

## Poetry.

## THE NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light,  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring happy bells, across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Bring in redress to all wrongs.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mortal rhymes,  
Put ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in places and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

## Select Tale.

## THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

The extirpation planned by the Master of Stair was of a different kind. His design was to butcher the whole race of thieves, the whole damnable race. Such was the language in which his hatred vented itself. He studied the geography of the wild country which surrounded Glencoe, and made his arrangements with infernal skill. If possible, the blow must be quick, and crushing, and altogether unexpected. But if MacIan should apprehend danger, and should attempt to take refuge in the territories of his neighbours, he must find every road barred. The pass of Kennoch must be secured. The Laird of Weems, who was powerful in Strath Tay, must be told that, if he harboured the outlaws, he does so at his peril. Breadalbane promised to cut off the retreat of the fugitives on the one side, MacCallum More on the other. It was fortunate, the Secretary wrote, that it was winter. This was the time to maul the wretches. The nights were so long, the mountain tops so cold and stormy, that even the hardiest men could not long bear exposure to the open air without a roof or a spark of fire. That women and children could find shelter in the desert was quite impossible. While he wrote thus, no thought that he was committing a great wickedness crossed his mind. He was happy in the approbation of his own conscience. Duty, justice, nay, charity and mercy, were the names under which he disguised his cruelty; nor is it by any means improbable that the disguise imposed upon himself.

Hill, who commanded the forces assembled at Fort William, was not intrusted with the execution of the design. He seems to have been a humane man; he was much distressed when he learned that the government was determined on severity; and it was probably thought that his heart might fail him in the most critical moment. He was directed to put a strong detachment under the orders of his second in command, Lieut. Colonel Hamilton. To Hamilton a significant hint was conveyed that he had now an excellent opportunity of establishing his character in the estimation of those who were at the head of affairs. Of the troops intrusted to him, a large proportion were Campbells, and belonged to a regiment lately raised by Argyle, and called by Argyle's name. It was probably thought that, on such an occasion, humanity might prove too strong for the mere habit of military obedience, and that little reliance could be placed on hearts which had not been ulcerated by a feud such as had long raged between the people of MacIan and the people of MacCallum More.

Had Hamilton marched openly against the Glencoe men, and put them to the edge of the sword, the act would probably not have wanted apologists and most certainly would not have wanted precedents. But the Master of Stair had strongly recommended a different mode of proceeding. If the least alarm was given, the nest of robbers would be found empty, and to hunt them down in so wild a region would, even with all the help that Bread-

albane and Argyle could give, be a long and difficult business. "Better," he wrote, "not meddle with them than meddle to no purpose. When the thing is resolved, let it be secret and sudden." He was obeyed; and it was determined that the Glencoe men should perish, not by military execution, by the most dastardly and perfidious form of assassination.

On the first of February, a hundred and twenty soldiers of Argyle's regiment, commanded by a captain named Campbell, and a Lieutenant named Lindsay, marched to Glencoe. Captain Campbell was commonly called in Scotland, Glenlyon, from the pass in which his property lay. He had every qualification for the service on which he was employed, an unblushing forehead, a smooth lying tongue, and a heart of adamant. He was also one of the few Campbells who were likely to be trusted and welcomed by the Macdonalds, for his niece was married to Alexander, the second son of MacIan.

The sight of the red coats approaching caused some anxiety among the population of the valley. John, the eldest son of the Chief, came, accompanied by twenty clansmen, to meet the strangers, and asked what this visit meant. Lieutenant Lindsay answered that the soldiers came as friends, and wanted nothing but quarters. They were kindly received, and were lodged under the thatched roofs of the little community. Glenlyon and several of his men were taken into the house of a tacksman, who was named, from the cluster of cabins over which he exercised authority, Inverrighen. Lindsay was accommodated nearer to the abode of the old chief. Auchinriater, one of the principal men of the clan, who governed the small hamlet of Auchinriater, found room there for a party commanded by a sergeant named Barbour. Provisions were liberally supplied. There was no want of beef, which had probably fattened in distant pastures; nor was any payment demanded; for in hospitality, as in thievery, the Gaelic marauders rivalled the Bedouins. During twelve days the soldiers lived familiarly with the people of the glen. Old Mac Ian, who had before felt many misgivings as to the relation in which he stood to the government, seems to have been pleased with the visit. The officers passed much of their time with him and his family. The long evenings were cheerfully spent by the peat fire, with the help of some packs of cards which had found their way to that remote corner of the world, and of some French brandy, which was probably part of James' farewell gift to his Highland supporters. Glenlyon appeared to be warmly attached to his niece and her husband Alexander. Every day he came to their house to take his morning draught. Meanwhile he observed with minute attention all the avenues by which, when the signal for the slaughter should be given, the Macdonalds might attempt to escape to the hills, and he reported the result of his observations to Hamilton.

Hamilton fired five o'clock in the morning of the thirteenth of February for the deed. He hoped that before that time he should reach Glencoe with four hundred men, and should have stopped all the earths in which the old fox and his two cubs—for so MacIan and his sons were nicknamed—the murderers—could take refuge. But, at five precisely, whether Hamilton had arrived or not, Glenlyon was to fall on and to slay every Macdonald under seventy.

The night was rough. Hamilton and his troops made slow progress, and were long after their time. While they were contending with the wind and snow, Glenlyon was snipping and playing at cards with those whom he intended to butcher before daybreak. He and Lieutenant Lindsay had engaged themselves to dine with the old chief on the morrow.

Late in the evening a vague suspicion that some evil was intended, crossed the mind of the Chief's eldest son. The soldiers were evidently in a restless state, and some of them uttered strange cries. Two men, it is said, were overheard whispering. "I do not like this job," one of them muttered; "I should be glad to fight the Macdonalds. But to kill men in their beds—We must do as we are bid," answered another voice. "If there is any thing wrong, our officers must answer for it." John Macdonald was so uneasy, that soon after midnight he went to Glenlyon's quarters. Glenlyon and his men were all up, and seemed to be getting their arms ready for action. John, much alarmed, asked what these preparations meant. Glenlyon was profuse of friendly assurances. "Some of Glenlyon's people have been harrying the country.—We are getting ready to march against them. You are quite safe. Do you think that if you were in any danger, I should not have given a hint to your brother Sandy and his wife?" John's suspicions were quieted. He returned to his house, and lay down to rest.

It was five in the morning. Hamilton and his men were still some miles off, and the avenues which

they were to have secured were open. But the orders which Glenlyon had received were precise, and he began to execute them at the little village where he was himself quartered. His host Inverrighen and nine other Macdonalds were dragged out of their beds, bound hand and foot, and murdered. A boy twelve years old clung round the Captain's legs and begged hard for life. He would do anything; he would go anywhere; he would follow Glenlyon round the world. Even Glenlyon, it is said, showed signs of relenting; but a Russian named Drummond shot the child dead.

At Auchinriater the tacksman Auchinriater was up early in the morning, and was sitting with eight of his family round the fire, when a volley of musketry laid him and seven of his companions dead or dying on the floor. His brother, who alone had escaped unhurt, called to Sergeant Barbour, who commanded the slayers, and asked as a favour to be allowed to die in the open air. "Well," said the Sergeant, "I will do you that favour for the sake of your meat which I have eaten." The mountaineer, bold, athletic and favoured by the darkness, came forth, rushed upon the soldiers who were about to level their pieces at him, flung his plaid over their faces, and was gone in a moment.

Meanwhile, Lindsay had knocked at the door of the old chief, and had asked for admission in friendly language. The door was opened. MacIan while putting on his clothes and calling to his servant to bring some refreshments for his visitors, was shot through the head. Two of his attendants were slain with him. His wife was already up, and dressed in such finery as the princesses of the rude Highland glens were accustomed to wear.—The assassins pulled off her clothes and trinkets. The rings were not easily taken from her fingers, but a soldier tore them away with his teeth. She died the following day.

The statesman, to whom chiefly this great crime is to be ascribed, had planned it with consummate ability; but the execution was complete in nothing but in guilt and infamy. A succession of blunders saved three fourths of the Glencoe men from the fate of their chief. All the moral qualities which fit men to bear a part in a massacre, Hamilton and Glenlyon possessed in perfection. But neither seems to have had much professional skill. Hamilton had arranged his plan without making allowance for bad weather, and this in a country and at a season when the weather was very likely to be very bad. The consequence was, that the fox earths, as he called them, were not stopped up in time. Glenlyon and his men committed the error of dispatching their hosts with fire-arms, instead of using the cold steel. The peal and flash of gun after gun gave notice, from three different parts of the valley at once, that murder was doing. From fifty cottages the half-naked peasantry fled under cover of the night to the recesses of their pathless glen. Even the sons of MacIan, who had been especially marked out for destruction, contrived to escape. They were roused from sleep by faithful servants. John, who by the death of his father had become the patriarch of the tribe, quitted his dwelling just as twenty soldiers with fixed bayonets marched up to it. It was broad day long before Hamilton arrived. He found the work not even half performed. About thirty corpses lay wallowing in blood on the dunghills before the doors.—One or two women were seen among the number, and a yet more fearful and piteous sight, a little hand, which had been lopped off in the tumult from the butchery from some infant. One aged Macdonald was found alive. He was probably too infirm to fly, and, as he was above seventy, was not included in the orders under which Glenlyon had acted. Hamilton murdered the old man in cool blood. The deserted hamlets were then set on fire, and the troops departed, driving with them many sheep and goats, nine hundred kine, and two hundred of the small shaggy ponies of the highland.

It is said and may but too easily be believed, that the sufferings of the fugitives were terrible. How many old men, how many women with babes in their arms, sank down and slept their last sleep in the snow; how many having crawled, spent with toil and hunger, into nooks among the precipices, died in those dark holes, and were picked to the bone by the mountain ravens, can never be known. But it is probable that those who perished by cold, weariness and want, were not less numerous than those who were slain by the assassins. When the troops had retired, the Macdonalds crept out of the caverns of Glencoe, ventured back to the spot where the huts had formerly stood, collected the scorched corpses from among the smoking ruins, and performed some rude rites of sepulture. The tradition runs that the hereditary bard of the tribe took his seat on a rock which overhung the place of slaughter, and poured forth a long lament over his murdered brethren and his desolate home. Eighty years later that sad dirge was still repeated by the inhabitants of the valley.

The survivors might well apprehend that they had escaped the shot and the sword only to perish by famine. The whole domain was a waste.—Houses, barns, furniture, implements of husbandry, herds, flocks, horses, were gone. Many months must elapse before the clan would be able to raise on its own ground the means of supporting even the most miserable existence.—Macaulay's new Volume.

## A HORRIBLE DEATH.

On the evening of the 18th of July, three men were loading a barge with sand on the American side of the Niagara River, some way above the Falls. The youngest of them was Joseph Ebert, a fine, tall active lad of about 18 years of age. This day's work being concluded one of them proposed to try and catch some fish for their supper before returning homewards. They accordingly got into the small boat belonging to the barge, and at once became completely engrossed in their sport. No sooner did they throw out their lines than the bait was seized, and they very quickly had caught as many as they could wish for, when the gathering darkness warned them that it was time to pull to the shore. Still unwilling to desist, they were about to throw in for the last time just to catch one more a-piece, when the boat gave a sudden whirl, lifting slightly on a wave. The unexpected movement now for the first time made them look up to see where they had got to. Horror seized their hearts, when they perceived through the thickening gloom, that they were already within the power of the dreadful rapids. They seized the oars, and with frantic strokes endeavoured to pull towards the shore. The fierce current carried them away rapidly to destruction. They strained every nerve. The oars bent with the force of their strokes. They shrieked in their eagerness; the waters answered mockingly to their cries. In vain were all their efforts. No bark had ever floated on that tide and lived. Still hope did not abandon them; like true sons of the Anglo-Saxon race, they exerted themselves to the last. They might still guide their boat, if she should escape the rocks in their course, to reach Goat Island, if not the main shore. Alas! that faint chance of escape was denied them. As they tugged and tugged with a strength which despair alone could give them, one of their oars broke the next instant the boat came broadside to the current and hurried against a rock, was instantly dashed to pieces. For a few moments they struggled in the wild vortex, and then the waters closed over the heads of two of the party for ever. One still floated, keeping his head above the boiling flood. Dreadful, indeed, were his sensations, as he was thus fiercely hurried along to what he deemed inevitable destruction. He approached the Falls: a few yards more, only, and he must take the plunge, to be no more seen, when directly before him, appeared a log of timber, firmly jammed between the rocks in the stream. With a desperate effort he clung to it, and succeeded in dragging himself out of the water. Hope now revived; but still his position was full of danger.

Night came on. No chance passers by could see him, and the roar of the cataract would drown his voice should he cry for aid. How he passed that dreadful night it is impossible to describe.—When morning dawned, he was seen by those on shore clinging to the log. He soon discovered that he was observed, and he knew that his fellow-men would rescue him if they could. His dreadful situation soon became known, not only in the village, but throughout the country, and thousands from far and near came hurrying to the spot, either anxious to learn if means had been found for his escape, or to assist by their own efforts in his rescue. The position he was in was about half way between the bridge leading to Goat Island and the American Fall. The bridge was soon crowded with anxious spectators; but among them all there was no naval man capable of taking the command in any measures adopted for his preservation. At first sight it might have appeared easy to let a rope with a piece of timber float down to him, with lashing by which he might secure himself to it, and thus be hauled up to the bridge; but, dragged through that tremendous current, there were many chances against his being landed alive, even if the rope should withstand the strain, or escape being cut by the sharp rocks which there rise almost to the surface of the troubled water. It was painful in the extreme to watch him as he clung to the log, which itself might any moment be washed away. So near was he that it seemed a hand might almost have been stretched out to help him, and yet how far from human aid. Sometimes he would descend from the end of the log and walk about on the rocks surrounding it, as if contemplating the possibility of reaching dry ground by swimming or wading, till he was beckoned back by the spectators. In the mean time, numbers were at work to re-