

CHRISTIAN



VISITOR.

A Family Newspaper: devoted to

Religious & General Intelligence.

REV. E. D. VERY,

"BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED."—ST. PAUL.

EDITOR.

Volume II.

SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1849.

Number 38.

To the Queen on occasion of Her Majesty's First Visit to Ireland.

O come, Lady Queen, to our Isle of the Ocean—
The greenest, the fairest, the gayest on earth:
We welcome thy coming with heartfelt emotion;
Thy presence will gladden our home and our
We love, we revere thee, [hearth.
In homage draw near thee,
With a *cead mile fuille* we give thee good cheer;
Victoria, we hail thee,
Our harps shall regale thee—
The harp is the music for Royalty's ear.

We sighed for thee oft when big the big clouds were
looming.

When the famine was heavy and sore in the land;
We shared of thy bounty, and longed for thy coming,
Where the Irishman's heart gives the press to his
Though many belie him, [hand.
He's true when you try him,
His love, like his mountains, is lasting for aye—
More prone to believe thee
Than e'er to deceive thee,
He oft may be doubted, but ne'er can betray.

We hail thee amongst us, Fair Queen of the
Islands!

Bright Gem of the Ocean, *Victoria agra!*
Our sons will go with thee o'er valleys and high
lands,

Our daughters enchant thee with "*Erin go
Bragh!*"

Then come, see our fair ones—
For they are the rare ones—

Our mothers, and sisters, and wives by our side,
Will go forth to meet thee,
With blessings will greet thee,
And boast of Victoria with womanly pride.

Then hurrah for the Queen, and for ALBERT the
Royal,

For all in their train of whatever degree!
Our hands they are strong and our hearts they are
loyal,

And warm is our welcome, dear *cush! a machree!*
Victoria! come near us;

Thy presence will cheer us;
Though Albion be wealthy, and Scotia be wise,

Our hearts you will find them
In warmth not behind them,
And sooner made glad by the light of thine eyes.

Our Shamrock is softer by far than the heather,
When sparkles the dew on its emerald breast;
It will yield to thy tread like the down of the
feather—

No Queen of the isles has its triple leaf prest.

Oh, come and entwine it,
With the Thistle combine it,

And mingle its green with the blush of the Rose;
From thy bosom for ever

No rude hand shall sever

This bright pledge of Union and Erin's repose!

Belfast, August, 1849. WILLIAM M'COMB.

Mr. M'Comb's elegant lyric, address to the
Queen on her late visit to this country, has
been handsomely printed on a separate sheet,
with appropriate devices, and it has already
attracted immense popularity. Its thoroughly
Irish tone, as well as its loyal sentiment, has
secured for it a nearly unprecedented circu-
lation, while we are gratified to know that in
high quarters it has met with a very favour-
able reception. A letter from Mr. Anson, her
Majesty's private secretary, has been addressed
to Mr. M'Comb, acknowledging the receipt of
a copy of the verses in question, and, in her
Majesty's name, thanking the author in hand-
some terms, for the poetical tribute referred
to.—*Banner of Ulster.*

[Foreign Correspondence of the Boston Post.]

Inverness, Scotland, Sept. 10, 1849.

I am now in the Highland capital; having
traversed a large share of the most remarkable
of the scenery of the Highlands of Scotland.
Without attempting too much of the descrip-
tive, I will give you an account of some of the
places, through which I have passed. Could
I convey a tithe of my experience and delight
to you, you would forget the warm weather,
the dust and the pestilence of your populous
city. I took a very circuitous route to this

place, as I would advise all others to who
would see any thing like a fair share of the
lions of the Highlands.

At Dunkeld, the commencement of the
mountainous scenery, I remained a few days,
seeing the beautiful grounds of the Duke of
Atholl, the magnificence of which you can
form some idea of; as the walks and rides ex-
tend over fifty miles, through every variety of
surface, and of wooded scenery. John, 4th
Duke of Atholl, the grandfather of the present
duke, planted in his own grounds over *twenty-
seven millions* of larch trees, on 11,000 acres;
besides several millions of oak, beech, fir, and
other varieties. Here at the end of the old
cathedral in Dunkeld, are the first two larch
trees ever imported into Great Britain. They
were brought from the Tyrol, in Switzerland,
in 1737, and first planted in flower pots; but
now the aged patriarchs are fifteen feet in cir-
cumference, and ninety feet in height, and
number tens of millions of descendants, scat-
tered throughout the land o' cakes. A Ger-
man traveler who came to Scotland during
the lifetime of the late duke, on seeing his fa-
vorite forests, remarked if the Scotch had
not an *Arch-Duke*, they had a *Larch-Duke*.
The shootings enjoyed by the present duke
are rather extensive.

His lordship is certainly anything but pub-
lic spirited, or liberal. For years he has been
having lawsuit after lawsuit to test the validity
of his claim to a certain piece of road, as he
seems determined to shut the public out of it
to their serious inconvenience, and so far, all
the legal decisions have been against him.—
Really the more you give some men, the more
they want; as he has so much real estate, he
does not know what to do with it, but goes
into his well stocked preserves and slaughters
deer, as a butcher does cattle.

There are two beautiful falls of water a few
miles above Dunkeld; one having a fine arch-
ed bridge crossing a deep gorge in the rocks
where the stream runs, just below the falls.—
It is called the Rumbling Bridge, as the cata-
ract makes a thundering shaking sensation to a
spectator standing on the rocks contiguous.
The fall is very irregular, and in the summer
season, only lacks one important item—wa-
ter! I could nearly jump across the stream
either above or below the fall. I spent a por-
tion of the day in roaming about the fields and
woods, "among the blooming heather." I
called at a little miserable Highland hut, and
saw an old lady reading in a Bible that was
printed in a very barbarous looking language.
I could see enough to observe that she was
reading the 14th chapter of Romans. "You
can na read it," says she. "It's *Gaelic*."—
And Gaelic it was. Who but a Highlander
could read it? Here is a sample from the
first verse of the chapter.

"Gabhaidh ris an neach a ta anmhuin sa'
chreidimh, ach cha'n ann chum deasboireachd
amharusach."

How do you like it? Wonder if St. Paul
preached to the Romans, in that style?

A mile below the Rumbling Bridge, on the
same stream—the Braan—is "*Ossian's Hall*,"
situated on another fall. You go into the
hall; and while you are admiring a fine por-
trait of the aged minstrel, playing on his harp,
and singing the songs of other days, your at-
tendant suddenly pulls aside the panel on which
the painting is hung, and directly before you
bursts the waterfall. There are various mir-
rors in the room that represent the cascade in
every variety of form, pouring down and up
and apparently tumbling on to your head.

I took an opportunity to walk to the top of
Birnam Hill, and a long walk it was. The
way I went, it was two miles, and you may
believe I was a little tired. The hill is 1580
feet in height, and a magnificent view there
is from the top of it. The valley of the Tay,

far towards Perth, shows the ripening harvest,
the green wood, and meandering river to great
advantage. The village of Dunkeld itself,
looked like a bird's nest surrounded by hills
and shrubbery. A small tower of stones,
some 14 or 15 feet high, has been built on the
top of the hill; perhaps as a monument to
Shakspeare! Far to the west, Ben Lomond
reared his lofty head. I ascended the moun-
tain on the west side, where it is the least pre-
cipitous, and descended on the east side.—
The beautiful, and fragrant heather covers all
the high land in Scotland, and nowhere is it
more plentiful than on Birnam Hill. Often
while toiling up the ascent, would the grouse
(or *muir-fowl*) fly from nearly under my feet,
and buzz away to another part of the moun-
tain. Sometimes alone, and often several to-
gether.

From Dunkeld I went to Kenmore, at the
east end of Loch Tay, by coach. Of all ways
to see a country in traveling, commend me to
the top of an English or Scotch stage coach.
These vehicles are usually constructed to car-
ry "four within, and twelve without." The
outside seats are cheapest, and far the most
desirable. This day there was a good compa-
ny of jolly fellows along, all ripe for fun and
enjoyment. We numbered one middle aged
Lancashire man; a Reverend "M. A." from
Oxford, two young Londoners; and your hum-
ble servant. Every mortal man on the coach
had "*Black's Picturesque Tourist of Scot-
land*," except myself; and I had me old friend
Dr. Jas. Johnson's tour in the Higland. I
have the "*Pic. Tourist*," but it was that day
in my trunk.

Our route was up the valley of the Tay, by
Logierat and Aberfeldy. Near the latter place
a very dull looking village, there are some five
waterfalls—said to be—we did not see them.
Burns once journeyed into these parts, and
here he "went off" into one of his rhapsodies,
about the "*Birks of Aberfeldy*."

"The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fu's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant shreading shaws
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
While o'er the him the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers,
The Birks of Aberfeldy."

The guide books say the falls are very good;
but probably not ahead of Niagara! The val-
ley of the Tay, is very lovely all of the way
from Dunkeld, particularly as you approach
Taymouth, near Kenmore, where the river
runs from the loch. I have not been all over
the world, nor seen all the baronial mansions,
even in Great Britain; but I will pronounce
the grounds about Taymouth castle to be the
loveliest spot of earth my eyes have ever en-
countered. It would far exceed the limits
of a letter were I to give you anything of a
tolerable idea of this earthly paradise. Tay-
mouth Castle is the seat of the Marquess of
Breadalbane—(*pron. Bre-dal-bane*) and was
founded by Sir Colin Campbell, in 1580.—
Burns visited the place in 1787, and wrote
the following impromptu:—

"The outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay, meandering sweet in infant pride;
The palace rising by his verdant side;
The lawns wood-fringed in nature's native taste,
The hillock's dropt in nature's careless haste;
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream,
The village glittering in the noon-tide beam."

The castle stands on a pretty level spot of
ground, of some hundred acres in extent; on
the banks of the Tay, here a rapid stream,
rumbling over a rocky bed; while all around
are high hills covered with forest. The
grounds, or lawn, about the castle, is partially
covered with old trees; patriarch beeches,
oaks, larch, fir, &c., and on the north side of
the river, opposite to the castle there is a ter-

race three rods wide, and three miles long,
overshadowed by a row of stately beeches.

On a beautiful green slope extending up
towards the hills south of the castle we could
see a large number of deer grazing. We
could see a hundred; and the guide informed
us, there were on the estate over a thousand.
These are the fallow deer, half domesticated;
kept for their "company's sake," and not for
hunting. The marquess has a deer forest,
forty miles in length, west of this, where many
thousand red deer roam in all their wildness,
and where he and his noble visitors can go
and have a "Highland hunt" with as much
excitement as they like. In another part of
the grounds about a mile from the castle, I
observed a flock, or herd of near twenty Amer-
ican buffaloes, and they are not very tame,
either. The castle itself, is a magnificent pile
of dark gray stone; four stories high, with
four corner towers, and a high central pavil-
ion. The marquess and his family are now at
home, and under these circumstances visitors
are not usually admitted without an "order"
or an introduction from some person whom he
knows. We saw the marquess in front of the
castle, and, when it was known that one of
the party was an American, we were at once
admitted. I was better pleased with the inter-
ior than with her Majesty's castle at Wind-
sor. The stair-case and banqueting-room are
particularly grand. The collection of paint-
ings is said to be one of the best in Scotland.
A fine, full length portrait of the stout Earl of
Warwick, the renowned "*king-maker*," in-
terested me much. There were numerous
male and female ancestors of the marquess;
the elder "*Campbells*" who used to be "com-
ing" whenever there were any of their enemies
to attack. In the days of the Highland clans;
the "*Clan Campbell*" was one of the most
powerful. O! what a cozy, comfortable, rich
place, that library of the marquess' is. A few
thousand volumes, in elegant bindings, and
some old black letter ones, enough to have
made Dominic Sampson in his most stenorian
tones, cry "*PRODIGIOUS!*" Really if wealth,
and "all the appliances and means to boot,"
create happiness, I should think it would be
hard for the possessor of this domain to leave
the world. He may not, however, enjoy life
any better than any of us.

I suppose very few as gorgeous scenes were
ever witnessed as the brilliant *fete* that came
off here, on the occasion of her Majesty's visit
to Scotland in 1842. On that occasion, the
magnificent landscape was set off with all the
resources of art and pyrotechnic display, and
attended by an immense crowd of persons, in-
cluding the gathering of the powerful Clan
Campbell, and thousands of others, both Celts
and Sassenachs. Her Majesty arrived on the
7th of September, at six in the afternoon.
"As the evening advanced, a brilliant illumi-
nation gradually spread its lustre over the
scene, realizing the fabled splendour of the
Arabian Tales. The trunks of the trees were
converted into picturesque and irregular co-
lums of fire, and their branches became cov-
ered with clusters of sparkling rubies, emer-
alds, topazes and diamonds, like the fairy
fruit in the ideal gardens of the genii. The
variegated lamps, hung along the wire fence
of the deer park in beautiful festoons, present-
ed the appearance of an unsupported arial bar-
rier of living fire. The fort among the woods
above the castle, blazed with golden light from
40,000 coloured lamps, and ever and anon the
flash of a gun gave additional momentary
splendour to the woods, and the boom of its
report reverberated in sublime echoes through
the valley. Soaring above all, the lofty sum-
mits of the northern hills were crowned with
immense bonfires, in countless numbers, so
that the rugged outlines of the most distant
mountains in the background were rendered