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Rev. A. G. McTear

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of the Author

THE SHAMROCK;
OR,
ERIN SET FREE.

A POEM

ON THE CONVERSION OF THE IRISH
FROM PAGANISM

BY SUCCAT, OR ST. PATRICK.

AND OTHER POEMS.

By B. McCULLOUGH,

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THE SHAMROCK.

THE SHAMROCK.

CHAPTER I.

My tale is one of long ago,
Ere Charlemagne drew conquering bow,
Before the Moors set foot in Spain,
Or Alfred checked the plundering Dane;
Before that Gregory, good and wise,
Saw English slaves with pitying eyes,
And sent the gospel o'er the wave,
Their long-neglected ~~sires~~ *souls* to save.
My tale begins when Antioch heard
Chrysostom's faithful, pungent word,
And Rome, with wholesome fear, obeyed
The scepter Theodosius swayed.

Mount Slemish still points to the skies,
The Skerries still abruptly rise;
The Braid between, as bold as then,
Goes dancing to the river Main.
The Main at present flows as free,
To mingle with the foaming sea.
But all, save these, the changes know
Which fifteen hundred years bestow.
The hills their forest crowns have shed

The howling denizens are fled;
The hollow cave and craggy rock
Have felt the blasting powder's shock;
The plow glides smoothly through the glen,
Where yawned the tiger's horrid den.
But in the temple idols scowled,
More hideous than the beast that prowled;
The peaceful offering was spurned,
The living slave devoted burned;
The dance and orgy passed for prayer,
And drowned the screams which rent the air.
Such scenes deformed the pleasant May,
When nature wears her best array.
From sights like these we turn to see
The work of setting Erin free.*
Down by the winding stream of Braid
I see a slender, dark-eyed maid;
Her step is light, her spirits gay,
Her ringlets in the breezes play.
The second is of fuller mould,
Her flowing locks are tinged with gold.
Those dreamy eyes of blue declare
A mind of thought, a heart of care.
The dark-eyed nymph is Milcho's child,
The merry-hearted Alahilde.
The melancholy maid is niece
To Prince O'Neil, whose power gives peace
To Ulster's sons. His castles stand
Upon Lough Neagh's ascending strand.

*In County Antrim, Ireland, about A. D. 400.

Alahilde:

“O, Feedoma, pray sing again
That sorrowful yet pleasing strain
Which three years past you sang to me
When Irish vessels scoured the sea.”

Feedoma:

“O, Alahilde, ask not that song;
Your buoyant heart is light and strong,
And you will mock the childish fears
Which moved my weaker mind to tears.”

Alahilde:

“Oh, no! I’m boisterous and rude,
Yet I admire your serious mood.”

She sings:—

“Oh, uncle, I pray you, forsake it,
And tamper no more with the deep,
There’s sorrow for those that awake it,
And oh, that it ever might sleep!

“We often have heard of the story,—
It always arouses my fear—
How a chief in the pride of his glory
A spirit enslaved for a year.

“In the guise of a mortal down-hearted,
He drudged at the servilest toil;
With a flash and a smoke he departed,
Which left a dark blight on the soil.

“Your vessels rejoice on the water
To sweep the rich spoil of the foe,

But how soon might their freight give us matter
For bitter repentance and woe.

“In the woods I have heard such a wailing,
A shadow flits over the sea,
The clouds o’er the heavens are trailing,
As though from a horror to flee.”

Alahilde :

“And now repeat the boding dream
Which gave your song its darkling theme.”

Feedoma :

“In sunny Gaul my vision rose,
Where Loire into the ocean flows.
A mourning widow paced the beach;
Her agony my soul did reach.
Expressed by neither word nor sign,
Her views and feelings all were mine.
Our ships had left her native town,
With spoil and captives loaded down.
Her riches gone she heeded not;
Her first-born, slaughtered, was forgot;
The burden of her speechless pain
Was for a son in captive chain,
Whose wilful temper might provoke
An angry master’s vengeful stroke.
I read the language of her eye,
While she invoked the ruling sky
To drive the vessels back again,
Or sink them in the boiling main.

What power she served I could not tell,

But knew her suit must prosper well.
I looked to see the ships come back,
And then I trembled for the wreck.
But soon a calm o'erspread her face,
And in her features I could trace
An answer to her prayer brought,
Transcending all her former thought.
She saw her son, by wisdom led,
In patience eating slavery's bread,
Until, in stern affliction's school,
By serving he had learned to rule.
The Roman spirit of her race
In him was to resume its place,
Till finally his powerful hand
Should stretch a scepter o'er the land.
The vision fled. My waking fright
Has spoiled the rest of many a night."

Now, Alahilde meanwhile had thought
About the slave her father bought,
Who now along the masty grove
The hungry swine to forage drove.
So she conceived a bold surprise,
That she might test with watchful eyes
What truth might in the vision run,
And show the mother in the son.

Their sauntering footsteps shortly led
Where beech and oak their bounty shed.
Anon their eyes with pleasure hung
Upon a dam with numerous young,
Whose pattering feet unresting flew,

Whose cunning antics charmed their view.
Two prowling foxes sought their prey;
While one the mother held at bay,
His sly companion in the rear
With hungry glance was drawing near.
Quick from a distant rising ground
The whizzing stone its object found,
And there the hindmost thief lay dead,
The foremost like an arrow fled.
The swineherd came to seize the prize,
And wonder sparkled in his eyes
To find his master's daughter there,
Attended by a friend so fair.
With words of patronizing cheer
The mistress soothed the servant's ear,
While Feedoma, entranced of mood,
Admired the stranger of the wood.
His dark eye in its depth of gleam
Recalled the mourner of her dream,
And showed her that, for pain or joy,
Her vision centered in the boy.
A decent robe of wolf-skin gray
In graceful folds upon him lay,
While other slaves half naked went,
Even when the storm its fury spent,
And gazed from out their matted hair
With cunning leer or vacant stare.
He spoke with foreign accent slow,
And yet with soft and easy flow;
His pleasing voice an answer brought

To every question that he caught.
He told her how his early day
In idle folly passed away,
Till heaven in mercy filled him up
Affliction's sharp but healthy cup.

Back to his memory now were brought
The lessons by his parents taught;
A father lying in the grave,
A mother mourning for the slave,
The comforts lost of early youth,
All now enforced neglected truth.
A heavenly power touched his eyes;
He saw the joy above the skies.
The lonely wood, the midnight air,
Are now his blessed retreats for prayer,
While every opening bud of spring,
And every bird upon the wing,
Discoursed of that mysterious love
Directed in the courts above,
Which leads by many a winding road
Up to the Paradise of God.

She heard his tale with deep amaze,
As men on new-found wonders gaze.
The violet tint her eye assumed,
Her cheek with richer color bloomed;
Her trembling limbs new vigor found,
Her feet could scarcely feel the ground.
The youth beheld as one in trance,
And as he took each hasty glance,
He wondered which had met his eye,

A daughter of the earth or sky.

As Feedoma that night sought rest
What different feelings thronged her breast
From those which in the morning led
Her mind a foreign power to dread.

She thought about the stranger's grief—
No friendly word to bring relief.

With admiration next she eyed
The tact which all his wants supplied;—
The knife prepared from flinty stone,
The arrow, with its head of bone;
The furry robe, so neatly dressed,
Showed hand of skill and mind of taste.

And next she yielded to surprise,
To see an influence from the skies
Descending on the lonely boy,
And filling all his breast with joy.
Much did she wonder at the smart
Which faults remembered gave his heart,
While on her kindred lay so light
Conscience of crimes as black as night.

A painful thought pursued her mind,
Which oft she tried to leave behind:
That foreign lands perchance had known
Superior idols to her own.

The swineherd sought his leafy bed,
But sleep forsook his whirling head.
The spot where she had met his eye,
The stately chestnut waving nigh,
The stone which swerved not from its course,

The sling which gave it needful force,
The dam which gave the loud alarm,
Has each for him a special charm.

A glory spread along the hills,
A music murmured in the rills;
A fragrance seemed to touch the air,
And joy was smiling everywhere.
Though humbled long in sorrow's school
The thought he cannot overrule,
What deep respect the princess lent,
As one for some high mission sent.

The race that wrought him such annoy
Concenter now his hope and joy;
And pain endured their lot to bless
Is henceforth all his happiness.
For days the pleasing tumult pressed
Upon his wild, distracted breast;
The cup was drained, the dregs he met,
Since she a toiler must forget.
Some high-born chief would claim his bride,
Her sons as pirates vex the tide.
The thought a blacker shadow spread
Than slavery threw around his head.
He hoped that death might end his grief—
A passing year brought no relief.
Again he sought the fount of life
To set at rest the raging strife,
But found the cup he once had quaffed
Had cloyed his taste for purer draught.
The kindly power prevailed at last,

The fever from his veins was cast;
When spring put on her robes anew
His branches drank the heavenly dew.
The twentieth year his frame had braced,
And on his brow experience traced,
Life's foolish fancy to command,
And meet its task with steady hand.

CHAPTER II.

The morning sun sent down its heat,
And Succat sought a cool retreat,
When, by the river's flowery side,
The ladies walking he espied.
But as he bowed with quiet grace,
The color deepening in his face,
And something trembling in his tone,
Betrayed his throbbing heart alone.
In Freedom his eye soon caught
The striking change a year had wrought.
The hectic flush upon her cheek
Consumption's near approach did speak.
A greater change her mind had seized;
With idols once entirely pleased,
Now day and night she mused upon
The stranger's God, so little known.
The winter kept her close at home,
But April gave her leave to roam,
A visit with her friend to have,

And see again the Gallic slave.

Last night a lucky bow he bent,
For Providence the deer had sent;
The venison now hung near the spot,
The fire soon warmed his earthen pot;
Refreshing broth was soon prepared—
Soft forest herbs their flavor shared.
The spoons were carved from linden wood,
In bowls of bark he served the food;
Since Feedoma began to waste,
No dish so well had pleased her taste.

With woman's tact, by slow degrees
She set the stranger's mind at ease;
And to his own surprise he found
His ready talk on themes profound.
With ear attent and spirit stirred
The maiden drank his every word.
As yet her sins gave little grief,—
Her country's gods still won belief;
But oh! the dim uncertain ray
They cast upon a future day!
Was death at last an endless sleep?
Or might the soul its vigils keep?
Or would it pass to birds and beasts?
These all were questions for the priests.
From such a life, with longing eye,
She turned to one above the sky.
As Feedoma her uncle's sought,
With changing mind her bosom wrought.
To life at times she fondly clung;

Again such hopes within her sprung
That with impatience did she wait
For death to ope the secret gate.
Her musings then would take a turn,
And for a wounded Savior mourn.
Why should a holy being bleed?
Man's guilt must then be black indeed.
Then all her faults and errors past
A darker shadow daily cast;
With questions all her friends were vexed,
The Druids were no less perplexed,
Till, wearied out, consent they gave
To please her whim and bring the slave.

Another spring the woods had dressed,
When Milcho heard the strange request.
He praised the boy's botanic skill,
And sent him off with ready will.
The swineherd trimmed his furry dress,
Nor with his memory labored less,
That he might neither wrong the truth
Nor in a hall appear uncouth.

He found her like a wreath of snow—
As fair, and fated soon to go.
The spoiler, when he seized her wealth
Of vigorous spirits, bloom and health,
Had lent her eye a deeper blue,
Her cheek a more transparent hue,
Which almost like a mirror showed
The thoughts which in her bosom glowed.
He found her first a blushing rose,

The fairest thing on earth that grows;
The second time, a lily pale
She stood erect, so fair and frail.
But now a modest violet lies,
With modest mien to eye the skies.

With strength beyond his youthful years,
He grapples with her doubts and fears;
And in her clearing brow can see
The thanks which words can ne'er set free.
He taught her much, but more he learned,
His own deficiency discerned,
And longed that he might but enjoy
His privileges when a boy.

Observers noticed, well content,
The calmness to the patient sent;
But asked not if enchantment strange,
Or soothing herbs had wrought the change,
Lest once again they should be told
Their country's gods were growing old.

Back to his toil the slave returned,
To gather souls to Christ he burned;
He felt like one to labor sent,
With neither seed nor implement.
The sea divided him from Gaul,
The Irish held him for a thrall.
While Feedom retained her breath
He would not leave her lone in death.
The seventh year brought freedom round
By law divine, to Hebrew bound;
And so he deemed six years of pain

Was fixed, his wayward heart to train.
The sixth was now elapsing fast,
Which Providence might make the last.

He meanwhile eased his burning breast,
With stories to the boys addressed.
Creation's narrative they heard,
And treasured up the novel word.

The airy sky, above their head,
On Monday for the birds was spread.
On Tuesday rose the Slemish hills,
And through Glenwherry flowed the rills;
And on the valley here between,
The grass was spread a carpet green.

On Wednesday, first the Moon and Sun
Began their steady course to run.
And piercing through the clearing air,
Rejoiced to light a world so fair.

On Thursday, lo! the glassy lake
With fish and birds begins to shake.
Fish keep the flood, while warblers spring
And cut the air with active wing.

In wonders Friday still excels,
When teeming earth prolific swells,
And yields up to the genial air,
The stately elk, the nimble hare,
The bleating flock with fleece of snow,
The pony spry, the cattle slow;
And all begin, with joyous haste,
The new created grass to taste.

Beyond the sea the human race,

Enjoyed a happy dwelling place,
Till growing thankless, vain, and proud,
They snatched at pleasures not allowed.

When man against his God rebelled,
Against his reason passion swelled,
So lust and anger ruled the soul,
Where conscience ought to bear control;
Till noisy strife and scenes of blood
Disgraced the earth and brought the flood.

And now their eyes with interest spark
To hear how Noah built the Ark,
And how the beasts of every kind
All came along their place to find;
The fiery wolf, the rabbit mild,
The sullen bear, the panther wild.
With monsters of a foreign shore,
Whose names they never heard before.

The flood dried up, and led of God,
The brute creation spread abroad,
Till joy and music filled the wood,
Of late a silent solitude.

Then men, increasing, find a home
Where only beasts at first could roam.

Their fathers then, by wrong oppressed,
This favored island sought for rest;
And for a thousand years its soil
Had well repaid their steady toil,
Till men forsook their father's way,
And blood and rapine ruled the day.
In that great world beyond the main,

Still worse confusion used to reign,
 Till God in mercy sent his Son,
 That wisdom might in channels run.
 Such knowledge too shall reach this isle
 To make the saddest mourner smile,
 And give the poor a richer gain
 Than all that foreign lands contain.

While daily thus the boys he taught,
 The idioms of their tongue he caught,
 And learned how much he yet must know
 Ere he a workman's hand could show.

Meanwhile the maiden's calmer mind
 Had to her body proved so kind
 That through another winter's breath
 She stood the slow approach of death;
 But when the summer's shortening shade
 The lady in the grave had laid,
 He waited, 'mong his master's swine,
 That Providence should give a sign.

CHAPTER III.

In August boys the tidings bore
 Of foreign merchants on the shore.
 Then o'er the hills he took his way,
 And got to Ballygally bay.
 Near Larne for weeks he watching stood—
 The shell-fish were his only food—

Until he saw a sail at hand;
His signal drew a boat to land.

The Christian garb once more appears,
His native tongue salutes his ears;
But how his heart, so lately blessed,
Sinks chill and heavy in his breast;
The cautious captain is afraid—
The slave's escape might spoil his trade.

No pleading words has he to spare,
He flees to vent his soul in prayer.
Where now are all the heavenly signs
Which measured out his daily lines?
Will Christians his petition spurn?
And must he back to bondage turn?
Meanwhile the captain and his mate
Upon the subject held debate.

The Mate:

“My heart misgives me for the deed;
We're called to succor those in need.
Who knows, if we in duty fail,
What dire misfortunes may assail?”

The Captain:

“Reluctantly the natives grant
The license for our trade we want;
But if we meddle with their thralls,
Upon our sailors vengeance falls.”

The Mate:

“My mother's grandsire went to sea;
Through her the story came to me.

His captain once a sailor set
Upon a rock to meet his fate.
The crew, for favor or through dread,
To praise the cruel act were led.
Her grandsire only spoke his mind,
And for his boldness was confined.
As on they sped with swelling sail,
Delightful music filled the gale,
And soon, upon a lovely isle,
Fair ladies beckoned, with a smile.
The captain saw the maiden coy,
Who spurned him for the sailor boy,
And fairer wreaths of flowers she wore
Than ever charmed his eye before.
The crew attend with ravished ear,
And for the blooming islet steer;
Yet still, with disenchanted eye,
My ancestor the hags could spy.
Their guilt was not allowed to meet
Their fate, beneath the fond conceit;
For as they broke upon a rock,
The glamor vanished with the shock.
They marked the witches' slimy face,
But could not shun their loathed embrace;
And yet their altered eyes displayed
The glance of maidens, once betrayed.
With demon laugh the men were gripped
And, shuddering, in the ocean dipped;
But he alone who guiltless stood,
Upon a plank his way made good,

Until a vessel on him ran.
He brought them to the starving man.
Thus both were snatched as from the dead;
The faithful maiden lived to wed,
And ever from that happy hour
The vessel knew a favoring power."

The Captain :

"Such tales but lightly touch my heart,
But knowing well your faithful part,
I give you leave to man the yawl
And on the wandering stranger call."

They searched the shore with eager eyes,
As for a precious, lucky prize.

Nor were their expectations vain;
The stranger cheered on the main,
Fair winds their voyage did attend;
And profit crowned their journey's end,

Eight busy years have fled past,
Since we beheld the wonderer last,
And now the valued prize is gained,
A presbyter he is ordained.

Amidst the synod grave and large,
St. Martin stands to give the charge,
His features bold, and eye untamed,
Approve him '*Image-breaker*,' named.
Long had he toiled with vigorous hand
To sweep the idols from the land.
With trembling voice, which age confessed,
His much-loved kinsman he addressed:

“Four years your opening soul did share,
German’s philosophic care;
As many seasons has my mind,
Your thoughts to sacred lore inclined.
Six years upon the Irish shore
Had brought your nature, wild before,
Among our steadier sons to pass
For Arab’s wild, unbroken ass.
Your glancing eye and sharpened ear,
Your breast, devoid of sloth or fear,
Prepared you in the field to toil,
But not o’er books to burn the oil.
And yet the persevering will,
Through every lesson labored still,
When startling tear and twitching nerve
Betrayed a nature loath to serve.

“In shape with ease is iron brought;
With heavier blows the steel is wrought,
But when the work is plied with sweat,
A true Damascus blade we get.
Be sure it never was in vain
That you were tried with toil and pain.
Yet haste not to the distant fight,
Let work at home brace up your might;
And when a year has proved your skill,
We’ll send you with a hearty will.

“Yet trust not to your single hand;
Let varied gifts success demand.
To one is lent the ready pen;
Another shrewdly looks through men;

A third with words can win the ear;
A fourth has knowledge, deep and clear;
The trumpet voice may falsehood reach;
A quiet tone the truth must teach.

“Then when you go to win the land,
Select a faithful, skillful band;
That if you perish in the strife,
The labor may survive your life.
And ever on your mind impress,
That God alone can give success.
You’ve met with trouble, toil and pain;
Expect as bad to come again,
But when the great account is made
You’ll find your labor well repaid.”

CHAPTER IV.

A little bark is on the sea;
She bears a faithful company.
The Emerald Isle breaks on their sight,
With joy their leader’s eye is bright,
And thus his followers are addressed,
In tones which move the throbbing breast.

My vows to heaven shall be paid,
For countless blessings on me shed.
But three and twenty years are flown
Since thence I fled both poor and lone;
Now twenty comrades glad my view,

And every one is tried and true.
To me the cautious council said,
When hands were placed upon my head,
That I should work a year or more
Before I sought the foreign shore.
At twelve months' end my vows I named,
And for Hibernia notice claimed.
My heart within me almost died;
The proper time at length will come;
But now we need our strength at home.
For fifteen years I toiled in Gaul,
Nor was my satisfaction small;
But growing heavier every day;
The heavenly mission on me lay;
But God to answer prayer was kind,
He sent me men of kindred mind.
Your worldly goods, together thrown,
Procured the ship which bears us on.
With heaven and Erin in our view,
To Gaul we bade a long adieu.

You see the land—great clans are there—
With forests wide and cities fair;
Their fattening herds, and flocks of snow
Through rich extensive pastures go;
There is the island of the West,
Behind its shores the sun finds rest.
Let once the gospel there be preached,
The world's remotest line is reached,
And back the current shall rebound,

To spread the healing waters round:
Now with our field of labor near,
Let every man his neighbor cheer.
Victor responded to the call:
"Respected Sire, and brethren all;
The glowing soul was never mine;
To tamer views my thoughts incline
Our leader's trembling voice reveals,
The ardor which his bosom feels,
In Deogha's dancing eye we trace
That Erin is his native place;
And over many brows there roll
The symptoms of a working soul.
To me, although a Christian reared,
A merchant's gains the best appeared.

Returning from a coasting trade
On Erin's shores with profit made,
Our father here I haply found,
With many questions to propound.
I told him of a bloody rite
Performed before my shrinking sight.
The strong emotion he betrayed,
On me a deep impression made.
Now first my guilt I felt with pain,
To see a human victim slain
In sacrifice to demons vile,
Without remonstrance all the while;
In time my soul began to feel
A portion of his ardent zeal.

I knew that I, at length, must part
With all the gold that ruled my heart.
I cherished with assiduous care
The soul that lives by faith and prayer,
Till I, at last, could boldly say,
“I go where duty leads the way.”

He sat and Deogha took his place,
To tell his early, wayward race:—
“I left my home in boyish glee,
And wrought my passage o’er the sea,
But many a bitter tear I shed,
’Mong strangers eating scanty bread.
Then Father Succat heard with joy
About the lone Hibernian boy.
He long had feared the passing day
Would steal his Celtic tongue away;
But while my native speech he learned,
The Christian doctrine he returned;
The higher glory caught my view,
I gave my teacher reverence due.
Thus by his bounty long sustained,
A presbyter I am ordained;
And now, dear brethren, here’s the land,
God grant the willing heart and hand,
Who sows in tears, shall reap in joy;
And glorious work is God’s employ.”

When Deogha ceased, a stately maid,
The leader’s niece arose and said:
“A father’s care was never mine;

On memory's page, the earliest line,
Records my widowed mother's tears,
Commingled with Conchessa's fears.
They wept a son and husband dead;
They feared for one a captive led.
So sadly would my mother say,
Your father's gone, my hope and stay;
Her grief through all my vitals ran,
I almost thought him more than man;
And evil spirits from the sea,
The Irish rovers seemed to me;
The pagan children used to tell
That ghosts to Erin went to dwell.
A bleak and pleasant shore it had,
Divided, for the good and bad.
When Uncle Succat came again,
My age was only seven then.
As from the dead he seemed to me,
My father too, I thought to see.
Nor less was old Conchessa's joy
Than if the grave had lent the boy.
A servant of the church I'm now,
To teach the females is my vow,
That stronger hands may thus be freed
For tasks which higher talents need.

“These other five who share our strife
Will serve the Lord in married life;
Their husbands deacons are ordained;
To patient labor they are trained,

To win a home will show their parts,
And teach the natives manual arts.
There toil-worn preachers may repair,
And find repose, neath woman's care;
Who kept the stuff, by David's law,
An equal share of spoil did draw;
So these, whose labor is concealed,
Shall share with those who won the field."

All spoke in turn that mutual souls
Might give the heat of glowing coals.

CHAPTER V.

The earnest missionary lands
Where Dublin fair at present stands.
To Deogha leave he gladly lends
To bear the gospel to his friends;
While some raise up the platform high,
That all may catch the speaker's eye;
The others with the horn and drum
Invite the villagers to come.

They soon attend a motley crowd,
The chieftain, courteous, frank and proud,
The soldier with his arms of sheen,
The harper decked in rushes green,
The laborer in a leather shirt,
The fisher in a ruder skirt.
The staring rabble pressed to hear,

While Druids were approaching near;
But when the latter strutted off,
The former raised the jeer and scoff.
The chiefs to gather foreign news,
Were eager to exchange their views;
But any worship, new or old,
Had on their conscience feeble hold.
A week in useless labor spent,
To sea again the strangers went;
The banks of Boyne received their feet,
In hopes a nobler class to meet.
But here a wilder rabble come,
Responsive to the calling drum;
For things unseen contempt they feel,
But value high what they can steal.
The saddened Deogha met them here,
His news had met a careless ear.

The merchant who his all has sold
For jewels of the purest mould,
And, in the world's remotest part,
Through sore privation sought a mart,
To find his gold and diamonds pass
For polished bronze, and sparkling glass,
The value of his gems may know,
But still his sinking heart is low.
A more discouraged company
Than these has seldom sought the sea.
Upon the deck they stand in ring,
That Victor's words may comfort bring:—

“My faith could never boldly fly,
Yet still the goal is in my eye;
With slower progress be content,
And wait until success is sent.
When David and his men returned
To find their village robbed and burned,
They wept till sinking nature failed,
Yet then it was that faith prevailed.
The favor soon to David shown
Prepared his pathway to a throne.
Though ours be not the conqueror’s song,
Still slowly let us toil along
Until we visit every spot,
Or death relieve our weary lot;
Then other hands shall spread around
The seed where we have broken ground.
Though Moses gained not Canaan’s land,
His dying brow the angels fanned.
Let fruit be scarce and labor hard,
The Master’s smile is my reward.”

He ceased and Succat took his place:—
“The sinking heart is my disgrace.
A keeper of the vineyard set,
To watch my own should I forget?
While strangers’ souls we sought to feed,
We all have left our own in need.
The word of God can life afford,—
We’ll taste to find our strength restored.”

Then Deogha to his feet did spring,
A soul-refreshing psalm did sing,
While all unite with cordial voice
In promised help they soon rejoice;
They read Isaiah's words of fire
And pour in prayer their strong desire.

When thus refreshed the following day,
They moor their bark in Dundrum bay.

The signal smokes on every hill,
The larum trumpet echoes shrill;
And soon the gathering clans appear,
With battle ax and pointed spear.
Instead of pirates on the strand,
They meet a quiet priestly band.
The scenes through which they lately passed,
Had on their brow a radiance cast.
The very women in their eye,
Display a courage calm and high,
Which to the martial Celtic mind
Bespeaks a race of heavenly kind.
A peaceful song the strangers sung,
The leader speaks their native tongue;
All other rovers from the sea
Went jabbering on incessantly
In jargon, which the Irish thought
Could only be by devils taught.
They heard what Succat had to say,
And then to Sabhal led the way.

'Tis Saul the moderns call the town,
It stands in eastern County Down.

But autumn now was setting in,
And Succat sought the Braid to win,
To spend the winter on the spot,
Where he had known a servile lot.
A presbyter and deacon here,
Are left to fill a guardian sphere,
To bishop Maker Succat gave,
The parting charge in caution gave—

“Think not your task is easy here,
Because they lend a willing ear.
Suspect the prize too quickly seized;
Suspect yourself too highly pleased.
The heart with ceaseless joy that beats,
The sorest disappointment meets.
With constant labor you must teach;
And choosing out the plainest speech,
The native breast with questions sound,
Till saving truth have entrance found;
And presbyters in court must sit,
To judge of those for baptism fit.
Far better you should slowly build
Than find your wall with rubbish filled.
If Jonah's gourd grew in a night,
As short a space beheld its flight.
The wall built up with sweat and tears,
Jerusalem kept five hundred years.”

Next prudent Victor silence broke,
And thus to deacon Ilus spoke:
"By vote to you it is assigned
To brace up Maker's hands and mind;
Although chief Dichu will provide,
That all your wants shall be supplied,
Yet none the less will Maker need
A deacon's aid to till his seed.
The thoughts his fluent tongue imparts,
You'll settle in their glowing hearts;
By greatest pains they must be brought
To practice precepts quickly taught;
In manual arts they must be trained,
Till steady habits are attained.
Pleased with the flowers which bloom for you,
They'll make their home a garden too."

The leader's niece did then enlarge,
And to Lavinia gave a charge:
"Fair wife of Ilus, 'tis your lot
To plant your garden in this spot.
Long have I your instructor been,
And all your faults and virtues seen;
You have a nature warm and strong,
A heart sincere, a wayward tongue;
Heaven gave to you a husband mild,
You love him with a passion wild.

"To catechise is not your sphere,
Men plow not with the mountain deer;

But as a mother and a wife,
You'll teach by your devoted life;
While others study what to speak,
Your hardest task is silence meek;
While others must to work be pressed,
You only need to cherish rest;
The flowing fountain will be sure,
But let the copious stream be pure."

As Ilus sees them to the shore,
Lavinia weeping keeps the door,
Until the waking of her boy,
Recalls her to maternal joy.

CHAPTER VI.

The prospered ship the second day
Was moored in Ballygally Bay.
The natives had already heard
Of priests who brought the heavenly word,
And for a dwelling gave the lands
Where handsome Larne at present stands.

A sheltering grove was chosen well;
The trees before their axes fell;
And when December sent his storm
It found the strangers snug and warm.
While others gospel truth displayed,
Shrewd Victor turned his thoughts to trade.

In spring for Gaul their vessel hied;
The rich return, their wants supplied,
And let the chieftains understand
How they could benefit the land.

But o'er the heights had Succat sped,
To find the spot where swine he fed.
The shades where Feedoma had walked,
The dells where with the boys he talked,
Excited transports in his mind
He thought that age had left behind;
His glowing sun, a moment bright,
Went down full soon in chilly night,
When old acquaintance fled his face,
And strangers met him with disgrace.

His former master long had been
Exposed to fits of morbid spleen;
And now, to shun some phantom dread,
He burned his house upon his head.
As rumor ran to tell the news,
Upon the cause she gave her views.
The slave was coming with a charm
To work the old religion harm.
On Milcho now the evil spell
Had loosed the frightsome powers of hell.

With threefold sorrow Succat grieved;
The chief no saving truth received;
The devil had a clan beguiled,
And sunk in grief poor Alahilde.

But she, from vulgar error free,
In her distress desired to see
The holy man, whose teaching lent
Her early friend such heart's content.
And wonder moved them all next day
To see her meet him on the way.

Near thirty years of change had flown,
His glowing eye was left alone;
Nor less was changed the laughing maid,
Whose sunny path had felt the shade.
And now she clasped the reverend hand,
Which labored once at her command;
She brought him to her lord's domain,—
We moderns name the place Broughshane.
She showed five sons of courteous face,
And daughters three of modest grace;
And most to please her heart of all,
A husband's welcome met the Gaul.
He knew of Feedoma's calm end,
And often wished to see her friend.

The clansmen and retainers came,
Attracted by the stranger's fame,
And by their chief's example taught,
Nor less by Succat's fervor caught,
Untired attention they bestowed,
While from his soul the doctrine flowed.
But spring is soon upon the track,
To Larne now Succat hastens back;

And all prepare, with busy hand,
To take a journey overland.
The axmen choose a tree that's fit;
For chariot wheels the plank are split
Three feet in breadth of solid oak,
The timbers seasoned in the smoke;
With native ponies harnessed in,
In six day's drive to Saul they win.
Lavinia met, with joyful tears,
The teacher of her early years;
With fragrant curds the board is spread
From goats on spicy bushes fed;
With oaten cakes, and soup of game,
And roots which from the forest came.
A psalm was sung, a chapter read;
In joyful prayer then Maker led.

Next Sabbath by a silver brook
A goodly host their station took.
First Victor blessed the cleansing flood,
Then horn in hand gave Succat,
And in the name of Him who saves,
Poured on their heads the sacred waves.
A charge was given with careful tongue;
The one and fiftieth psalm was sung;
And only with the falling dew,
The happy company withdrew.

But April now her blossoms shed,
And Succat, all impatient, sped

To meet the magnates of the State
At Beltane's feast, by Tara's gate.
The company that night sat down
Where prospers now Rathfriland town.
To Vildemar the duty fell
The gospel story here to tell,
While tireless Succat, with the rest,
At early dawn his journey pressed.

With Vildemar two pupils young
Were skillful in their native tongue.
The news from them the crowd might seek,
Till Vildemar prepared to speak.
The following morning they were gone
Beneath the first approach of dawn,
And ate their breakfast in the glen
Where Newry grew up long since then.
Here crowds were gathered to explore
What strangers passed the day before.
In answer first the boys begun
Till Vildemar attention won.
Thus passing on, the word is preached,
And Tara's gate at length is reached.

Meanwhile as lords and druids meet
For Beltane at the royal seat,
Will Succat let his hearth expire,
And seek a coal to light his fire?
Or disobey the druids' laws,
Whose wrath might sorely thwart his cause?

To some it seemed a trifling thing
From druids' fire a coal to bring;
While others urged that to obey
Was to confess their ghostly sway.
Both sides with patience Succat heard,
And then the bolder course preferred,
To let the honest natives know
The pagan's power was empty show.

The fire is seen, the druids bring
Complaint before their favoring king,
Who promptly sends his men of war
To bring the strangers to his bar.

When Succat's company were brought
All sat unmoved, as they were taught,
Till young Beneen, with courteous air,
Arose to give the priest his chair.
The king was pleased and waved his spear
That ushers might not interfere.

The Christians prayed with silent breast,
While Succat thus the throne addressed:—
“ Prince of the fairest isle, my mind
To break your rules is not inclined,
But I'm commissioned from on high;
The fear of heaven awes my eye.
God sent his Son; for men he died,
And fiery offerings laid aside.
This parchment is his covenant sealed,

Where glorious blessings are revealed.
The tribes of men shall gathered be
In one harmonious family.
Such gifts shall peace bear on her wings,
The people's wealth shall bless their kings.
While all that here can fill the eyes
Is naught compared with Paradise.
Now Cadie, chiefs, and generous king,
Accept the blessing which I bring."

CHAPTER VII.

He ceased; a minstrel's harp was heard,
Who improvised the tuneful word.

The Song.

'Our fathers showed their generous blood,
And wisdom graced their brow,
They knew the world had always stood
The same that it is now.

"The horsemen green by night are seen
Careering o'er the soil;
'Tis they that make the harvest shake,
Which pay the farmer's toil.

"The fairies govern in the wood;
The kelpies rule the wave;

And Manan Lir conducts the good
To bliss beyond the grave.

“To these your sacrifices give;
Avoid the evil eye;
A fearless soldier will you live,
A gallant freeman die.

“The spirit of the lofty sky,
Whom gods alone revere,
Our fathers always taught too high
Their humble cry to hear.

“And yet their hearts were stout and free,
Successful was their hand;
Their fearless vessels swept the sea,
Their lances ruled the land.

“Oh! that their children now could show
A spear as swift and strong,
To quell the proud and threatening foe
And give us theme for song.

“A message sent to foreign lands
Was never meant for ours,
Unless we tamely tie our hands,
Obeying alien powers.”

The song was followed by applause
Which fortified the druids' cause,
Till Victor caught the monarch's eye,
And to the singer made reply.

“Our mission is not to enslave
A people, hardy, wise, and brave.
The Romans ruled a thousand years,
And never moved your fathers’ fears;
Imperial power, on the wane,
Will never tempt your free domain.

“Nor think our mission is confined
To any section of mankind.
A heavenly Savior died and rose;
The central part of earth he chose,
To let the gospel spread around
To every kingdom’s farthest bound.
Our leader, too, received command
To bear this message to your land.
The heavenly call wrought in his breast,
By night or day it would not rest.
A similar fire in us he fanned
Until with him we sought your land.

“Nor say that you may still be led
By light upon your fathers shed,
Since they with glowing hopes foretold
The coming of this age of gold.
The winter’s fire may comfort bring,
But better is the breath of spring.”

The mention of the golden age
Awoke Beneen’s poetic rage.
He called upon a bard to play,
And to the flood of song gave way.

Beneen's Song.

“The earth is renewing her glory,
Her primitive virtue she'll find;
Our fathers rejoiced in the story,
Which sybils revealed to their mind.

“When the world was yet newly created,
The deities stooped from on high,
And angels on mortals awaited,
To teach them the lore of the sky.

“Their influence kindly would fly on
The animals given to war.
Even women could harness the lion,
And drive him at will in the car.

“Alas! that this happy condition
Was lost to the children of clay,
When they learned a corrupt disposition,
And sinned the Celestials away.

“The cry of oppression and rapine
Polluted the innocent gale;
Our fathers, the horror escaping,
For this quiet island set sail.

“But evil, incessantly growing,
Discovered us here from afar,
And long has the torrent been flowing
Of malice, pollution and war.

“But now that the heavens in pity
Have sent us the message of peace,
The blaze of the perishing city,
The wail of the orphan shall cease.”

Back to their camp the band resort,
To wait the pleasure of the court.
Next morning when they were prepared
To see a stern escorting guard,
The coming of their friend Beneen
Shed comfort on the gloomy scene.
He said his uncle's secret mind
Was to the druids ill inclined,
Whose pride and greediness of late
But ill became their former state.
His fiat was that sword and spear
In worship should not interfere;
Let either party have its sway,
And time disclose the better way.

And now debate is long and keen—
Should they at once baptize Beneen?
His mother is of royal kin,
His father had a druid been,
Who for the age of virtue sighed,
And felt it coming when he died.
His father's words, still rooted, grew,
And now Beneen had found them true,
And wished to join the company
His father's second sight did see.

Calor was cautious, grave and wise;
No glamor pleased his searching eyes;
He loved the safe and beaten way;
With prudent words he urged delay.

Succat, with more of sanguine mind,
His hopeful feelings thus defined:—
“Young friend, ’tis heaven makes you feel
An interest in your country’s weal;
And he who lit the generous fire
Will satisfy the high desire.
You yet must drink at wisdom’s pool,
But sweet the waters are and cool.

“Dear Calor, to my words attend,
And change your notion of our friend.
The deathless eye, whose piercing ken
Surveys the hidden thoughts of men
Can only say amidst what mist
The heavenly wisdom can exist.

“Spring came last year mid drenching rains;
The floods befouled the miry plains;
Her voice was hoarse, her eye was dim,
Her features all were sour and grim.
This year she came with kindly mien;
She moved in floating robes of green;
If tears at times deformed her face,
The pleasant smile soon took their place,
And with a liberal hand the feast

She scattered round for bird and beast.
But come she as a widow sad,
A mistress proud, or mother glad,
We see the foe of winter's reign,
Restoring joy to hill and plain.

“Let grace by any process start,
If it but change the carnal heart,
Your logical, well balanced soul
With steady vision eyed the goal,
And counted every step you trod,
From rest to rest, along the road.
My stubborn soul and wild mood
By sore affliction was subdued,
And then it was disposed to spring
In rapture false on waxen wing.
The sun my treacherous wings would melt;
In painful falls the earth I felt.

“In vain did Bro. Victor pine
For hopes and fears like yours and mine,
Yet those who see his daily fruit
Can never doubt his genuine root.”

CHAPTER VIII.

Now towards the west they take their way
To seek Hillala's wooded bay.
But Victor here remains behind
To train Beneen's awakened mind.

With busy leisure they proceed,
And plant with care the gospel seed.
When inland fifty miles they passed,
Their chariots all aside were cast;
For bridle paths above were found
Which by the bogs and mountains wound.
Through these they shortly learned to pass
On saddles braided out of grass.
Through forest clans their way they took,
Unskilled in letter, pen or book,
Who thought a cunning spirit told
The tale the reader did unfold.
Yet skilled were they to sharp the stone,
To shape the fish-hook out of bone,
To trap the wolf, to track the deer,
To bend the bow, and fling the spear.
Their tents of skin were warm and good,
Nor often lacked abundant food;
And all they had with cordial will
Was offered to the stranger still.
Their fathers' held the isle before
Milesian Celts approached the shore.

The foreign teachers in their eyes
Were almost angels from the skies;
And Bible stories, simply told,
For hours would their attention hold.

From tribe to tribe as Succat moved,
His pleasant task it often proved

For exiles pardon to obtain,
And bring the wanderer home again;
And so the fond conceit was bred
That from the grave he won the dead,
And wondering eyes upon him fell
As one who opened heaven and hell.
The summer ran its journey o'er
Before they gained the western shore,
And here the vessel, as agreed,
Appeared with stores to ease their need.
The travel-wearied company
Exchanged the saddle for the sea,
All winter round the coast they went;
A week at every village spent;
And as the winds of March prevailed,
Far up the quiet Shannon sailed.
The April breeze, with lighter play,
Conveyed them round to Bantry bay;
And June dispensed a warmer beam
Before they gained broad Liffey's stream.

Here, two short years ago, the band
Had first set foot on Irish land,
But passing time had wrought a change
Which even to themselves was strange.

Now Deogha from his northern post
Rejoined them on the southern coast,
His kindred once again to seek
And of the great salvation speak.

The seed he thought was sown in vain
Now waited for the latter rain.
Some had received with scorn and jest
Reproof which rankled in their breast;
And now with grateful heart they found
A healing balm to ease the wound.

They visit every distant post,
As journeying on around the coast
A fairer prospect is surveyed,
And labor to their hand is laid.
In toil and tears the seed was sown,
But scanty sheaves as yet are shown;
Yet joyfully they see revealed
The tokens of a future yield.

At Sabhal now, another band
Baptismal rites again demand;
And of the numerous audience there
One-half the sacred Shamrock wear,
To show that pagan rites they shun
And place their hope on three in One.
Nor less at Larne does heaven yield
The blessing on both house and field,
Beyond the Slemish mountains wild
The once so giddy Alahilde
With tears of glad emotion saw
Her children from the world withdrew.

With heavy heart the shepherd guides
His ewes along the mountain sides.

In vain he seeks a juicy blade
In sheltered valley, nook or glade;
His bleating flocks their hunger ease
On tasteless buds of naked trees.
At length the sprouting tints of green
Delight him like the golden sheen.
But when at last the scented gale
Betokens flowers in every vale,
His feeding lambs with joy he views
And oft to heaven his thanks renews.

O'er such a dry, forbidding bent
At first our missionaries went;
But now they rove the forests through,
And hills of pasture glad their view.

CHAPTER IX.

How swiftly forty years have flown,
And Succat is as Patrick known;
His former helpers all are dead.
By younger hands the flocks are fed.
Near Armagh town, upon the green,
A plain but decent church is seen;
The Bishops meet in council there,
With reverend Patrick in the chair.
Beneen, now cautious as the rest,
The grave Assembly thus addressed:—

“Your talk at present is to plant
A Convent on Carntulloch’s grant.
My mind mistrusts that we have now
Too many bound by such a vow.
Let parents teach the young with care;
Let pastors in the labor share,
And no exigence need arise
For traveling monks to catechise.

“When man at first on earth was placed
The marriage bond his dwelling graced,
And still, as nations grow polite,
With fairer fruit it greets the sight.
Our clans which hapless feuds divide,
By intermarriage may be tied;
And, side by side, together grow,
While gospel currents through them flow.
As parents train their children’s minds
A loftier joy their spirit finds;
But where such motives disappear
The cloistered monks become austere.”

Beneen’s discourse was at a close,
To answer him St. Patrick rose:—
“Sharp healing, sore disease demands;
The time of need is on our hands.
Galool, a Christian long approved,
By some slight provocation moved,
Has lately led his armed host
Against the Mahons of the coast.

My heart is horror-struck to tell
How young and old together fell.

“Until the angel comes to bind
The arch-deceiver of mankind,
The blood of war must stain the soil,
Our hopes, in part at least, to foil.
A thousand years he'll feel the chain—
As long, I fear, he yet will reign.
The restless Goths have plundered Rome,
Who knows how far they yet may roam?
The Saxons, o'er the briny flood,
Like hungry wolves, are snuffing blood.
If God withdraw his curbing hand
They soon may touch this favored land;
Religious houses will be then
A safe retreat for harried men.
The Philistines sent back the ark
When secret arrows found their mark;
These robbers, serving other gods,
May thus respect divine abodes,
That many a wounded fugitive
Concealed within their walls shall live;
Till barbarous foes the truth shall hear,
And learn a God of peace to fear.

“My heart can well appreciate
Your praises of the married state;
My father's house a garden throve,
With flowers of joy and plants of love.
Sadly I missed, on foreign shore,

A mother's love, a father's lore;
Full sixty years have passed away
Since Freedom in silence lay;
And often has it been my share
To join in bonds the loving pair;
Yet every time my heart has bled
In sad remembrance of the dead.
Death often nips the dearest flower,
But God is wise who gives him power.
My years had more unfruitful been
If they had less affliction seen.

“When timid children venture near
A tale of Scripture truth to hear;
When glowing eye, and trembling voice,
In everlasting hopes rejoice,
The current freshens in my heart,
To bear in life a truer part.

“If childhood's tones such strength arouse,
And courage spring from wedlock's vows,
A loftier power must be given
By ties which bind the soul to heaven.
When men, in years and wisdom gray,
A child-like spirit can display,
Around a common fire they meet,
A common meal together eat,
And pour their trials, hopes and fears
In kindly, sympathizing ears;
When strengthened thus, they separate,
Each on his special task to wait.

“You claim that marriage heals the feud,
But oft the promise holds not good;
The bridegroom sometimes wins a dower
Which brings in blood his fatal hour.
Alas! the cruel rancor runs
Its lengthened course from sires to sons.
The monk forsakes both friends and foes;
His father’s house no more he knows;
’Tis his to ease the captive’s fate,
And soften down the victor’s hate,
Until the truth, like grassy roots,
Through all the sandy meadow shoots,
And firmly binds the shifting mould,
Which malice like a current rolled.
But when they run their destined race,
To other schools they will give place.
The energetic northern mind
Utility must always find,
Unlike the oriental sage
Who clings to customs for their age.”

Encouraged by St. Patrick’s tone,
The prior hastened to make known
The tale of one preferred to rule
The late established female school.
A chieftain’s wife the stranger sent;
Her letters furnished this comment:
“When Kala’s parents both were dead,
She earned, with me, a servant’s bread.
Her perfect form, her step of grace,

The lily blooming in her face,
Her eyes which amethysts outvied,
To me bespoke her inward pride.
I may have taken pains to thwart
Her will; perchance I wronged her heart.
I cared not, after words had passed,
The way she left my house at last,
All unrefreshed by food that day,
Exposed to fainting on the way.

“My child grew sick; I quailed with fear,
And little sympathy was near;
My sister went a feast to tend,
And coolly said the child would mend.
My sorrow brought poor Kala back;
Her presence filled the greatest lack,
In health and beauty to restore
The boy that struggled at death's door.
When darkness from my dwelling flew
She was prepared to leave it, too.
With tearful prayers I won her stay;
She cheered my dwelling many a day.
This diamond is too rich for me;
In Jesus' crown it ought to be;
And God a blessing will bestow,
When I'm resigned to let it go.
How well the gospel it commends
When Christian love the sick attends!”

CHAPTER X.

And next the quiet monks appear
To tell the doings of the year.
First, high-born Machel audience wins,
And thus the narrative begins:

“My father was a warlike man;
In chafing broils my life began;
For in my stubborn will it lay
To answer back, and disobey.
Yet not without intense remorse
I followed this ungrateful course,
For always with a fond delight,
He trained my growing hands to fight.
My father warlike gods approved—
The peaceful cross his loathing moved.
He barred the Christian teacher’s track
And ordered the intruders back;
Who viewed the steel with little awe,
And thus defined high heaven’s law:
‘Who comes in arms and numbers bold,
To wrong a man unarmed and old,
May yet, in fierce, domestic strife,
Be fain to flee and save his life.’

“The captain owned his fault, and stood
To keep his men from deeds of blood,

Till all, save one, in calmer mind
Craved pardon for the ill designed.
The saint then prayed that heaven's decree,
Which doomed them from the field to flee,
Should measure none a bloody fate,
But him who persevered in hate.

“When years had touched my mother's face,
A fairer consort took her place.
I fled his hall and joined his foes,
Right glad when war's commotion rose.
He once could see, with dauntless heart,
His foes draw near or friends depart;
But he had reached the years which give
The father in his sons to live.
The men who feared his eagle eye,
Astonished, saw their leader fly.
The groan which echoed in my ear,
Expressed his horror, not his fear.
With scornful laugh which shocked my breast,
My comrades on his followers pressed;
But all escaped with wounds alone
Save him who lasting hate had shown.
My father for the teacher sent,
Whose words in vain had not been spent;
The gospel won his willing ear—
My mother's sun set calm and clear.

“Regarding only heaven's decree,
My father laid no blame on me.

Yet they whose age must drink the cup
Their youth for alien lips filled up,
Should see, though heaven's award be right,
Yet guilt attends their wayward spite.
And such a cloud hung o'er my head,
I to the gospel refuge fled;
The lowest place belongs to me
Who once disgraced a high degree.
I have no gift to teach the young,
No eloquence adorns my tongue;
In Scripture I am little skilled;
No legends have my memory filled.
But when my hungry soul is fed
With lessons in the convent read,
With fervent heart and trusty bow
Into the lovely woods I go,
The shepherds' ravenous foes to foil,
And clothe my brethren with the spoil.
The robe which decks our prior's bed,
Through many a pasture terror spread;
I tracked the panther through the wood,
With crafty feints I roused his mood;
His cunning eye marked my retreat;
He followed on with cautious feet.
For days I plied the wily dance;
Still bolder did the beast advance,
Till once within a hundred feet,
He crouched in wrath, his tail he beat;
I called on heaven, my javelin sped—
One leap, one yell, and he was dead.

“A pack of wolves the flocks waylaid;
On children, too, they sometimes preyed.
The pitfall or the twanging bow,
Laid every nightly prowler low.
No more will mothers start with fright
When children leave their anxious sight.”

Colintho next the silence broke,
And of his humble labors spoke:

“My youth with Machel I did spend,
His vassal and his bosom friend.
When he the Christian course begun
The subject my attention won.
By me the convent flock is led,
That men of books be clothed and fed.
I'm skilled the snowy fleece to spin,
And I have learned to dress the skin,
That parchment for the ready pen
May take the thoughts of studious men.
The students of a later age
May slight my toil, which dressed the page.
Enough that He who dwells on high
Beholds my work with gracious eye.
The year gone by was greatly blessed;
The wolves cut off, our sheep had rest.
I've found among the mountains steep
Secluded valleys long and deep.
In some, the earliest grass is seen;
In some the banks are longest green;

And others sheltering caverns show,
When northern winds in fury blow.
To Him who sends us bread, give praise
And trust Him to your latest days."

Zaloooma, skilled in healing art,
The next expressed his grateful heart:
He knew the roots which ease our pains,
The barks which cool the fevered veins.
He told what useful simples more
The year had added to his store,
That elders called with sick to pray
Their painful weakness might allay.

Next Drinagh rose, with forehead high,
A social, yet a searching eye;
His frame was fitted toil to bear—
He loved the bracing mountain air.
In winter's cold, and summer's heat,
He traced his far-extended beat;
The varied wants and tastes he knew
Of every vale he traveled through.
And he was still prepared to teach
The wise or simple, suiting each.
His early story thus he told:
"My farthest recollections hold
A lonely dwelling in the wood,
A mother of dejected mood.
Except to venerate some god,
My mother never went abroad.

Then scornful glances met our view,
And back as haughty looks she threw.
An aged man who came to trade
For robes her skilful fingers made,
Was all who broke, of human race,
The lonely stillness of the place,
Till Patrick holy tidings brought,
When he my warm affections caught;
It thawed the ice which held her mind
So long shut out from human kind."

To Fiech, the prior, next it fell
The labors of his monks to tell.
Although in skill to trace the heart
He had not Drinagh's winning art,
Yet firm control to guide the school
Prepared him prudently to rule.
He told what children had been taught;
How many erring back been brought;
How many sick were eased or healed,
And where the truth had been revealed.

CHAPTER XI.

The synod these reports had heard
When Patrick gave this closing word:
"The first beast,* as a lion stood;
The second, calf-like was in mood;

*Revelations 4:7.

The third displayed the human face;
The fourth soared high with eagle grace.
The lion's voice is deep and strong;
With matchless power he moves along;
His presence wakes the heathen night,
And puts the idol gods to flight.
The gospel now is dawning clear
To let the ox-like class appear.

“I well remember, when a boy,
How all the churches heard with joy
That faithful Ambrose of Milan
Stood up, a lion-hearted man;
Denounced the monarch's guilty head,
When blood was by his soldiers shed.
Among the men of lion mould
My Uncle Martin is enrolled;
In ancient Tours, when many craved
The handsome idols might be saved,
He doomed them all to be destroyed
Lest they for gods might be employed.

“With gratitude the faithful speak
Of true Chrysostom, bold as meek.
With swelling pride two cities took
Offence at his deserved rebuke.
But exile only could eclipse
The light which glittered on his lips.

“Nor less may Afric's children boast
Of Augustine, who graced their coast.

As I came here he ceased from strife
Which ended only with his life.

“Nor is it bold in me to claim
The honor of a lion’s name,
Since six long years the forest cave
My solitary lodgings gave.

“The lion men now pass away;
The calf asserts his coming day.
The patient ox submits to toil;
His blessing is the fruitful soil.
And if a crown be judged our due,
We yield a higher prize to you.
The steady current wears the rock
Which braved the fierce tornado’s shock.
When you have trained the church’s youth,
And clothed her priests in robes of truth,
Then shall the man-like race arise
Of feebler strength, but shrewder eyes.
They’ll search the earth, with learned sight,
And many a prize shall bring to light;
In lands, as yet but little known,
Neglected records shall be shown;
The natives shall with envious look
See strangers ope the long-sealed book;
With wealth and learning well supplied,
They’ll spread the gospel far and wide,
And savage races, by their care,
Shall all the fruits of culture share.

“Then shall appear the eagle kind,
Supported by a heavenly mind.
The eagle floats upon the sky,
So these o'er selfish aims shall fly.
O'er hill, o'er sea, the eagle glides
Which state from warring state divides,
So these from out their azure height
Shall favor neither black nor white.”

CHAPTER XII.

Unwearied toiler, happy slave,
Subduer of a people brave,
Through varied lot we've followed you;
Unwillingly we bid adieu.

Oh! had it been your lot to come
In palmy days of ancient Rome,
Through many a well-contested field,
You might have borne the battered shield.
The city now in slothful ease
Had settled down upon her lees;
The genius of the Romans old,
Whose word could kings and nations hold,
Within your breast ceased not to burn,
But grace bestowed a peaceful turn;
And so the page of worldly fame

Remembers not your lowly name;
Although in human nature skilled,
Your cherished hopes not yet fulfilled;
Through life you showed a faith sublime
In waiting God's appointed time;
You made a slight mistake at last,
Expecting grace to come so fast;
Impatience marks short-sighted men,
But God takes time to work his plan.
The pagan Saxons whom you feared,
The Irish channel never cleared;
The Danes, of whom you never thought,
Through many a vale destruction wrought,
Till Dane and Celt were both laid low
Before an Anglo-Norman foe.

For Britain's northern coast, meanwhile,
So many natives left this isle,
That Albyn took her modern name
From Scots who to her mountains came.
But after streams of blood had flowed,
The Scots a peaceful king bestowed;
A root of Irish Fergus' line
O'er English hills to spread the vine.
Through all the scenes of shifting days
The light you brought shed out its rays.

The Bethel stone (so fable runs),
To Egypt borne by Jacob's sons,
Was on to Ethiop's soil conveyed,

When spoilers did the Nile invade;
To Tara's hills transmitted thence,
It shed a happy influence.
But when the Emerald Isle was known,
As Scotia Major, then the stone
By Fergus carried o'er the sea,
Made rulers strong and people free.
Till Edward I., by sages taught,
The mystic stone to London brought.
And from that hour the English throne
In wealth and power has ever grown.
By Jacob's faith, and Joseph's care,
God's blessing Egypt once did share.
In Salem next the prize was seen
Which called forth distant Sheba's queen;
This wisdom your auspicious hand
Bestowed on this benighted land.
The blessing crossed the Irish sea
And rendered Scotia Minor free;
Then passing southward o'er the Tweed
Bade every hill and dale, God speed.
The glory brightens as it flies,
Like morning's blush on April skies.
Even now your work God prospers well;
Its fruit the day of doom will tell.

NOTE.—Fergus, commonly called the first king of Scotland, led a colony from Ireland into Argyleshire in 508. Tradition has it that St. Patrick laid his hand on the head of Fergus when a small boy. His descendants, by good management and fortunate marriages, secured the throne of all Scotland. Conal, the grandson of Fergus, gave Iona to

Columba, missionary to the Picts. His descendant, Malcom III., in the eleventh century, was the first to introduce the English language in the Scottish court. He had resided long in England, and he married Margaret, an English princess. Through her the blood of Alfred the Great flows in the veins of Queen Victoria. Robert de Bruis, an Englishman, was a companion in arms to David of Scotland. When he became king he gave an estate in Annandale to his early friend. It was his grandson, Robert Bruce, who married Isabel, the grand-daughter of King David. Their grandson was the great Robert Bruce, the friend of Wallace. His brother, Edward Bruce, landed at Carrickfergus in 1315. The Irish rallied round him and offered him the crown of Ireland if he would drive out the English. With 6,000 men he gained several battles, and was crowned king of Ireland the next year, but he was killed in battle at Dundalk Oct. 5, 1317. Marjory Bruce married Walter, Steward of Scotland. This brought the house of Stuart to the throne of Scotland and afterward to the throne of England.—See Chambers' Encyclopædia.

BEECH LEAVES;
OR,
LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS.

BEECH LEAVES ; OR, LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS.

Beechwoods, where my sketch is cast, lies in Washington Tp., Jefferson Co., Pa. Boone's Mountain, which bounds it on the east, is called a spur of the Alleghenies; but it is in reality the water-shed dividing the Atlantic streams from the Mississippi valley. It is picturesque even now. Fifty years ago its scenery was grand. Clearing off the woods seems almost to change the face of the ground. Tilt-up trees, with fallen logs and brush, gave all chance for panthers, bears and wolves to make their dens. The farms of John Cooper, James Patterson, Wm. McCullough and Thomas Patton were such retreats.

The Indians had left fifty years before the white man came. It is true the corn-planter Indians sometimes came from their reservation to hunt or make sugar; but these and the few white hunters made little impression on the amount of game. You might almost say the animals were left undisturbed, and they were remarkably tame. Beasts of prey have from three to five young at a time, the deer but one or two. You might expect the latter to be cut off. But remember, fierce animals seldom meet

without joining in deadly strife; thus they keep their numbers down. They are lazy, too, so that I suppose the aged, sick or lame among the deer and elks furnished most of their food. The claws of the panther and teeth of the wolf give a speedy death.

The black bear is a big eater, but he never tastes flesh while nuts or berries can be found, and he sleeps all winter. The panther is here the king of beasts, and yet he is the most cowardly. From a tree top he springs on the passing prey. Missing his aim, he acts like one conquered in fight.

A Dutchman thus assailed, seized the animal by the tail as it dropped in his wagon. Well plied with the whip, it cowered down. The horses went on home, and the oldest son knocked out its brains with the axe. So I heard the story, and I believe it. I know it to be true that a panther leaped in at a window and seized a baby. A young woman entered with a scream. He dropped the baby and fled. Another had once got as far as the fence with a baby. Two children followed, screaming, when the beast dropped the child and escaped.

Henry Keys, John McIntosh and Tommy Moore built the first cabin in Beechwoods. This was in 1824. John A. Shulze was governor, and John Quincy Adams was president. Railroads, lucifer matches and cooking stoves were yet unknown.

Alexander Osburn's family came in the same year. In the fall of 1825 Wm. McGee was the first white child born in the place. Ninian Cooper was the

second. In 1826 the first wedding took place in the cabin of Wm. McDonald. Rev. Mr. Kennedy married Henry Keys and Catherine Wilson. He also baptized Ninian Cooper at the same time.

Rev. Gary Bishop was the next preacher in the place, who came from Philipsburgh in 1830 to marry James Waite and Martha McIntosh. He also baptized Susan McIntosh at the same time. This was a period of four years that there never was a minister in the place. But during that time, some who were members of Mr. Lynn, the Presbyterian minister in Bellefonte, went over the mountains occasionally to attend ordinances. Besides, they had Sabbath-school and prayer-meeting, which went from house to house.

In 1831 Rev. Cyrus Riggs came. He was the one who told Mrs. Keys he was looking after stray sheep. "Indeed, you'll find none here," said the old lady. "Oh! mother," said Betty, "it is probably the lost sheep of the house of Israel." He organized the Sabbath-school, with Mr. McIntosh for superintendent. Matthew Keys was assistant superintendent and James Smith treasurer. It existed before; he only gave it regular form. It was this winter that John Hunter's house was burned, on the coldest day of an extremely cold winter.

In May, 1832, we came from Ireland. The cholera prevailed in cities and public thoroughfares. The dead-cart went along the streets of Philadelphia. At the cry, "Bring out your dead!" they

brought out the corpses in pine boxes or wrapped in sheets. They were hastily flung in trenches dug in open lots. We had a healthy season. However, the fast day, on account of the visitation, was observed in Beechwoods. It was said that President Jackson appointed the fast. I believe, however, that when a delegation of ministers waited on him, he expressed himself favorable to it, but said it belonged to the governors of the several States. So I suppose it was Gov. Wolf. This fall a school-house was built, and Wm. Reynolds taught the first school.

In 1833 the foundations of my father's barn were laid in the morning, and the mow was filled with wheat before night. It was a log barn; the roof was of clapboards held down with weight poles. While they were putting on the roof some young men hurried in the wheat.

Rev. Mr. Riggs returned this summer, and with the assistance of Rev. Joseph McGarragh organized the Presbyterian church, and held the first communion. When here in 1831 he had held a communion in Brookville which several of our folks attended. The jail was fitted up for a court-house, and there the services were held. Mr. McGarragh was always poor, but nobody was more contented. When Mr. Wilson, of Strattonsville, went once to get him to preach, he found him logging. He expected him to change his clothes, but his only suit was what he had on. When a student at Canonsburgh, about 1800, being married, he kept boarders.

Finding the stock of provisions running short, the boarders, who were fellow-students, agreed with him to keep a fast day for relief. While they were holding a prayer-meeting, a knock came at the door. A countryman, a perfect stranger, offered to sell him provisions on trust. He would not promise to pay inside of four months. That day his father came to see him with fifty dollars he had carefully saved up to help him. The next day he hired a man to go out fourteen miles and pay the stranger. Mr. McGarragh was a man of tender heart and devoted piety.

The following winter Alexander Cochran taught school. The following spring, 1834, Robert McIntosh, our venerable and beloved Sabbath-school superintendent, died. John Dougherty, of Brookville, and he came in the same ship from Ireland. He always spoke of the prominent Roman Catholic with the greatest kindness, and Mr. Dougherty never mentioned the Presbyterian elder but with the highest respect.

It was this summer that two slaves were lodged in Brookville jail over night. Judge Heath, with the connivance of Arad Persol, the jailer, furnished them with a file and auger. They escaped. Three hundred dollars were offered for their recapture, but they never were found. However, it cost Mr. Heath two thousand dollars.

This fall two other fugitives came from Maryland. Jim and Harry were two boys who paid their mas-

ter for their time and hired out at a furnace. Wm. Smith, Sr., taught one to be a puddler, and the other an iron refiner. They saved up money and nearly bought their freedom. Although their master had their money he sold them to a trader. Mr. Smith knew it, and told them to run off. By his directions they took the Laurel hills and Boone's Mountain for a guide, and reached Beechwoods in safety. Rumor of them reached their owner, and they had to leave.

It was in 1834 that John Kissinger's house was burned, near Rimersburgh, with seven children. The father and mother, with the youngest, were gone. How it took fire is still a secret. The bones of the oldest, a girl of seventeen, were found with the skeleton of the youngest across her arms. Mr. Kissinger lived till 1876. By two wives he had thirty-four children. Rev. Mr. Snodgrass preached a sermon by the ashes.

Wm. Kennedy, son of the minister, taught our school this winter. Rev. Mr. Shope settled over the Presbyterians only last summer, died of consumption, and in the following summer Rev. G. Bishop came in his place. Mr. Bishop continued eleven years preaching in Beechwoods, first one-sixth of the time, afterwards one-third. It was in 1835, also, that Rev. S. Miles took charge of the Baptist church.

Betsy McCurdy, (Mrs. Hunter), taught the first summer school.

In the spring Billy McDonald returned to his

farm which had lain idle four years since his marriage. It was destined to be the scene of so many tragedies that we might imagine some Indian pow-wow had left a curse on the place.

The beginning, however, was romantic. It was here that Katy Wilson, in the bloom of sweet sixteen, caught Henry Keys at the first glance, and was herself caught with a few months' wooing. I have told that Mr. Kennedy came from Roseville to marry them. But a good beginning had a bad ending. Scarcely was the minister gone, till Butler Amos, the hired man, quarreled with John Wilson about making a fire. This led to more, until a few nights afterwards, Billy, provoked that guests should be insulted in his house, sent B. Amos out heels foremost, and his traps after him. This led to a lawsuit which cost a hundred dollars. At the trial Wm. Cooper, a witness, was so badgered by Amos that he struck him. The blow cost Mr. Cooper his team.

It was on this farm that Tommy Moore built his cabin, and had the delirium tremens so bad that, to escape the hobgoblins, he took his life. James Downs, on his deathbed, received some money. Fancying he heard robbers, he leaped out of bed and fell on the floor. This hastened his death. People laughed at his fears, yet that very money drew the robbers who murdered his sister in that very house. Her husband's end was still more horrible, when he cut his own throat a few years before.

We are led to inquire the cause, and we find it in the absence of children. The Bible tells us, "Children are a heritage of the Lord." Butler Amos and John Wilson were bachelors, when, for a trifle they raised the quarrel which involved others. If Mr. McDonald had had children, his wife and he would have been saved the difficulty about disposing of the property which drove him mad; and she would not have lived alone so as to invite robbers. Had Tommy Moore not forsaken his wife with two small children in Ireland, his old age might have been happy, and his end peaceful.

Joseph Ritner, a plain Dutch farmer, was elected governor. He never was more than three months at school, and they made great fun of his rude manners. But he had read a great deal in German, his understanding was vigorous, and he rose to the dignity of his station. At the hotel they set a spittoon before him. He said if they did not take that thing away he would spit right on it. This is a specimen of the anecdotes invented about him. The school law was passed in Gov. Wolf's time, but it went into operation under Gov. Ritner. A new school-house was built and heated with a stove. The old house had a chimney made of sticks and clay. When the wind blew in a certain direction we had our choice, to be stifled with smoke or suffer with cold.

Frank Goodar this summer married the second wife. Isaac Temple prosecuted him, but could not prove his marriage to the first wife. So he lived

with two women in spite of them. Judge Burnside was the first who held a court in Brookville. He was a man who trampled on technicalities to come directly at equity. N. B. Eldred, an upright man, but more for the letter of the law, was now presiding Judge. Under Burnside I think the decision would have been different, but I do not know.

Thomas Reynolds taught school. This was the winter of the big snow. It was four feet deep and lay from November till April.

1836—Nancy Jane McClelland, (Mrs. Dougherty), taught school. This summer the Baptist Association was the first religious convention that met in Beechwoods. Rev. Mr. Williams preached the opening sermon from Ps. 145:11. Rev. Thomas E. Thomas, a Welshman, presided. Van Buren was elected president in opposition to Harrison. Oliver McClelland taught school.

1837—In June came the great crash in the money market. The suffering was great. Poor people were thrown out of employment. Some who thought themselves rich found themselves penniless. A few were wise enough to bring their ideas down to their situation, and moved out to the backwoods. Ladies with lily-white hands learned to pick brush, and in a few years found a substantial wealth in a healthy constitution, better than fictitious riches in watered stock. There had been a similar crisis twenty years before, and twenty years after came the panic of 1857. I expected another in 1877, but

it came sooner—in 1873. Fannie McConnel, (Mrs. Morrison) taught school this and the following summer. Andrew Smith taught the winter school. A delightful Indian summer was followed by a severe winter. The Canadian rebellion broke out. Many of the loyalists, as well as patriots, perished in the field with cold or contracted fatal diseases.

. 1838—David R. Porter ran for governor against Ritner. The excitement was great, for by the old constitution the governor had so much power. In his inaugural he advised the repeal of a late law which forbade the use of jails to hold fugitive slaves. Yet when a member of the legislature he had voted to instruct our senators for the abolition of the slave trade in the District of Columbia.

. This fall the last depredation was committed in the settlement by wolves. My father's sheep lay near the woods and were chased to the barn. Eight of them were scattered along, with their throats neatly cut, and the blood sucked. A penknife would not make a smaller incision. Gov. Ritner and lady visited Brookville and were the guests of Rev. G. Bishop—the first governor in Brookville. Rev. Samuel Dexter Morris taught school. Rev. S. Miles was gone two years, and he preached to the Baptist church. Should I tell about his eccentricities, many would take him for a fool, but these were only the overflowings of life and spirits. He was a good teacher and an earnest preacher. He

remained but a year, and Rev. Thomas Wilson followed him.

1839—Peggy McIntosh (Mrs. Thompson) taught school. We had a good season, and fine crops, which were much needed to relieve the hard times. Another winter of deep snow—about four feet. Dillas Allen came, with his company, to be married to Jane Brown. Rev. G. Bishop could not get there. Frederick Brown started for Squire Tibbets. They did not arrive till the afternoon of the second day. Queen Victoria was married the same year, but how her wedding passed off I do not know, and perhaps the reader does not care. It was published in the papers that her handkerchiefs cost seventy thousand dollars. I believed the story then, not now. Finley McCormick taught school.

1840—Rev. Robert Hutchinson was this summer the first Covenanter minister who preached in the place. Osburn's mill was built this year. Harrison was elected President. Like General Jackson, he was a very sociable man with rich and poor. Hence the popularity of both. But it seems strange to me that people who never saw the man, and expected no favors, should feel such personal attachment. Murder will out. And so will kindly deeds.

1841—McLeod, of Canada, coming over to the State of New York, was this spring arrested for murder in connection with the rebellion of 1838. He burned the steamboat Caroline, in American waters, and sent her over the Niagara Falls. It was

alleged there were ladies as well as men in her. There was great excitement in England, and war might have followed his execution. He was acquitted. I met him in Canada in 1867. He told me he had received a pension from the British of a thousand a year since his trial. He claimed the Caroline was empty when he sent her over the falls.

A kind of after-clap followed the financial storm of 1837, and times were really worse. This drove many from the cities to the backwoods. Several families settled between us and Boone's Mountain. Up to this time we had been the outside settlers.

Daniel and William Long made their last hunting season with our house for their headquarters. They killed this season above a hundred deer, besides turkeys, wolves and bears.

Old Lewis Long came from Eastern Pennsylvania in 1811, and settled near where Brookville afterwards was built. He raised nine sons, all good hunters. His son William and he once shot five wolves without moving out of their tracks. They first killed the leader, and howled the rest back.

It was Jackson Long, William's oldest son, who in 1850, shot a panther in his den by the light of the animal's glaring eyes.

Daniel stopped in our house the oftenest. It was his stories that excited Michael Elliot when he made the song—

“‘Mong the hills abruptly swelling.’

Like many other hunters, he made a heap of money, but knew not how to take care of it, and died poor. He was shot by Green in 1844. The quarrel was about a tract of land. Green got off with a sham punishment, and went to California; but vengeance followed. I suppose he had read dime novels, and he made a vow to kill the first Indian he saw. This proved to be a squaw, nursing her babe on a stone. Next morning the tribe surrounded the camp, demanding the murderer. He was given up, with the request he might not be tortured. The chief replied the woman's relatives must decide that; he would not interfere. He was flayed alive.

Joseph Sterrit taught school.

1842—The first temperance society was organized with John McGee president, and James McCurdy secretary. The Methodist church, which had gone down, was reorganized. Rev. George Senior had come in the year before with other settlers.

1843—Was even a longer winter than 1831. Many had neither straw nor hay. The largest comet I ever saw appeared towards spring. Dr. Miller had prophesied the world would end on the twenty-third of April. About that date the last of the snow banks disappeared. The ground was soon white with flowers. The wild pasture sprang up, and starving cattle were soon in good condition. Joseph McDowell was killed with a falling tree, working on the roads.

1844—Another presidential campaign raised the usual excitement. Polk and Dallas gained the day against Clay and Frelinghuysen. By this time the anti-slavery element was gaining. James G. Birney, a Virginian, and once a slaveholder, ran with Morris on the abolition ticket. Dr. Lemoyne, the cremationist, ran on the same ticket for governor.

1845—It was this spring the great fire in Pittsburg took place. Also, that Tom Brown killed James Smith. It was the ensuing winter that Rev. John Coxon raised such an excitement in the Methodist Church by his fine delivery, glib conversation, and burning zeal. He was just preparing for a controversy with Dr. Clarke when a scandal in connection with his name put an end to his ministry and Methodism together.

1846—Erysipelas was an epidemic. Thomas Atwell was the first victim. A spot about the head would be inflamed—the nose, the cheek, the ear, perhaps the throat. In two hours the patient would be down with fever. Cold applications gave the most relief. The Mexican war began the year before, and was now at its height. Robert McCurdy was killed in it.

It was this fall that the mysterious music was heard at Mr. Keys'. On a calm Sabbath evening some were sitting in the room and some in the kitchen. No special attention was paid to it, because they thought that people were coming to prayer-meeting. True enough, a company dropped

in shortly. To the question, "Were you singing on the way?" the answer was made: "No; but we heard beautiful music inside." Some weeks afterwards a stranger attended the meeting, and sang the same tune. They thought it portended Betty's death. Her father got sick, and they thought his death was indicated. But he got well, and nothing peculiar occurred that year.

1847—Rev. A. Boyd came this year in Mr. Bishop's place. This was also the year of the massacre of the missionaries by the Nez Percés Indians, in Walla Walla, Oregon. Rev. Mr. Whitman and lady were among the first victims.

A faithful Indian runner carried the news to Mrs. Julia Spalding at a distant station. She thought of hiding in the woods, but she took the bolder and safer course to tell the news to a faithful chief. He immediately said to a young chief, "Call in the few braves you can rely on, and barricade the house. When the news arrives that their relatives are engaged in war, you may expect our people to attack all the whites." In two hours the house was attacked with savage yells, but she was saved. Her husband, Rev. Dr. Spalding, was thought to be killed, but he turned up living.

Mrs. Julia Spalding, of Pittsburg, was a model missionary. In 1836 she crossed the Rocky Mountains. She was so prostrated with diarrhoea that they had to carry her on a litter, yet she urged them to proceed. How long she lived after the massacre

I do not know. Her husband died in 1874. A few years afterward the Indians were compelled to give up the murderers. Five were hanged.

It was this spring that Mr. Washburne's boy, three years of age, perished on Boone's Mountain. He lost his way returning from the sugar camp.

A new temperance society was organized in Beechwoods this spring, and a subscription raised to relieve the Irish famine. A calculation was made of how many lives the grain distilled might save; but I forget the figures.

1848—Betty Keys died in February. For eleven years she had sat up in bed. But a few weeks before her death she had the comfort of lying down. During the long years of her suffering her influence was diffused around. A visit to her bed was like a sermon. Her mind was rich with knowledge, and her heart with kindness.

Josiah Fuller, her pupil and her friend, preceded her to the grave. He, too, was a child of affliction; he, too; met a triumphant end.

It was this spring that Louis Philippe fled from France to England. He had once taught school in Philadelphia. He was called the republican king. It was not known in America that eighteen years in a palace had changed the simple citizen into a proud monarch. So many here thought Queen Victoria would have to leave her throne, too. But they were mistaken.

The Mexican war, started three years ago by a

Democratic administration, made General Taylor, this year, a Whig President. So things change.

1849—The Presbyterian church was built this summer. For a year and more they had no pastor, and depended on supplies. A man calling himself Dickson preached one Sabbath, received his pay, and went off. Old Mrs. McConnell was the only one who suspected him for an impostor. She was right, although it was a most trifling circumstance she founded her opinion on. I afterwards heard of him under the name of Lawrence. He was a very fluent speaker. Rev. Alexander McCahan, of the Associate Reformed Church, occupied the pulpit half time for one year. He had great talents, but he yielded to one failing—intemperance. This summer the temperance society organized two years before was carried on with great interest. It was this summer that the incident occurred which gave occasion to the Tragedy of the Hen's Nest.

1851—Rev. John Wray was settled as pastor in the Presbyterian Church. He had been a missionary in India, where his two children were born. For the health of his son, he returned to America; and for twenty years preached in Beechwoods.

Six years afterwards Rev. R. J. Dodds, the Covenanter minister, was released from his charge to go as missionary to Syria, where he died in 1866. Thus Beechwoods was doubly connected with foreign missions by the exchange of ministers.

Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, visited America,

and received as cordial a reception as the Swedish nightingale, Jenny Lind, had enjoyed the year before.

1852—I accepted a commission as colporteur from the American Tract Society, and traversed the most of Jefferson and Forest counties. I think I sold some religious books in every house in Beechwoods.

1853—When I resigned my commission to engage in preaching, Hugh McGuffin took it, and proved an efficient colporteur for eight years.

On Christmas, 1853, he had got discouraged by two weeks of unsuccessful labor. It was a raw, chilly morning. With a horse blanket thrown over his face, he ran against a wagon. The driver cursed him for a drunken rascal. Mr. McGuffin raised his whip to strike his horse, when he thought of Balaam, and forbore. He determined to resign, for although he had not tasted liquor, he thought his hasty temper almost justified the wagoner's low opinion.

This was near the Black Fox furnace in Clarion County. The first house he found he entered to inquire the nearest way from among the mountains, that he might go home.

Inside he saw all the tokens of extreme poverty. Yet the woman asked, in a foreign accent, but kindly tone, if he had had any breakfast. This produced a reaction in his feelings. He responded by inquiring if they had any religious books in the

house. He presented them with a Bible and several tracts. The man of the house told his story thus:

“I was a class leader of the Methodist Church in Eastern Pennsylvania, where my house was the resort of ministers. To increase my store I sold out and came here. Sickness consumed the price of my farm. I buried my wife and children. My last Bible went to procure a little corn-meal. I married this woman, an excellent person in many respects, but different from the class I was accustomed to associate with. We have no decent clothes to attend church with. Church members ignore us, and the minister stops in that house across the way, but never darkens our door. I was a child of God, I hope I am yet, although sorely chastened, but not given over to death.”

Before Mr. McGuffin unhitched his horse from the door, a young couple came along and bought books. The next house he sold several. In one house he disposed of twenty dollars' worth. The next two weeks made up for the shortcomings of the past month. And yet had it not been for the seasonable word of a kind but ignorant woman, he would have thrown up the business!

THE ROMANCE OF THE RATTLE-
SNAKE.

Beside a water doomed to take
The homely name of Rattlesnake
The handsome Wabaw grew;
The blithest of the Indian maids
Whose voices cheered the forest shades,
Or split the welkin blue.

Her hand outvied the busy bee,
Her graceful form the waving tree,
Her eye the opening dawn;
Her flowing locks the raven's wing;
Her voice the joyous birds of spring,
Her step the bounding fawn.

Kalmezick's dart was sure in aim,
His eye as quick to catch the game;
His heart untaught to fear.
His father's wigwam graced the green
Where quiet Rockdale now is seen,
Beside a streamlet clear.

But why are now his footsteps bent
Across the hill to Wabaw's tent,
His hunting to forget?

To her a word he never speaks,
Her timid vision never seeks
The corner where he's set.

He smokes and turns his back on her;
His words are all intended for
Her aged father's ears.
She plies her work with patient skill,
As one with neither time nor will
To notice what she hears.

To save his moccasins from wear
The parents urge the youth to share
Their hospitality.
His conscience will not let him slight
An invitation so polite,
For that would clownish be.

And now his active toil repays
The idleness of by-gone days,
To wipe away the shame.
He roams the woods with arrows bright,
And every fast-returning night
Can show its load of game.

Poor Wabaw! now she must attend
His food to dress, his clothes to mend—
The custom orders so.
And if the daintiest bits of fare
Still fall to tired Kalmezick's share,
'Tis accident, we know.

The winter yields to pleasant spring,
And now there is a gathering;
 The kindred tribe has met.
The hunter and his hungry wife
Bring each a dish and carving-knife,
 And soon the feast is set.

Hung over beds of glowing coal,
A dozen deer, all roasted whole,
 Give out a tempting smell;
While boiled with bear's heart—bracing meat—
The corn and beans are not less sweet,
 And please the eye as well.

The white man, if he had been by,
Had looked to see the Indians die,
 Or surfeit every one.
How would his wonder then advance
To see them bounding in the dance
 When this long feast was done!

But when the joyful dance is through
A solemn service greets the view;
 A song is chanted low.
Before a chief with hoary head
Both Wabaw and Kalmezick tread
 A measure grave and slow.

A sign is to the braves expressed,
Who shoot their arrows to the west
 Above the happy pair.

The chief proclaims them man and wife,
And for a blessing on their life
Sends up a simple prayer.

The rod o'er which the words are spoke
Is in as many pieces broke
As relatives have they.
Each matron hoards away her part,
That they united hand and heart
May pass their latest day.

A year is gone; the bashful bride
The tokens of a purer pride
Upon her brow may bear.
Kalmezick from a hunt returns—
With joy untold his bosom burns
To see his first-born heir.

By ancient rule she walk the wild
To find a title for the child
In any sight she'd see—
A bounding deer, a warrior's crest,
A soaring hawk, an eagle's nest,
Or fruit-abounding tree.

She saw a tree whose branches stirred
By flight of many a shuddering bird,
Which fluttered round and round;
The dove, the jay, the lark, the crow,
In narrowing circles come and go,
Or drop upon the ground.

With eager vision peering now,
She sees beneath a drooping bough
The charming rattlesnake.
She named her baby in that hour
For one whose strong prevailing power
Abundant game could take.

The boy has grown a hunter gray,
His sons and he have passed away—
The paths we do not know.
And yet the stream is doomed to bear
The name of him who wandered there
Two hundred years ago.

TOMMY MOORE.

When the howling specters chased me,
When the goblins raised a yell,
When the slimy witch embraced me,
With the crawling imps of hell;
None of these sent such a horror
To my palpitating breast,
As my father's face of sorrow
Rising from his troubled rest.

Boldly met with fierce distraction,
Quietly it backward flies;
Fled from in a swerved direction,
All the same it meets my eyes.

Kindly pity, heavenly mildness,
Do the sainted features grace;
Worse to bear than hate or wildness,
In a stern, reproving face.

Now 'tis gone; but soon a giant
Is appearing in its stead.
Oh! his glances, how defiant!
Snakes are hissing in his head.

It Speaks:

“I'm the spirit of vengeance,
My mark's on your brow;
I never knew pity,
Ask not for it now.
O, faithless young husband!
And heart-breaking son!
You've an hour to remember
The deeds you have done.

“You sailed o'er the ocean,
Poor Kate was forlorn,
With a babe in the cradle,
And one to be born.
That gun in the corner
Stands ready prepared,
That right must punish
The crimes that it shared.”

My mother showed a modest face,
My sire a decent name;

.I will not stain their honest race
With such a burning shame.
For them alone my knee I bend;
No other boon I crave;
Let me not meet a bloody end,
Nor fill a felon's grave.

“You pause at your peril
When I give command;
Provoke not the grapple
Of this cruel hand.”

When we gathered in astonished
To survey the thrilling sight,
This unearthly ghost had vanished,
And the soul had taken flight.
There the rifle, bloody, blackened,
Still was leaning on his hand,
And his finger's were not slackened
From the trigger's touching wand.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE HEN'S NEST.

PART I.

This nasty bed will take my life,
With cobs instead of straw;
Some trick of my employer's wife,
Her like I never saw.

She sprinkles vitriol on my bread
And strychnine on the meat;
The bursting pain torments my head,
My stomach's in a heat.

Such women! Oh that they might sink
Beneath the briny sea!
But here's my bottle, and the drink
Will soon give ease to me.
I'm lying in the woods, 'tis clear,
Upon a broken stone,
But what vile witchcraft brought me here
Perhaps will ne'er be known.

A blessing on the eggs that bought
The strengths-imparting gin,
Before the witches' poison wrought
Its malice through my skin.
Even now, although the drink works well,
Their mischief to confound,
The earth is heaving by their spell
And trees are dancing round.

PART II.

Yes, here is the gooseberry bush, with its shade,
And here is the spot where my treasure was laid.
Some mischievous urchin has carried away
The eggs which I hatched for a week and a p.ya
Alas! for the wearisome labor I took,
Alas! for the social delight I forsook,

With the rooster the biddies stepped round in
their pride,

While lonely I brooded here by the fence side.
Yet little I envied their plenty and play
When I thought that a brood would my labor
repay.

Wherever the eggs that are stolen may go,
Let the spirit of vengeance attend them with woe,
And teach the receiver at last to complain
That the curse of a guinea hen falls not in vain.

PART III.

Wm. Gray has brought his mother
To enjoy a chat with me,
Though I own that many another
Might perhaps as welcome be.

She enjoined her son forever
To avoid these handsome girls;
Thrift and industry can never
Dwell with dimples and with curls.

Now a handsome tea I'll raise her,
Just as nice as she can make,
Though her nose be like a razor,
And her eyes would fright a snake.

Here is sugar of the fairest,
Butter sweet as flowers in May;
Guinea eggs are thought the rarest,
So the merchant said to-day.

William's thoughts are intellectual,
Touching subjects pure and high;
Yet he'll not ignore the actual,
When he tastes my custard pie.

Rotten eggs! Was ever human
Being vexed and harassed thus?
But that sharp, suspicious woman
Must not see me in a fuss.

Careless merchant from the city!
Vilest of the Yankee dregs!
Little would he move my pity,
Forced to live on rotten eggs.

Let it go, who cares for marriage?
I prefer a single lot;
But he bought a handsome carriage;
And my wedding dress is got.

CONCLUSION.

It happened twenty years ago,
If you the sequel now would know.
Before October's chilly rain
The guinea led a well-fledged train,
And ere the snow the ground did hide,
The watered silk adorned the bride.
And several little Grays since then
Have almost reached the age of men.
Old Mrs. Gray, with kindly tact,
Has won the daughter's high respect.

The bachelor is oft in grief,
And seeks the former false relief;
His bed is sometimes hard and cold;
The trees go dancing as of old.
He's told the water-cure will stay
The evil which the witches play.
His time to try it oft is set,
But always is postponed as yet.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

THEN.

Say, friends, do you remember,
Just forty years ago?
We feared the tangled forest,
A grim, unyielding foe.
It set our backs to aching,
It pained our very eyes,
To see the sturdy hemlocks
Ascending towards the skies.

With wood upon the hilltop,
With wood down in the glen,
With trees we were surrounded,
Like stalwart armed men.
When will the howling forest
Afford us daily bread?
When will the sun, descending,
His rays upon us shed?

Oh! for the land we slighted,
The place where we were born,
Its fresh and fragrant meadows,
Its fields of waving corn.
Alas! we're here imprisoned,
By fate or folly bound;
Like slaves in cisterns punished,
'Tis pump or you'll be drowned.

NOW.

At length the wild is conquered,
And smiling peace appears,
And gladsome sunlight cheers the vale
Which wept a thousand years.
The oak and hemlock falling
A loud concussion made;
The heavy trunks up-rolling,
In massy piles were laid.

With song and joke and story,
The labor was pursued;
The fire-fiend in his glory
Devoured his massy food.

When spring with warmth and beauty,
The surly winter drove,
The settler's pleasant duty
Was in the maple grove;
The tree, in streams redundant,
Poured out the honeyed juice,

Till sugar loaves abundant
Supplied the household use.

But yet although we've conquered,
Our heart is not content;
For we have tears for bygone years,
And joys which with them went.
Rich harvests deck the valleys,
Fat cattle drink the rills,
But where's the deer that once were here
The beauty of the hills?

Fond man is ever eyeing
The future or the past;
The lot for which he's sighing
In other worlds is cast.

THE ELK.

The elk despises grass and weeds—
He crops the leafy crown,
And so the branching horn he needs
To draw the sapling down.

While coarser leaves he slowly crops,
Which bend around his head,
His mate, beside the branchlet tops,
On softer twigs is fed.

With milk-producing boughs supplied,
Her young she nurtures well;
Which, coursing round in wanton pride,
Their goodly keeping tell.

The panther eyes the dam and young,
And gloats upon his food,
But when the male's stout horns are flung,
He keeps his distance good.

IN MEMORY OF THE WRITER'S FATHER.

His long, laborious days are passed,
His nights of pain are fled;
The iron frame succumbs at last,
And seeks the lowly bed.

Sleep sweetly at the journey's end,
For roughly has it fared;
Much strength did vigorous nature send,
That strength was never spared.

But when a slavish life he led
Through many a sultry day,
The hope to win his children bread
Would all his grief repay.

The liberal maples to his hand
The sugar loaves supplied,
The only cash at his command,
Our comforts to provide.

Although he felt the chill of days
When war's commotion pealed,
A patriot's fire, with generous blaze,
Impelled him to the field.

If he had spared his body more,
And cherished fear of death,
Kind nature might have had in store
A few more years of breath.

But Providence bestowed, we know,
The boon for which he sighed;
A busy life he lived below,
A speedy death he died.

The fields he cleared shall others till,
The weeds his garden claim;
His well-worn pew must strangers fill;
The church shall drop his name.

But in his children's grateful mind
A page shall meet the eye,
Where all his deeds shall record find,
Until the day we die.

HAPPY DEATH.

IN MEMORY OF BETTY KEYS.

The peach that decks the laden tree
With daily deepening bloom,
Its tints more delicate to see,
More grateful its perfume,

Recalls the progress of her soul,
Refining more and more,
Until she won the longed-for goal
On Canaan's happy shore.

THE MYSTERIOUS MUSIC.

(MENTIONED IN THE INTRODUCTION.)

Why grasp at shades beyond our reach,
Which, even seized, might little teach?
When magic music may be caught,
The strain with weighty lessons fraught.

When earth resumes the robes of spring,
Or morning spreads her rosy wing,
The richly-swelling bass is heard,
The leaves are with soprano stirred.

And when the baby's questioning art
Awakes the mother's throbbing heart,
The alto trills upon her ear,
In strains the selfish cannot hear.

But notes sublimer still are shed
Upon the happy dying bed,
When angels ope the golden gate,
Upon a child of earth to wait.

THE DISCOURAGED COLPORTEUR

When sorrow darkens round the soul,
And narrow views win full control,
A word in proper season said
Can warm the heart and raise the head.

Kind woman needs not learning's aid,
To meet the charge upon her laid;
Her smile, like spring's reviving glow,
Can make the ice-bound streamlet flow.

BETSEY MACUMBER.

They sought her in the valleys all,
And in the mountains round,
They saw her bonnet and her shawl,—
Her bones they never found.

For buried friends the bitter grief
Will slowly pass away;
The rankling doubt finds no relief
For many a weary day.

Yet he who does the sparrow feed
Her woodland fare supplied,
And sent a guardian power to lead
The ravenous wolf aside.

And years restored her to her friends
Who long had mourned her dead;
Thus heaven often mercy sends
When every hope is fled.

THE RED DEER.

The timid doe seeks lonely dells,
From man to hide away;
Her mate pursuing, loudly bells,
In lofty spirits gay.

The sounding rifle lays him low,
Before the farmer's eyes,
Who gladly hastens home to show
The welcome, goodly prize.

'Tis pride proves fatal to the deer,
While caution saves the doe,

The music of the spring to hear,
And see the blossoms blow.

And then the playful, spotted fawn
Delights the happy dam;
She leads it forth at early dawn,
When all is soft and calm.

And, oh, it is a pretty sight
Her graceful form to see,
With muzzle small, and eyes so bright,
And limbs that wander free.

She eats a bite, she looks around,
Forever giving heed;
At every danger-boding sound
She's off with lightning speed.

When winter comes her crimson vest
Is changed to sober gray,
And warmly is her body dressed
To meet the stormy day.

MRS. MARY McINTOSH.

No bright romance to me befell,
Quite simple is the tale I tell.
A wild and romping girl I grew
As Irish heather ever knew,

And none should ever win my heart,
Except with beauty, wealth and art.
Yet heart and hand, before I thought,
Were by a sober widower caught.
I milked his cows, I dressed his fare;
His aged parents had my care.
I trained two babes with anxious mind
His sainted wife had left behind.

When passing years had brought to me
Six prattling babes around the knee,
And closed his parents' earthly race,
And bound my heartstrings to the place,
With him I left my native shore,
Its pleasant hills to see no more.
For seven years, from day to day,
I saw my lord, now touched with gray,
A hireling on a foreign soil,
For strangers late and early toil.
When kindly Providence at last
In these backwoods our fortune cast,
I lightly recked of toil and care,
That he a quiet home might share;
Yet fruitful fields had scarce displaced
The bushes on the barren waste,
Until my husband heard the cry
Which spoke the heavenly bridegroom nigh.

Our wedded twenty-seven years
Had each its special toil and fears,

Yet would I tread that path once more,
Should Providence my youth restore.
In pride we plan the future day,
But Heaven marks out a different way,
And when experience brings the test,
We own the lowly path is best.

THE GENUINE FAIRY.

The hunters say a cunning fay
Frequents the forest green;
A thousand shapes the fairy apes,
And each of lovely mien.
It may be so, for aught I know,
I tell what I have seen.

Unto a cabin in the wood
This wily spirit led
A youth who wandered far from home,
Till he was nearly dead;
With pleasant words and rustic cheer,
The starving boy was fed.

He thought he knew the eyes of blue,
The cheeks of color warm;
He might have seen those locks of sheen
Flit past his father's farm.
Howe'er it came, the fact's the same,
He caught a spell of harm.

A farmer's hired man went out
To milk the cows at night:
The air was chilled, the cows self-willed,
The yard in woeful plight.
The milking stool, against the rule,
Went banging left and right.

In maiden's guise, with violet eyes,
The fairy came that way.
A riband graced its slender waist,—
It rode a dapple gray.
He saw it wait beside the gate,
A pleasant word to say.

The milking seat now kept its feet,
The rampant cows stood still;
In streams of snow the milk did flow,
The empty pails to fail.
There's peace once more, and every chore
Is finished with good will.

I've seen the boys, with rowdy noise,
Make faces at the meat.
The sauce is sour, their faces lower,
There's nothing fit to eat:
The fairies from the kitchen come,
With light and graceful feet.

Though not a word the spirit heard,
As gently it came in,
Yet pleasant smiles and cunning wiles

Their pardon sought to win.
Their mother's gone, and it alone,
The luckless cook has been.

With smiling face and genial grace
The boys to eating fly,
And every dish is to their wish,
As one by one they try.
And better fare they will not share
Until the day they die.

MICHAEL ELLIOT'S HUNTING SONG.

TUNE—*The Drunken Sailor.*

'Mong the hills abruptly swelling,
Of the healthy balsam smelling,
Far from other human dwelling,
Build my forest home.
Let me breathe upon the mountain,
Drink the bracing, crystal fountain,
Every draught fresh vigor counting,
While I freely roam.

When my hand is strong and steady,
With my trusty rifle ready,
Let the panther, proud and heady,
Show his glaring eyes.

Then my spirits shall not flurry,
Till the whizzing ball will hurry,
And the robe, so soft and furry,
 Soon shall be my prize.

When the storms of winter batter,
Till the forest wildings chatter,
Hoarded acorns would I scatter
 On the drifted snow,
Which the turkey, quail and pheasant,
Pinched with hunger, would find pleasant,
Boldly feeding when I'm present,
 Nor regard a foe.

If, enticed by bold adventure,
Youths and maidens from the center,
Should the depths of forest enter,
 Bound to visit me,
I would find them nut and berry,
Sing them verses, sad or merry,
Lead them to the hill-top airy,
 Winding vales to see.

There is one, good fortune save her!
Dark of eye, and fair of favor,
Calm and graceful in behavior,
 And of purest heart;
Could I her, by strong endeavor,
From her father's cabin sever,
I would be her slave forever,
 Till my breath depart.

FAR FROM BEECHWOODS.

I love the blooming West,
So fragrant, soft and airy,
Where the buffalo finds rest,
On the wide, stretching prairie.

The city gives delight,
With the library and college,
Where the arts of man unite,
Handing round the cup of knowledge.

Yet still my heart returns,
To the rough eastern wildwood,
My glowing fancy burns
For the scenes of my childhood,

Where I watched the mother deer,
The juicy herbage nipping,
While the fawn, in mad career,
Was in circles round her skipping;

Where the elk, with branching head,
If the hunter sought to find him,
Spurn the ground with flying tread,
Leaving every foe behind him.

If a stern and stubborn soil
To yield its fruits was tardy,
The noble sons of toil
Were as patient, bold and hardy.

And the daughters of the wood,
The healthy breezes quaffing,
For every task were good—
At the heavy burden laughing.

When the silver cloud of June
In the azure sky is sailing,
I could wish it my balloon,
O'er your rugged hill-tops trailing.

Though a voice might never raise,
Though an eye might never know me,
With what rapture I would gaze
On the passing scene below me.

SCATTERING LEAVES.

SHORT POEMS,

*Written at different times as the subjects came
under the writer's observation.*

SCATTERING LEAVES.

SANCTIFIED SORROW:

(SCENES THAT REALLY OCCURRED IN FRANCE IN
THE LAST CENTURY.)

In his quiet study musing,
Sits the priest in hairy stole.
Why are heavy thoughts infusing
Bitter sorrow in his soul?
Is it worldly, wild ambition
That is moving his complaint?
No, he seeks a low condition
With the meekness of a saint.

Is it pastoral duty slighted
Leaves his conscience to reprove?
No, his life and work united,
In an even tenor move.
From the world he has forsaken
There comes news upon the air
That so many hearts are taken
With a maiden—oh! so fair!

Of her spirits, wit and beauty,
Every tongue is swift to speak;
As to virtue, peace and duty,
These are paths she will not seek.

He has begged with earnest passion—
He has fasted, wept and prayed,
But this wayward child of fashion
Has been deaf to all he said.

And the dreary recollection
Must his poignant grief arouse,
How her mother's weird attraction
Made him break his priestly vows.
With what ease the young transgressor
Could the bishop's pardon win!
But the inward stern confessor
Never yet absolved the sin.

Years have shed their smiles upon her,—
She's the favorite of a king;
Pensions, places, titles, honor,
Are the favors she can fling;
And a bishop's stately dwelling,
A cathedral rich and grand,
Of the royal bounty telling,
Are now at the priest's command.

Dress the babe's flesh for the table,
Make the mourning mother eat;
Then, and not till then, you're able
To bestow the sin-earned seat.

But finally oppression
Has aroused a nation's wrath;
It moves in wild procession
O'er a blood-avenging path.

With others now the maiden
A settlement must meet,
For the wealth a tribute-laden
Kingdom scattered at her feet.

Nor yet by this was shielded
That fond life to which she clung,
When reluctantly she yielded
All the wealth from cities wrung.

The view of death oppressed her,
For longer time she prayed;
Till hands which once caressed her
Were in violence on her laid.
But, while the earthquake, heaving,
Brought those castles to the ground,
And the very sky seemed cleaving,
With the groans which echoed round,

The priest, by wealth uncumbered,
Could prepare his soul for death,
And when his days were numbered
Calmly yielded up his breath.
Although in youth a sinner,
There was pardon from above;
And, oh! but he's the winner
Who has chosen heavenly love!

THE FRIEND ABOVE.

"He that hath a friend must show himself friendly, and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

Long before you saw the light
Earth was clothed in robes of sheen;
Stately forests crowned the height,
Flocks adorned the valleys green.
In the glory then set forth
You were entered for a share;
Secret archives of the earth
Held your name recorded there.

Curious was the wain and rich
Thoughtful power prepared for you,
When the time arrived in which
You the world must travel through.
Thousands are the pieces there,
Each its special place must fill;
Not an ornament to spare,—
All proclaim the Maker's skill.

While the glory of the mind
Far outshines the body's grace;
Here the royal traits we find
Speaking of the heavenly race.
When the high affections thrill,
Touched by mercy sent of God,
Harps for Tara's rarest skill
Never sent such streams abroad.

In your memory's wealthy store
There are treasures, old and new,
Richer than Koh-inoor
Or the wealth of famed Peru.
On your fancy's living page
Tints of beauty come and go;
Vainly Raphael would engage
On the canvas such to show.

Care your daily wants to ease,
Crowns the universal plan.
See a thousand arts to please,
Restless, eager, changeful man.

Kindness wakes the morning new,
Bids the fragrant breezes blow,
Gives your eye its brilliant hue,
Lends your cheek the ruddy glow;
Wisdom spreads a carpet green,
Raises up the soft blue sky,
Throws a hundred tints between—
All to ease the restless eye.

Generosity has sent
Feathered pipers far and near,
Music to the waters lent
To delight the ravished ear;
Pity, planning for your aid,
Sent a Saviour here below;
Who can tell the price he paid
To redeem your soul from woe?

Mercy builds above the sky
Mansions never to decay,
Where your ransomed soul may fly
When the world shall pass away.
Let your lips repeat the praise,
Let your heart record the love,
Let your feet pursue the ways
Of this matchless friend above.

A SISTER TO HER BROTHER IN THE ARMY.

Dear brother, in the tented field,
A thousand miles away,
That Providence may be your shield
How fervently I pray!

I've laid my children down to sleep,
Tucked warm and snug in bed;
But grieve to think those storms may sweep
Upon my brother's head.

Yet better meet the driving sleet,
And murdering showers of lead,
Than once allow your erring feet
In evil paths to tread.

Oh! don't forget your mother's charge,
Who on a death-bed lay;
And may her love your soul enlarge
Until your latest day.

On me, the oldest, then was laid
A mother's place to fill;
My anxious care can be repaid
By your obedient will.

I tremble when I think of one
So thoughtless, young and gay,
Whose daily course of life must run
Where snares beset the way.

This cruel war must homes undo,
And helpless orphans make;
As mercy has been shown to you,
On others pity take.

And oh! may Heaven spare your life
And bring you back again,
Or grant, that falling in the strife,
You go without a stain.

A SOUTHERN LADY TO THE SAME

No! no! kind sir, face not the storm;
You're welcome here to-night,
Although you wear a uniform
Abhorrent to my sight.

Although my daughter swooned with awe,
The coat of blue to see,
Your manly offer to withdraw
Assures both her and me.

With plundering hand, with oath and jest,
Last week your comrades came;
She looked upon that hated crest
And judged you all the same.

That gentle voice, that kindly eye,
That courteous, noble air,
Remind me of an absent boy
Who rides I know not where.

Should winds of evil fortune blow
Upon his tender brow,
May he win favor from the foe,
As you obtain it now.

The morning dawns with silver light,
Unlike the dark and stormy night;
As glad a change the Prince of Peace
Will work when these dread wars shall cease.

Imperious law bids you away;
The iron rule you must obey.
Your home you may not live to see;
My son may ne'er return to me.
I'll weep when you these walls have left
As one the second time bereft.
You clasp my hand with fervent thanks;
You'll be my foe among the ranks.
But where you lodge, or where you ride,
May Providence be still your guide.

He never returned, but died in Memphis, Tenn., March, 1864.

THE WIDOWER'S STORY.

Eight months before she came with me
A forest home to find,
And never once regretted she
The comforts left behind.

Such happiness I might have known
On earth could never last;
Alas! when brilliant light has shone
The blacker shade is cast.

A glaring serpent raised his head;
With ravished eye I gazed;
The green and purple, blue and red
In whirling circles blazed.

My wife approached with fearful cries
And broke the deadly charm;
But awful was the sacrifice
That shielded me from harm.

Upon the reptile's head I sprang,
And crushed it in the ground,
But not before the poisoned fang
Had wrought the mortal wound.

I bore her to our humble cot,
I watched her all the day;
And when the sun forsook the spot,
She also went away.

Her favorite bower and vines among
I laid her in the clay,
And there alone, (it may be wrong),
These forty years I pray.

I've borne so long the barbed dart
That now no more it stings;
The sad remembrance to my heart
A soothing pleasure brings.

For earth has never known a grief
Which heaven cannot cure;
But let the sufferer seek relief
Where Gilead's balm is sure.

TO MRS. MARY J. BLACKWOOD.

The maiden in her beauty
Was so early called away;
She was ever true to duty,
And she hastened to obey.

The youth whose stalwart figure
Showed him ready for the road,
In the prime of manly vigor
Was constrained to drop his load.

The matron who for strangers
Had still a mother's part,
Has gone where grief and dangers
Can no longer wring her heart.

Let your joy take place of sorrow,
That they've escaped the strife;
Let us hail the hopeful morrow
Which brings eternal life.



THE CAPTIVE MAID.

Torn from friends and all that's dear,
Sold a slave to strangers,
Dazed with grief and shocked with fear,
Compassed round with dangers;

Well might trouble sour that heart,
Care and sorrow laden;
But you showed a better part,
Patient little maiden.

Did the bitter cup you drank
Make you hate the nation
By whose wiles your people sank
Deep in degradation?
No! you looked on Naaman's face,
Loathsome and degrading,
Seeking to relieve his case;
Kindly little maiden.

To the king upon the throne,
Full of years and glory,
Was the prophet little known;
Well you knew the story.
He had power from heaven, you thought,
Leprosy to aid in;
To your mistress joy was brought,
Thoughtful little maiden.

Had Elisha failed to cure,
Or refused the trial,
Death your cruel doom was sure
For the seer's denial.
But the prophet's school you took
For a place God stayed in;
You had trust that never shook,
Faithful little maiden.

Neither was your faith in vain;
God is no deceiver;
Naaman washed is clean again,
He's a true believer.
To his land Elisha goes;
Precious souls he's paid in;
God alone their value knows,
Useful little maiden.

When the trump of God shall speak,
Earth to judgment citing,
Giving joy to all the meek,
Wicked ones affrighting;
When the books shall opened be,
Names can never fade in;
Let my page with yours agree,
Nameless little maiden.

THE AWARD OF HEAVEN.

In Presburg's halls of Hungary,
The magnates sit in state
To hear the cry of misery,
And justice vindicate.
A widow now they hear complain,
And claim their legal shield:
A citizen of wide domain
Has seized her only field.

But birth, the stern oppressor, sits
An honored member here.
Although but little love he gets,
He rules, alas! by fear.
He reads with bold, unbated breath
A parchment which maintains
That by the late incumbent's death
A yielded right he gains.

The forgery attention wins,
The court is silent long;
And when a weak debate begins,
Too many side with wrong.
The helpless widow wrings her hands,
And in the Savior's name,
The bold assumer she commands
By oath to back his claim.

With eye unquailed, yet spirit loath,
To heaven he lifts his hand
To take the soul-attainting oath,
And hold the widow's land.
Meanwhile the sun has hid his face,
A thunderbolt is sped,
And ends the heaven-provoking race
The wealthy lord had led.

And some affirm that on the storm,
You might have seen that day
The arch deceiver's hideous form,
Who came to claim his prey.

He drank a full and joyous cup,
He served the prince of air,
But little dreamed his time was up
When he arose to swear.

THE SHIPWRECK.

What though the winds in fury rave,
Towards home they drive along,
The ship in triumph rides the waves
And times the sailors' song.

But earthly joy so oft portends
The near approach of woe;
Upon a rock our vessel rends,
And drinks the tide below.

We read the skillful captain's face
Encouragement to gain;
But in his darkened brow we trace
The tokens of our bane.

At length a sound surmounts the gale
Which he can understand.
His tongue translates the welcome tale
Of succor from the land.

Although we could not see the coast,
And seemed to be forgot,
The watchman's spy-glass, from his post,
Was bended on the spot.

And while his active men were stirred
The life-boat to prepare,
The warning cannon gave the word
Which kept us from despair.

And yonder, 'midst the ocean's strife,
A speck at first appears;
But shortly, like a thing of life,
It answers to our cheers.

'Tis thus that, in the upper clime,
Our Lord beholds each grief,
And never fails in proper time
To send the sure relief.

But careful ears, attuned to heaven,
Alone can mark the sound;
Denoting prayer and answer given,
When painful fears abound.

ONE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

WRITTEN IN 1876.

While you joy in the glory your fathers have
known,
And exult in the last hundred years which have
flown,
Let me carry you back a thousand or more
To events that took place on the Emerald shore.
Oh, brave are the souls who the stout foe can
meet,
But glory to those who are strong in defeat.
The Danish invader exults in his sway,
He is fierce as the wolf that has tasted the prey.
The country is wasted, the churches profaned,
The hill and the valley with bloodshed are stained;
The warriors lie dead on the field where they fell,
And women and children are slaughtered as well.
A chieftain with three of his children are found;
The captors rejoice as the prisoners are bound,
For now may the long-sought-for spot be revealed,
Where coveted wealth of the church is concealed.
The father made signs that the sons must be slain,
Before to converse with the foes he would deign.
When the foemen agreed to the prisoner's behest,
The sons in his own native tongue he addressed:

“Boys, you soon shall dwell on high;
Say your prayers, for you must die.

Tender are your limbs of grain;
 Mine are strong to suffer pain.
 Calmly can I torture bear,
 When my grief you may not share.
 Well I know the hidden cell,
 Where the holy vessels dwell;
 Let them unpolluted lie,
 Till these impious times pass by.
 Shall these pagans take the cup
 Which the priest has lifted up?
 And with scoffing laugh and jeer,
 Quaff to Odin draughts of beer?
 Shall the silver font which gave
 To the Christian priest the wave,
 Hold the blood, which they to Thor
 Sprinkled on the wall and floor?
 God in vengeance soon shall come,
 These bad men shall meet their doom;
 Then a race of purer mind
 Shall these holy relics find.
 Boys, you soon shall dwell on high,
 Say your prayers, for you must die."

The ordeal is over, the sons are at rest;
 The father gives vent to the weight on his breast.

"Fools! to think that fear of torture,
 Could enforce your proud behest;
 Better is our early nurture,
 Firmer is the well-trained breast.

“Now I know that death can never
Terrify my faithful boys;
I have seen them stem the river;
They have won to endless joys.

“Little now of grief or horror,
Can your torture bring to me;
I have drained the cup of sorrow,
Bitter as the draught could be.”

As a beast that's enraged by the color of red,
The Danes to a furious madness are led;
When his heart is enlarged with the joys of the
blest,
And his face takes a glow from the thoughts of
his breast.

The death-dealing battle-ax flashes again,
And the bravest of Ulster's defenders are slain.
And now not a Christian survives who can tell
The terrible deed in the North that befell.
But the tale on the wings of the elements flew,
And sharpened the arrows of Brian Boroo.
When the brave Irish rallied their island to free,
And drive the invaders back into the sea,
The example of him who so fearlessly died,
The heart of the soldier with courage supplied;
And the breast of the women with pity would swell
At the thoughts of the children who piously fell.
While they cheered on their brothers to rush at
the Dane,
Or tended the wounded stretched out on the plain.

WELCOME TO THE WORLD.

Just arrived to see our land,
Doubly welcome, stranger!
Guileless face and open hand,
Show the honest ranger.
Willing steps your comfort seek,
Dancing to your measure,
Hearts before you deign to speak,
Guess at what's your pleasure.

Thus a happy world you see,
As at first you view it;
And a pleasure trip must be
All your journey through it.
Don't be so deceived, my boy!
Trouble is before you;
Pain and care will bring annoy,
Craven souls will bore you.

Neither be discouraged now
If I warn so gravely;
Storms themselves which beat the brow,
Nerve to meet them bravely.
Taking up life's honest load
With a patient spirit,
Gives a courage on the road
Sloth can ne'er inherit.

THE SCHOOL TEACHER.

To win the gift of God is grand,
And sweet to drink the blessing;
And glorious the cup to hand,
When eager lips are pressing;
To feed the young with precious lore
Affords the best incentive
To swell your intellectual store,
With eye and ear attentive.

But do not task the weary brain
Beyond the prudent measure;
The silver cord which bears the strain
Might snap with heavier pressure.
Although you gain scholastic wealth,
However much you love it,
Remember still that vigorous health
Assumes a rank above it.

The sparkling fountain's happy play,
The golden bowl, its token,
Would find their glory passed away,
If once the wheel were broken.
The cart-horse feels the urging whip,
And little it disturbs him;
The generous barb must feel the grip,
Upon the rein that curbs him.

Nor must we stop at learning's fount,
 However freely given,
But boldly climb blest Zion's mount.
 And taste the wine of heaven.
Then let the right hand reach above
 For heavenly cords to wreath it,
The left hand clinging still in love
 To feeble arms beneath it,
Convinced that if the steady glow
 Through all your nerves be thrilling,
The sympathetic hearts below
 Can never prove unwilling.

TEASING THE RAM.

In their mischief by the river
 See the boys torment the ram;
Like an arrow from the quiver,
 In the water he goes slam.

When the father finds them teasing,
 This, his highly-valued pet,
Then their shoulders get a greasing
 Which they will not soon forget.

Sabbath morn, the bell is tolling,
 And his lady goes to prayer;

In his fields, the farmer strolling,
Thinks himself the fun to share.

But his limbs are stiffer growing,
And they fail to make the dodge,—
Over head and shoulders going,
In the chilling flood they lodge.

Now the boys, down in the thicket,
Mark their father's boyish pranks;
Cheering buck, which still keeps picket,
On the steep and slippery banks.

When the ladies rail at scandal,
Round the social cup of tea;
When the preachers roughly handle
Faults of which they are not free;

When the politician racked is
With his rival party's crimes,
Which his own compeers can practise,
Unreproved a thousand times.

Then the farmer we're recalling,
With his fault-chastising stick,
In the muddy water sprawling,
Caught at his forbidden trick.

TO THE SWAN.

Your bold sons here tarry,
Your fair daughters marry,
O'er the broad lake they carry
Their clangor and din.

On the water now playing,
On the green shore now straying,
In the forest delaying
Till the tempest drives in.

NOTE.—I have often dreamed of making poetry, but these two verses are all I ever could recall when awake.

THE SPIRIT BY THE RIVER.

A sickly boy went out to skay
Down by the streamlet side,
And there before the close of day
A naiad he espied.
Its finger nails were tinted pearls,
Its eyes were melting brown;
The gold that glistened on its curls
Outshone Victoria's crown.

Its brow was sad, its garb was plain,
And kindly was its air,

Its tender looks relieved the pain
The patient had to bear.
And every evening's slanting beam
Drew forth the feeble feet,
That o'er the narrow, haunted stream
The fay his sight might greet.

Although it never crossed the brook,
A word it never said,
The kindly, sympathizing look
Relieved his aching head.

Through all that winter, sun or rain,
The maiden sought the place,
In longing hope to see again
The patient, wasting face.

She heard the boy had passed away
Beneath the cheering thought
That some indulgent woodland fay
A soothing spell had wrought.

She felt that this repaid her pain,
And answered every prayer,
And made her willing once again
A stranger's grief to share.

The Celtic speech he never knew,
Nor she the English tongue;
And yet there passed between these two
The thoughts from nature sprung.

THE PORTUGUESE WOMAN.

(MET IN CANADA IN 1854.)

When by the Frenchman's cruel hand
My father's blood was shed,
The English came to save our land,
And I a soldier wed.

I followed him across the sea,
When he was called away,
But death relentless took from me
My only hope and stay.

In this dark forest then shut up,
With daily toil my share,
I vainly thought the poisoned cup
Would give me strength to bear;

Till drunken folly often nursed
Such bitterness and scorn,
As weighed me down until I cursed
The day that I was born.

But now I've heard the happy news
That Christ will pardon sin;
And if my native speech I use,
My words will hearing win.

I'm weary, *weary* of the way
Which fifty years I've trod;

My body's longing for the clay -
My soul for rest with God.

I am not worthy to appear
In Heaven's golden halls;
But, oh! that I might linger near
Those blessed peaceful walls,

To catch the praise that grandly trills,
And sometimes join the song,
And smell the gales from Bether's hills,
Which softly float along.

Let grace direct affliction sharp,
My appetite to slay;
And tune my spirit to the harp
Of everlasting life.

MISCONSTRUCTION.

The balmy winds my curtain swayed
Like babe in cradle rocked;
To dreamland was I thus conveyed
When sleep my senses locked.

Among the lands I traveled through,
And wonders which befell,
A bantam rooster caught my view;
His tale is all I tell.

His floating plumes were rich in hue,
Like diamonds were his eyes;
His voice said "Cock-a-doodle-doo,"
Which means, "'Tis time to rise."

The Brahmas on the feeding ground,
Had food enough to eat,
Yet pecked away, till holes they found
In bags of hoarded wheat.

The turkeys whispered, "What a stain
The bantam's slander leaves!
Just listen how he cries amain,
'The Brahmas all are thieves!'"

The Brahmas rushed upon the bird,
And chased him all around;
His crimson comb was badly spurred,
His blood bedewed the ground.

I heard the goats and cattle, too,
Exclaim in just surprise,
He says but "Cock-a-doodle-doo,"
Which means, "'Tis time to rise."

Until a fine-wooled sheep came by
And bleated, "I declare,
He says as loud as he can cry,
'Your wool is only hair!'"

The goats were moved with such a strife
To keep their honor free;

The rooster barely saved his life
By lighting on a tree.

The bantam left the hennerly
And sought the turkey-yard;
A week from all annoyance free
To him was happy-starred.

And every morning's dawning skies
Were gladdened by his voice;
"A doodle doo, 'tis time to rise;
Wake mortals and rejoice."

Until the Brahmas muttered low
In one old gobbler's ear,
"He says the turkeys cannot crow;
He screams it far and near."

He told the turkey hens at night,
And anger flushed their head,
To think their husband met a slight
From one their bounty fed.

They chased him down into the copse,
Where skunks and foxes play;
While wheat and barley filled their crops,
He fasted all the day.

But when he made the forest ring
With his insulting crow,
They sent a message to their king
The outlaw's spite to show.

The owner came the cause to try;
He found his sacks of seed
Were almost half devoured by
The Brahmas' thievish greed.

He found the turkeys did not pay;
The goats were worse in case;
And so he sent them both away
And others took their place.

Now every poet praises sings
To Cock-a-doodle-doo,
Convinced it means a thousand things
The bantam never knew.

NOTE:—I am not good at reading dreams, but I suppose the rooster was an editor.

THE GIANT BEAR.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

A squaw observed the usual fast
Her faith required when childhood's passed,
And dreamed her sons should do a deed
To bless her race in time of need.
From year to year her beauty grew,
Till famous chieftains came to woo.

She passed them by, with prudent eyes,
And chose a husband poor and wise.
Her sons grew up with lofty aim
To seek the path of worth and fame.

Across the desert on the hill
The *bear gigantic* wrought his will.
To rob him of his chain of gold
Would save mankind of grief untold.
With hopeful joy, yet painful doubt,
The brothers three at length set out.
The mother saw along the plain
The bones of those the bear had slain;
It filled her breast with speechless woe,
And yet she bravely bade them go.
A hermit feeds them on the way,
But bids them turn while yet they may.
A second hermit gave them food,
But said his life the forfeit stood.
They found another holy man
Whose wisdom furnished them a plan.
He said the monster, now asleep,
Must shortly wake and vigil keep;
And they must haste to win the prize
Before his season came to rise.

With beating heart they near the hill;
The bloody tyrant lies not still.
His gritting teeth and puffing breath
Betray his dreams of blood and death.

The brothers stand in sad amaze,
And time is precious while they gaze.
Each tries the necklace to unlock,
But winding wards their efforts mock.
So shifting round the pearls with dread,
They slip the collar o'er his head.
Rejoicing in the treasure won,
With flying feet the brothers run.

By slow degrees the giant wakes,
His lazy form he stiffly shakes,
And when his necklace is not found,
His growling shakes the very ground.
He snuffs the air, he marks their flight,
He gives them chase with growing might.
With panting lungs and vigor spent,
They seek the nearest hermit's tent.
He looks at first with frightened eyes,
Then fondly gazes on the prize,
Saying, "Speed alone the prize secures;
Escape in haste, *my life for yours!*"

With freshened hope the brothers fly;
They hear the hermit's dying cry.
Not long delayed, the bear pursues,
For blood his appetite renews.
A second hermit gave his life,—
The beast seemed stronger for the strife.
But when the third old hermit fell
The fierce destroyer died as well.

The seeming vigor which he caught,
A self-consuming flame had brought.

The pearls and diamonds thus obtained
Were charms by which good order reigned;
The desert, when the bear was dead,
Its cheering bounty freely shed.
And youths, by high example taught,
For common weal with vigor wrought.

THE SPIRIT OF WAR.

A terrible monster has ravaged the world,
And given fair cities to fate.
When his poisonous banner is only unfurled,
The air is polluted with hate.

He breathes, and the father's estranged from the
son,
The husband is hurried away;
He speaks and the terrible conflict's begun,
Which gives the hyena his prey.

How oft, when the father the raven has fed,
And the mother has sunk in her prime,
The children are doomed to a slave's bitter bread,
And sold in a far distant clime.

The fiend was excited when Jesus appeared,
The infants to slaughter he gave;
His weapon the crucified Saviour speared,
His soldiers surrounded the grave.

Against the Redeemer of Life to take part
Determined his own fatal day;
He still walks the earth, but disease at his heart
Is gnawing his vitals away.

Oh! blessed the day when the monster shall fall;
His carcass shall fatten the plain;
And plenty shall visit both cottage and hall,
Where his shadow brought hunger and pain.

THE CHEERFUL COTTAGE.

While wandering through the lonely West,
Till man and beast were weary,
I found a soothing spot of rest,
Which female hands made cheery.
A fasting ride of twenty miles
Made every dish a dainty;
And then where cordial welcome smiles
A crust can serve for plenty.

Her table-cloth might snow surpass,
The bread was almost whiter,
The butter smelled of fragrant grass,
No gold was ever brighter.
Her notes in softest accents fell,
The ear with rapture filling,
As ancient songs, with skillful swell,
Upon her tongue were trilling.

The rustic bed allured to sleep,
Dispersing care and cumber,
Till dreams of friends beyond the deep
Made paradise of slumber.
Next morn when passing o'er the plain,
Or threading through the valley,
Or watching geese, a noisy train,
From out the marshes sally,

I mused upon that pleasant spot
That graced the western prairies,
And many a tale to mind it brought
Of cave-adorning fairies.
Let magic halls the fancy stir
With all the fire of Byron;
A simple housewife I prefer
To mermaid, fay or siren.

THE VALIANT SCOLDERS.

The fierce, bloody Danes
Are approaching Belfast;
The fiery cross
Through the hamlets is passed;
But the clans are collecting
With trembling and fear,
For the foemen in number
Resistless appear.

But Bridget O'Guth
Comes down to the strand;
One thousand loud scolders
Obey her command.
With a language in blackest
Of epithets rich;
With an utterance keyed
To an ear-splitting pitch,

They speak to the foemen,
Who always had known
But the voice of a slave
In a woman's meek tone.
They knew not a word
Which the bold women said;
'Twas the tone and the gesture
Excited their dread.

Then Bridget advanced;
To complete their disgrace,
A dish-rag she slapped
In the general's face.
With a shudder of horror,
A curse and a skip,
The frightened commander
Took heels for the ship.

His followers trembled,
And crowded around;
In the press of embarking,
Five hundred were drowned.
The survivors are safe
On the ocean at length,
The foam of their rowing
Speaks well for their strength.

When the shriek of the heron
Or sea-mew is heard,
They're sure it is Bridget
Turned into a bird.
They look not to England,
But forward they flee,
The Orkneys are doubled,
They win the North Sea.

They make no delaying
Till Denmark is won,
And there, till the present,
Their story does run

Of the horrible island
Where petticoats reign,
And witches are guarding
The frightful domain.

ISSACHAR.

(Read at Father Doughty's donation, when he had received no appointments, and still was preaching of his own accord.)

Old Issachar, the bolder,
As flinty was the road,
Bowed down a willing shoulder,
And took the heavy load.
He kept before his vision
The pleasant land of rest;
Obedient to his mission,
He slowly onward pressed.

The same grand object viewing,
Brave Gideon pushed the foe;
Though faint, yet still pursuing,
He struck the final blow.
The Greek, his right hand losing,
Fought stoutly with the left;
Anon, his teeth he's using
When both his wrists are cleft.

And here's a good example
For us to follow out:
On lower views to trample,
And never turn about.
Respected friend and brother,
Whose hearth we warm to-night,
Be you still found another
Unflinching for the right.

What though some travel faster,
And lightly pass you by;
What though an earthly master
May turn you out to die,
Still on, with patient spirit,
And seek not here for rest,
Content if you inherit
Among the ever blest.

THE POET'S SECOND SIGHT.

A rooster so daring
Is all I behold:
His wattles are flaring,
His feathers are gold,
So proud is his carriage,
Defiant his voice;
He's dressed up for marriage,
You bid him rejoice,

An exquisite dandy
Next crosses the fence,
And words he can bandy,
Say nothing of sense.
The fop and the fowl
Seem alike to the view;
But the man is a bogus—
The rooster is true.

An honest old matron
Is next on the coast;
If beauty's the pattern,
She never can boast;
But the sick and the needy
Acknowledge her power;
With hand ever ready,
She's prompt at the hour.

A lady of fashion
Next breaks on my sight;
So gay and so dashing,
She gives you delight.
Yet, straining my vision
Her value to know,
The painful decision
A cipher must show.

And now with commotion
They come in a crowd,
From forest and ocean,
From valley and cloud;

The world is around me,
Its story is told;
Past ages have found me
Its diamonds and gold.

And life with its changes
From childhood to age,
The picture arranges
On one glowing page.
The bliss I thought purest
Discovers a sting,
The joy I thought surest
Was first to take wing.

The burdens I shrank from
Were easy to bear;
The losses I sank from,
But lightened my care.
So lace up your shoes then,
And strap on your pack,
'Tis folly refusing
To travel the track.

Take life as a play-day, 'tis heavy and long;
For toil are you ready? It goes with a song.
If joy in her glamor recedes from your chase,
By turning you shame her to follow your pace.

THE MEEK CHRISTIAN.

IN MEMORY OF MR. A. MAGILL.

He was earnest, calm, and steady,
The upright to pursue;
With a hand for duty ready,
With a heart that loved the true;
His communion was with heaven,
And his kindness shown to men,
That the gentle influence given
Might be measured out again.

Seeking weal for those around him,
Still forgetful of his own;
Yet a lot quite pleasant found him,
Such as few have ever known.

If the name he left behind him
Be not famous in the earth,
Yet its fragrance long will bind him
To the few who knew his worth.

While the record is before him
Which he always valued most,
And the white stone will restore him
To the Eden Adam lost,

Why contend for wealth and glory
With such bitterness of strife,
When the prize is set before ye
In the humblest walk of life?

TO MARY.

(Mary, in the New Testament, is the same as Miriam in the Old.)

Your namesake by the river stood,
With hope and fear at strife,
But Providence at length was good
And saved her brother's life.

But God a gladder triumph sent
Beside the Arab sea,
When Pharaoh to the bottom went,
And Israel journeyed free.

The baby in the floods of Nile
No greater peril ran
Than she who courts the devil's wile,
Or trusts a wicked man.

But she who wins the pearly gate
A gladder day shall know
Than Miriam's when she sang the fate
Of Israel's deadly foe.

TO MARGARET.

Your name, dear Maggie, is defined
A pearl, that tinted stone,
To grace a monarch's crown designed,
And not to swine be thrown.

Though fortune brought you wealth and fame,
Increasing every day,
If worldly pleasure be your aim,
The pearl is cast away.

Whereas, if in a lowly lot
You serve the King of kings,
Your merits will not be forgot
When he his jewels brings.

MY NATIVE LAND, GOOD NIGHT!;

(Ireland revisited after an absence of forty years.)

More favored than Babylon's prophet,
I've traversed the land of my birth.
The isle where my forefathers worshiped
To me is the pleasant of earth.

Farewell, my old friends, and some new ones,
I hasten across the salt sea;
But the thoughts of your sayings and doings,
Like song-birds, shall travel with me.

By day they will hover and cheer me
When labor is heavy and long,
At night they will still linger near me,
And lull me asleep with a song.

Beyond the abrupt Alleghenies,
Where sparkling cataracts play,
To hamlets which dot the green valleys
My duty commands me away.

Though rich be the verdure of Erin,
Though fragrant be Scotia's perfume,
More blessed is the land He'll appear in
Who opened a way from the tomb.

Would God that I only might win it!
At the end of a wearisome day,
And welcome the citizens in it
Who lightened my load on the way.

AT SEA.

(Written on board the *Ismailia*, in June, 1871. Two years afterwards
the ship was lost with all on board.)

How grand to be upon the sea,
Far from the dusty town,
While mountains stretch beneath our feet,
A thousand fathoms down,
Whose sparkling gems could well compete
With any monarch's crown.

Our good ship glides, and from her sides
She sends the boiling spray;
She spreads her sails when favoring gales

Across the billows play.
Anon with folded wings she goes
Careering on her way.

Yon fishy school the waters cool
Are lashing in the deep,
And with our ship in easy course
Their merry race they keep,
And, leaping up, remind us of
A flock of wanton sheep.

Ha! see yon whale, by whose broad tail
The briny wave is flung,
While fondly in her flexile fin
She holds her cherished young;
Her pitying eye,* in years gone by,
The weeping prophet sung.

While to her breast the babe is pressed,
She coquets with her mate,
Who, on the surface of the deep,
Reclines himself in state;
How rich the main which can sustain
Such creatures, small and great!

Ah, me! she makes me think of one,
Alas! so far away,
Who for her husband on the deep,
And children at their play,
With busy fingers plies the thread
And needle all the day.

*Lam.—The sea monsters draw out their breasts; they give suck to their young.

Her thoughts are sometimes on her work,
And sometimes on her boys;
But most the dangers of the deep
Her restless mind employs;
In dreams she sees a safe return
Renew her early joys.

The billows dance, and in their glance
Reflect the setting sun,
And all along the rolling cloud,
The changing colors run;
The rainbow tints in shifting globes
Are pictured one by one.

The sea is deep where riches sleep
In many a glittering field;
But in the restless human soul
Is greater wealth concealed,
Which only by the glance of God
Can ever be revealed.

A CHRISTMAS ADDRESS.

(ON THE RETURN VOYAGE.)

Ladies, you are homeward bound,
Take my cordial greeting;
May your friends in health be found,—
Happy be the meeting.

Rapid months shall o'er us roll
Faster than we're going,
And another Christmas bowl
Shortly will be flowing.

But we'll never meet again
On the stormy ocean,
While the planets all maintain
Their perpetual motion.

Some of us will hasten west,
Some will southward sally,
All of us shall shortly rest
In the silent valley.

But where'er my lot be cast,
Be it sad or pleasant,
I'll remember to the last
This your Christmas present.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

O, captain, captain, take me back
Across the stormy sea;
My husband has another bride,
And dreads the sight of me.

“O, dark-browed child of Africa
Pursue your faithless spouse.
Impartial is the British law,
Its vengeful ire arouse.

“On equal terms the dark and fair
At its tribunal stand;
And he the ball and chain shall wear
In drear Van Dieman’s land.”

I’ve hailed the coming of his feet,
To wash them I was fain,
And God forbid that they should meet
For me the galling chain.

I’ve lit for him the evening fire,—
His presence graced it well;
And far from me the stern desire
To lock him in a cell.

My swelling heart is full of woe,
But vengeance seek I not;
Another woman’s hopes laid low
Would fail to ease my lot.

“O woman, generous is your heart,
By kind emotion swayed,
But justice asks its honest part,
That guilt may be afraid.”

O, captain, mine was half the sin;
On me the grief abide;
For I forgot my humble kin,
And drank the white man’s pride.

“O, child of heaven, journey free
Whene’re my vessel sails;

Your prayers will be sufficient fee,
And give us happy gales."

Nay, gentle captain, give me leave
To work upon the main;
'Tis toil alone that can relieve
My heart-devouring pain.

THE SONG OF ST. ANTONY'S FALLS.

WRITTEN AT MINNEAPOLIS, 1878.

Two hundred years their course had rolled
Since first the Frenchman came;
In honor of a hermit old,
He gave to me a name.
A saint the people call me still,
Although I never pray,
But work my sovereign Maker's will
In my peculiar way.

For centuries incessantly—
No mortal knows how long—
I've danced my never-ending glee
And sung my boisterous song;
Till Yankee's came with scheming heads,
And bands around me threw,
A floor beneath my feet they spread
And walls around me drew.

The unicorn less stout than I
To labor never bowed;
But though a giant free and high,
I never will be proud.
Two hundred runs of stones I play,
And hungry tribes are fed,
A thousand vessels bear away
To foreign lands my bread.

And still I step the merry dance,
The joyous lay I sing,
I've only dropped the war-horse prance,
And learned the Highland fling;
Or if perchance the teeming clouds
Add mettle to my heels,
I change the scene, and please the crowds
By running Irish reels.

My cousin Minnehaha sports
A robe of pointed lace,
And constant observation courts
By every witching grace;
Her hands with work she will not spoil;
She wins admiring gaze,
While daily I for others toil,
And go my joyful ways

A CHARGE TO THE BRIDE.

A lord I give to you this day,
 To guide, to counsel, yet obey;
 You've won his love in robes of snow,
 In youth's gay bloom, and beauty's glow;
 You'll hold him in your russet gown,
 With brow of care, and hands of brown.
 For yesterday he was a child,
 With trifles pleased, by show beguiled;
 To-morrow he will be a man,
 With wants to meet, with schemes to plan;
 And yet such toil has more of joy
 Than admiration shown a toy.
 His work is to the world displayed;
 'Tis yours to labor in the shade.
 But lightly let such feeling move,
 If conscience and your God approve.

TO THE BRIDEGROOM.

With care passing mention
 The bride you have secured;
 By life-long attention
 The heart is insured.

To hold her affection
 May call for your care;
 The happy reaction
 Your pains shall repair.

The oak in its beauty,
That graces the plain
Depends on the duty
Of sunshine and rain.

So henceforth, believe it,
Your sorrow receives,
As balm to relieve it,
Her dew on your leaves.

The world may assail you
With envy and spite,
While she does not fail you
Your comfort is right.

But once let the cherishing
Influence fail,
The boughs, slowly perishing,
Whisper the tale.

Of man's mental power,
To woman denied,
The fruit and the flower
Her tact must provide.

A DREAM.

Last night my little boy, I thought,
My hand did fondly hold,
As with attentive ear he caught
The story that I told.

I woke; my breast was rudely shocked
To find the change so great,
Since death his little limbs had locked
Within the icy gate.

The dove against the prison grate
With foolish effort flies;
As foolish we, to strive with fate
That robs our longing eyes.

But oh! there comes a greater King,
Who once grim death did worst;
And He the potent keys will bring,
And He the chains will burst;
A gladder song will angels sing,
Than when He came at first.

PICNIC ADDRESS.

Spoken by a boy of twelve, his teacher in the chair.

Young gentlemen and ladies,
Your attention I request;
I am very poor at speeches,
But I'll do my level best.
My name is John, the black man,
I am of a yellow hue;
I am an abolitionist;
Miss chairman, what are you?

I wish that old Jeff Davis
Were beyond the western sea;
I wish the northern copperheads
Were farther still than he.
I wish young Maximilian
In the corn field with a hoe,
Instead of playing emperor
To ruined Mexico.

If I had a thousand dollars,
(But I only have ten cents,)
I would use perhaps—two shillings,
Buying candy for you, gents.
I would give a hundred dollars
To relieve the soldiers' need;
I would give another hundred
The contrabands to feed.

But now, my fellow scholars,
An idea strikes my view;
We cannot raise the money,
But there's something we can do.
We can brace our minds to study
And improve our time in school,
We can store up golden knowledge,
While others act the fool.

We can grow up men and women,
With constitutions stout;
If we have but little money,
We can learn to do without.

WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER.

You are welcome, little stranger,
To your newly-chosen home;
A feeble, simple ranger,
To a noisy world you're come,—
 A dreary world,
 A weary world,
A world of strife and guile;
 A freezing world,
 A teasing world;
You'll weep before you smile.

You are welcome, little pilgrim,
Are you ready for the way?
Those tender feet must bear you
 Many a long and sultry day,—
 A ragged path,
 A scragged path,
Is measured out for you;
 A lowering path,
 A showering path,
Where resting spots are few.

Still you're welcome, little rover,
To our world of strife and woe,
For when its toil is over
 To a better you may go,—
 A painless world,
 A sinless world.
Where death is all unknown;

A blissful world,
A peaceful world,
Where glory reigns alone.

FOR THE SILVER WEDDING.

'Tis five and twenty summers now;
Two apples graced one tree;
The one that bent the topmost bough,
The owner gave to me.

He gave with willing heart and hand,
No grudging he confessed;
I was too young to understand
The burden of his breast.

I'll take my pen and thoughts I'll seek,
The happiest I can trace,
Which to his aged heart can speak,
And light his careworn face,

That he may know the toils of years
His eldest born to train,
Whatever might have been his fears,
Was never spent in vain.

She's doubled all the joys I've known,
And lightened half my cares,
The seed his patient hand had sown
This precious harvest bears.

The meed of thanks he wins at last,
When bending to the grave,
He'll take as bread on waters cast,
Brought back to him who gave.

THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

(THIS TOOK PLACE IN KANSAS NINE YEARS AGO.)

“Our children's lives I pray thee spare,
Thy saving grace to know,
And let the riches won with care,
And every comfort, go.”

So prayed the mother, and returned
With hasty, trembling feet,
To find the fever which had burned
Abating of its heat.

But ruin, like a threatening rain,
On their horizon lay;
And wealth, which only years could gain,
A moment swept away.

With thankful hearts they bowed the head,
To patient toil they went;
And pleasant was their frugal bread
Till Heaven plenty sent.

So they who barter worldly bliss
To purchase heavenly love,
May find abundant joy in this,
As well as life above.

THE FEMALE INEBRIATE.

(She died in Philadelphia, of cholera, in 1832.)

O Anne, what flashes in your eye?
What's working on your fevered brow?
You will go crazy by and by;
I hope you've not been drinking now.

“My head is crazed, my heart does ache;
Of gin I tasted none to-day;
But Jimmy passed, without mistake,
I saw him there across the way.”

O Anne, you might forget, I think,
The husband who deserted you;
‘Twas he who taught you first to drink,
Yet pardons not the fault you rue.

When in the hospital he lay,
You tended him with tender care,
When health returned he turned away,
Regardless of your wild despair.

“O Mary, when his form I see,
Those bitter things forsake my mind;
And thoughts come crowding back to me
Of happy days when he was kind.”

“Oh! luckless, luckless was the hour
That I began to taste the gin,
To draw me into Satan’s power,
And stain my deadened heart with sin.

“And cursed, cursed, let him be,
Who cunningly observed the time,
To rob my soul of purity,
By that detested, bitter crime.

“Oh let a curse light on his head,
And through his body let it flow,
And on his soul its vengeance shed,
Till he experience half my woe.”

O Anne, wishing others pain
Will never mitigate your grief.

“Then, Mary, let me drink again,
And find a moment of relief.”

