

## Literature, &amp;c.

The British Magazines  
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From Hogg's Weekly Instructor.

## THE SONG OF THE SUN.

At morning I rise  
From the eastern skies,  
And mount my golden car,  
And, hurrying, night,  
All pale with affright,  
To her desert flies afar,  
Each starlet on high  
Shuts its twinkling eye,  
For it dare not look on me,  
When I fling the blaze  
Of my dazzling rays  
O'er heaven, earth, and sea,  
Oh, I never lag,  
But o'er mountain and crag  
With my glittering wheels I go.  
The streamlets rejoice  
With a many-toned voice,  
And the sea waves dance below.  
Down, down to the deeps  
Where the sea-snake creeps,  
And the bright fish sparkle by—  
To the fathomless bowers  
Of the coral flowers,  
I look with a fearless eye.  
I seize the streams  
With my burning beams,  
And stretch an arch o'er heaven;  
I cross the storm  
On that airy form,  
When the tempest clouds are riven:  
I burst through the shroud  
Of the thunder cloud,  
And smile at the tempest's wrath;  
I waken to mirth  
The drooping earth,  
And beauty I spread in my path.  
Crystalline towers,  
And diamond bowers,  
I build in the northern sea;  
My streamers bright  
I unfurl to the night,  
Where the icebound regions be.  
I linger awhile  
By some lonely isle,  
That gomes the face of ocean;  
Yet never I rest,  
But away to the west  
I hurry with ceaseless motion.  
When wearied and worn,  
To my couch I return,  
And sink on the western billow;  
The twilight skies,  
With their myriad dyes,  
Are curtained round my pillow.  
When the morning stars sung  
O'er the world yet young  
I joined in their heav'n-echoed hymn;  
And on shall I glide,  
In my glory and pride,  
Till the stars in their spheres grow dim.  
Chaotic night fled  
When my banner I spread  
O'er a World in the flush of its prime,  
And its folds shall wave free  
O'er the earth and the sea,  
Till Eternity conquereth Time.

From the same.

## A TALE OF THE FORTY-FIVE.

BY MISS M. FRASER TYTLER.

It is well known, that upon the morning of the battle of Culloden, one half of the unhappy prince's army, worn with fatigue, and literally famishing on the scanty allowance to which they were reduced, had dispersed themselves in search of food through the neighbouring country. Many had repaired to Inverness, and at an early hour stragglers were seen returning singly, or in groups, to the rendezvous on that fatal field. Among these was Duncan M'Intosh, whose successful forage had so far invigorated body and mind, that little of the desponding look, or the worn and haggard air of the morning was now discernible in the athletic figure, or in the free and rapid tread of the handsome highlander. The most picturesque of all garbs, whether donned by serf or noble, the well adjusted kilt, and full rich folds of the chequered plaid, showed to advantage the tall well built frame and muscular limbs of the wearer, while his whole appearance denoted that strength and prowess, that had already made him the hero of many a rude ditty through the Highland hills. He was, in truth, a goodly sample of his mountain brethren, for his height approached almost to the gigantic. His open handsome countenance, expressive of

firmness and resolve, bore also on every feature the stamp of good humour. His keen eye was restless and intelligent, and round the blue bonnet in which was worn the badge of his clan, clustered a profusion of dark brown curls. A broadsword of unusual dimensions completed the costume; and truly the ponderous weapon in his grasp 'trembled as light as a hazel wand,' for with the most apparent ease, ever and anon, it was waved above his head, while, at the utmost extent of his powerful voice, he vociferated one of the favourite Jacobite songs of the day:

'Good luck to the lad that wears the tartan plaid,  
Success to Charlie and a' his men;  
The right and the wrong we shall ken ere lang,  
And the king shall enjoy his ain again.'

Perhaps, from the near position of the enemy, he trusted that some favourable breeze might bear the words into the very ranks of the English army, for having closed the song with the usual denunciations on the foes of his prince, he was once more breaking forth in the same strain, when the words were suddenly arrested, for a female starting from among the brushwood that had concealed her figure stood upon a small knoll, or rising ground, at the distance of a few yards from him. The spot was at that time known by the name of the wizard's brae, and the female, who upon this occasion had risen as if by magic from the bowels of the earth, and who after waving her arms wildly in the air, had suddenly assumed the motionless look and air of a sybil, bore through the country the dreaded character of one who was afflicted with the second sight—the seer and foreteller of events to come.

The sudden apparition was not without its effect upon the Highlander, for the blood rushed to his swarthy cheek, and for a moment he appeared hesitating whether to continue his route or to turn and fly. Then, with some hurried strides forward, he muttered between his clenched teeth: 'She can but tell death or misfortune to myself and let them come; my prince is safe. The darkest fiend that ever trod the earth will no bespeak evil for him! Ay, he is safe! Safe in the strong arm and the true heart o' the monie wha are ready to die for him, as this day will prove. We'll gie Cumberland another Fontenoy, and then hurrah for the prince, come what will o' me and the like o' me;' and he confronted the female with a look as keen and piercing as her own. But again his eye fell, and again the blood rushed to his cheek and brow, then as rapidly retreating, left them perfectly colourless; for with a strong grasp laid upon his shoulder, while every feature of her withered countenance seemed distorted with agony, she exclaimed—

'Sing on, Duncan M'Intosh, sing on! Sune, ower sune, you'll no hae the breath, an ye had the heart to sing; for on that field, noo so purple wi' blooming heather, will ye, and your clan, and your prince and your country, be lost, lost, lost!' and with a long shrill cry of agony, the poor maniac again tossed her arms wildly in the air.

'Ill-omened fiend,' gasped the quivering lips of the Highlander, 'tak back your foul words, or my dirk shall be dyed in your heart's bluid. Tak back your foul words, I say, or ye and I may baith rue the hour we hae met this day.' And once more the eye of the Highlander flashed fire, his figure seeming to dilate before her; but unmoved either by his passionate appeal or by the increasing rage of her companion, the woman tore the covering from her bosom, and with more of calmness in her voice and manner, continued—'The hand o' Duncan M'Intosh was never kent to miss its aim; strike then, and never let me see the sun set on sic a day of horror. Why dinna ye strike?' she went on, seeing that the hand of the soldier still nervously grasped the handle of the dirk that a moment before he had seized with so frantic a vehemence. 'Why dinna ye strike her wha saved your life in the battle of Falkirk? better had ye been left to dee on that field of victory, than—'

'I hae nae mind to hurt ye, mither,' interrupted the Highlander; 'but I heed na your words, and as thanks for the life, that its true enow you saved, when others nearer in kith and kin passed me by, Duncan M'Intosh will be the first to gie ye the tidings o' victory. Fare-ye-weel, mither, and dinna speak the words to anither ye hae spoken to me; they will maybe be less sparing o' your grey hairs.'

'Dinna ye speak the words that are far frae your heart, Duncan M'Intosh?' resumed the woman; 'weel do you ken—name better, that the curse o' God has fallen on my grey hairs, and that the een that might hae been blin' wi' the tears they hae shed, can yet see sights that ithers maunna see. For what else hae I been hunted by man and bairn, like the wolf i' the mountain or the fox i' the valley?' for what else has my heart been turned to stone and my brain to fire? But ye hae mair proof, Duncan M'Intosh; ye hae had mair proof than these, Didna I see your father's wraith, and didna his death come as I had foretold? Didna I warn you no to take Marion M'lan as your bride? and does she sit noo by your hearth stane? Is she rocking the wee bairn i' the cradle, or has she followed the base Sassenach to his home? Didna I tell you in the sight of God and man she would bring sorrow on your head? And were these words fause, Duncan M'Intosh,—were these words fause?

The eye of the Highlander, which the moment before had flashed fire, was now moistened with tears. 'Peace be wi' her I hae lo'ed sae weel,' he said in a stifled voice. 'If she sinned, mither, dearly has she suffered for that sin.'

'Ay, ay,' again shrieked the woman. 'Ye

ken that they were true—and will ye doubt that I hae seen waur sights than these—sights that hae set my brain on fire? Bluid, say ye? hae na I seen red waves o' bluid? hae na I seen the leal heart and the strong arm trampled i' the earth, butchered like the beasts of the field? And waur yet, waur yet, hae na I seen him, the son o' God's anointed, stand alane among the dead—cursing his young life—cursing the hopes, that high as they dance now in his heart, will be low enow ere lang? Ye doubt me still,' she exclaimed, with increasing vehemence. 'Oh that I could doubt my ain sell. Ye think harm canna harm him—harm is round him now.' Then with a sudden change of look and voice—'What wear ye sae proudly in your bonnet, Duncan M'Intosh?' The Highlander seized the branch of ivy, and with an exulting laugh exclaimed—'Thanks, mither, thanks, ye hae brought me to my senses; 'tis the badge o' my clan, and as it never fades, nae mair will the clan o' M'Intosh.'

'Dinna think that your badge is unkent by me,' slowly reiterated the woman, 'and ye say true, as it never fades, so never will the clan of M'Intosh be extinct. Is na' the badge o' the clan the ivy, the Grants the pine; the Frasers the yew; the Drummonds the holly; and do any o' these fade? Do they no brave alike the sun o' summer and the winters snow?'

'Sae will it be wi' the clans,' exultingly interrupted M'Intosh. But calmly crossing her arms on her bosom, she muttered—'Wi' his ain words will I confront; and with a mingled expression of contempt and pity she fixed her eyes upon the young soldier, all observing his gesture of impatience she went on.

'Ye will ken the truth owre sune; ye needna hurry the words that will sound mair bitter in your ears than wad your ain death-knell, for weel do ye lo'e your prince, and weel may you lo'e him, better than your ain hearts bluid—better than the mither that bore ye; but it's vain, vain! Ye canna save him—fight wi' man ye may, but wi' Heaven ye daurna.'

The voice of the poor woman had risen during this address to the shrill shriek of agony; but now sinking to the hoarse whisper of intense suffering, 'What is the badge o' thy prince, Duncan M'Intosh?' she asked; and the words seemed indeed to ring in the ears of the Highlander a knell more bitter than would have been his own death-warrant. He attempted no reply, but, as if smitten with the sudden weakness of a child, his iron frame trembled in every limb, while with his eyes fixed upon hers, he listened to her words. 'His badge is the aik,' she went on; 'and as the aik is, so will be the fate o' thy prince; as it flourished, so once did he; and as its withered leaves still hang on the branches, till they were forced off by the new leaves i' the spring, so will thy prince, the rightful owner o' the crown, be forced frae the throne, that was and is his birthright. But gang your ways, young man—gang your ways; dinna stay biding here—my een hae seen what maunna meet the e'e o' anither, and ye hae heard what nae else maun hear. See that it be sae—and yet it's no at the thocht o' death that the heart o' a Highlander will quail; and if they canna save their prince they will dee for him! But, hist, there's ae thing mair,' she continued, and then with renewed vehemence—'Awa, Duncan M'Intosh, awa! Tell your prince, that as he wad seat his father i' the throne—as he wad keep the stain frae the name that has never kent stain till now, no to put the M'Donalds i' the left wing. But na, na, it's doomed, it's doomed; he canna' scape it, and the life bluid o' their prince is on their heads this day! Ay, it's doomed, it's doomed! And is this then a time for the leal heart and the strong arm to be biding here? Think ye that in sic a strait Duncan M'Intosh winna be missed frae the clan? Awa, I say, awa.'

The stunning effects of her communication had as it were so paralysed the strong nerves of the Highlander, that he offered neither resistance nor reply, but, obeying the commanding gesture of the woman, strode hastily forward. He had not, however, gone many yards ere suddenly stopping—'Fool that I hae been,' he said, 'to be moved by sic words as yon. The M'Donalds i' the left wing! as if it wasna kent a' the world ower, that it's on the right they hae aye fought, sin' they garr'd the English ken the force o' the Highland arm and the Highland claymore at Bannockburn! It's no like that they'd gie up their birthright, as they ma ca' it. Na, na, I'll gang nae sic fool's errand to the prince. But I ken what I'll do: I'll e'en gang back as I cam—I'll gar her unsay the words she spak; for, senseless as they are, we'll hae nae foul glamour thrown ower us by her this day. Fool, fool that I hae been; the leaves o' the aik may fade, but the stem is still the king o' the forest; and with impatient strides he retraced his way to the wizard's knoll. But the woman, or witch, as M'Intosh now termed her, was no longer there, and for some time his search continued unsuccessful, until recollecting the oak, under which it was said the wizard laid buried, he directed his steps to the spot. She was there, and, seated upon the ground, was chanting in a low voice a lament, or death-wail, in her native language. 'I hae come,' began the Highlander, but he started back in horror, for the blood flowed from a deep gash which the unfortunate woman had inflicted upon herself with a small dirk she was known to wear concealed about her person. With another of those shrill and startling cries, that had already rung so piercing through the open moor, she started to her feet, and glaring wildly on him—'Wherefore are ye hear?' she exclaimed. 'Do ye fear to meet death in behalf o' your prince?

or come ye to see how Elspeth M'Intosh can die?' and again she plunged the dirk in her bosom.

'Hold, hold!' exclaimed Duncan M'Intosh, springing forward; 'ye are mad, mither, ye are mad; and ye dinna ken that ye break God's strictest law.'

'I hae had muckle to mak me mad,' said the dying woman; 'and my brain has reeled but not maddened. The Justice o' Heaven will sleep through this day's fight; and why no' his vengeance too, though this deed be done? But dinna I tell yon no to bide here, Duncan M'Intosh? Awa, young man, awa to the battle-field—awa to your bloody grave! Her voice faltered; she sank back and expired.

'Weary has been your life, and darker still is your death-day,' muttered the Highlander, gazing into the dimmed eyeballs of the corpse, as if to assure himself that life was indeed extinct; then drawing the tattered plaid in decent folds about the body, so as to conceal the face of the dead—'I hae loitered ower lang already he said; 'but gin I return from the field vanquished or a vanquisher, I will gie ye Christian burial,' and at once turning from the spot, he strode with rapid steps towards the battle-field.

The Highland army was already drawn up in the order of fight. Hundreds of true hearts, that hunger could not daunt, nor fatigue subdue, were there gathered round the prince, for whom so often they had fought and conquered; while at the distance of scarcely a mile, the army of the Duke of Cumberland covered twice the space of ground occupied by the Highlanders.

The perfect order, the long compact line, the superior force of horse and artillery, were all scanned by the keen eye of the Highlander. But had the English army been treble the number, he would have hailed the disparity with pride, for former success, former dispersion of troops double their own in force, had, in common with every Highlander, impressed him with the idea that the wild onset and irregular mode of warfare used by the clans, rendered them irresistible. It was not the wide array, not the glittering of the fixed bayonets in the sun, nor the sound of a hundred drums as rolling forward they seemed offering defiance to the foe,—it was not these that could strike terror to the brave heart of the Highlander; but as once more he glanced hastily over the position of the prince's army, and beheld with horror the whole clan of M'Donald stationed on the left wing, his eyes glared from their sockets, and with a wild cry of warning he dashed over the intervening space.

That cry was lost in the roar of cannon, and when M'Intosh, with the gestures of a maniac, vociferating the words of the sybil, 'Fight wi' men we may, but wi' Heaven we daurna!' rushed into the ranks and threw himself amongst the foremost of his clan, the bloody conflict had already begun; the murderous artillery of the English poured its destructive fire along the Highland ranks, and line after line were stretched upon the heath, until no longer able to endure the sight of their slaughtered comrades, with the wild yell of hearts thirsting for revenge the brave M'Intoshes broke from the centre of the line, and rushing forward, mingled hand to hand with the enemy. They were followed by the Atholmen, Camerons, Stuarts, Frasers, and M'Leans, and thus a general and nearly simultaneous charge had been made along the whole of the Highland line. There was but one exception. The M'Donalds, dissatisfied with their situation, and looking upon it as an evil omen, refused to advance. In vain were the Duke of Perth's endeavours to appease their wrath; in vain his entreaties that by fighting with their characteristic bravery they would make the left wing equal to the right. Vain even his appeal to the feelings of clanship, so dear to the heart of a Highlander, and the promise, that from this day he would assume for ever the surname of M'Donald. They were induced to discharge their muskets, and advance a few paces, but the blighting belief in the fatal omen was upon them, and no prayers or entreaties could shake them from their lethargy.

Not so the other clans. The howl of the advance, the scream of the onset, the thunders of musketry, were mingled occasionally with shouts of Craid Eilachie, Tullochard, Ardchoile, Clannish, and Caruna Cuin, the slogan or war-cry of their different chiefs, while their dauntless courage, worked upon by despair, assumed the aspect of madness, rather than the cool and determined bravery for which hitherto they had been proverbial. Regardless of the fire of artillery, they flung themselves upon and cleared the first line of the enemy. The strong band that had opposed them were swept irresistibly from the field, but they had given way only when every bayonet was bent, and every hand reeked with the blood of their brave foe.

Brief and dearly purchased had been the success of the doomed clans. The first line of the enemy they had indeed dispersed, and they continued their impetuous advance upon the second. But it is well known that the deadly fire then poured upon their ranks, almost annihilated the brave, and till now overpowering band, and that, submitting at length to destiny, they turned and fled; all save one man, who with gigantic strides, advanced upon the enemy, and though desperately wounded, encountered with his single arm the onset of a party of dragoons. Pushed to desperation, with the strength and energy of despair, he parried the successive thrusts of the assailants, and while the resistless strokes of the claymore dealt destruction on his foes, he continued, however, by the rapid and skilful use of the target, to protect his own life. The disregarded shout of the English officer—'Save that brave fellow'