

Excelsior



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BRANSFIELD'S POEMS. (Continued.)

The following poem is supposed to have been written in Boston by Rory to his cousin Neil. It was published in the *Casket* of May 1st, 1899. We take much pleasure in inserting it in this issue of EXCELSIOR.

A LETTER FROM RORY TO HIS COUSIN NEIL.

Dear Neil; excuse so late a letter,
(Perhaps the next time I'll do better)
But since I came here little leisure
Had I to feel the present pleasure,
Besides this, I was burning mad
For och! a fearful time we had
Between St. John and Portland, Maine,
(Forgive me if I write profane)
I underwent so fierce a shaking
That every limb I have is aching.
What complicated matters further
When we had nearly reached the border
A keen old chap who's paid by State
To stand, as did at Eden's gate
The angel with the fiery brand,
To keep all beggars from the land,
Accosted me with calm intrusion,
Administering questions in profusion.
I guessed at once he was a spy.