

A TRIBUTE TO SCOTLAND

BY A VISITOR.

Land of the pibroch and the plaid !—
Land of the chieftain and the clan !—
O'er thy bright soil my feet have stray'd,
Thy sons and scenery to scan.

I've view'd each lov'd romantic spot,
The rugged steep—the wooded glade—
The moorland waste—the spangled grot—
The mountain stream—and high cascade.

Each fair and fatal valley, where
The patriot's sword—the poet's pen—
Have made in song and story dear,
I've wandered o'er and o'er again.

I've calmly ranged each ruin, where
Prince Charlie and Queen Mary dwelt :
And heav'd the sigh, and shed the tear,
While musing o'er the woes they felt.

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I've scann'd Iona's sacred isle,
And view'd great Fingall's matchless cave :
I've trod sweet Morven's classic soil,
And seen famed Ossian's lonely grave.

I've landed on Columbia's rocks,
And gravely paced St. Coleman's beach ;
I've filled the pulpit of stern Knox,
And heard the thrilling Chalmers preach.

I've sailed around the wild Cantyre ;
Trod Arran, Islay, Bute, and Mull ;
View'd Cory-vrekan in its ire ;
And Ailsa Craig—the wonderful.