

THE BATTLE FIELDS OF SCOTLAND.

Battle of Sheriff-Muir.

THE foot of Ochill hills was the scene of this sanguinary engagement—the battle of Sheriff-Muir. It was fought in November 1715, between the insurgents commanded by the Earl of Marr, and the royal army under the duke of Argyll, and, in history, is occasionally distinguished as the battle of Dunblane. On the evening before the battle, the insurgent forces occupied the same station at Ardoch—now the most perfect of the Roman stations in Scotland—which Agricola did in the third year of his expeditions.

On the fatal morning in question, the right of the royal army and the left of the rebels having advanced to within pistol-shot, at their first interview, were instantly engaged. The Highlanders began the action with all their accustomed ardour, and their fire was little, if at all, inferior to that of the best disciplined troops. But Colonel Cathcart being ordered to stretch to the right and take them on the flank—a movement which he executed in the most gallant manner—gave a decisive turn to the contest on that part of the field, while General Witham, with three battalions of foot, rapidly advanced to the support of the Duke, who was now pursuing the advantage so suddenly obtained by the first manœuvre. The Highlanders, though compelled to retreat, retreated like the Parthians. They harassed their pursuers—rallied so frequently, and repulsed the royal troops with such obstinacy, that in three hours they were not three miles from the first point of attack. But, to all appearance, they were completely broken, and the duke resolved to continue the pursuit as long as light would serve. He was suddenly recalled, however, by the circumstances of there being no appearance of the division of his army under Witham, while a large body of the rebels were strongly posted behind him. Witham's division, while advancing, had fallen in with a body of Marr's men, concealed in a hollow way full in front, while a squadron of horse stood ready to charge them in flank. In this situation they were attacked by the Breadalbane men, supported by clansmen, a great number of them cut to pieces, the remainder driven in among their own army, who were thus thrown into confusion. The rebel squadron on the right fallen in at the same time, that portion of the royal army had been entirely cut off. This neglect on part of the insurgents decided the day.—The broken battalions were brought off with

comparatively little loss, but, unable to join the other part of the army under Argyll, or to keep the field against the superior strength of the rebels, they retired towards Dunblane, thence to Corntown, and at the end of the long causeway that communicates with Stirling bridge, took their station to defend the pass.—Had the rebels pursued them, Stirling itself would probably have received the former victors.

The battle of Sheriff-Muir reflected little credit upon the skill and experience of the commanders on either side; but, although in itself as indecisive as any action on record, it was followed, nevertheless, by consequences which are supposed only to attend the most signal victories, and, in the language of the day, “broke the heart of the rebellion.” Both armies claimed the honour of a triumph, from the fact that the right wing of each had been victorious. The rebel army lost, on this melancholy occasion, the earl of Strathmore, Clanronald, and several persons of distinction. Panmore, and Drummond of Logie were among the wounded. Among the causes which the insurgent leaders assigned as an apology for their indecision, was the conduct of *Rob Roy*, who, in the absence of his brother, commanded the McGregors, and on the day of battle kept aloof waiting only for an opportunity to plunder.

Written for the Amaranth.

WATERLOO.

HARK! a trumpet sounds in the dismal north,
And a horseman leaps from its portal forth;
The clouds are rolled in his path away,
Like the valley's mist by the breath of day.
He hath put his skeleton armour on,
And the lightning plays on its bars of bone:
In his tongueless jaw rings the thunder peal,
While the red sparks skip from his lance of steel,
From each fleshless rib the cold rain drops pour,
The wind in their arches doth shriek and roar;
Twixt the teeth of the giant there comes no
breath,
And the name of that horseman is—*Death!*

Saw ye the wild hunt on Belgium's plain,
Where *Gallia* pluck'd at the *Lion's* mane?
The fierce Boar came from the Rhine, and the
spear
Of the Pole was there, the German musquiteer,
And the northern Bear:—ha! ha! how he
screami'd;