strain
 With dying murmurs charm'd the ear in vain,

* The romantic misfortunes and heroic conduct of Tasso during exile and imprisonment, and the singular effects of the melancholy or phrenzy by which he was at times visited, afford a striking and not uninteresting picture of the poetical character, and the vicissitudes which Genius is born to experience. But it is not necessary to resort to foreign countries for instances to this effect ; our own affords but too many examples.

† Homer was born on the banks of the Meles, a river in Ionia.

To where with tears the woodland Genius steeps
 The turf where COILA's hapless poet sleeps.—
 Bard of the feeling heart, and Nature's child,
 That bloom'd like Scotia's heath-bell in the wild !
 Though the gay forms that, ah ! too fair appear,
 With syren voice no more assail thine ear ;
 The lyre of love be mute—the conflict o'er,
 And Hope's delusive dreams can charm no more ;
 Yet shall delighted Memory cherish long
 Thy Scottish spirit, and thy Doric song.

For whom with grateful pomp, Aonian Fair !
 Ope ye the courts of fame and palms prepare ?
 To whom your triumphs and your crowns belong,
 The nurse of Arts and patron of the song ?
 In every age, though savage manners join,
 With tyranny to quench the light divine,
 The soul's fine faculties are still the same—
 Wake but the subtile, quick, resistless flame,
 And mark, O mark ! its voluntary toils,
 And wondering gaze on Genius' ample spoils !
 But who, declare, among the sons of light
 Shall be the rapt companion of its flight ?
 Go, and where Fate stamps deep with hand unkind
 Her brooding shadows on the noble mind,
 Go, with the Muse's honours justly proud,
 And lift another Shakespeare from the crowd.

Ah! mourn not, ye in Poverty's low vale!
 Though not on life's smooth stream with favouring gale,
 High o'er Misfortune's billowy depths ye ride,
 And your full sails expand with gorgeous pride;—
 Peace shall be yours, and sacred be your home
 When Care reigns haggard in the stately dome,
 And wasting storms consign to vengeful Fate
 The towering schemes and grandeur of the great.

Thus in his dark and submarine abode,
 Fast by the altar of the Stygian god,
 The Miner plies his toil—the strokes resound,
 By torch-light urg'd along the vault profound.
 For him no seasons yoke their golden wain,
 Spring paints the fields, and Summer shines in vain;
 No Autumn smiles and pours her yellow horn,
 And waves her ringlets in the breeze of morn;
 No balmy evening comes, no dawn appears,
 No zephyr fans him, and no sun-beam cheers;—
 Yet, pleas'd and happy in his realms of smoke,
 He wearies Echo with his frequent stroke,
 While, borne on waves of light, and far above,
 The Sailor sings the songs of joy and love
 With careless flow of soul, and woos the gale
 That shuns afar the Miner's pitchy vale.

Have ye the power to bid the storms retire,
 Seal the rent clouds, or quench the lightning's fire,

That thus with giant port ye ride supreme,
 And proudly lave in life's untroubled stream?
 No! the resistless whirlwinds are abroad,
 And hold o'er Earth's fair face their destin'd road—
 The billowy depths their potent power confess,
 Awed and recoiling to their last recess;
 Or take the vessel by the kindling prow,
 Lift her sublime, then crash on rocks below—
 The Sailor sighs, and sinks to rise no more,
 But still the Miner carols as before,
 Nor feels the blast, nor hears the tempest rave
 Far o'er his nether realm and central cave.

And well, poor labourer in the mine of care!
 (And such, less blest, the race of mortals are,)
 Well dost thou rate the scenes which life enthral—
 On thee, whom Fate has taught to scorn them all,
 The World's great, gate where eager crowds press on
 The sombre Genius has not shut alone.

Lo! from the sunny haunts of gay parade,
 Secluded far, amid the Cloister's shade,
 Where no kind radiance bids its charms disclose,
 Fate dooms to weather Beauty's fairest rose.
 Oh! ere the bud unfolds in blossom'd prime,
 Let not the blast deform the flowery clime;
 Or when a sister, daughter, heaves the sigh,
 A brother's or a father's cheek be dry!

The eye of Heaven beholds no fairer flower
 Than Beauty blooming in Religion's bowers—
 But Pity weeps, and Angels drop the tear
 To mark its wrongs and destiny severe,
 And sunny smiles of Love, and little day,
 And dreams of rapture hastening to decay,
 And all its opening prospects dash'd with gloom,
 And all its blossoms shaded by the tomb.

Ah ! not for you, sad Sisters of the Cell,
 Where musing Melancholy loves to dwell,
 And strives to chace the Convent's chilling damp,
 And trims with trembling hands her vestal lamp ;
 Ah ! not for you the star of glory shines,
 Ripens no brilliant daughter of the mines,
 Blows no fair flower with purple light array'd,
 Sings no sweet warbler of the rural shade,
 Strays no fond wanderer in the twilight grove,
 Breathes no rapt vow, nor liquid lay of love ;
 But saddening sorrow melts the soul to tears,
 As Fancy paints the joys of other years,
 And many a tale is told with tearful eye
 Of man's perfidious love and cruelty,
 When burns the taper dimly in the hall,
 And still small voices talk along the wall,
 Till even Devotion's purer ardours cease
 To point the way to piety or peace.

The Vesper-bell has shook the cloister'd pile,
 And hollow murmurs creep along the aisle ;
 Low at the sacred shrine the Virgin kneels,—
 The white rob'd devotee the Cross reveals—
 Ah ! spare her in that hour, Remembrance ! spare,
 And may no sufferings check her rising prayer ;
 No cherish'd accents tremble on her tongue !
 No love-sick music mingle with her song !
 But Heaven one hour of happiness bestow
 For many a sad, long lingering year of woe.

Sweet is the song when Beauty lists the while,
 And sweet the rich reward of Woman's smile !
 And dear to Joy the lays she loves to hear,
 Though dove-eyed Pity weep with many a tear.
 Daughter of Virtue ! shed thy smile divine,
 Thine is the trial, and the triumph thine,
 And the wild warbling lyre that sings of thee
 Murmurs of love and Sensibility.

In Youth's gay morn, with Pleasure's soothing tone,
 To her the charms of Nature best are known.
 When, like Aurora, at the peep of dawn
 Her angel feet imprint the dewy lawn,
 Or, when the misty scenes begin to fade,
 She wanders lonely in the twilight shade,
 Or haply lingering on the mountain's height,
 She smiles like Venus through the folds of night,

How does the prospect meliorate the heart,
 And pure benevolence and joy impart !
 And doubly dear the throb, and sweetly keen,
 If Love unite him with the pleasing scene.
 The wild flower's bloom, the mountain towering high,
 The lake's pure mirror gleaming to the sky,
 The opening vista, and the waving grove,
 Retreats of Peace, and Innocence, and Love ;
 Ye melt the heart with Nature's genuine lore,
 Ye waken feelings never known before.

But there are souls who scorn thy gentle reign,
 Angel of Pity ! and thy shrines profane ;
 To *Pride* unhallow'd vows and prayers impart,
 And call the feeling heart a coward heart.
 At her approach Love mournful vigils keeps,
 Joy plies his wings, and widow'd Virtue weeps ;
 At her command the victim Mercy dies,
 And Nature falls a bleeding sacrifice !

Ah ! must the tears they shed forever fall
 From eyes that beam with love in Bothwell hall ?
 Monimia, once the lovely and the gay,
 Fades like the flower beneath the burning ray,
 While haggard Fancy ministers severe
 Delirious anguish and the bitter tear.

“ Lo ! at thy sorrowing couch a father kneels,
 And on thy cheek his fond forgiveness seals ;

Wound not a parent's heart with looks so wild,—

Monimia! O Monimia! O my child!

See where with pitying eyes a brother stands,

And parches with his burning lips thy hands!

Monimia! droop not thus with grief opprest,

For thou wert born to bless and to be blest."

Oh! that Repentance sheds the tear in vain,

And Pity cannot ease the maddening brain,

And sweet Affection, born 'mid life's alloy,

Lives but to weep, the widow'd spouse of Joy!

“ Yes! I have still a Father in the sky,

Who hears and answers to my suppliant cry,

And dries the tears that Grief has caus'd to stream,

And mingles mercy with my midnight dream.—

And thou wert once the brother of my heart,

So prompt to soothe with Pity's healing art.

Give me the hand of peace, my brother dear,

And dip it in Monimia's softest tear—

Away! 'tis reeking with Lothario's blood—

'Tis bath'd in Love's and Nature's warmest flood—

And Mercy pardons not a crime so deep

Though all the winged Seraphim should weep!

“ Lothario sleeps beneath the waving shade,

His corpse unshrouded, and his rites unpaid,

But I have Love to warm the lifeless clay,

And burning drops to wash its guilt away.

And prayers as warm to win the ear of Heaven,
And the sweet slumbers of a soul forgiven."

O! as the Minstrel strikes his answering urn,
And sorrows swell, or kindling ardours burn;
As Life's disastrous scenes the lay inspire
That vainly lives along the plaintive lyre ;
Whether Affection weeps with all her tears,
The wither'd comfort of declining years ;
Or Love's warm woes the bleeding harp employ,
That fondly mourns the murder'd form of Joy ;
Or Virtue lifts in vain her voice on high,
Or Liberty alarms with dying cry ;
Or modest Worth, sad sorrowing at his doom,
Tears his wild wreath, and sinks into the tomb,
Alone, unblest, the child of wayward Fate,
Luckless in life, and posthumously great ;—
And for the train that blest life's happier hour,
Ambition, Avarice, rule with baleful power,
How oft must Pity, Indignation, start,
And smite the chord that vibrates on the heart !

Lo! on the snowy bosom of the Fair,
Sleeps Filial Love, unconscious of a care,
And in the mazes of his infant dream
Quaffs from pellucid orbs the milky stream ;
While the fond parent, smiling through her tears,
Recalls the fleeting forms of other years ;

And Fancy joys the banish'd friend to see
 Rock'd in her arms or cradled on her knee !
 'Twas thus he look'd, and sigh'd, and blandly smil'd,—
 And all the father rises in the child,
 And many a prayer and thrilling transport prove
 The bosom fondness of a mother's love,
 And many a tender tear and melting press
 Burst through the setting smiles of Happiness.

The pensive Mother bending o'er the bier,
 Heaves the deep sigh, and sheds the bitter tear ;
 With pious hands resigns to holy earth
 All that could give maternal transport birth.

“ Lie there, sweet opening bud of beauty's bloom,
 Wrapt in the peaceful cradle of the tomb ;
 Soft be the sacred slumbers of thy rest,
 Soft as when pillow'd on thy mother's breast.
 On thee, lost flower ! fair Fortune never smil'd,
 And never father knew thee for his child ;
 Yet sleep, my darling ! in thy cell of clay,
 I follow soon to realms of endless day ;
 Sleep till the last loud trumpet's thrilling strain
 Shall give thee to a parent's arms agzin.”

Dread Power ! when thy o'erwhelming influence
 With feelings keen has fill'd the seat of sense,
 And Joy her pleasing empire has resign'd,
 The night of grief falls darker on the mind,

And deeper sinks the dart, and closer press
The quivered murderers of Happiness.

With vain regret, o'er scenes and moments dear,
The weeping mourner pours th' incessant tear,
And oft she thinks, each smiling prospect o'er,
Her sun of bliss is set to rise no more.

So man, sad musing, mourn'd with dewy eye,
And wondering gaz'd upon the darkening sky,
When the sun sunk beyond the western main,
And Night first wav'd her banners on the plain—
“And wilt thou never, never more arise,

Fair light! and claim the empire of the skies?
Rise, god of glory! shed thy cheering ray,
Nor leave the world to darkness and dismay.”

What feelings his of wonder and delight
When the Stars burst upon his ravish'd sight,
And all the Planets, riding in the van,
Trim'd their fair lamps to glad the heart of man!
Taught on their glorious paths their orbs to roll,
They shot their starry light from pole to pole,
And peal'd, as on the sapphire plain they rode,
The birth of Love—the anthems of their God!

Soon on the wave the living lustres play,
And Pleasure pours her rapture-breathing lay,—
So soon Hope's blissful dreams the heart employ,
And Nature wears again the sunny smiles of Joy.

O ! Life, since first I trod thy charmed ground,
 What sweet enchantments hast thou spread around,
 Delusion all—such forms and phantoms gay
 As fit forever in thy morning ray.

Say, thou that o'er the young unpractis'd mind
 Sole Sovereign, hold'st dominion unconfin'd !
 O ! say what heartfelt joys 'tis thine to give,
 As the pure Passions startling wake and live,
 And, form'd awhile to fan the generous strife,
 Burst on his view the scenes of busy life.
 In fancied bliss and dear deluding dream,
 His bark floats gaily on the ocean stream,
 And songs of triumph woo the wandering gale
 That wildly wantons with the willing sail.
 Thron'd on her rock, 'mid life's tumultuous tide,
 Fortune throws half her cloudy veil aside ;
 Hope rides upon Imagination's plume,
 And Fame still points the life beyond the tomb ;—
 But long ere Evening's shades involve the sky
 The splendours vanish, and the visions die ;
 Long on the fading glories of the view
 The moist eye dwells and looks a last adieu,
 And the heart asks in vain, when far away,
 The dreams of joy that usher'd in the day.

Children of Fancy ! ye whose magic art
 Has balm'd the bleeding pulses of my heart,

And many a flower, fair as the form of Truth,
 Shed soft on the wild wanderings of my youth,
 Ah! must I each fond pictur'd charm resign,
 Your dreams of rapture, and your smiles divine?
 Then fade, thou lamp of life! whose glimmering ray
 But dimly lights my momentary day!
 Nor let them shine, the forms that gild the gloom,
 Like virgin charms that perish while they bloom,
 Love's flattering dream, or Beauty's syren wile,
 That lures with too infatuating guile.

Shall he to whom th' Almighty Maker gave
 The fires of heaven, the victory o'er the grave,
 Each pure delight that shall forever last,
 The present bliss and memory of the past,
 The joys by Fancy's fairy fingers drest,
 And Hope's fair dreams of everlasting rest?—
 Shall he to Grief's rude blight and cold controul
 Resign each glowing impulse of the soul,
 And with the salt stream of continual tears
 Wither the opening promise of his years;
 Bow at the shrines of error and of gloom,
 And woo the leaden slumber of the tomb?
 And are ye quench'd in night, ye fires that glow'd
 Before the altar of the beaming God?
 No! from your sacred source beyond the sky,
 Fed with eternal stream, ye never die—

Ye live to light the wanderer on his way,
 And mingle with the Fount of life and day.
 Awake your beams ! O ye from heaven that came !
 And hence, ye cares that damp my rising flame !
 The kindling spirit's intellectual light
 Streams round young Genius in her eagle flight ;
 Behold the bounties of indulgent Heaven—
 Man asks a home, and lo ! a world is given :
 " That world encircled with its rainbow zone,"
 Young Fancy cries, " was made for me alone ;"
 To swell the tide of joy that wakes and warms,
 Creation smiles, and mingles all her charms ;
 The flowers unfold by hands unseen array'd,
 And vernal fingers dress the verdant glade ;
 The Naiads lead their silver streams along ;
 The voice of Nature quires the choral song ;
 Spring throws his musky tresses on the wind,
 And Summer rolls her glowing car behind ;
 And Love with winning voice invites to twine
 The myrtle wreath beneath the flowing vine ;
 For me the Sun in wheeling circuit driven
 Dips his bright orb, or climbs the steep of Heaven,
 While the starr'd zodiac, bounding his career,
 Binds with refulgent zone the varied year ;
 These shall not cease nor seek to change their spheres,
 And turn the smiling face of Joy to tears,

Like the betraying spirit of the wind,
 Man's faithless heart, or woman's yielding mind ;
 Tempests shall spare, clouds shall not quench their light,
 And Fortune cannot hide thee from my sight."

Yes ! I will pause on Nature's glorious birth,
 And question you, ye natives of the earth !
 Who call'd from the dark womb of ancient Night
 Fair Earth, and round her pour'd a flood of light ?
 Bade Ocean all his hundred arms expand ;
 Murmur his love, and wed the solid land ;
 Each wandering atom join'd, and vapour dense—
 Then with the strong arm of Omnipotence
 Launch'd the vast Orb where sister Planets move,
 And through the wilds of æther bade it rove ?
 Who taught the Eagle in the solar stream
 To bathe at large and drink the noontide beam ?
 Who woke the Tiger's rage, the Lion's roar,
 Hyæna's lonely howl along the shore ;
 Bade the horse snuff the battle from afar,
 With neck in thunder cloth'd, and heart of war ?
 What hand created, and what potent word
 Stamp'd thee, O Man ! their undisputed lord—
 In fair Proportion's mould thy form design'd,
 And woke the active principle of mind ?
 —And tell, O tell me Beauty ! whence thy smiles,
 And lovely looks, and sweet attractive wiles ?

Who dyed thy cheek in Health's carnation glow,
 And gave the locks that wanton round thy brow,
 And taught thy heart to throb and pulse to play,
 And nerves to vibrate on their winding way,
 When Love or Pity's soft emotions rise,
 And Feeling reigns reflected in thy eyes.
 —And I will stand and lift my voice on high,
 And question you, ye children of the sky!
 And ask you whence ye came, and whence your beams
 That dance so sweet on ocean's bounding streams,
 Or light the dewy landscape waving wide,
 Or bless with farewell smile the green hill's side,
 Ray'd from their source in Morning's purple hours,
 Or lingering long on Twilight's lonely bowers?
 What hand, O Lucifer! has fill'd thy horn,
 And hung thee on the forehead of the Morn?
 Who plac'd thy gem, O Hesper! in the sky,
 The region sweet of Love and Harmony?
 And, Moon! who gave thee from the cloudy steep,
 To rule the Earth, to rule the azure deep?
 And thou, the bright and blazing Fount of day,
 That warm'st the nations with undenyng ray!
 Who call'd thee forth, and bade thy splendours burn,
 And feeds thy flame from his exhaustless urn?
 Hail, Universal Love! hail, Power Divine!
 I bow the knee, and worship at thy shrine,

But lovelier far than all the day has known,
 The beams that linger round his setting throne ;
 Sweet are the matin murmurs of the grove
 That hail on high the Lord of light and love,
 But sweeter still the wild melodious song
 The woodland quires with farewell voice prolong
 When long, long pealing to the evening star,
 Swells the ethereal organ from afar,
 In whose full tones Eolian voices rise,
 And breathe their vesper hymns and harmonies,
 —And as the canvas, softening into shade,
 Whispers of peace, and bids the landscape fade,
 And steals attraction from our holier tears,
 And mellowing influence from the flight of years—
 So Age, retiring from the walks of strife,
 With Wisdom's aid illumines the shades of life ;
 Her trellis'd beams a rainbow lustre cast
 O'er the dim forms and twilight of the past,
 Play round the tomb, and fix the roving eye,
 And lure the wandering wishes to the sky.
 Adieu, false hopes ! and fond desires, adieu !
 And passions that the reasoning soul subdue !
 Ye narrow life's bright prospect to a span,
 Ye trample on the nobler will of man ;
 No genuine joy is yours, no transport high ;
 No glorious triumph for eternity ;

No foretaste of the raptures of the blest ;
 No home, no harbour sweet of holy rest,
 Where Joy may sit and view the dangerous coast
 Where Virtue, Peace and Happiness are lost,
 And mark the clouds obscure the face of day,
 And hear the distant thunder die away,
 Till sweet Compassion wakes, and Heaven bestows
 The balm of peace, the blessings of repose.

Earth has no joy to satisfy the breast,
 No station where the heart is truly blest,
 Though Love's soft raptures bid each discord cease,
 And Glory court it with the smiles of Peace.
 Hence Man, awoke to Heaven's immortal ray,
 Hears Truth proclaim his triumphs fade away,
 But that pure emanation from on high,
 Which fann'd the sacred fire of Deity,
 Though tempests wreck in dust its frail abode,
 Shall live eternal as the throne of God.

And hence impatient for a happier clime,
 With wishes woke to raptures more sublime,
 Sighs, exil'd from its sphere, the captive soul,
 To burst its mortal mansion of controul ;
 To pierce the veil that Heaven's pavillion shrouds,
 And walk with Angels on the ambient clouds.

O ! when the ties that bind him to the earth
 Have vanish'd like the years that gave them birth,


And Age has shrunk each nerve, and dimm'd the eye,
 And the lone mourner lays him down to die,
 If that which warm'd the vital pulse before
 Shall perish with the fading form it bore,
 And the bright prospect of eternal life,
 Like Joy's fair phantoms, cease with Nature's strife ;
 Why was the wish for worlds beyond the grave
 Ere given to sooth sad Virtue and to save ?
 And are ye foes to Truth, though friends to Man,
 Mysterious dreams of Nature's hidden plan !
 Form'd but to fade, and mingling but to part,
 False to her hope, yet faithful to the heart !
 And has creative Wisdom sent abroad
 The winged spirit on her pathless road,
 With powers proportioned to her high descent,
 To war with woe, and weep the blessing lent ?
 Then have ye woke, ye Cherubim ! in vain
 The harp of Heaven, and quir'd the hallow'd strain ;
 And glorying bade your golden censors glow,
 When Virtue triumph'd o'er her toils below,
 And hail'd the sufferer of immortal birth,
 Child of her God, and snatch'd her from the earth !
 Yes ! the tried spirit, doom'd awhile to roam
 Like earth-born wanderer from her happier home,
 May live but to lament her toils below,
 And wake to weep her wanderings and her woe,

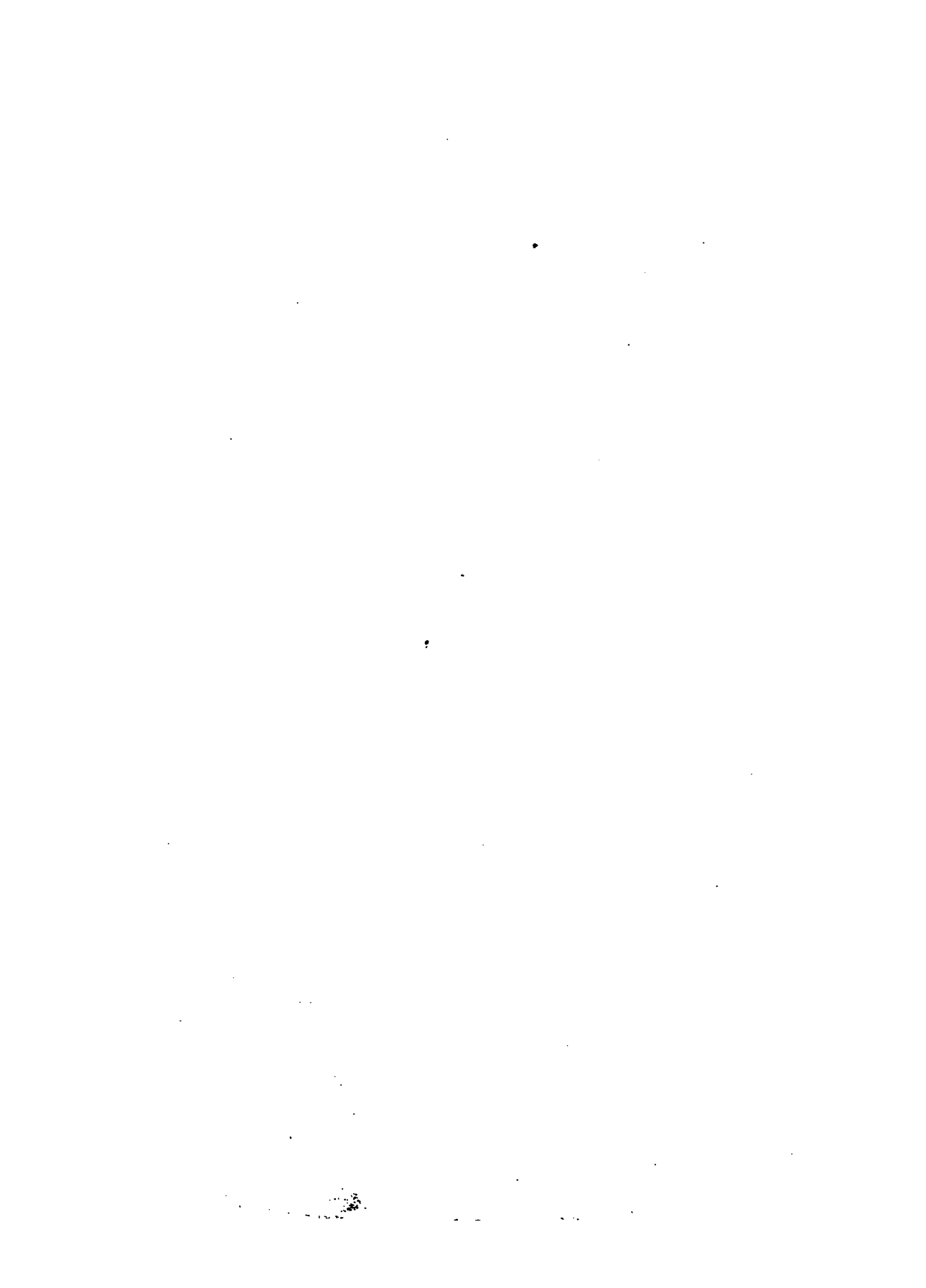
And the fleet pleasures, and the wounds that pine,
 And fears, and sensibilities divine,
 But never shall th' immortal sufferer lose
 The soothing hope that mitigates her woes,
 And glowing energies so subtly wrought,
 And the full consciousness and powers of thought,
 And each quick sense of pleasure and of pain
 That thrills the soul's fine nerve, or plays around the brain.

But say, when Night her sable curtain draws,
 Can the tomb open wide her marble jaws,
 And bid the parted spirit still attend
 With silent steps the pillow of a friend ?
 When sleep has on my eyelids dried the dew,
 Thy form, Alphonso ! rises to my view,
 And on my cheek restrains the starting tear,
 And breathes the voice of comfort in my ear ;
 " Mourn not the days that are forever fled,
 Weep not their woe, nor sorrow for the dead ;
 Sigh not, though sad, and homeless, and forlorn,
 For Woman's pride or unrelenting scorn,
 And lift thy brow with conscious strength elate
 O'er tyrant Man and all the frowns of Fate ;
 But never, never may thy heart forego
 The joys that still from Truth and Feeling flow,
 The virtuous throb that thrills thy bosom here,—
 The bliss that waits thee in a happier sphere."

In vain would Life's tempestuous cares destroy,
The Soul's firm hope, and Virtue's heartfelt joy ;
In vain the grave, sole harbour from the storm,
Would hide for ever Love's and Friendship's form ;
Again they meet in Joy's divine embrace,
And rest and shelter in the arms of Grace.

What art thou, Grace ! without whose aid below
Life is a blank, a fever'd dream of woe,
Where Fancy, rous'd, beholds her Maker ride,
No attribute but Vengeance at his side ?
Come, bright Assurance of eternal life !
And lead the Wanderer from the walks of strife,
And o'er his dark and dim discover'd road,
Diffuse the light of Heaven—the smile of God.

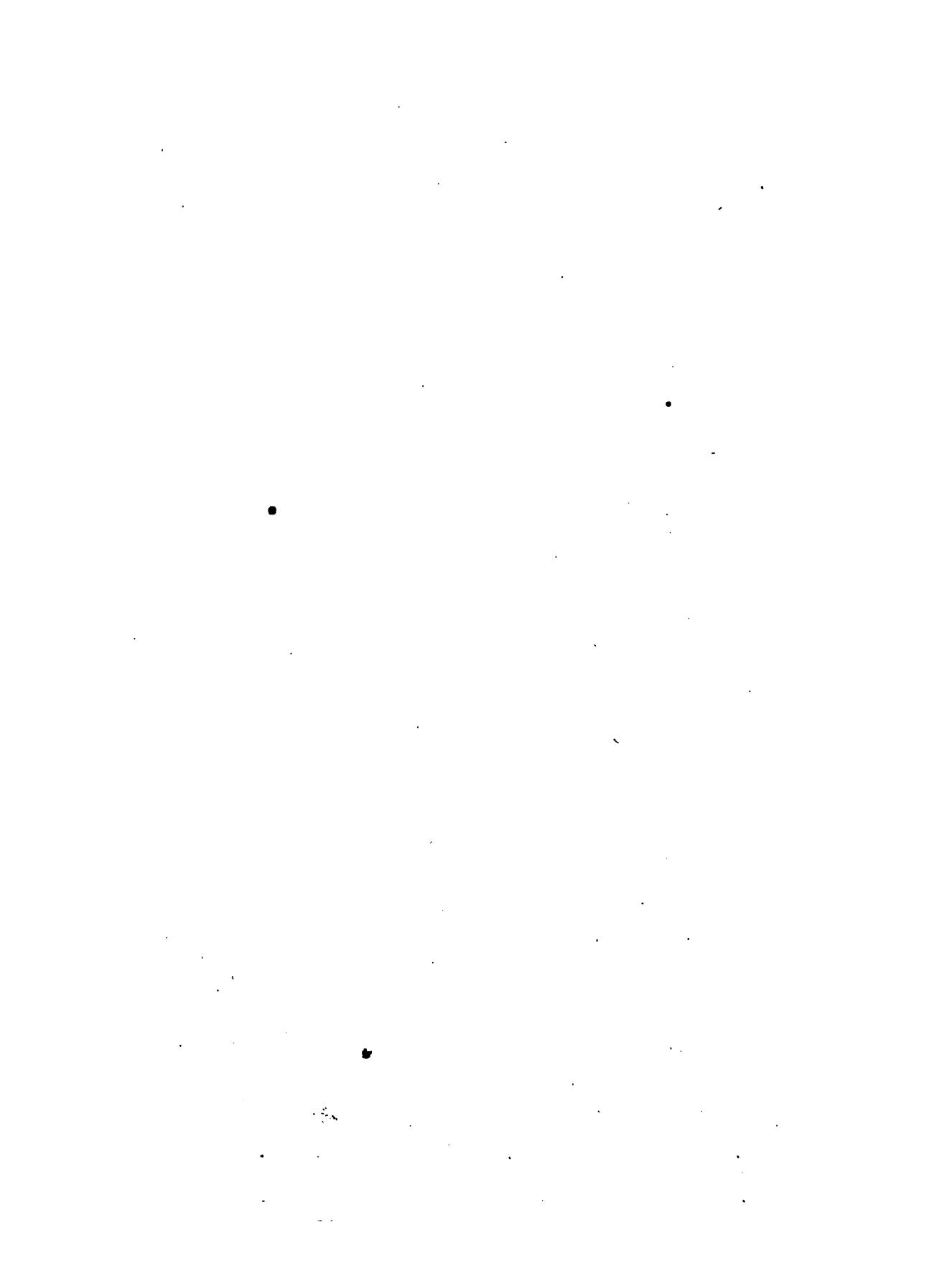




LEGENDARY

AND

OCCASIONAL PIECES.



SLOCHD ALTRIMEN;

OR,

THE NURSLING CAVE.



THE circumstances upon which the following tale is founded are as follow: In that division of the island of Skye called Strathaird, on the farm of Glashnakyle, and near the Cape or promontory of Rhu-na-heakan, (*the Point of Eels*) is a Lime Spar Cave, which may be reckoned one of the finest and most extraordinary productions of Nature. The Cave is of great magnitude, and from the shapes which the spar has taken in many places, emitting, when explored by torch-light, a dazzling lustre in every direction, and the grandeur and beauty of its architectural structure, far surpassing the powers of human ingenuity, it appears altogether a scene of enchantment, exciting sensations in the beholder of which words can convey but a very inadequate idea. This Cave, which has many marvellous stories connected with it, has received the name of *Slochd Altrimen*,

which in the language of the country signifies the *Nursling Cave*, or *Cavity* where the Child was preserved, from the following romantic tradition:—About the beginning of the ninth century, MacCairbre, king of Ulster, having assembled a great fleet, set sail for the Hebride Isles, then under the dominion of Norwegian Princes. Arriving unexpectedly, he committed barbarous and wanton cruelties, ravaging the Islands for many days. Having loaded his ships with plunder, he departed without opposition, the native princes being absent with their king Anlaive of Norway, engaged in a contest with the Picts. On their return to Ulster, a storm arose, which forced the fleet of MacCairbre to seek shelter in the island of Colonsay. The chief of this island, though compelled to subjection by the Norwegian kings, was attached to this prince of Ireland from ties of consanguinity. He received the strangers with kindness, and entertained them until the storm abated. Before they departed, the chief of Colonsay declared fealty to the king of Ulster, and to prove his attachment, sent his only son to Ireland, accompanied by a chosen band, along with MacCairbre, to learn the art of war. The deadly feuds which long prevailed betwixt the chiefs of the Isles and those of Ireland, became even more inveterate by this invasion from Ulster. Determined on revenge, the Lords of Skye, with other powerful allies, assembled their tribes, and embarked in a hundred vessels for an attack upon Ulster. With a favouring gale they arrived on the coast of Ireland, and having disembarked in the night, immediately beset the fortress of MacCairbre. A bloody conflict ensued. The king of Ulster and many of his people were slain. Nor were the men of the Isles more fortunate. Several of their chiefs were laid low; but the troops of Ulster were vanquished, and their severities retaliated. Having completed their revenge, they returned to their barks, carrying with them the king of Ulster's daughter, many of his warriors, and among them the young chief of Colonsay, as proofs of their victory. Propitious winds seemed to favour their course, and they soon beheld the towering cliffs of their native mountains. On the evening of the

fourth day a calm prevailed over the face of the ocean. The white sails of the fleet were reflected from its unruffled bosom as the sun's last beam sunk beneath the western wave. The mournful song of the rowers, as they plied the steady oar, resounded far over the expanse. The returning fleet was descried from the shores of Skye, and their anxious relatives anticipated a safe arrival. Disappointment, however, awaited their hopes. In the night, a dreadful storm succeeded the calm, and with the morning dawn, one only sail was to be seen. This bark rode triumphantly over the waves, and seemed to baffle the efforts of the gale. She steered her course for the hilly shore of Slappen, but there arose over a reef of rocks which stretch far off the land, a tremendous sea. Thither the current swept the vessel, and she was quickly overwhelmed in the foaming surge. Hope now fled the breast of the fair Dounhuila, who, from the turrets of her father's castle, beheld the horrors of the storm, whilst watching the return of her brother, who had gone with the warriors of Skye. Her eyes being fixed upon the deep, she saw some object floating towards the shore. Dounhuila fled to the beach. She beheld a young man almost lifeless, brought to land by a dog; but, alas! It was not her brother. It was the young chief of Colonsay. Pity assumed unwonted softness in her countenance, and the mild lustre of her dark blue eyes declared the tenor of her mind. Collecting her father's vassals, the young chief of Colonsay was conveyed to Dunglas, a fortress whose remains are still visible near the Sparry Cave. Dounhuila's brother returned in safety, as did many of his shipwrecked warriors, and joy filled the halls of Dunglas; but the fair daughter of Ulster was seen no more. The lovely Dounhuila with pleasure beheld the returning strength of the youthful stranger. She was his guardian spirit, and mutual attachment grew in their hearts. But when the young warrior made himself known to Dounhuila, an insurmountable barrier seemed to forbid their love. Their parents were determined foes, and the young chieftain, though kindly treated, was in the Lord of Dunglas' power, and was strictly guarded. Confined within the Castle walls

for many months, he remained unknown to all except Dounhuila. With a form of exquisite symmetry, yet with simple manners and an unsuspecting heart, and more the victim of love than the child of prudence, she became pregnant. The horror of her situation daily increased. Concealment appeared impossible. The disgrace which seemed inevitable, preyed upon her spirits, and melancholy deeply marked her features. She knew her father's proud heart and implacable disposition, and that certain death awaited the unhappy pair the moment her situation was known. It happened fortunately at this time that the Lords of the Hebrides were summoned to Norway, to assist their king in repelling an invasion from Saxony. The chief of Dunglas, with his son, assembled their warriors, and departed for that country, leaving the charge of the Castle and their prisoners to a few vassals of tried fidelity. In their absence Dounhuila prevailed with the soldiers, her lover was permitted to depart, and he set sail for Colonsay. Dounhuila was delivered of a son, and, being aided by a trusty domestic, the child was conveyed to the Cave on the sea-shore, to prevent discovery. The difficulty of access to this retirement rendered it secure from intrusion; the entrance was guarded by the young chief of Colonsay's faithful dog he had left behind, and here Dounhuila regularly retired to nurse her son. The family feuds of Dunglas and Colonsay in time ceased. A happy union of the lovers took place, and this child of the cave was permitted to emerge from his dreary nursery; and hence the origin of its name.

Should the reader wish to be made better acquainted with the wonders of this cave, without having recourse to personal inspection, he will have his curiosity much gratified, and his mind stored with much agreeable information, by perusing an account lately published of this part of the Island of Skye by Dr. McLeay of Oban.

SLOCHD ALTRIMEN, &c.



Now hush thy care, my Mountain Love !
Though Fortune on our union frown,
And let a tale thy pity move,
A tale as hapless as our own.

O! would the Sun of pleasure rise,
And shed as sweet his brightening ray,
And light my Jessy's brilliant eyes,
And chace the mists of fear away—

As sweet as when in RHUNA's bower
The fair DOUNHUILA blest its beam,
The long dark night of Sorrow o'er
Remembered as a fleeting dream ;

Or told in Love's adoring ear,
 To prove the warm unchanging mind,
 And render rapture doubly dear—
 Ah, JESSY ! were our Fate as kind—

How glad would I the lyre of Woe
 For Pleasure's sprightly pipe resign !
 How would my JESSY's bright eyes glow,
 As fondly match'd in joy by mine !

So Grief sat dewy in each eye,
 And chac'd the light of Pleasure's smile
 Along the ravag'd vales of SKYE,
 So dear to Peace and Joy erewhile ;

What time the fleets of ULSTER came,
 And CAIRBRE led the fierce array,
 While, bearing ANLAIVE's glaive of fame,
 The Lords of Skye were far away.

MACCAIRBRE's hands are dyed with blood,
 And plunder loads his wanton train,
 And shall his sails in frolic mood
 Retrace uncheck'd the foaming main ?

Though from the storm's unsated ire
 They shelter sweet in COLONSAY,
 And all for scenes of war the Sire
 Has given his age's hope away ;

Well may they dread the coming wrath,
 When favouring winds and vengeance high
 Shall give to trace their trackless path
 The bold and banner'd lists of SKYR.

They slumber not in Summer bowers,—
 Revenge their venturous sail expands,
 And lo ! around proud ULSTER's towers
 They marshal their indignant bands.

These towers, the boast of INNISFAIL,
 The hand of Justice has laid low—
 But ULSTER's Pride shall live to tell
 The triumph of a generous foe.

Now spread again the whitening sail,
 And steer where RHU-NA-HESKAN lies ;
 Adieu ! the shores of INNISFAIL,
 For SLAPPER's mountain peaks arise.

Chace not the smiling form of Peace,
 Soft cradled on the limpid tide,
 Nor bid the rowers' sweet song cease,
 Yc winds that spread destruction wide !

Be hush'd ! while with affection true,
 DOUNHUILA marks their white sails pass,
 And strives her brother's form to view
 From the lone towers of high DUNGLAS.

The sweet, the summer calm is past—
 'Tis her's to mark with tearful eye
 The stormy Spirit of the blast
 Wreck on yon reef the Hopes of SKYE.

Though stormy wild, blest is the wave
 That dashes round yon rocky strand ;
 For lo ! a fainting Warrior brave
 Its foamy surge has borne to land.

And see ! his faithful dog, whose care
 Has snatch'd him from the jaws of death,
 With throbbing heart has stretch'd him there,
 And warms him with his panting breath.

Say is it, Powers who rule the storm !

The lov'd face of a brother dear,

And his the fondly clasped form

DOWNHILLA bathes with many a tear ?

Ah no ! her piercing shriek declares

'Tis not the Youth she sigh'd to meet ;

Yet still the hapless Stranger shares

Those cares that teach the pulse to beat—

To beat with gratitude and love—

To own that life was dead before—

Though doom'd from COLONSAV to rove,

And ULSTER's daughter is no more.

A fairer still demands the sigh—

She who for many a lingering hour

Has watch'd his couch with anxious eye,

And hailed sweet Health's returning flower ;

And all for him in turret lone

Has shunn'd the festal scenes so gay,

And all on which the day has shone,

And worn the night in prayer away.

When Maa has shut the door unkind
On Pity, Earth's divinest guest,
The Wanderer never fails to find
A sweet abode in Woman's breast.

She heard the feeble Stranger's tale
That long their parents had been foes,
But still her cheek, with watching pale,
Declares her heart with pity glows.

And much she fears her gentle breast,
Where aught unholy never came,
A warmer feeling has possess'd,
And Love has stole soft Pity's name.

And much she sighs that Love so sweet
Should thus Concealment's veil require,
And, trembling, much she dreads to meet
A father's frown, a brother's ire.

But ah! what sorrow seized her heart,
What anguish was she doom'd to prove,
When sad she saw the Chief depart,
Grown dearer still to her I love!

Nor did the Chieftain's bosom own
 The parting pang of Sorrow less,—
 But still he spoke in faltering tone
 Of days of coming happiness:

“ And while,” he said, “ I roam from thee,
 This dog which stay'd Life's fleeting breath
 When panting in the stormy sea,
 Shall be thy guardian power beneath.”

DOUNHUILA's heart was fraught with grief,
 And Love confess'd the bitter tear,
 For ah! she felt the wandering Chief
 Had left her yet a pledge more dear.

That pledge has yet to see the light,
 While he, the lov'd, the Parent stem,
 Whose eye should burn with rapture bright,
 Marks not the sweet unfolding gem.

He marks not Beauty's fading flower,
 His way is on the pathless deep,
 While to her high and lonely tower
 DOUNHUILA turns to watch and weep.

By erring Love a victim made,
 Where shall the fairest Maid of SKYE
 Unseen the tear of anguish shed,
 And hide her form from every eye ;

And watch her blooming Chief's return,
 And pour to Heaven th' unchanging heart,
 In prayers that breathe, and tears that burn,
 And act, sweet task ! a Mother's part ?

A Cave there is on yonder shore,
 Where seldom mortal foot hath been,
 Yet fairy Fancy's magic lore
 Ne'er form'd a more enchanted scene.

The blue-eyed Maid of Ocean's wave,
 Who sings the warring winds to sleep,
 Reclines in less transparent cave,
 Far in the bosom of the deep.

There in her bower all sparry bright,
 DOUNHULA sat like Goddess fair,
 And watch'd the green wave's tremulous light,
 And nurs'd her growing infant care.

And there a trusty guardian waits,—
 Not blest with waking vision more
 Is he sent by th' unpitied Fates
 To guard old Rhadamanthus' door.

And round was many a jewel rare,
 But brighter pearls in liquid stream
 Suffuse DOUNHUILA's cheek, while there
 She soothes her slumbering infant's dream.

"Sleep on," she sings, "while, melancholy,
 Thy mother here must sit and pine,
 To think, that were DOUNHUILA's folly
 Known to the Lords of DUNGLAS' line,

More bitter still would flow her tear,
 And hands that bloody deeds have done
 Would tear thee from my bosom, dear!
 Although thou art a hero's son."

But Joy illumed DOUNHUILA's eyes
 When light a vessel near'd the strand,
 And lost in long and sweet surprise,
 A youthful Warrior sprung to land.

And when the sound of well known feet
 Re-echoed 'mid his sparry cave,
 The couchant mastiff sprung to meet
 The plumed Chieftain of the wave.

The cave he marks—his faithful Tray—
 But hark! what sweeter bliss is given—
 “ ’Tis he! the Chief of COLONSAY! ”—
 “ It is DOUNHUILA! gracious Heaven! ”

And there was seen that living gem
 That fills with joy a father's eye—
 The sweet fruit of the holiest flame
 That burns beneath Heaven's canopy.

And when he could the tale relate
 For gazing on those objects dear,
 That they to crown their union wait
 Whose smile alone was wanting here,

Still lighter danced DOUNHUILA's heart
 And brighter shone Love's cloudless sky—
 Ah! JESSY, when will Fate impart
 A bliss so sweet to you and I?

THE MAID OF BORADALE.



O! SAD the harp's wild wailings rise,
Lone murmuring in the mountain gale,
And dimm'd with tears those sparkling eyes
That beam'd so bright in BORADALE.

And often as the shades of eve
Along LOCH AYLORT's waters move,
A feeble voice is heard to grieve,
Bewailing sad its absent love :—

“ O! is there none in all Scotland
Will brave the stormy sea,
And seek the Mermaid's charmed Isle,
And set my true-love free ?”

'Twas there when storms, destroying fast
 The vernal bloom, despoil'd the clime,
 And dark LOCH AYLOOT felt the blast,
 And shook his reedy locks sublime ;

The pride of ancient INNISTORE,
 CLANRANNALD of the dauntless brow,
 Prepar'd, from the opposing shore,
 To launch his bark of daring prow.

“ I'll wrap me in my Highland plaid,
 And give my canvas to the gale,
 And seek once more the lovely maid,
 The fairest flower of BORADALE.”

“ Forbear, rash youth !” the seer replied,
 To whom the future lay reveal'd—
 Before my eyes the phantoms glide
 That are to other eyes conceal'd—

“ The phantom brood whose baleful sway
 To Man the doom of woe assign—
 And lo ! they mark thee for their prey,
 Proud Chieftain of CLANRANNALD's line !”

“ Be theirs such gloomy fits to prove
 Whom Pleasure long has ceas'd to warm—
 Mine be the pleasing dreams of love
 While Youth and Joy have power to charm !”

O! Heir of never-dying fame !
 When FLODDEN's heroes stemm'd the war,
 How glow'd thy breast with Patriot flame !
 How blaz'd thy bright claymore afar !

For thee a thousand red deer fly,
 O'er AUCHINCARRY's heathy brow ;
 For thee a thousand Virgins sigh,
 And softly spread their arms of snow.

To thee 'tis given with pride elate
 In Love's or Honour's bed to lie,
 And, say, shall a less glorious fate
 Enwrap with clouds thy destiny ?

He rides the darkly rolling wave,
 And sings the song of joy the while,
 And now he hears the toil'd surge rave
 That dashes round the haunted Isle,

What sounds are these whose dulcet note
 Comes mingling with the rising gale?
 So sweet their liquid warblings float,
 They seem the songs of BORADALE.

The Moon looks dimly through the storm,
 And shows the rude rock, bleak and bare,
 Where sits a beauteous female form
 Braiding with pearls her yellow hair.

White is BENWEVIS' snowy vest,
 Sweet sings the thrush the glens among,—
 But whiter was that Maiden's breast,
 And sweeter was that Maiden's song.

“Thy vent'rous prow, O Warrior! turn,
 And, Warrior! check thy swelling sail,
 And aid a damsel all forlorn,
 And waft her safe to BORADALE.”

Oh! he has turn'd in evil hour
 His prow towards the charmed shore—
 CLANRANNALD owns the Mermaid's power,
 And never shall we see him more.

Well may thy harp's wild wailings rise
Soft murmuring in the mountain gale,
And sorrow dim thy sparkling eyes,
O! lovely maid of BORADALE!

For there is none in all Scotland
Will brave the stormy sea,
And seek the Mermaid's haunted isle,
And set thy true-love free.



THE LADY OF BARRA-GLEN.



WHEN the cold north wind keenly blows,
And fast descends the pelting rain,
And Midnight hangs her deepest shade
Around the towers of BARRA-GLEN ;

Who has not heard a faltering step,
And mark'd a Lady all in white,
High on the northern turret stand,
And brave the horrors of the night ?

Even now the shades of Midnight fall,
And fast descends the pelting rain,
And the tempestuous whirlwinds rock
The battlements of BARRA-GLEN.

Her faltering step dost thou not hear,
 And dost thou not behold her stand?
 'Tis she—the Lady all in white,
 The taper glimmering in her hand.

So stood she on the turret's height,
 So her steps faltered on the floor,
 What time her Lord spurr'd his best steed—
 Oh! spurr'd him to CULLODEN MOOR.

CULLODEN MOOR is red with blood,
 Red with the current of the slain—
 Call, call thy mountain heroes round,
 And wave thy banners, BARRA-GLEN!

From heathy hill and forest deep
 The pibroch calls the Clans afar;—
 They leave their native solitudes
 And plunge into the thickest war.

The Highland sword is flaming bright,
 A meteor on the darken'd plain—
 Call all thy martial prowess forth,
 And wave thy banners, BARRA-GLEN!

Oft have thy country's boastful foes
 Been taught thy vengeful wrath to feel ;
 Oft have they shunn'd thy warlike arm,
 And fled before thy burnish'd steel.

The spirits of your fathers view,
 They bend from yon ethereal plain—
 O wield ! thy trusty weapon wield,
 And wade to glory, BARRA-GLEN !

Why do the elements contend ?
 Why do the boreal whirlwinds sweep,
 Drifting the everlasting snow
 From mountain wild and valley deep ?

Yet on the battlements sublime
 Still Beauty braves the wind and rain,
 And still with Fancy's eye pursues
 Thy dancing crest from BARRA-GLEN.

Oh ! hie thee, Lady ! to thy bower,
 And God be with thee, Lady fair !
 For nought avail'd the Highland sword
 That blaz'd with meteor gleam in air,

In vain he rais'd his nervous arm,
In vain his trusty Clan combin'd,
And bade the pibroch sound to war,
And gave their banners to the wind.

Well may'st thou wander up and down,
And thy step falter on the floor,
For never shall the chief return !
He perish'd on CULLODEN MOOR !

This is the tale the Stranger hears
On neighbouring hill, and heath, and plain ;
And this the Lady all in white
Seen on the towers of BARRA-GLEN.



TO MISS _____



O! ONCE my path was strew'd with flowers,
And bright the Sun of Pleasure shone,
But fled are now those rosy hours,
The scene is chang'd—the flowers are gone.

And more to bid my bosom grieve,
And wake wild Passion's fiercest war,
I view thee live yon star of eve
That shines—but ah! from me how far!

O Nature! 'to thy green retreats
I fled a holier calm to gain—
But there—even 'mid thy choicest sweets,—
Lurks one by whom my peace is slain,

Enchanting scenes of gay parade !

Where Pleasure woos with dearest wiles,
And Fame her brightest visions shed,
And blest me with benignant smiles ;

Why did I bid you all farewell ?

The lip that only breath'd for me—
O perverse heart ! now punish'd well,
That would not break in sympathy.

Yes ! triumph with relentless sway,

Thou who hast power to wound the soul ;
This heart—this proud heart—must obey,
And bleed beneath thy high controul.

No ! no ! thy heart is Feeling's seat,

Cast like thy form in heavenly mould—
And shall this bosom live to beat,
And shall the cruel tale be told,

That to a breast which, like thine own,

Vibrates to Love's divinest charm,
Thou hast preferred the heart of stone,
Which even thy beauty cannot warm !

Ah! think a lingering day of woe
 May come—and banish all thy feigning—
 When thy own heart shall be thy foe,
 And mournful sad be thy complaining.


Who then for thee shall heave the sigh?
 None but this yielding rebel heart—
 Even when the pulse of pride beats high
 The sigh shall rise, the tear shall start.

Unconscious fair! Love's warning hear—
 Whoe'er contemns his sovereign sway
 Shall mourn with many a bitter tear,
 Unblest through life's long wildering way.

Then hear his voice—his hand divine
 Shall lead thy steps to Pleasure's bowers,
 And charm thee with such notes as thine,
 And crown thee with unfading flowers;

And round thee lead a smiling train,
 With Grace, and Love, and Beauty beaming—
 Then share with him that gentle reign,
 From which such joys are ever streaming.

Ô! by their tears and tenderest wiles
That strive, sweet souls! like me to win thee,
Give fools thy scorn, and Love thy smiles,
If aught of womankind is in thee!



TO Mrs. Anna Fisher

AN APOLOGY FOR FREQUENT VISITS.

~~~~~

**T**HE Maid whose Love, on billows tost,  
Pleas'd homeward plows the watery main,  
Will visit oft the sea-beat coast,  
And oft her anxious eye-balls strain

To catch the sail in glancing pride  
That dances on the hoary foam—  
How fair the bark! how blest the tide  
That bears him to his wish'd-for home!

The bird, when plundering arms are near,  
Will cease its soft melodious song,  
And watch with all a parent's fear  
The spot where sleep her callow young:

The Mother who in dumb despair  
Beholds her darling press the bier,  
Will duly to the turf repair,  
And wet it with her holiest tear.

So, led by Love as led by Fate,  
An anxious visitant am I,  
And early come and linger late  
Where all my wishes center'd lie.

When Morning gives her golden hour,  
And all things wake to life and joy,—  
In evening walk, or sunny bower,  
Thy charms alone my thoughts employ.

O! ANNA, such the love I feel,  
That, did I think thy heart were given  
To one who merited to seal  
His bliss within that dear lov'd heaven,

I'd check this jealous heart of mine,  
Nor sigh a rival's bliss to see,  
While our united hands should join  
To smooth life's thorny path for thee.

But when I mark with grief oppress  
 A beauteous form in love with ruin,  
 O God! I pray that ANNA's breast  
 May never weep its own undoing---

May never feel the anguish keen  
 That in my tortur'd breast is swelling ;—  
 When Fancy paints what *might have been*,  
 The tear it will not bear repelling.

Why should my bosom harbour aught  
 But Pity's wish for one so dear?  
 Why not, with Love's fond feelings fraught,  
 Point ere too late the danger near?

O ANNA! list thy Poet's strain,  
 Who joys to meet, who bleeds to sever;  
 'Tis Worth alone thy heart should gain,  
 Or thou and he must weep for ever.

---

**AN ILL-NATURED APOLOGY FOR ABSENCE.**

**I**f on some dear deserving fair  
We doat with love and fond esteem,  
So great the bliss we sigh to share,  
So heavenly does the object seem,

That though we never must possess,  
Our love shall be a holy seal,  
And thoughts of our unworthiness  
Shall'cause the only pangs we feel.

But when there is no heart to gain,  
And all the charm consists in features,  
Not Vulcan's self could form a chain  
To bind us to such silly creatures.



INSCRIPTION  
FOR A  
MAUSOLEUM

TO THE MEMORY OF

ROBERT BOURNE, Esq.

SON OF THE REVEREND RICHARD BOURNE, DEAN OF TUAM, &c.

---

PAUSE on thy way, or friend or stranger, here,—  
The spirit of the dead salutes thine ear ;  
Here, where in each endearing grace of youth,  
Affection warm, pure Taste, and manly Truth,  
And Piety, that heavenward points the road,  
Repose in bright expectance of their God.  
Pause then, while Nature on her destin'd bier  
Looks down and sheds the sympathetic tear,  
To think how short a date on Earth is given  
To Joy's fair dream, and flowers that sprung in Heaven.

These, shown to mortal eye like Angel's smile,  
 Bloom'd in this holy dust a little while ;  
 Awhile bade Hope her brightest art employ,  
 And fill'd the Friend and Parent's heart with joy.  
 Now, Reader ! mark, they deck this youthful Urn,  
 Where sleep the ashes of lamented BOURNE.—  
 And if through giddy life's bewilder'd way,  
 Thou followest still the phantoms that betray,  
 Know that, however bright and fair they bloom,  
 Like funeral fires, they light but to the Tomb.  
 Yet bid not quickly her dim bounds adieu,  
 Nor think the Grave unlovely to the view ;  
 If thou hast half the saving virtues dear  
 Which warm'd the breast of him who slumbers here,  
 Pass but this gate, (for know that all must pass,  
 And few the sands that linger in Life's glass,)  
 Bright, like the rainbow o'er the walks of strife,  
 Shall shine thy prospect of immortal life.  
 Is Joy thy search?—the darkness melts away  
 Before the light that never shall decay,—  
 Behold, enchanted Man ! the glorious prize !  
 Behind this little clod of earth it lies ;  
 Beyond this scene, 'mid bloom of fairest flowers,  
 Bright burns the lamp that lights true Pleasure's bowers.

Hark ! as the everlasting gates unbar  
Assembled Angels hail thee from afar—  
Their harps are strung, their brows with garlands crown'd,  
That scent the bowers of Paradise around,—  
“ Come, Wanderer ! come,” their holy harpings say,  
“ Come from the grave, thy stains are wash'd away.”  
Hear their blest voice, and fly the walks of Sin,—  
Lo ! Mercy's gate is ope—prepare to enter in.



TO MISS M. S. A *M. Benson* —

ON RECEIVING FROM HER A RING IN MEMORY OF  
THE GENTLEMAN MENTIONED IN THE  
FOREGOING POEM.

— — — — —  
**T**HOU couldst not, lovely Maid! impart  
A gift my soul could more revere,  
(Except thy heart, thy gentle heart,)  
Than this small pledge of friendship dear;

This pledge on which my eyes shall gaze  
When Memory wakes her busy train,  
Or Pleasure lures with meteor blaze,  
And Passion throbs in every vein.

Oft as the eye of Thought shall turn  
To watch her talisman so true,  
Thy form shall rise, lamented BOURNE!  
And faithful point the sad review—

Of Joys that told a flattering tale  
 While Hope, sweet smiling, led thee on,  
 Till Reason found thee changed and pale,  
 And rosy health with Peace had flown ;

Shall tell how soon in Pleasure's cup  
 The soul's bright pearl dissolves away ;  
 How smiles the most inviting lip  
 Of her who flatters to betray ;—

As if I ne'er had felt their power  
 Bid Reason's cloudless sunshine flee,  
 And mark'd the vengeful tempest lour,  
 Launch'd on a wild and stormy sea.

A while 'mid fairest blooms he roves,  
 The youth who courts their fragrant breath,  
 And rests on beds that Rapture loves,  
 But wakes 'mid thorns, remorse, and death.

I see the bowers, the dangerous coast,  
 The precipice I wildly tread,  
 Where peace, and hope, and honour lost,  
 Below an awful ruin spread.

Oh ! what shall save, Oh ! what shall save  
The soul's eternal happiness ?  
The Ring ! the Ring that Virtue gave,  
I feel its quick indignant press !

I shuddering stand and bless the Ring,  
That like fair Ariadne's clue,  
My devious steps shall backward bring  
To Virtue, Friendship, Love, and you.



TO \_\_\_\_\_.



**O!** CAN you love for love return,  
And glow with such a sacred flame  
**A**s bids my doating bosom burn,  
And melt in fondness o'er thy name ;

And bid the world's gay scenes farewell,  
And fly from Fashion's giddy round,  
With nymphs and rural swains to dwell  
Where love and innocence are found.

We'll live like two fond vines that bloom'd,  
Circling their loves and souls in one ;  
**B**y one gay sunny smile illum'd,  
And by one common blast o'erthrown.


One Spring our vernal sweets shall rear,  
One sigh of love shall heave our breast ;  
And when the winds the blossom tear,  
Together in one grave we'll rest.



TO

**L. MACINTOSH, Esq. OF RAIGMORE,**

ON THE LIBERAL SUBSCRIPTION PROCURED BY HIM IN INDIA  
FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND  
INFIRMARY OF INVERNESS.



**W**HILE loud o'er Europe sounds the clang of arms,  
And Valour's breast with martial ardour warms ;  
While, from a Tyrant's grasp a world to save,  
Britannia's banners and Iberia's wave ;  
What time, where'er their vengeful lightnings fly,  
Fair Liberty relumes her languid eye,  
Leave, gentle Muse ! awhile th' ensanguin'd plain  
Where weeping Pity's heart-drop falls in vain ;  
Leave the sad scene where glory's wreathed smile  
Beams on the panting hero's bleeding toil.

The votive wreaths that grateful Science twines,  
 Where 'mid her peaceful vale her temple shines,  
 Awhile the song invite, and court thy care,  
 Like holy flamen fondly watching there.  
 O! where is he for deathless glory born,  
 Whose brow the waving chaplet shall adorn ;  
 The friend of Genius, whose protecting hand  
 Sheds fostering blessings on her grateful land ;  
 Rears the glad bower where her young blossom blows,  
 And guards her studious visions of repose ;  
 Whose vent'rous soul the patriot flame sublimed  
 To tempt the varying breath of other climes ;  
 Who patient long the frown of Fortune bore—  
 With pious hands who searches every shore—  
 Marks where at length the sparkling gems expand,  
 And bears the treasure to his native land ;—  
 He who for pining Want and sad Disease  
 Provides the home, and spreads the couch of peace,  
 Where pale Misfortune rears her drooping head,  
 And sees a brightening gleam of sunshine spread ;—  
 He on whose name a thousand blessings wait,  
 At whose approach Hope, Pleasure, renovate,  
 With sacred throb the bounding heart employ,  
 And the eye speaks unutterable joy !—

Him the glad Muse's harmony shall hail,  
 And bloom for him the pride of Learning's vale.  
 Grav'd is thy name on Fame's eternal shrine,  
 For these fond gifts, O MACINTOSH! are thine.

And ye who own, where'er your footsteps roam,  
 The cheek that crimsons at the thoughts of Home,  
 And all the nameless wishes that impart  
 The sympathetic glow that warms the heart,—  
 Forgot the pomp of India's brighter climes  
 For scenes that whisper tales of other times,  
 Like music warbling in th' aerial shade,  
 And softer, sweeter still by distance made ;  
 Accept the tribute of the Muse's lay,  
 Fond 'mid these pleasing mountain walks to stray,  
 And court the dream that raptur'd Fancy warms,  
 And decks thy banks, O NESS! with fairer charms,—  
 NESS, that so oft, with all a mother's pride,  
 Sees Beauty walk with Virtue by her side,  
 And structures rising o'er the tranquil wave  
 Bright with the hallow'd beams that Science gave,  
 And forming Art bid rugged Nature yield,  
 And Ocean's keels divide the cultur'd field.

While deeds like these true Glory's meed proclaim,  
 Shall Conquest only point the path to Fame?



Had Cæsar scorned the palm that Genius gave,  
Even Cæsar's self had filled a nameless grave.—  
Yet when tyrannic hosts your rights invade,  
Draw, sons of Scotia! draw the vengeful blade;  
No wrath so deadly, and no steel so bright,  
Shall ever meet you in the shock of fight,  
But Glory, Love, and Freedom, twine the bay,  
Triumphant Chiefs! and gild your setting day.



## WRITTEN

### *WHILE WALKING ALONG THE SEA-SHORE.*



I LOVE with hermit step to stray  
Along the borders of the deep,  
When the red lines of closing day  
Gleam on the solitary steep ;

To mark the chequer'd cloud of eye  
Along the watery plain descend,  
And Twilight her soft texture weave,  
Where rival hues in union blend.

Perhaps, where dancing on the tide  
Some sail divides the whispering waves ;  
Or, where along the green isle's side,  
The pliant oar the water laves,

I just may hear the jovial horn,  
 Or tones that sigh at Pity's call;  
 That on the billowy ether borne,  
 Are heard in many a dying fall.

These magic sounds, of potent power,  
 Shall hush the charmed waves to rest,  
 And draw the pale Moon from her bower  
 To gild the ocean's peaceful breast.

O! Empress of the orb serene!  
 Where does thy trackless pathway lie,  
 When from this sublunary scene  
 Thou hid'st thee in the darkened sky?

What worlds to share thy yellow ray  
 Oppose their unenlightened face,  
 Travelling the wide ethereal way,  
 The vast immensity of space?

What happier mortals bless thy beam,  
 Where Love has fix'd his chosen seat  
 Beside the silver winding stream,  
 That joys thy tranquil light to meet?

What verdant vales, what shady groves,  
Part catch thy ray, and part exclude,  
Where lonely Contemplation roves,  
A poet in his happiest mood ?

I long to go where thou hast shed  
Thy light on wood, or hill, or plain,  
For Poesy, a meek-ey'd maid,  
And Love and Joy are in thy train, X

## THE WARRIOR'S GRAVE.

OH ! HAVE you not heard a voice of dismay  
Wailing around the tomb of the brave ?  
And have you not marked the lightnings play  
Like the beams of heaven on the night of the grave ?

Cold is the night-wind, and damp the air,  
And the wrath of the tempest gathering fast ;  
And sad is the wail that rises there,  
Where some wailing spirit sings to the blast.

“ Where is the youth whose piercing eye  
Was kindled up with the beams of heaven ?  
Where is the youth whose melting sigh  
Was soft and sweet as the gale of even ?

Where is the youth with arm of might,  
Swift as the roe on the blasted heath,<sup>s</sup>  
Fierce as fire in the field of fight ?  
Alas ! he sleeps in the grave beneath."

And long shall he sleep, though round his tomb  
Pale ghosts dance to the meteor's light ;  
And the voice of Love, lamenting his doom,  
Sings to the warring winds of night.

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## THE PARTING.

*A-LA-ANACREON.*

**F**ILL to the hours of past delight  
That fled like thine enamour'd sigh ;  
And when the mantling dew is bright,  
And when the parting cup is high ;

Drink to me, love ! a fond farewell,  
And in soft whispers sighing say,  
" May gentlest breezes swell the sail  
That wafts my lover on his way."

And I will add, where'er he flies,  
May every laughing Pleasure shine,  
And Beauty charm his roving eyes,  
And clasp him with a love like thine,

Then pour the rosy draught again,  
And where the cup still boasts thy kiss,  
There let my eager lips retain  
The memory of the fleeting bliss.

And as we sigh adieu ! adieu !  
Yet still on Rapture's verge delay,  
What Love may in that moment do  
May none but gentlest gods survey !





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