

THE VENGEANCE

NOEL BRASSARD. Say, rather, one
Who had looked horror in the face,
And the bleak goblin had undone
The latches of his soul. Yet trace
Of hunter's skill to scheme and plan

WAS left,—the mind to hunt and hound
His persecutors from the land.
A frenzy at the very sound
Of English names would twitch his hand
To let the flintlock's hammer fall.