

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE FAIRIES' ISLE;*

OR, AN IMAGINARY EXCURSION TO LOCH-LOMOND.

Deign Muse to leave th' Idalian bowers,
 And with imaginations powers
 Possess my mind ;—then as a friend
 My course to distant scenes attend.—
 And now methinks we onward stray,
 At close of some soft summer day,
 Among old Scotia's hills and moors,
 Until we reach Loch-Lomond's shores.
 Then in a skiff we venturous glide,
 O'er the blue lake's capacious tide,
 And view with fancy's roving eye,
 The numerous isles that 'round us lie.
 See there Inch-Murrin's groves appear,
 In which repose the fallow deer ;
 While here Inch-Caillach's yew trees

wave,
 Shading Clan-Alpine's ancient grave : †
 Now the last bursts of sunshine throw
 On every hill a sudden glow ;
 And lo ! Inch-Cruin we behold,
 It's summits bright as burnish'd gold :
 Yet melancholy are it's shades,
 No woodman's hut peeps from yon glades,
 Those solitary walls contain,
 The soul-distracted and insane. ‡
 But farther westward let us row,
 And near yon lonely islet go.
 Sweet comes the zephyr, wafted o'er
 The wild flowers on its verdant shore,
 Whose lowly crescents, here and there,
 Bright birches in profusion bear,
 By Twilight to the eye displayed,
 Like silver pillars in the shade.
 We cannot dry-shod land to view
 Its charms, for scarce could light canoe
 Skim o'er the shallows, that surround
 This fav'rite spot of elfin ground,
 This ISLE OF FAIRIES, as 'tis call'd,
 Where often, (at the sight appall'd,)
 The fisherman hath watch'd the band
 Of little sprites, who hand in hand,
 Dance lightly 'round the knoll of green,
 Where sits enthron'd their fairy queen,
 But if an oar's splash they hear,
 Then quick as lightning disappear
 There 'mongst these folk of peace, 'tis said,
 Lives a fair child, a mortal maid,
 Born near the banks of Inversnayde.
 Oft in her father's fragile boat,
 By moonlight o'er the lake she'd float ;

And one still eve, 'twas years ago,
 She from the strand did gaily row,
 Her parents fearless heard the oar,
 That swift impell'd her from the shore ;
 Softer and softer came its clang,
 And fainter fell the lay she sang,
 Until the bark so far had sped,
 That 'though the moon her brilliance shed,
 No longer to their sight she gave
 The silvery spangles of the wave.
 An hour elaps'd, the boat did reach
 Once more the low and pebbly beach ;
 But in that little skiff I ween,
 At its return, no child was seen,
 And the fond parents listen'd long
 To hear again her sprightly song.
 For weeks the Loch did roll and roar,
 Like stormy sea on Scotia's shore ;
 Nor was the body ever found,
 Tho' strict the search o'er Lomond's
 bound.
 Long afterward, some small white bones,
 Found bleaching 'mongst the sand and
 stones,
 Were in the village grave yard laid,
 As the remains of that young maid.
 The parents, of their child bereft,
 Thought these the raven's beak had left :
 Yet this small solace of their grief
 Was not of many the belief.
 The dwellers on that mountain shore,
 From youth well vers'd in fairy lore,
 Had oft at night distinguish'd well
 Her childish voice's gentle swell,
 When, sailing through the moon's clear
 light,
 The unseen fairies wing'd their flight,
 And charm'd the shepherds with their
 song,
 As Tynedrum's moors they swept along,
 Adown to sweet Dalmally's burn,
 Where frowns thy ruins, sad Kilchurn.
 Aged the lost child's parents died ;
 But no such change can her betide ;
 As young and fair to human sight,
 As when she left her home that night :
 Yet those who see her plainly trace
 A shade of sadness on her face,
 A paleness too, as if she pin'd
 The playmates of her home to find.

* See the first article in Blackwood's Magazine, No. 117.

† ————— rods of yew,
 Whose parents in Inch-Caillach wave
 Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave.

LADY OF THE LAKE, Canto 3d, St. 8.

‡ An Asylum for lunatics.