

POETRY.

THE HAUNTED GLEN.

'T WAS on a summer's evening,  
 Just darkening was the sky,  
 That through Glen Tanar homeward rode  
 My little steed and I.

Around us stretched the moorland  
 In many a purple fold ;  
 Before us rushed a sparkling burn,  
 All bubbling, white, and cold.

The scene was such as would right well  
 The artist's brush repay ;  
 The glen was wild and picturesque,  
 On all sides beauty lay.

Anon, as I was musing  
 Upon the good in store  
 For hungry man and hungry beast,  
 Who soon should fast no more,

My little steed pricked up his ears,  
 And, as he roughly shied,  
 I, waking from my hungry trance,  
 His cause for fear espied.

Across the burn were passing  
 A herd of fine red deer ;  
 In countless numbers on they passed  
 Over the waters clear.

With wondering eye I watched them,  
 Much puzzled when I found  
 That as they crossed the rushing burn  
 They made no splashing sound.

In perfect silence on they passed,  
 In never-ending stream ;  
 So strange a thing it seemed to me,  
 Methought it was a dream.

At length I called them loudly,  
 But never turned they round.  
 I called again ; they showed no sign  
 That they had heard the sound.

I looked again ; their number  
 Seemed never to decrease ;  
 It was the gloaming, and I wished  
 Their silent march would cease.

The sight was unaccountable ;  
 It made my flesh to creep,  
 And in the lonely glen I felt  
 I could no longer keep.

So while the herd still streamed across  
 The merry, laughing burn,  
 I spurred my gallant little steed  
 And made him homeward turn.

Arrived at home I kept my tale  
 A secret in my breast,  
 For fear lest I a laughing-stock  
 Should be to all the rest.

But much I pondered thereupon,  
 Yet could not make it clear,  
 Nor understand whence came that herd  
 Of never-ending deer.

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'Twas sometime after that I rode  
 Once more in Tanar Glen ;  
 A friend was riding by my side,  
 The moon rose o'er the fen.

"Know you that 'tis the 'Haunted Glen'  
 Through which we ride to-night ?"  
 The question greatly startled me,  
 Heard in the still moonlight.

"I knew it not, my friend," I said,  
 "Yet I could tell a tale  
 Of what with mine own eyes I've seen  
 In this same Tanar vale.

"But tell me what the spirits are  
 Which here are wont to roam ?  
 Unless so weird 'twill make us wish  
 We both were safe at home !"

"It is no tale of horror,"  
 With smile my friend replied ;  
 "The ghosts of all the red deer killed  
 Upon this mountain side

"Are said to haunt this lonely glen,  
 And often have been seen,  
 Though not by me, by those I know ;  
 True is the tale I ween."

Now much I marvelled at the news,  
 And marvelled, too, my friend,  
 When I described the herd I'd seen  
 Of red deer without end.

We looked across the little burn ;  
 No deer were then in sight ;  
 Perhaps their spirits stay at home  
 When the moon shines so bright.

But some day in the gloaming  
 We'll through Glen Tanar ride,  
 Once more to see the spirits  
 Of all the deer who've died

A death of pain and terror  
 By hand of cruel man.  
 My tale is true ; like me, my friends,  
 Make of it what you can.