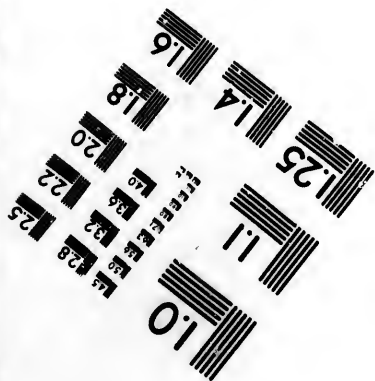
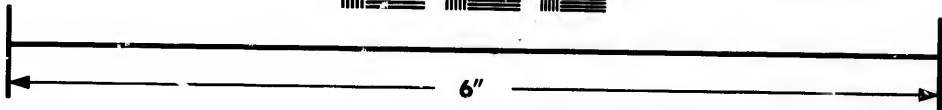
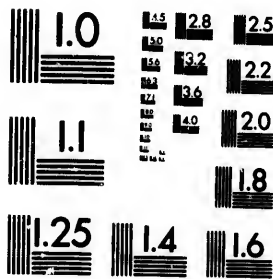


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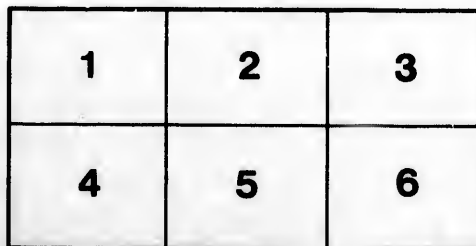
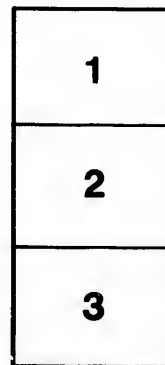
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Mackey, Angus

DONALD MORRISON

ERRATA.

Page 54, verse 2, line 3—For "Gesus" read "Jesus."

Page 57, 60th line—For "movod" read "moved."

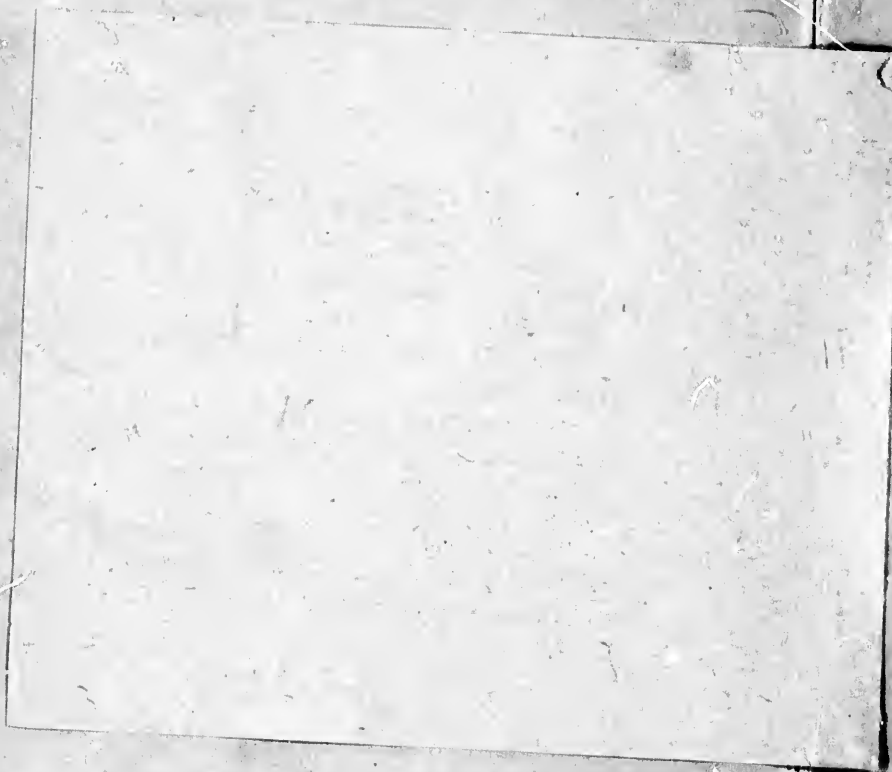
Page 105, verse 3, line 3—For "Compton's hills," read "Compton's woods."

Page 106, verse 2, line 1—For "quickly" read "quietly."

Page 116, verse 3, line 5—For "through all them months of trial," read "through all those months of trial."

By OSCAR DHU.

*Charles for
"black"*



J. D. Logem

A. 819.1

~~D 53d~~

Mackay, Angus

DONALD MORRISON,

The Canadian Outlaw;

A TALE OF

The Scottish Pioneers.

APPROPRIATELY ILLUSTRATED.

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

BY OSCAR DHU.

*Charles for
Black*

1892.

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PREFACE.

UPWARDS of three years have passed since Donald Morrison, the Canadian outlaw, was imprisoned in St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary for the slaying of "Jack" Warren, at Megantic, in 1888. That it was justifiable homicide, no unprejudiced person, conversant with the evidence adduced at the trial, will deny. And the almost universal sympathy expressed for the accused before and after said trial, will attest to the truth of our statement.

It was, therefore, not strange that a general feeling of disgust and indignation was experienced when it became known that the outlawed Scotchman had been sentenced to 18 years of penal servitude ! And why ? Simply because he had a sufficient regard for the "first law of Nature" to defend his life against the unscrupulous alien who had sworn to shoot him on sight !

In proportion, however, as Morrison's troubles accumulated, popular sympathy also

increased, until it became mooted that a monster petition be presented to the proper authorities for a commutation of the severe sentence imposed. But months passed, and good resolutions never matured. Fearful, therefore, lest Time, the healer of all wounds, should allay the sympathy so strongly entertained for Morrison—whom we deem a worthy object for judicial clemency—we offer this little volume to the public in the earnest hope that it may assist the laudable efforts of those who are endeavoring to secure the release of one of earth's wronged. In a former "Life of Morrison," a work as absurd as it is untruthful, an attempt was made to stigmatize the religious principles of the Highlanders. Had the authors of the book in question taken the pains to visit the cottages of the lowly, instead of the—perhaps more congenial—liquor resort of a frontier town, they would have discovered beneath the homespun a religion as sincere as it is unostentatious, and as grand as it is simple; and we would have found it unnecessary to vindicate a temperate, God-fearing community. The wrongs which drove Donald Morrison to the verge of despair, the fruitless attempts to arrest him on suspicion of having burned his lost home; the worthless character

of the late Warren ; his tragic death ; and subsequently, Morrison's marvellous success in eluding the motley army of pursuers ; and, finally, the outlaw's betrayal and cowardly capture, are all introduced as central figures in the following tale. We sincerely disclaim any hostile motives in dealing with the persons accused of conniving at Donald's ruin. We can only express our regret that they should have allowed themselves to be drawn into transactions which ended so disastrously for all concerned ; and earnestly hope that the lesson taught will not soon be forgotten.

The orthography of the Gaelic words in the present work may be defective from a literary standpoint, as I have followed the style of the late Josh Billings, rather than the correct one. Complaints had been made previous to Morrison's capture regarding the assistance afforded him during his wanderings in the Compton wilds. The complaints emanated from thwarted speculators, who, while thirsting for the coveted "reward," still lacked the courage to brave the Scottish youth in his native haunts. From the same source also emanated the story of Morrison's ferocious and bloodthirsty instincts ! a calumny as false and malicious as it was unmerited. The rabid faultfinders could

little realise the nature of the hospitality so characteristic of the Highlanders---a hospitality that could turn no one whose needs were urgent from the door. Much less could their mercenary natures understand how the poor Scottish farmer could resist the power of the reward so temptingly displayed. "Come, Scotty, reveal Donald's whereabouts, and receive 3,000 mighty dollars!" God forbid! Aye, all honor to the people whom no threats could intimidate, or bribes corrupt! We commend this humble effort to the stream of public opinion, and while craving indulgence for our own imperfections, we bespeak the sympathy of all lovers of justice and humanity for the bereft maiden weeping in her loneliness, and for the ill-fated Donald Morrison, who is buried with the cherished hopes of years in the rayless gloom of St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary.

THE AUTHOR.



DONALD MORRISON.



Donald Morrison,

THE CANADIAN OUTLAW.

—:0:—

A TALE OF THE SCOTTISH PIONEERS.

—:0:—

CHAPTER I.

The Scots Pioneers of Compton.

“In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome, from the heath-covered mountains of Scotia they come.”—AYTOUN.

In humble language, unadorned,
I'll sing of what befell
A brave young Scottish Highlander—
The country knows him well.
Nipped by misfortune's bitter frost
In manhood's early prime,
Can Morrison from henceforth shun
The shadow of a crime.

The doubt—for doubt there surely is—
Will stand as now it stands,
Until eternity unseals
The book not made with hands ;
Meanwhile, let not presumption now
Our clemency deride :
If err we must, 'twill be, I trust,
On gentle Mercy's side.

The story of this Scottish youth
Is filled with tragic woe ;
The wrongs that drove him to St. Paul
'Tis right that all should know ;
No desperado steeped in deeds
Of violence was he ;
An honest Scot, he stoutly fought
For home and liberty.

Vindictive stories, glibly told,
Regarding Don's career,
Were caught by slander's poisoned tongue
And whispered far and near.
In justice, therefore, to the lad,
Whom vengeful darts assail,
We now would fain, in simple strain,
Relate his mournful tale.

Descended from a hardy race,
Whom all the world admires,
Young Donald had the manly traits
Possessed by manly sires.
These peaceful Highland fishermen
Were pure as Scotia's clime,
The caller air of Lewis ne'er
Did nourish seeds of crime.

But the striped prince of Bengal
Is not fiercer in his mood
At bay in native jungles
In defence of home and brood,
Than are these sturdy Highlanders
When wronged by lurking foes—
Through love of home like this did come
The cause of Donald's woes.

This little group of heath clad isles
In Scotland of the north,
Hath sent to every country
Hardy men of moral worth.
Alas, for poor old Scotia
That she *canna* keep her ain!
And never will, 'tis true, until
She breaks oppression's chain.

The galling yoke of bitter wrongs
Hath weighed her people down ;
A vicious system bids them quake
Beneath a tyrants' frown—
Ah ! England, you can ill afford
To banish sons of sires
Who fell for you at Waterloo
Beneath Napoleon's fires.

When British armies fought and bled
Along the banks of Nile,
Their ranks were filled with soldiers
From each little heath clad isle.
And e'er as duty called them forth
To fight in foreign lands,
They firmly stood and shed their blood
At Britain's proud commands.

The awful siege of Lucknow
Is a witness to their worth ;
And Mida felt the prowess of
These heroes from the north.
The glorious heights of Alma
Will attest to their renown,
And herald forth their warrior worth
To Britain's glorious crown.

Sebastopol will also speak
In praise of Scottish arms,
The Russians wavered when they met,
And fled like flies in swarms.
And recent Tel-el-Kebir,
What a lesson it instils !
The boy that led them all was bred
On Scotland's rugged hills !

Alas, for Britain's recompense,
She honors but the dead,
Who sleep 'neath costly monuments
While children cry for bread !
The *living* Scot, less fortunate,
Returns from war to hear
The awful doom, " No room, no room !"
But for the gentry's deer !

Prepare ye, then, to leave your homes,
Your happy homes behind !
Go forth ! to lands unknown, untried,
A dwelling place to find.
The wealthy tyrant scorns your tears—
Then why dejected grieve ?
No room is here for man and deer—
The man must therefore leave !

The god of greed encroacheth on
Each Cottar's humble lease,
To pander to the pleasure of
The titled lord of ease.
The land by right belonging to
The hardy sons of toil,
Is torn away that deer may stray
Upon its choicest soil.

The Lewis Crofter's troubles grew
With Matheson's regime ;
The titled tyrant found the isle
Too small for him and them.
Supreme as Julius Cæsar's came
The landlord's harsh decree,
That drove brave men from hill and glen
To cross the raging sea.

Submission is their one resource,
Remonstrance will but fail ;
They needs must leave their native land—
Oh, woeful, woeful tale !
The despot, from his castle wall,
That overtops the main,
With lofty frown looks coldly down
On all their grief and pain !

The gallant ship now sails away,
The winds and waves are fair ;
Although the scalding teardrops fall,
Brave hearts will ne'er despair :
Their hopes are buoyed by tales oft told
Of Canada renowned,
Where freedom's laws uphold the cause
Of those who till the ground.

With tearful eyes the people bid
Their native land adieu ;
The hills on which their fathers sleep
Are fading fast from view.
A long, last lingering look is cast
Back to those lonely graves,
And then—O, then, each hill and glen
Sinks down beneath the waves !

Farewell, farewell, Scotland, farewell !
We leave thy lovely shore :
“*Scha till cha till cka till sine tulligh,*”
Roar, O billows roar,
And speed us to that distant land—
The land across the sea :
Though banished from our native home,
America is free !

In seven weeks the journey ends !
Our fathers leave the deck
Of that good ship that braved the storms
From Scotland to Quebec.
With buoyant spirits, healthful minds,
And brawn and strength galore,
The dauntless band now quickly land
On Canada's fair shore.

The fair blue hills of Scotia's isle
They never more shall see ;
Amid the wilds of other lands
Their dwelling place shall be.
And yet tis well ! old Scotland's loss
Is Compton's gain, we know—
Brave hearts had they who sailed this way
O'er fifty years ago.

They journeyed from Quebec in carts—
The trip was rough and slow ;
No railroad coaches glided then,
As now both to and fro.
The great Grand Trunk could not insure
The comfort of this band ;
No Q. C. R., with palace car,
Meandered through the land.

And C. P. R. ! undreamt of then—
Great system yet to be,
Its rumbling thunders echoed not
As now from sea to sea.
No rails from Sherbrooke to the "Lake"*
Invaded hill or glen—
John Henry Pope (old Compton's hope)
Was but a stripling then.

At length the little village known
As Sherbrooke is attained,
Where our devoted immigrants
Accommodation gained.
The rich B. A. L. Company
Now take their case in hand,
Inducing all at prices small (?)
To settle on their land.

This Sherbrooke—fair metropolis
Of all our Eastern towns—
Was then a dot : the forest waved
Within its present bounds.
When Highlanders first viewed her glens,
In eighteen thirty-eight,
No lofty domes or costly homes
Adorned her real estate.

* Megantic,

The Townships, from old Lingwick—
Going eastward to the "Lake,"
Comprise the Scottish settlements—
So much for Scotia's sake.
This was the land selected
For our fathers long ago,
To build thereon their future home
While sojourning below.

Rude cabin homes, with roofs of bark,
Are built among the trees ;
One neighbour helps another,
By a custom known as "bees."
They work in peace and harmony,
Contentedly each day ;
Till blow by blow the clearings grow—
The forest flees away.

Their brawny arms soon wield the axe
With all a native's skill ;
The echoes of their sturdy blows
Resound from hill to hill.
The fallen timber quickly lies
In chaos all around ;
Till piling "bees" arrange the trees
In heaps upon the ground.

Now densest smoke ascends from spots
Where trees are all aglow,
Beneath whose shades the red men slept
In summers long ago.
Perchance the ghosts of long dead braves
Surround the burning piles,
Lit by the flame of men who came
From far off Scottish isles.

The settlement is under way—
Strong hearts will never quail,
Though hard the toil and rough the path
Their spirits never fail.
Aye, Scotland's glorious heritage
Was theirs of strength galore,
To meet rebuff on many a rough,
Toil beaten path of yore.

Ah! little recks the tinsel youth,
That drives with reckless speed
In comfort over smoothed roads
His handsome highbred steed,
The hardships by his parents borne
In years that have gone by,
Through blinding sleet and scorching heat
These comforts to supply.

We little realise to-day
The conquests won by those
Who made the trackless wilderness
To blossom like the rose :
The trials and discouragements
Up-borne by those who trod,
With aching feet each wild wood street,
Beneath a weary load.

How often in those early years—
Provisions being short,
Each man with bag at early morn
To Eaton would resort.
And loaded with one hundred pounds,
O'er twenty miles away,
Would then return, weary and worn,
Before the close of day.

The loving mother strives to calm
The hungry ones at home ;
A single "*Bennach*" must suffice
Until the father comes.
She fasts alone !—the children must
Obtain her share of food ;
O, self-denying, deep, undying
Love of motherhood !

See ! now her fond glance rests upon
That portion of the woods,
Through which a path meanders
To adjacent neighborhoods.
Ah, now her features brighten, as
Emerging from the gloom,
She quickly spies, with loving eyes,
The father coming home.

She gently bids him welcome,
Marks his weary look, and sighs.
O, there's a world of sympathy
In Mary's deep blue eyes !
The tired husband feels it, as
His brightened looks attest—
With what content encouragement
Instils the human breast !

Her willing, toilworn fingers now
Untie that precious sack,
Borne twenty miles since noonday on
The weary father's back.
And all amid the children's loud
Entreaties to be fed,
With cheerful brow she hastens now
To make some barley bread.

The meal is quickly stirred about,
And poured upon the *liack* ;
As quickly baked, and served alone
To each young sturdy Mac.
The prospects brighten—hunger flees,
The world looks pleasant still ;
That single room is home, sweet home !
The youngsters have their fill.

In moss-embowered cabin homes
Those early years were spent—
Years toilsome, but unburdened by
Grim, all-devouring rent.
Though unadorned, and rude withal,
Substantial homes were they,
That ever held in days of old
The northern storms at bay.

What tho' through many a crevice swept
The blast with sullen moan,
Unlike the homes they left behind,
These buildings are their own !
A sense of independence that
They could not feel before,
Inspired with hope the hearts to cope
With trials still in store.

Although the winter's chilling breath
At times was keenly felt,
A compensation sweet was had
When snows began to melt.
What universal joy there is
When springtides welcome sun,
In glory floods the maple woods,
And sap begins to run !

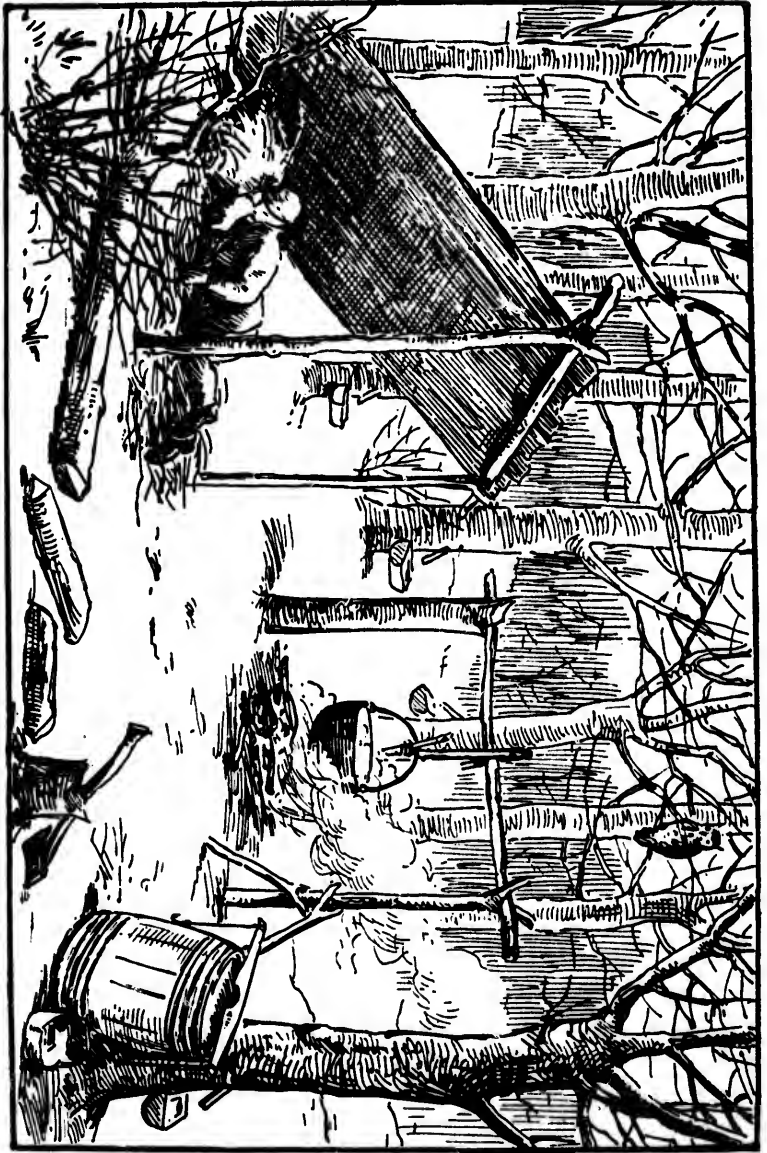
Of all the species we can boast
Among our forest trees,
That proudly dip their lofty crests
Beneath the northern breeze—
The grandest is the maple bold,
On which our emblem grows ;
The tree so dear, from which each year,
The mystic fluid flows.

That boon of nature—sweetest gift
Our forest can bestow,
Poured down its choicest blessings
On our fathers long ago ;
Fond memory ever lingers round
The sugar-making time—
Then give to me the maple tree,
The glory of our clime !

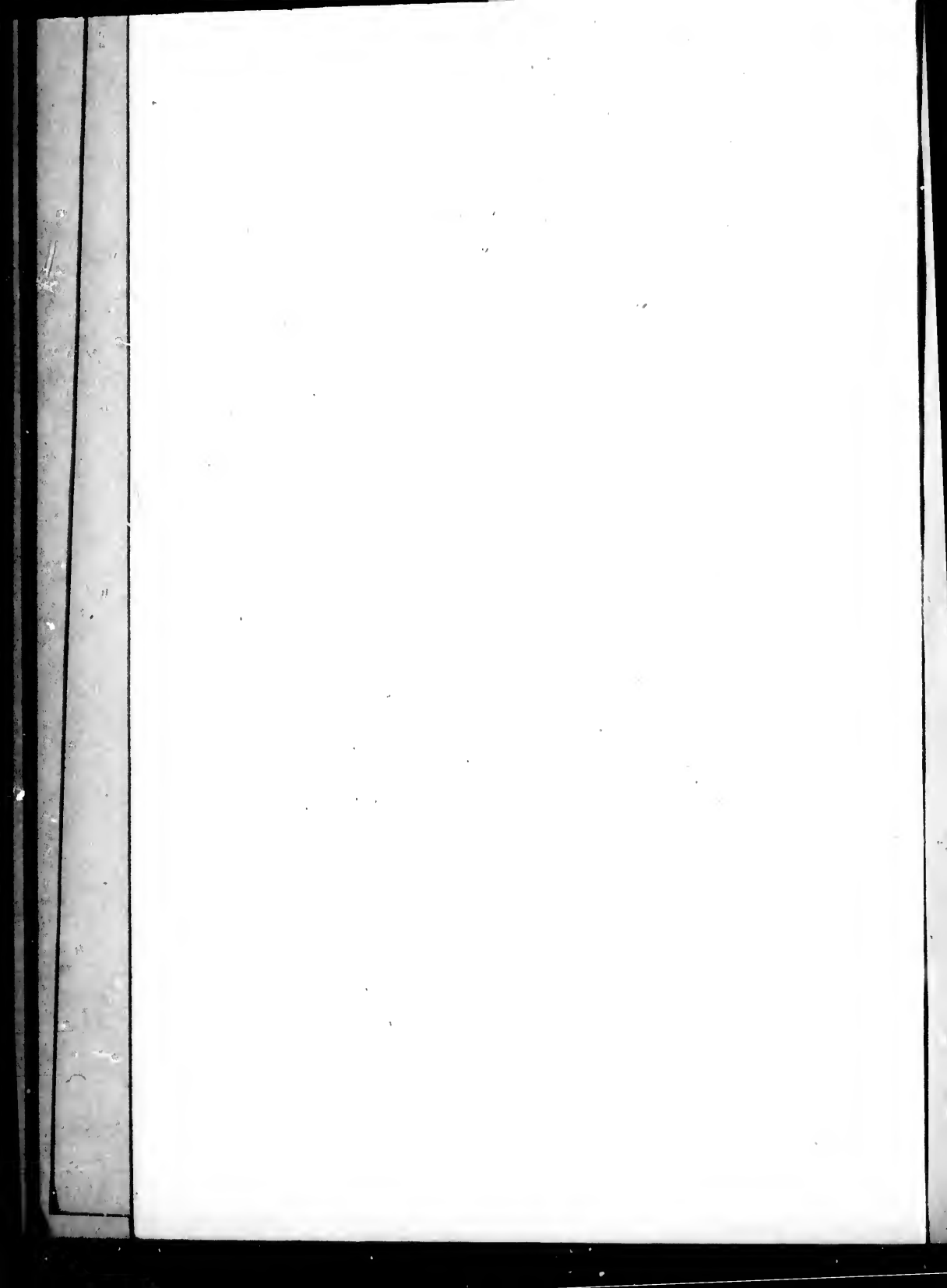
The fir tree next was utilized
For "troughs" to hold the sap
That trickled down so merrily
When time had come to tap.
And who that ever tended kettles,
Foaming to the brim,
Can e'er forget the vigils kept
Beneath the starlight dim?

An April night in Compton's woods,
In sugar-making time,
Has not the interest now it had
In eighteen thirty-nine.
A mystic silence brooded then
O'er forests wild and vast;
Unbroken still by Dudswell kiln,
By train, or whistle's blast.

Lured by the nectar on the breeze
And camp fires burning bright,
The bears would issue from their haunts
And prowl around at night.
The dismal howling of the wolves
At times would also break
Down from the shades of Galson's glades
And Moffat's gloomy lake.



The melancholy Bird of Night.



Reclining on their spruce bough couch,
Far happier than kings,
Enjoying all the health and strength
That backwoods labour brings ;
And gazing with abstracted mood
Into that glowing flame—
Its burning gleams would woo to dreams
Of future wealth and fame.

Night draws apace ; and quiet reigns—
The gentle springtide breeze
Hath ceased to croon its mournful lays
Among the maple trees.
The melancholy birds of night
A silent vigil keep
On yonder limb, their outlines dim
Upon the vision creep.

The shadows deepen deeper still,
The forest blacker grows.
The muffled murmur of the stream,
That creeps beneath the snows,
And bubble of the boiling sap
Invade the solitudes—
All else is still from hill to hill
In Compton's lonely woods.

Now "backlogs" glow with fervent heat—
Above the kettle storms ;
Kaleidoscopic-like the coals
Produce their varied forms.
The ever changing colors bright
Like phantoms come and go ;
E'er shifting till they chain the will
Beneath their ghostly glow.

The light of love is gleaming there
Like stars that shine above ;
And shadows of relentless hate
Across the vision move.
The aspirations of the soul
Embodied there are seen,
Together with the shades of death
That darkly sweep between.

The glowing embers now present
A scene to daze the eyes ;
A lofty castle proudly shoots
Its turrets to the skies,
And 'neath its rose embowered walls
A happy mortal strays,
By fancy led to wealth, instead
Of poverty's dark ways.

The shifting scenes enchain the eye,
And fancy roams at will,
Through pleasant fields of waving grain—
Through vale and over hill.
E'er and anon, like gleams of joy,
Bright sparks dispense their cheer ;
A little while they seem to smile,
And then they disappear.

The scene is changed again : and now
The amber light reveals
The halls of that enchanted bower
Where fancy often kneels.
A joyous throng, in flashing robes,
Inhale the scented air,
And loved ones known in years long gone
Are plainly pictured there.

The golden cup of pleasure shines—
A sparkling ball of fire ;
They thought to quaff its contents, and
Obtain their hearts' desire.
They raise the goblet to their lips,
When, lo ! instead of bliss,
Quenched every spark, and all is dark,
While boiling waters hiss !

The kettle's running over and
The ruin is complete ;
Their castles, cup and wealth are now
In ashes at their feet.
So did the light of hope go out
In mystic days of yore—
*The deluge came, and quenched the flame
Of life for evermore.*

The process then of boiling down
Was slower far than now ;
Expensive heaters, arches, pans,
Those days would not allow.
However, to offset the means
And modes of later years,
Old Nature does not smile on us
As on the Pioneers.

It seemeth true that now, as then,
The farmer never sees
The bush fires running o'er the ground
And sap from out the trees :
For in those years the maple bold
Would drip in sweetest tune.
*With leaves full grown, by breezes blown,
And flowers all abloom.*

At length the labor done so well
A sweet reward obtains ;
The maple syrup, O, how sweet !
How sweet the golden grains !
And sweeter still the welcome sound
That floats across the way,
“ Come one and all, both great and small—
We sugar off to-day ! ”

O happy, loved, though toilsome years,
Fond memory clings to thee
As young, dependent child around
A loving mother's knee.
O, give us back these scenes again,
With cabin homes of yore ;
Where all day long we heard the song
of Nature at the door !

Pure, upright lives—intelligence,
And simple faith in God,
Are traits that mark the Scot at home—
Insure respect abroad.
The family altar, based on love,
Their lowly homes adorn ;
And humble prayer is offered there,
With reverence, night and morn.

The Highlanders of whom we write
Were early taught to pray,
And tread the path of piety
In humbleness each day.
And when they left their Scottish homes,
To dwell in foreign lands,
They brought with them—bright house-
hold gem!
The Bible—God's commands!

Though plain the hardy pioneers
Who settled Compton's woods,
The Gospel light was shining 'neath
Their rustic homespun goods.
And good old people living now
In memory alone,
This precept taught in every cot:
"Love God, His word, and home."

Ah! rapid is the flight of time,
The years draw on apace,
The old folk quickly pass away—
The young must take their place.
Full many a saintly spirit passed
From Compton up to God,
Since pioneers, 'mid hopes and fears,
First turned our virgin sod.

Yea, many of the forms we loved
Are lying side by side,
Death cast his chilling mantle o'er
The bridegroom and the bride.
And when the King of Terror comes
To close *our* mortal eyes,
With them we trust to lay our dust—
With them we hope to rise.



CHAPTER II.

The Backwoods of Quebec.

"Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train ;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art."

GOLDSMITH.

The "outlaw," Donald Morrison,
Let all the people know,
Was born at Gould, near Lingwick,
Four and thirty years ago ;
But long ere childhood's days were passed,
His parents left our woods,
And eastward went, to pitch their tent
In wilder solitudes.

There, 'neath Megantic's lofty steeps,
By old Victoria Bay,
In closest touch with Nature's heart,
He passed his youth away
'Mid scenes of rugged grandeur, on
The banks of wild Chaudiere,
He lived and toiled, till time uncoiled
His one and twentieth year.

They battled long and bravely in
Those early toilsome days ;
Their conquest o'er the wilderness
Deserves our warmest praise.
Obscure and uneventful was
The life these farmers led
From then till now, with sweating brow,
To earn their daily bread.

Their social life beyond reproach —
Religion most sincere
Their rugged nature far removed
From fashion's light veneer.
No artificial tints beguile,
No poisoned wrongs subdued,
But flowers wild around them smiled,
Fresh, fragrant with the dew.

No golden trinkets coldly bright,
With diamonds galore—
The perspiration caused by toil,
The only gems they wore ;
No silks or satins, lace, nor that
Death encompassing stay ;
Nor deadly balls in gilded halls
To wear the life away.

Their sunburnt brows, unmarked by care,
Were garlanded with health ;
Their figures, set in nature's mould,
Were clad in homespun wealth.
To them the birds would sweetly sing
Among the woodland trees,
And sweet perfume from flowers in bloom
Was borne upon the breeze.

The sweetest chimes that ever rang
From grand cathedral domes,
Will not compare with cowbells tinkling
Near these forest homes.
Behold ! on summer evenings, when
The milking time came round,
With pail in hand the milkmaids stand
To hear the welcome sound.

Now hark ! the distant tinkling chimes
Invade the solitudes,
The kine are slowly coming from
Their pasture in the woods.
A " smudge " is quickly started and
Mosquitoes take their flight ;
Each solemn cow doth enter now
The *bualladh* for the night.

The milking's done by willing hands,
The foaming nectar flows
To fill the pans that grace the clean,
Cool cellar shelves in rows.
And O, the sweet delightful treats
That cellar could bestow !
Thick cream upon a barley scone
Some twenty years ago !

Sweet, too, the cream from modern cans
That rest in gurgling pools,
And quick are now results obtained
Compared with former rules ;
Yet, notwithstanding modern modes,
I never can forget
Delicious sips that cooled my lips
From milk my mother set !



CHAPTER III.

Pleasure after Toil.

"Ye spurn the legends which the shepherd
tells;

The gross gay song, the old romantic tale:

Matching the miracles of fairy tales.

Your opera scenes would turn our wizards
pale.

Heaven's homage poured in highest, holiest
strains,

May choose your music for its glowing
tongues.

Give me my quiet hamlet back again,

And its long eves of legends and of songs."

IBID.

The day is done and darkness ends

The farmer's weary toil—

How welcome are thy shades, O night!

To tillers of the soil;

Long ere the sun lights up the East

Their labors are begun,

And in the West he sinks to rest

Long ere their work is done.

The younger folk on pleasure bent
Are off in eager haste ;
The father takes his pipe to soothe
His tired nerves to rest ;
The housewife knitting, by his side
Is lovingly installed,
And good old times in other climes
Are tenderly recalled.

The joyous tones of happy youth,
The somber night hawk's hum,
And dread mosquito's doleful drone
Proclaim that night is come.
Around each lowly cabin home
The summer zephyrs play,
And "smudges" rise to drive the flies—
Tormenting pests— away.

The young of all the neighborhood
Now seek the trysting place.
Behold the joy of meeting ! see
The smile upon each face !
A fire kindled on the spot, where
Hundreds flashed before,
Doth pierce the night—a beacon light
To many a cabin door.

No multitude could vitiate
The air within that room,
Comprising all the space beneath
Yon heaven's spacious dome.
Each lusty lad a cavalier,
Each rustic lass a queen!
Stars twinkling bright smiled in delight
Upon the happy scene!

The harmless gossip of the town
Is now discussed by all;
By girls who sit on logs for seats,
And boys who round them sprawl.
The youngsters pile the fuel high,
Now hark! the crackling sound,
The fire's flare a ghostly glare
Is casting all around.

The singers next are called upon
And all must sing in turns,
Old songs from well-known minstrels,
Like McRitchie, Ross and Burns;
And stories quickly follow on
All subjects grave and gay,
With tales of fright and "second sight,"
That make one wish for day!

They talk of courtship, marriages,
Of beauty, wealth and fame ;
They talk of man and all his ways
Beneath that fitful flame ;
The future's grand achievements, and
Each youthful mind's desire,
Is oft the theme, beneath the gleam
Of this bright roadside fire.

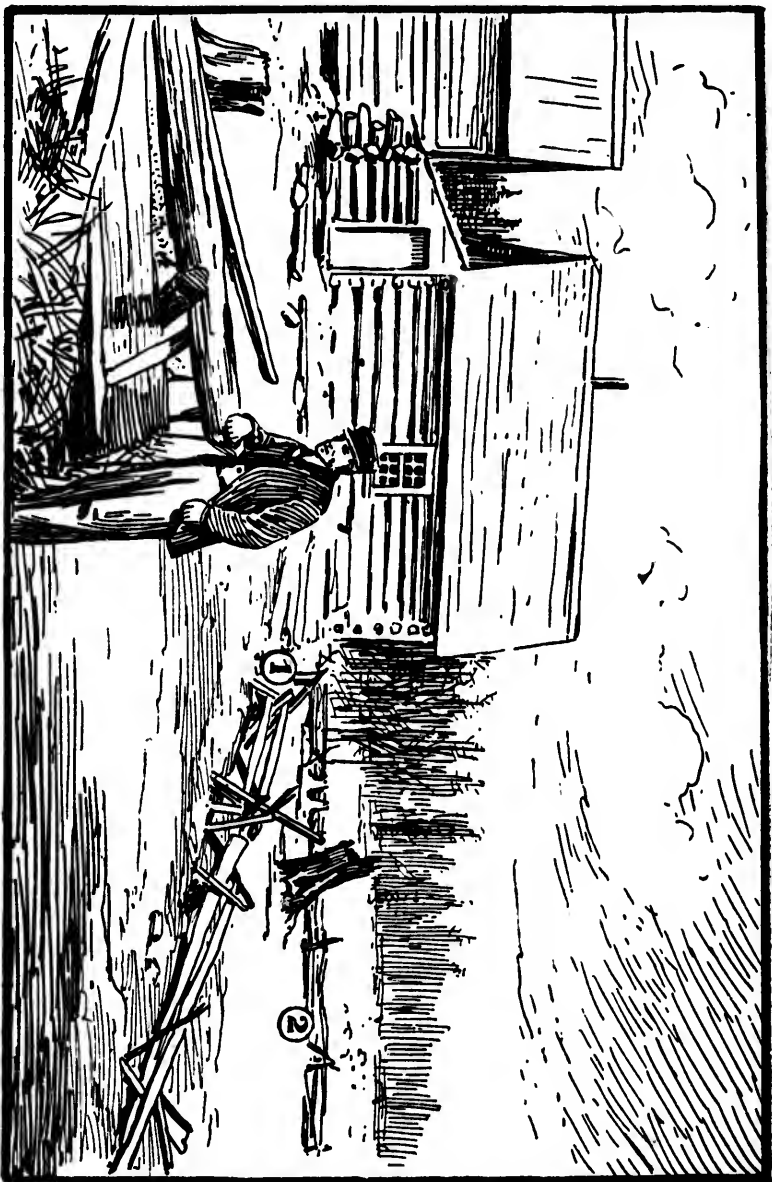
Aud thus the minutes quickly fly,
The *kenna* burneth low ;
Its embers blaze, then sink to rest,
As wind gusts come and go.
The ghostly shadows deepen as
Each narrator proceeds,
With bated breath, to speak of death
And death's uncanny deeds.

Each lass now nestles closer to
The lad she loves the most—
Young hearts in love's communion scorn
The wiles of any ghost.
And now the last weird tale is told,
And parting time is come—
Each manly lad, with spirit glad,
Doth see his sweetheart home !

Thy memories, cheerful *kenna beg*,
Are cherished still I know,
By all who basked beneath thy beams
And felt thy kindly glow.
How varied are the scenes recalled,
When thoughts revert to thee !
And hearts of men grow young again
Thy welcome light to see !

Amid such scenes young Donald passed
His happy youth away ;
Amid such scenes till life should end
I know he fain would stay.
How all these youthful pleasures had
Around his being twined,
He only kens who leaves his glens
And native hills behind.



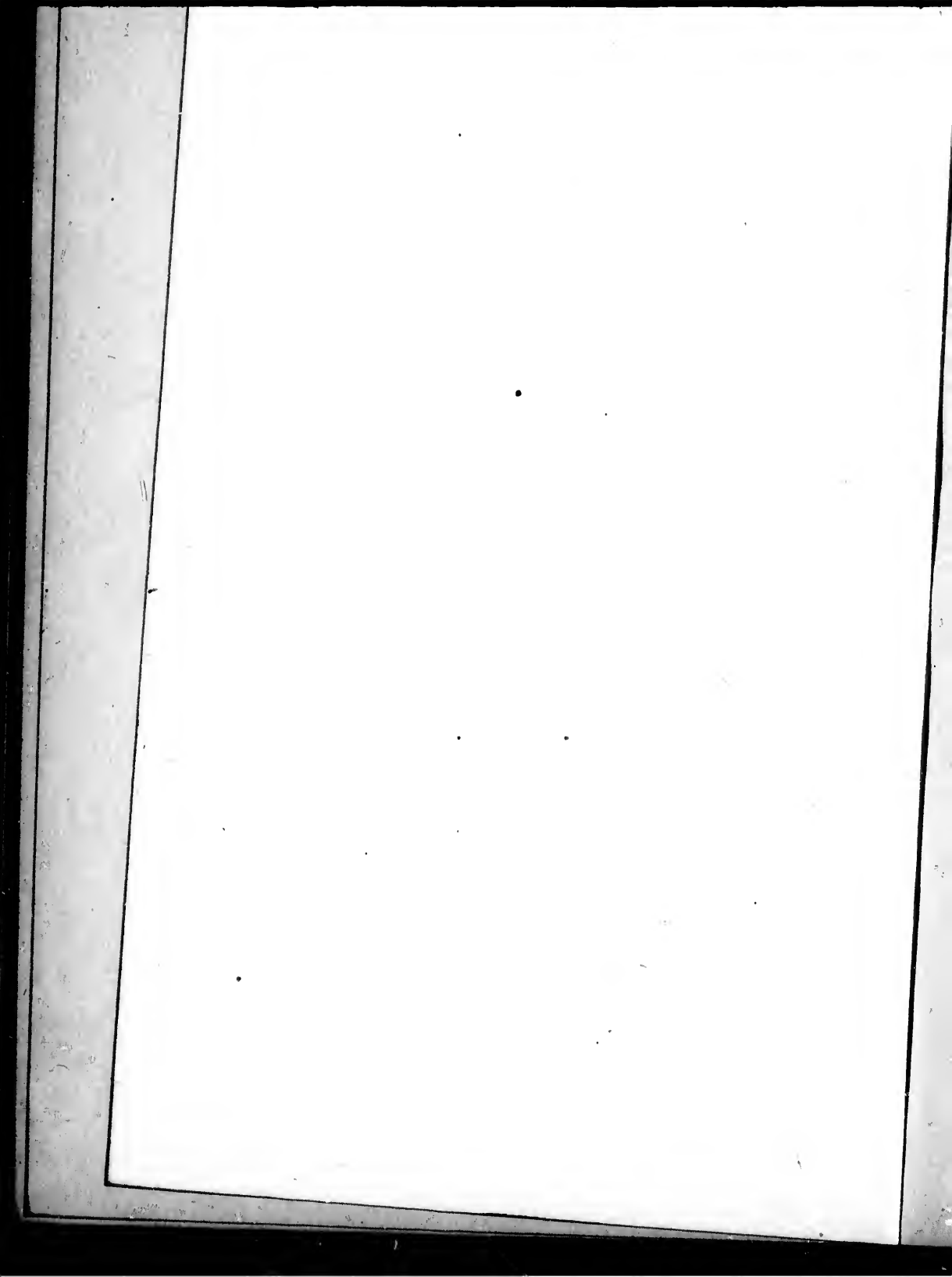


House of Murdo Morrison, father of Donald Morrison, Marsden, Que.

1. Where Donald was shot.

2. Where Donald fell.

The stump between the two numbers is the stump La Royer, the Indian, fired at, thinking it was Donald. The old man is Donald's father.



CHAPTER IV.

Love.

"O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've travelled much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasures
spare,

One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
ev'ning gale."

BURNS.

'Twas at this time that Morrison
First felt the "kindly glow"
Of that soft flame that sways at will
All hearts for weal or woe ;
The love that fills his manly breast
Nor change nor time can slay,
A love to shed its beams ahead
O'er life's dull dreary way.

Young Marion McKinnon was
A fair young girl and true—
A perfect form, a winning smile,
And eyes of highland blue.
The rose and lily blend on cheeks
So healthful, full and fair,
And sunshine seems to shed its beams
Upon her nut-brown hair.

A bonny maid withal was she,
As good as she was sweet ;
And many youths for miles around
Were fairly at her feet.
Yea, at each yearly sacrament,
When people thronging came
From towns around, the young were
bound
To seek McKinnon's hame.

In household duties she excelled—
To bake, wash, knit and such ;
And flaky pancakes fairly danced
Beneath her nimble touch.
An adept with the needle, she
Could also weave and spin,
And at each fair a goodly share
Of prizes she would win,

No languid worshipper of styles
Or haughty maid was she,
Stern commonsense was hers allied
With true simplicity.
Unlike the old young girls we see
In fashion's scabbard sheathed,
This undefiled own Nature's child
Was pure as air she breathed.

Among the swains that gathered round
To woo this wildwood flower,
Was Morrison, a farmer boy, and
Subject of this *leor* ;
His manly graces, courteous ways,
And truthful, honest mind,
Their homage paid, and won the maid—
The sweetest of her kind.

The old, old story, ever new,
Repeated here again—
The story whether told in cot
Or castle is the same.
We need not dwell upon the theme
So often told before,
They met and fell beneath the spell
As millions did of yore.

Our Donald planned as others will,
 Beguiled by Love's young dream ;
Events to come had failed to cast
 Their shadows o'er the scene.
Bright vistas opened to his view,
 Hope's candle brightly burned,
And to the "West," with keen unrest,
 His yearning eyes were turned.

A project he had long in view
 Would win the end desired--
Go West and realise the dream
 His youthful fancy fired.
The mortgage on his father's farm
 Would soon be wiped away,
And then with *ôr* galore in store
 Would homeward come to stay.

The youthful lovers strive to hide
 Their sorrow, but in vain ;
Each strives to think of days to come
 When all shall meet again.
Ah ! still though hope affords a prop
 On which sore hearts may lean,
Through burning tears they see the years
 Of loneliness between.

And yet 'tis but the fate of all,
A fate none can avoid ;
Who ever yet was blest with gifts
Of pleasure unalloyed ?
Each meeting has its parting pang,
Each rose has got its thorn,
Each heart howe'er devoid of care
Has got its time to mourn.



CHAPTER V.

Donald goes West.

"Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare—
Farewell, the bonny banks of Ayr!"

At length the last sad parting came,
Young Donald went away
To seek his fortune in the West
Like many of his day—
In Canada's Utopia,
That far-off sunset land,
He saw in dreams bright crystal streams,
With banks of golden sand.

Alas! how true a distant view
Is seldom what it seems,
And, O, how often men have won
A fortune in their dreams!
The beauty of the distant scene
Recedes as we draw near,
And dreams like dew soon fade from
view—
Our riches disappear.

The Western prairie's broad expanse
Is hailed with keenest joy ;
The wild free life the plains afford
Delights our Compton boy ;
His brave and manly nature loved
The roaming life out West,
And there for years, 'mid hopes and fears,
He toiled with youthful zest.

Yea, youthful vigor laughs at toil
When hope is at the wheel,
And these twin giants conquer much
Upheld by love that's leal ;
For oft when Don was on the plains
To heat and thirst a prey,
Hope, ever fair, would still be there
To help him on his way.

When others joined in lawless sports
That rack and mar the mind,
Young Donald, unobserved to all,
Sequestered spots would find ;
And there alone with memory,
When care and toil had ceased,
A star that shone for him alone
Would beckon toward the East.

What cared he for those passing joys
In which gay fools delight,
Back to the home he left behind
His fancy takes its flight ;
A sweet young girl that far away,
On Compton's hills remained,
Was more to him than all the trim,
Gay girls the West contained.

And thus for seven years he toiled—
Long, weary years were they ;
A cowboy's dark vicissitudes
Did oft obstruct his way.
He overcame them manfully,
For sake of days to come,
Each conquest won, each day's work done,
Was so much nearer home !

At length the longed-for day arrived,
And Donald bade adieu
To Western scenes he'd often roamed
With comrades good and true.
Montana's hills he leaves behind—
Each vista fades away—
Speed on, O train, across the plain,
Unwearied night or day.

How eagerly he longs for home!
To him the iron horse
Seems creeping slowly through the land,
Though bounding on its course.
How drearly the moments drag!
The rapid motion of
The flying train is slow to him
Who journeys to his love.

The Compton hills appear at length,
The long, long journey ends,
And Morrison is once again
Surrounded by his friends.
O, sweet home coming! dear to all
Who feel affection's power!
The heart is stone that hath not known
The bliss of such an hour.

'Twas at the season of the year
When Nature's form sublime
Was clothed in robes of living green,
So lovely in our clime.
How charming is the scene around
Of mountain, loch, and glen!
To Donald they all seem to say,
"You're welcome home again."

"Tis " Welcome, welcome ! " all around,
In tones his spirit loves ;
The little birds sing " Welcome home ! "
In yonder woodland groves.
Ah ! still this greeting, kind and sweet,
From all, could ne'er supply
The welcome of a lasting love
That flashed from *Morag's* eye !



CHAP. VI.

*"Praise God from Whom all Blessings
Flow."*

"Praise ye the Father, God the Lord, who
gave us,
With full and perfect love, His only Son ;
Praise ye the Son, who died Himself to save us ;
Praise ye the Spirit, praise the Three in One."

The sacramental Sabbath dawned
The brightest of the year ;
The town is filled with worshippers
From districts far and near.
With solemn thoughts attend the feast,
Let no one dare deride
The Gospel plan to fallen man,
For whom the Saviour died !

Young Donald drives to church to-day,
And, proudly by his side,
Sits Marion, so trim and neat
And blushing like a bride.
The people from surrounding towns
Are gathering too in crowds,
On foot, in teams, in constant streams
They raise the dust in clouds.

The ministers are now arrived—
All wend their way to church ;
The day is clear, they seek the shades
Of maple, beech and birch ;
And there beneath yon lofty dome,
The blue ethereal skies,
Sweet songs of love, to God above,
In grand hosannahs rise.

The vast assembly fills the grove,
And now with solemn looks
The preacher of the day comes forth
And opes the book of books.
A psalm is read in ringing tones,
Proclaiming "God is Love !"
When old and young join in the song
Of praise to Him above.

And now a prayer is offered up
To God's eternal throne--
A plea for each poor carnal mind
And every heart of stone.
A text is then selected from
The everlasting Word,
And dull, I fear, are they who hear
Such sermons still unstirred.

The preacher's clear, impressive tones
Now echo through the grove,
Appealing is the voice that dwells
On Christ's redeeming love.
How sweet these Gospel teachings fall
On a believer's ear !
None realize who cannot prize
The Spirit's inward cheer.

How sweet it is for Christian souls
Thus yearly to commune !
When with the sacred rites performed
All Nature seems in tune.
A sense of deep conviction falls,
Like blessings from on high,
When anthems of eternal love
Are wafted to the sky.

Though many doubtful ones abound
Who lightly disapprove
Of how the Scot commemorates
A Saviour's dying love,
God grant our children's children
May the custom still uphold ;
Yea, that they will observe it still
As fathers did of old.

The brightest gems that ever shone
'Mong Scotland's role of saints
Are placed in grand array against
Each doubting soul's complaints.
Could lips long turned to ashes speak
(Loved ordinance of thee),
They'd tell how on thy hills was won
Salvation ! full and free.

The Scottish isles that stem the wild
Atlantic in the North,
Have raised for Jesus' kingdom
Countless stars of shining worth ;
Who form a brilliant galaxy
(Loved Scottish Church in thee),
And they shall shine for ever thine,
O glorious Trinity !

Were souls—long since in glory—here,
We know they would uphold
The blessed means that safely brought
Into the Saviour's fold
Flocks from the hills of Scotland and
From Canada our own !
Redeemed throng—the Lamb's sweet
song—
Who sing around the Throne.

To Gordon, Fraser, and Milloy—
True servants of the Lord—
The people gladly flocked to hear
The preaching of the Word.
Such times of deep awakening
'Twere pleasant still to see,
For O, 'tis sweet when Christians meet
In peace and harmony !

And still another name occurs,
A name that brightly shines
Undimmed among the brilliant role
Of Highland Scot divines ;
Though he that bore it sleeps beneath
Balallan's granite hill,
The seed he sowed along life's road
Bears blessed fruitage still.

So sympathetic, cultured, wise !
So grave, yet full of mirth,
It ill becomes our talents to
Commemorate his worth.
The theme is one that merits praise
From greater pens, 'tis true ;
We give our mite from motives right—
'Tis all that we can do.

Lamented, good, and holy man,
We little prized his worth,
Until the summons quickly came
That called him forth from earth.
Alack the day, the woeful day,
That laid him in his shroud ;
He was a bright and shining light,
Of whom we all were proud.

Regardless of emolument
He journeyed night and day,
Relieving pain and sickness
That he met upon the way ;
He ever was attentive to
The poor man's needy cry,
Where'er he moved he ever proved
His broad humanity.

No sordid motives ever marred
His pure and honest mind,
Within his breast no thirst for wealth
A dwelling place did find ;
Contented with his daily bread,
He lived with those he loved ;
The rest each day he gave away
To all whose needs were proved.

Affliction's sorely wounded heart
Ne'er sought his help in vain,
Through winter's drifting storm clouds
Or in summer's drenching rain.
He willingly responded in a
Spirit moved by love—
The poor man's friend, until the end,
Macdonald thou didst prove.



CHAPTER VII.,

The Scapegoat.

"But scarce observed, the knowing and the
bold
Fall in the general massacre of gold ;
Wide, wasting pest! that rages unconfined.
And crowds with crimes the records of man-
kind."

JOHNSON.

O would these happy days could last
For Morrison, our friend !
How sad to think such joyous hours
Must quickly have an end.
Auspicious was his life till now,
With nought to make him sad,
But clouds appear—the time is near
When nought can make him glad.

Yea, shadows of impending fate
Are thrown athwart his path,
The distant rumbling of the storm
Presages coming wrath.
Reluctantly, yet firm withal,
We dwell in grief upon
The deeds of those whose covert blows
Were rained on Morrison.

O brightly beamed the sun of hope
In Donald's youthful breast,
Until the trouble came that took
The wealth he won out West.
But now the shadows cast by grief
Are creeping on his sight,
And soon, ah! soon, the light of noon
Will turn to gloom of night.

Suspicious schemes, stupidity,
With negligence and spite
Combined, assailed young Morrison
And robbed him of his right.
We purpose not denouncing here
The men who plied the rod,
We leave them all, the great and small,
With conscience and their God.

Although instalments oft were sent
In yellow Western gold
To pay the mortgage on the farm,
For fear it might be sold,
The title deeds to house and lands
Revealed a glaring flaw,
The money sent was all mis-spent,
And *Donald went to law!*

He sought redress, 'twas all in vain,
Redress was slow to come ;
His money dwindled fast away,
And still no nearer home ;
The lawyers swore by earth and sky
His wealth would be restored,
Till down the maw of monster law
His earnings all were poured.

“ Abandon hope who enter here ”—
These words of awful gloom,
Perceived by Goethe—deathless bard—
Upon the gates of doom,
Should be inscribed upon the doors
Of courtrooms of our day,
To warn the throng that pass along
So heedlessly that way.

Forsaken now by legal lights
Whose wiles had stripped him bare,
Discouraged by misfortune dire—
Half crazed by wild despair ;
The hard-earned wealth of long, long
years,
Now gone beyond recall,
Strange not that he should turn at bay
Thus driven to the wall.

He lost all hope and happiness,
His buildings, flocks and lands ;
His very heartstrings, clinging still,
Were snapped by ruthless hands ;
The Sheriff's hammer loudly tripped
The knell of coming doom,
And strangers bought the hallowed spot
That Donald called his home.

He thus beheld his all of earth
Pass to another's care,
The earnings of a life of toil
Were represented there.
The acres rescued from the wilds
It took so long to win,
Will yield no more their golden store
To Donald or his kin.

Suspicion's breath assailed, and Don
Was charged with burning down
The buildings which by right though his,
By law he could not own.
Incendiarism's crimson tongue
Shot forth its vengeful flame,
And coupled with its blasting breath
Was whispered Donald's name.

A scapegoat laden with the sins
Of Israel's 'erring host,
Was driven yearly from the "camp,"
An outcast, doomed and lost.
So is our brave, ill fated youth
Now driven to the wild,
Pursued by foes who scorn the woes
And wrongs of *Morag's* child.

Thus charged with all a countie's wrongs
He wanders up and down,
An outcast from society,
Suspected by the Crown.
A constable was then detailed,
Armed with the powers that be,
To rob the lad of all he had—
The sweets of liberty.

Some censure Donald Morrison's
Resistance of arrest,
But who 'twixt chains and liberty
Deems not the latter best?
Let minions read, who think a Scot
Is loath to claim his own,
What Wallace wrought, who stoutly
fought
For Bruce and Scotland's crown!

CHAPTER VIII.

Morrison Kills Warren.

"Oh, ye woods ! spread your branches apace !
To your deepest recesses I fly.
I would hide with the beasts of the chace,
I would vanish from every eye."

COWPER.

He now betook him to the woods,
Majestic, deep and wild,
Through which he'd often roamed at will
E'er since he was a child.
Aye, every spot he knew by heart
For miles around his home,
And there he hid alone, amid
The forest's sheltering gloom.

O, Nature ! dear are all thy charms
To souls bowed down by grief !
How oft in dire misfortune's hour
Thy wilds afford relief.
Thy lonely haunts invite the brave
When troubled days oppress,
And hunted men will welcome then
Thy shades, O wilderness !

His love of home deep-rooted, strong—
A love that nought could slay—
Oft wooed him from the silent woods
When waned the light of day.
And as the needle to the pole,
His footsteps ever turned
To where a boy he'd lived in joy
Long ere the home was burned.

At times he'd also emerge forth
And stroll in broad daylight,
Into the village of Chaudiere,
Regardless of his plight ;
And there would mingle with the throng,
The calmest one of all ;
Still none would dare molest him there,
Or drive him to the wall.

An expert with the pistol and
The rifle he became,
While hunting on the prairies
So successfully for game.
So quick, so brave, so accurate,
And calm in danger's hour—
From qualities like these arise
No mean or meagre power.

Strange not, therefore, that local lights
Had failed to bring him in,
They had no foolish fancy for
The glory they might win ;
The first great law of Nature
Had attractions greater far,
They went, they saw, and conquered - all
Their love for fame and war !

Thus days and weeks had passed to
months,
Still Donald held the fort ;
A hoary rock his throne of state
And birds and beasts his court.
The speckled beauties splashed and played
In yonder gurgling stream.
While Nature smiled upon that wild
And strangely tragic scene.

'Twas at this time that Warren came —
A vain, misguided man —
'To execute without delay
His own ill-fated plan.
“ I'll kill this Scot, and end the fuss,”
He boasted o'er his wines ;
Alas ! for him, young Donald's kin
Revealed his dark designs.

Responsive to the fatal force
That urged him to his doom,
This alien sought for Morrison
Around his wildwood home ;
Indulging there in stimulants
To fortify his nerves,
He waits alone, but never from
His vile intention swerves.

The fatal twenty-third of June
Arrived, and all was fair ;
The summer sun shone bright upon
The village of Chaudiere.
Ah ! little thought the people ere
Another day should close
Their village green would be the scene
Of Warren's dying throes !

“ Pray, show me now the outlaw who
Hath terrorized your land,”
Said Warren to some villagers
Who round about did stand.
“ To capture Donald Morrison
I came across the line,
And if I fail, pray tell the tale
To other ears than mine !”

Our Donald hath not terrorized
The country, as you say,
But bloodhounds of misfortune met
And mocked him in the way.
He would not yield the path of life
Without one struggle more,
Thus goaded on he quickly won
The name we all deplore.

An outlaw now he roams at large
O'er Compton's hills and dales,
His countrymen must give him bread,
For each his fate bewails.
The officers of justice day and night
His steps pursue ;
He does not yield to them the field,
Nor will he yield to you.

Misguided man, heed not the voice
That drives you to your doom,
Resist the promptings of your heart—
A safer role assume ;
Perchance, a gentle mother now
Awaits your safe return,
Then yield, pray yield ! your doom is
sealed
If you our counsel spurn.

Be warned, therefore, in time, young man,
 Avoid an interview ;
The glory of his capture, Sir,
 Will ne'er devolve on you.
Let them who have the work in hand
 Pursue it to the end,
Your presence here will now, we fear,
 To greater troubles tend.

I thank you for the friendly voice
 Asserted in my aid,
But I am still determined to
 Arrest him, Warren said ;
And should I fail, I'm ready, Sirs,
 To meet the common fate,
Death comes to all, both great and small
 Of high or low estate.

Unheeding still the friendly voice
 That warned him to beware,
Young Warren strode across the street
 Into the village square ;
And vowing vengeance on the boy
 Whose trials we relate,
His mind, I think, inflamed by drink,
 Impelled him to his fate.

Unconscious of all danger.

Donald saunters into town,
As Warren's furtive glances
Travel up the street and down.
Oh, grant ye Fates ! that Morrison
He may not now espy,
For if they meet upon the street
One of the twain shall die !

Alas ! too late, the die is cast,
None can prevent the fray,
For Warren, seeing Donald,
Intercepts him on the way.
Though cautious are his actions,
There is mischief in his eyes ;
Alive or dead, your mine, they said,
Or Lucien Warren dies !

Surrender, Donald Morrison,
You're now my prisoner !
I swore that I would capture you--
I'll shoot you if you stir !
He grasped his deadly weapon,
As these rapid words he spake,
And on he came, with eyes aflame,
But death was in his wake !

With courage in his bright blue eye
The son of *Morag* stood
Before the rash, misguided man
Who sought to shed his blood ;
With eagle glance made perfect
By experience on the plains,
All doubtful turns, he soon discerns,
But still his ground maintains.

In fearless tones, subdued but clear,
His answer quickly came,
I charge you keep your distance,
You have erred in what you claim ;
That brightly gleaming weapon
To your pocket pray restore,
Put up that gun, for Morrison,
Has met such men before !

All speech was vain, for Warren
Quickly drifted to his fate,
He strove to raise his weapon,
But, alas ! he was too late,
For Donald drew upon him, and
Quick flashed the fatal flame,
The bullet sped and Warren dead
Proclaimed the cowboy's aim !

Thus Warren met young Morrison,
And thus he met his fate,
None could prevent the tragedy,
Assistance came too late ;
For ere the fearful villagers
Could realize the scene,
The angel Death, with chilling breath,
Swept coldly in between.



CHAPTER IX.

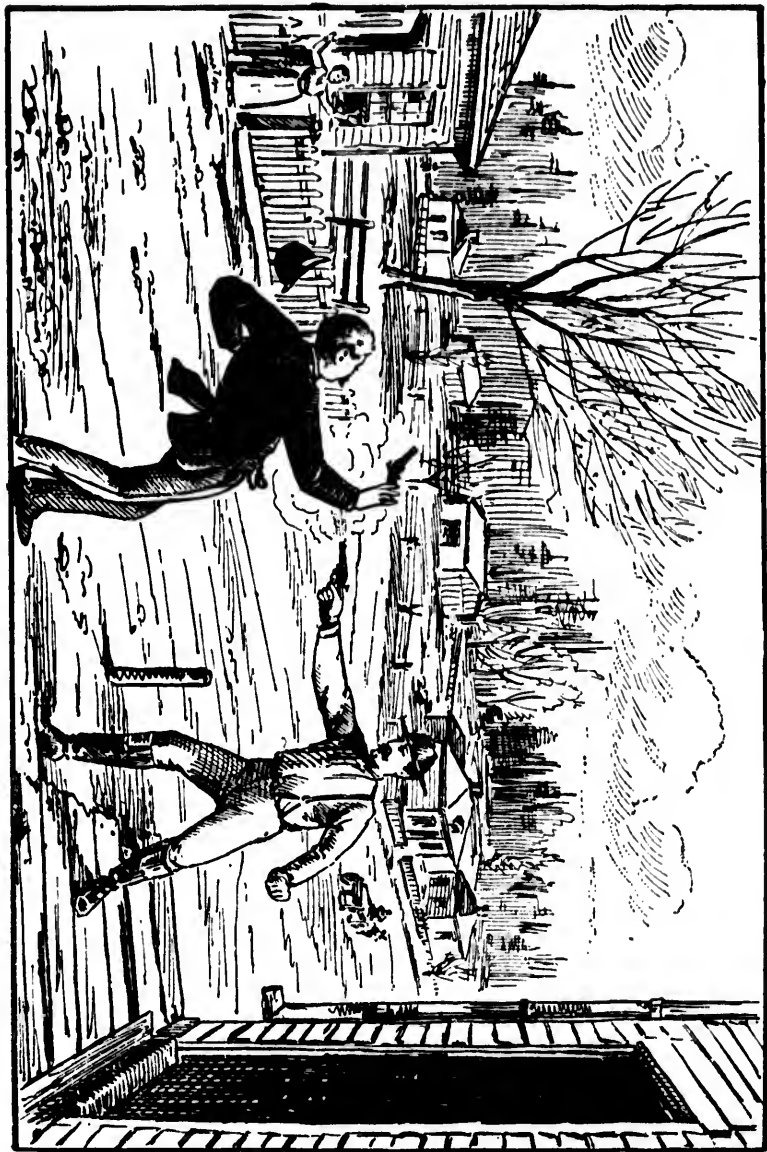
Donald meets the Judge.

"A frame of adamant, a soul of fire.
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire.
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign."

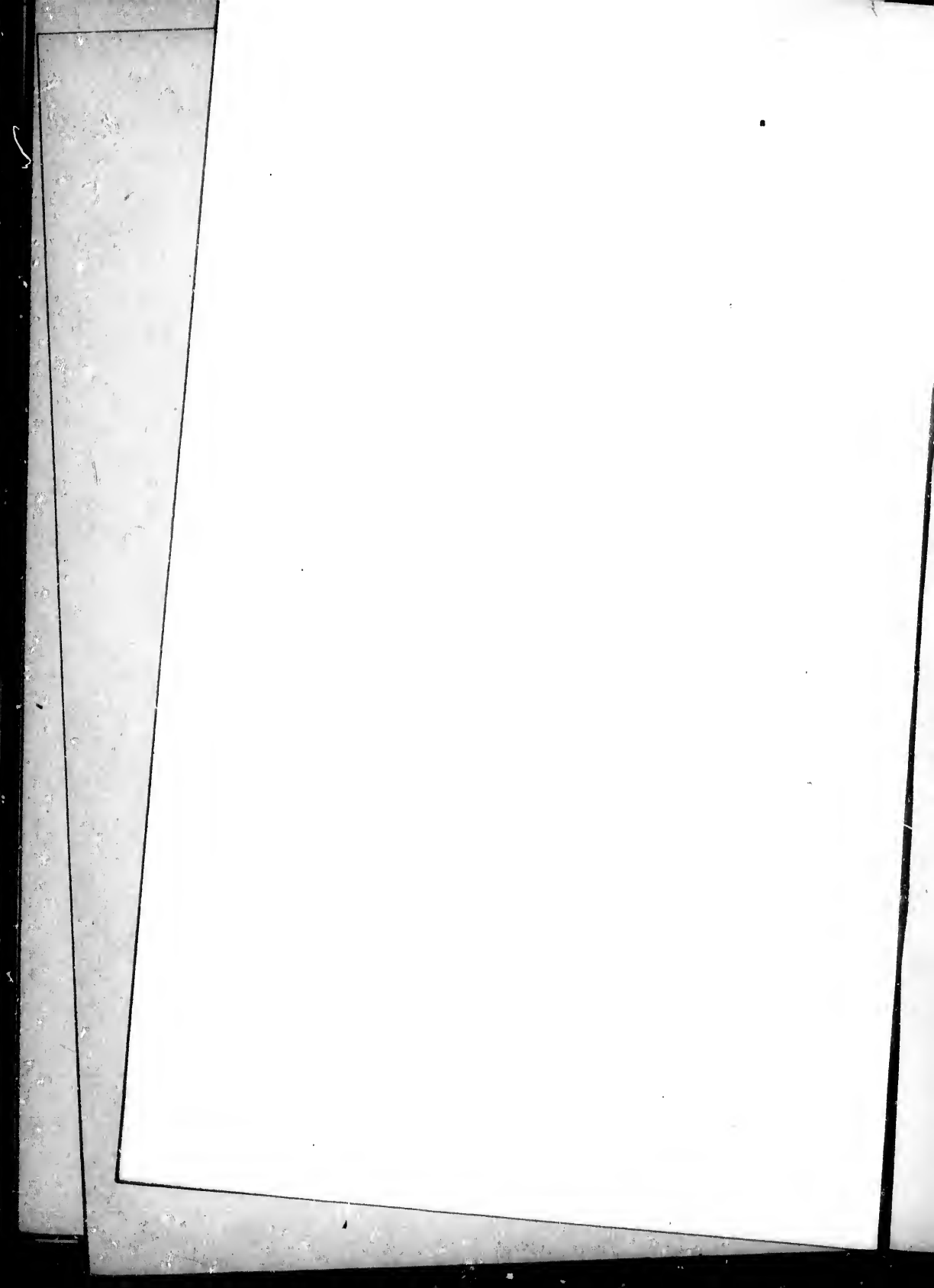
The fatal shot that caused the death
Of Warren at Chaudiere
Was borne upon the summer breeze
To hamlets far near.

The wires flash — that mystic flame
Imbued with lightning speed—
The tidings caught, and points remote
Soon heard of Donald's deed.

Detectives came from old Quebec,
From Sherbrooke, Montreal ;
Fresh forces daily on the scene
Arrived at duty's call.
They came from far, they came from near
To win the prize they loved,
And some there were from God knows
where
Whom viler motives moved.



The bullet sped and Warren dead
Proclaimed the cowboy's aim.



They come ! they come ! the black, the
white ;

The coward, and the brave ;
Three thousand dollars lead them on //

“ To glory or the grave.” //

Young “ Donald of Megantic ” //

Is the victim of the chase, //

O hasten, then, o'er hill and glen, //

You'll need a lively pace !

They scoured the woods by day and night,

They searched both high and low ;

A constant stream of armed men

Were passing to and fro.

From Lake Megantic's lovely shores

To Dudswell in the West,

Determined wills o'er vale and hills

Pursued the futile quest.

At length Judge Dugas called a halt,

To try another course ;

He'd exercise persuasion with

The lad he failed to force ;

His honor's proclamation of

A truce was sent to Don,

Who answered that he'd meet him at

Wild Galson's swamp alone !

He kept his tryst, and met the judge
At midnight in the swamp,
A lantern shed its fitful rays
Within a forest camp ;
Courages as a lion when
Secure in native haunts,
Don steps within his suit to win—
Judge Dugas he confronts.

The judge received him kindly
As one worthy of his steel,
His admiration for the man
He could not well conceal ;
Although surrounded there by foes;
No craven fears he felt,
But with a smile he stood the while
His Honor firmly dwelt

Upon the dangers he incurred
By his unyielding stand
Against the men who represent
The laws that rule the land.
We must uphold our statutes
At all hazards, Dugas said,
Resistance will be vain and ill
May fall upon your head,

The woods are filled with armed men,
From Lingwick to the "Lake,"
Who deem their reputation and
Their welfare are at stake.
Our orders were explicit, and
We must not say them nay,
"Bring him," they said, "alive or dead—
Three thousand we will pay."

You cannot long resist the force
Arrayed against your life,
The country anxiously awaits
The outcome of the strife ;
In four and twenty hours more
The truce shall have expired,
No law will then restrain our men
From bloodshed as required.

Surrender then, I pray you,
In accordance with our laws,
And we'll pledge our word of honor
To assist you in your cause.
But if you spurn our counsel,
And remonstrance proves in vain,
The strife will end, I fear, my friend,
In misery and pain.

Young Donald answered calmly,

“ Judge, your motives I admire,

But still the balm you offer me

Is not what I desire.

Canst thou insure my liberty?

Canst thou restore my home?

If not, I pray you go your way,

And I—I still may roam.

“ My faith in legal courts is slain,

I cannot trust them more;

I know the kindness to expect

From what they gave before.

I'm doomed to roam the forest wild,

Beneath your legal bar,

Then come what will, of good or ill,

I'll bear it like a man.”

Thus saying, Donald quickly turned,

And left that dingy room,

A moment paused to look around,

Then plunged into the gloom.

So ended that strange interview

’Twixt judge and outlaw boy,

Whose daring deeds in Compton reads

Lik tales of Rob the Roy.

He pushed the tangled growth aside
And hastened through the swamp
Around, above him, black as death,
Beneath him cold and damp;
On through the night, on, on, until
That silent wilderness,
That stretched away to Sandy Bay,
Was growing less and less.

The rays that herald in the dawn
Were struggling in the East
When Donald's weary tramp was o'er,
Full twenty miles at least.
His rendezvous attained at last,
He laid him down to rest,
And soundly slept till shadows crept
Far over towards the West.

We now retrace those weary miles
Back to our midnight scene,
And find the Judge still sitting there
With stern and thoughtful mien.
At length arising from his seat
He crossed the broken floor,
And waved his hand, when lo! his band
Were quickly at the door.

He then informed that eager throng,
 Beneath the lantern's light,
Of all the conversation had
 With Donald on that night.
The information was received
 With feelings deeply grave ;
Kind men were they, averse to slay
 A youth so firm and brave.

Then silently, as when they came,
 Judge Dugas and his men
Departed from that midnight camp
 Down Galson's lonely glen.
And scarcely had they disappeared,
 When lo ! dark forms are seen
To emerge from the forest's gloom
 That formed a welcome screen.

Brave Highlanders were they who came
 From Lingwick to defend
The "outlaw" Donald Morrison,
 If he should need a friend.
Had cowards marred that interview
 With treachery or hate,
Twelve men were there, prepared to share
 The daring outlaw's fate.

CHAPTER X.

The Truce.

"While reclining that night, on my pallet of
straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the
slain ;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And twice ere the morning I dreamt it
again."

A circular is issued now,
In which the Judge affirms
That Morrison, the outlaw,
"Has refused the country's terms ;"
It also warns the people that
Imprisonment will be
The fate of all, both great and small,
Who helped this lad to flee

From justice, by extending aid
In shelter or in food,
And thus enabling him to roam
The country unsubdued.
But all such proclamations,
All such warnings were in vain—
Who, think you, could refuse him food
Or shelter from the rain ?

A brilliant thought at length invades
The noddles of that train,
“Scotch hospitable tendencies
Are now our country’s bane ;”
They then proposed a remedy
To bring the outlaw in—
Arrest and hound, till none are found
On whom his hopes can lean.

Though mothers with their children weep,
The ruthless monsters come
To tear brave fathers, brothers, sons
At midnight from their home ;
Old men of marked benevolence
Were also captive led,
Because ’twas thought each humble cot
Had sheltered Donald’s head.

And still the story of this lad,
Eluding all who came,
Resounded through the land until
Alaska spoke his name.
Prosaic nineteenth century
Such things were strange to thee,
Resembling more the deeds of yore
In days of chivalry.

The tactics now pursued by foes
The outlaw's spirit rends ;
They find the vulnerable spot,
And shoot him through his friends !
Relentless as the day of fate
The heartless lash they ply,
Till numbers from each Scottish town
In Sherbrooke prison lie.

At length the Caledonian
Society began
To take an active interest
In Compton's outlawed man ;
They sent a deputation
From their lodges to induce
The august band that ruled the land
To grant another truce.

A truce was granted them at once,
And clansmen took their way
To Lingwick and to Winslow towns
The tidings to convey.
A truce ! a truce ! the cry resounds
Through hamlets near and far,
From hill and glen bring in the men—
The valiant men of war !

Call off your bloodhounds, Biss'nett,
There's a truce for several days,
That we instead of force may try
Persuasion's milder ways.
Suspend your vain endeavors
For the hours that intervene,
Let none, we pray, attempt to slay
Should Morrison be seen.

Such were the tidings borne along
Upon the April breeze ;
Such were the tidings Donald heard
Among the maple trees.
Deep, deep in Compton's wilderness
The outlaw now exclaims,
“ This may portend the welcome end
Of trials and of pains.”

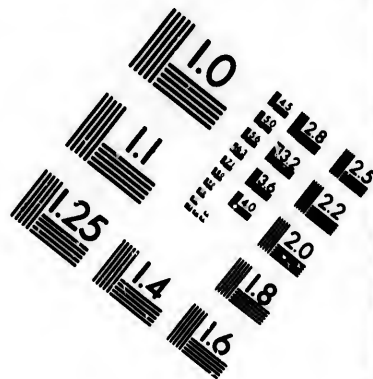
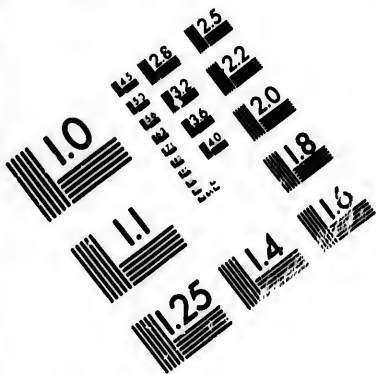
Our Donald kindly thanks the friends
That brought the news to him,
Then leaves his silent haunts behind,
And in the twilight dim
He eastward takes his course along
Lake Moffatt's tangled shores,
Where in the gloom is heard the loon
And Moffat's monster roars.

And as he leaves Loch Rook behind
The stars peep out above,
To cast a beam upon his path
To Marion and love ;
The anxious fears that weighed him down
Are growing lighter now,
And marks of care the troubled wear
Are fading from his brow.

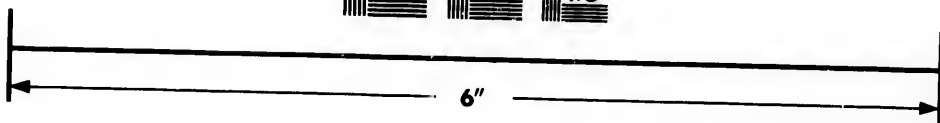
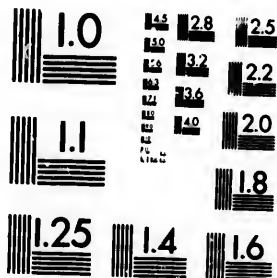
Far to the right he sees the lights
Of Scotstown village gleam ;
He hears the Salmon river roar
In swollen rage between.
On, on, till Scotstown's left behind,
Wild Marsden lies before—
Lights disappear, nor does he hear
The Salmon waters roar.

With youthful strength that scorns fatigue
He still pursues his way,
Till Marsden's rugged hills are reached
Before the dawn of day ;
And there amid grand maple trees
A sugar house he spies,
Beneath whose bark, secure and dark,
The sleepy outlaw lies.





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Within McKinnon's rustic camp
He takes his well-earned rest,
And sleeps as only they can sleep
With healthful vigor blest.
Day dawns, the birds begin to sing
Their joyful roundelays,
And sunlight streams, in playful beams,
Upon his sleeping face.

But still no sound disturbs his dreams,
He slumbers calmly on,
The sunbeams creep far up the wall
In silence, one by one.
Sleep on, poor hunted outlaw, sleep,
And dream your cares away,
You'll ne'er obtain the like again
Through life's long, lingering day.

Before his dreaming fancy spread
A landscape rich and fair,
A happy home was in the midst,
And Marion was there !
A little child, with sunny curls,
Was playing near the door,
And fields of grain stretched o'er the
plain
To Lake Megantic's shore !

His dream has changed, and fancy now
Presents a Western scene ;
Above, grand mountains rear their heads,
Beneath him valleys green.
Far up the slope where pine trees wave
Their limbs like beckoning hands,
By Custer's brook, in sheltered nook,
His cowboy cabin stands.

He saw the burning summer sun
Sink slowly in the West,
Until it vanished all aflame
Behind yon mountains crest ;
And there amid the dying glow
Of sunset stood again
His Compton home, his Marion,
And fields of waving grain !

But see ! 'tis not the sunset glow
That o'er yon summit gleams,
He hears his *Morag* call for help—
Beholds his home in flames.
Now, horrors ! dusky forms appear,
She screams in wild despair ;
And Indian, of fearful mien,
Hath clutched her waving hair.

The cowboy wildly strove to save
His sweetheart from her fate,
He quickly reached his burning house,
Alas ! he was too late.
He madly dashed his dusky foe
Down into flame and smoke,
Cried, "Life for life," and raised his
knife,
And then—the cowboy woke !

He rubbed his eyes, and quickly sprang
From that unyielding bed
O'erjoyed to find it all a dream,
And Marion not dead ;
When hark ! he hears a step without—
Can it be friend or foe ?
He cautiously steps forth to see--
'Tis right that he should know.

On looking out he meets a glance
As flashing as his own,
The odds are equal—friend or foe !
The person is alone.
But oh ! 'tis love, not hate, that darts
From yon bright eyes of blue ;
Not hate, but love, that strives to prove
Its depths in being true !

'Twas Marion that stood without,
And whom but her besides
Could cause the tumult in his breast
His sterner nature hides?
Her startled glance, how sweet to see,
But sweeter far, I ween,
The accents glad in which she bade
Him welcome to the glen.



CHAPTER XI.

Second Sight.

" 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows be-
fore."

CAMPBELL.

Then arm in arm they strolled along
Down to a shady grove,
Where they had oft before exchanged
Sweet vows of lasting love.
She gladly told him all the " news " —
He wished so much to learn,
Of friends and foes, of joys and woes
That touched them, and in turn

He told her of his weary tramps
And dangers that beset
His path while down at Lingwick—
All that passed since last they met.
He told her of his noonday dreams—
Strange fancies of the brain ;
And how he still could hear her shrill
Voice calling him in vain !

The maiden listens to the close,
And now she softly sighs,
The sad allusion to his dream
Brought moisture to her eyes ;
She whispered, as she brushed away
The tears she could not quell,
“ O, Donald, love ! I also have
A gruesome dream to tell.

“ Last evening, ere I went to rest,
I knelt upon the floor
Beneath the window that o'erlooks
Your father's cabin door ;
The night was dark and dreary,
Fiercely blew the storm and loud,
While overhead, like billows, sped
Each dark and rolling cloud.

“ Regardless of the waning nigh
My vigils still I kept,
Lured by the howling of the gale
That o'er yon forest swept ;
The moaning of the giant trees
Half human seemed to me,
When winds assailed they creaked and
wailed
As if in agony !

“A sense of danger filled my mind
Without apparent cause ;
I am not superstitious, dear,
You know I never was.
Yet, as I strove to pierce the gloom
Around your father's cot,
Uncanny things, on spirit wings,
Seemed hovering near the spot.

“The storm increased, the forest roared,
The darkness darker grew ;
Horsed on the wind the inky clouds
Like very demons flew ;
And by a flash of lightning flame,
That turned the night to day,
I saw before your father's door
Two hulking shadows lay !

“I could not scream, my tongue was tied,
The power of speech was dead ;
I heard the storm and saw the clouds
Still rolling overhead ;
And then arose those awful forms,
With long, dishevelled hair,
I saw the harm, but could not warn
My Donald to beware !

“ Now stealthily as thieves at night
Beyond the door they pass,
And further on they quickly crouch
Like wild beasts in the grass ;
And then, oh, horrors ! what a dream
That wound me in its spell—
The demons twain took deadly aim,
And thou, my Donald, fell !

“ Methought I saw the wretches lift
Your all but lifeless form,
And bear you quickly from my sight
Away into the storm.
God grant the sufferings of that hour
I never more shall feel—
Whate'er it was, whate'er the cause,
O, Don, it seemed so real !

“ Now that you're with me safe and sound
I know I must have slept,
And o'er my sleeping fancy then
These horrid visions crept.
Yet I cannot o'ercome the dread,
It lingers like a chill,
For, O, it seemed your life's blood
streamed
And left you pale and chill.”

“ Pray, calm yourself, dear Marion,
And curb all needless fears,
It fills my soul with grief to see
You shed those scalding tears ;
Anxiety on my behalf
Disturbs your dreams at night,
Therefore, I pray you, chase away
All phantoms of affright.

“ A truce has been proclaimed to day
From pulpits far and near,
To bring me from my wildwood haunts
In Winslow to appear ;
Three days of grace is granted me
To meet my Highland friends—
God willing, then, I ll see the men
And learn what Mercier sends.

“ Those noble-minded gentlemen
Are laboring for my good,
I'll hearken to their counsel,
And surrender as I should.
Friends, tried and true, are languishing
In prison now for me,
I cannot bear to think them there,
While I myself am free.

“ Then, Marion, my own true love,
This night I must away,
To learn the tidings divers brought
To Winslow yesterday.
Vain Bissonnett's fierce bloodhounds now
May rest their panting sides,
A truce must ne'er be broken here—
So honor's law provides.”

“ Dear Donald,” said the maiden,
“ You must still be on your guard
Of wretches dead to honor,
But alive to the reward.
I earnestly implore you
To be careful for my sake,
Distrust the crew that look for you
From Lingwick to the “Lake.”

“ I tremble now to think of them—
To think upon their quest—
And how they thirst to capture you
With avaricious zest.
My words refer to those alone
Who seek to kill for pay ;
They will abuse the boasted truce—
Like Judas they'll betray.

“Then, Donald, I implore you,
Of these traitors to beware—
That God may keep and guide you
Is my earnest constant prayer ;
His arm alone can save you now,
He only can defend,
For dire reports, on lower courts,
We cannot now depend.

“Think of the farce enacted
In our midst not long ago,
When wealth and influence conspired
To lay stern justice low.
'Mid shouts of bartered eloquence
Dishonest wiles succeed ;
Where might is right 'tis vain to fight,
Though innocency bleed !”

While thus they spake, dark angry clouds
Were rising in the East,
And shadows deepened round them
As the leaden mass increased ;
The writhing, seething storm clouds
seemed
Like things endowed with life,
O, forces grand ! that guide, command
This elemental strife !

Oblivious of the warning voice
That through yon forest moans,
The fated lovers still converse
In sad and tender tones.
The time is short, O love ! how short
For all that you would say ;
Nor will it stand at thy command—
Enjoy it while you may !

At length, as from a blissful dream,
They wake to outer things,
And realise how time hath flown
On swift and silent wings.
“O, hasten, Donald,” cried the maid,
“The daylight quickly wanes ;
Too long, I fear, we’ve tarried here—
Avaunt ! ye selfish pains !

“An urgent duty calls you forth
To visit parents dear,
A mother’s heart for thee, her son,
Is trembling now in fear.
Whene’er the wilds reverberate
The shots of random gun,
The echoes seem to wail and scream
‘Your son ! it is your son !’

“ Then, Donald, hasten to their side,
You must no longer stay,
Your presence now will calm their minds
And drive all fears away.
And now again I beg, beseech,
Let prudence point your road ;
And O, I pray, that come what may,
Your trust be still in God !

“ See, see ! the East is wrapped in gloom !
Dark clouds of ragged form
In wild fantastic motion fly
Before the coming storm.
What stillness reigns ! the very air
Seems in a deathlike swoon ;
Megantic's brow is darkling now—
The storm will strike us soon.”

O, tender, tender words of love !
She whispers now “ good by,”
In trembling accents bids him hope
As tears bedim her eye.
Amid the storm that rages now
He clasps her to his heart—
One lingering kiss— one moment's bliss—
Then tear themselves apart.

With bounding steps she leaves his side
And treads the well-known path
That leads through woods now bending
'neath
The storm king's howling wrath.
Young Donald's wistful, loving gaze
Is still upon the maid,
When, lo! she stands and waves her hands
O'er Marsden's lonely glade.

With anxious fears that lend him wings
He hastens to her side,
And in his manly arms once more
He clasps his gentle bride.
But no responsive action moves
The maiden's rigid form,
Her soul now seems to dwell in dreams
Oblivious of the storm.

What power undefined that changed
Those laughter loving eyes
To solemn orbs that now assume
A look of vague surprise?
This vacant stare doth penetrate
Thy realms futurity—
Strange, awful spell that thus can tell
The things that are to be!

The fixed expression changes now—
The features in repose
Transform as if by magic art,
The color comes and goes.
A strange, wild light is in her eyes,
As in a thrilling tone
She cries, “Beware, O Donald, dear,
Remain within your home.

“O, God of heaven, save him now
From fiends that watch the door,
I see their deadly weapons couched—
Save, save him, I implore !
O, heed my agonizing cry,
Let not his blood be spilt ;
Or, if he must be laid in dust,
Then take me if thou wilt !

“O, Donald, can'st thou not behold
The danger that is near ?
See ! see their blazing vengeful eyes
That through yon casement peer !
Now, as you rise prepared to leave,
They crouch, they crouch again !
Beware the light—O, woeful night—
My prayers are all in vain !”

Then suddenly, to Donald's joy,
She emerged from the spell,
And, listless as a little babe's,
Her hands beside her fell ;
He tenderly upheld her form
Until her strength returned—
Brave, thoughtless one ! the woes to come
Thou hast not yet discerned !

Unmindful of the risk incurred
He will not leave her more,
Until the storm-bowed forest's passed
That skirts her father's door.
Together now they breast the storm,
With hearts too full for speech ;
On, on, until they scaled the hill—
The hill so dear to each.

Her humble home appears at length,
He bids her now adieu,
While in that face, so pale and sweet,
Her wind-swept tresses blew.
And now her tender parting words
A pathos deep reveal—
“ Beware the light, my *dream* to-night
Seems strangely, truly real ! ”

Thus part the youthful lovers
Near old Marsden's lonely glen ;
They part in sorrow, feeling
They may never meet again.
Yet, God forbid that hearts so true,
Which beat in love as one,
Be torn apart, or either heart
Be doomed to bleed alone !

The maiden's wild impressive tones
And cheeks of pallid hue
Struck terror to Don's aching heart,
But O, what could he do !
He still believed, as many would
(Excusable belief),
Her spells withal were natural,
Caused by excessive grief.

He stands alone, his misty gaze
Still rests on *Morag's* form
Pass through the wind-swept clearing,
Battling bravely with the storm ;
He gazed until she disappeared
Within her father's cot,
Then sighing, turned, with eyes that
yearned,
And left the lonely spot !

In gath'ring gloom he hastens on
With heart both brave and stout ;
The breast that feels a storm within
Cares nought for storms without.
The fiercest blast that winds can blow
No terrors have for him,
Then gloom assail, and thou, O gale,
Indulge your wildest whim !

Ye denizens of Compton's wilds
That cross his stormy path,
Scud not in terror through the brakes
Nor growl with inborn wrath ;
He, too, is hunted for his life !
His lot is cast with yours ;
O, timid deer and fiercer bear,
A bounty also lures

The hearts of men to shed his blood,
Stern justice to uphold.
But in this case 'tis not the love
Of justice, but of gold.
The youth that's driven from his home,
Far, far from haunts of men,
Forced into strife he saved his life—
The only crime we ken !

CHAPTER XII.

Donald is Captured!

" You may sing about your heroes,
And of men like 'Rob the Roy,'
But I will sing of Morrison—
A brave Megantic boy ;
In courage who was equal
To Sir 'Wallace' or young Bruce,
But lo ! two knaves did shoot him down
Beneath a flag of truce !"

McRITCHIE.

The scene is changed, and Marsden's
woods
Are mantled o'er with gloom,
The winds that shake the forest trees
Their powers now assume ;
And clouds that scurry, black as ink,
The realms of space assail,
While reaper death, with chilling breath,
Is riding on the gale.

Adjacent to the forest wild
An opening small appears,
And on this spot a cabin home
Its humble presence rears.
To-night its rough-hewn timbers creak
Beneath the storm king's din,
As if to warn, of coming harm,
The brave young life within.

A wail of mortal anguish seems
To freight the midnight breeze,
That sweeps with frenzied fury through
The moaning maple trees ;
Though elemental noises drive
The wild beasts to their lairs,
On just such nights the craven strikes
His victim unawares.

O, Morrison, be prudent now,
Grim danger lurks around,
Such seems the burden of the gales
That sweep with mournful sound ;
Be ready for emergencies,
As you have been before,
Two hounds of prey in ambush lay
Before your father's door !

Suspect each flitting shadow now,
And disregard the truce ;
For mortals spurred by lucre's smile
Will e'en their souls traduce.
Trust not in human rectitude,
But let your wrongs be told
To God above who looked with love
On hunted man of old !

O, pity ! that I should relate
The things that soon befell ;
And, O, that fate had granted me
A better tale to tell !
But destiny's unerring laws
Still rule the lives of men--
I must declare things as they were,
Not as they might have been.

The poor, old parents weeping stood
To bid their son farewell ;
The pangs that smote the mother's heart
Can words avail to tell ?
She spake in mournful accents,
As she kissed her hunted child,
" Oh, Donald, son, remain at home,
The night is dark and wild."

When lulled the storm that fiercely sweeps
Through yonder lonely glen—
“ I seem to hear the stealthy tread
Of fierce, bloodthirsty men.
A mother's love detects the harm
Your confidence ignores,
Then stay, O stay, to-night, I pray—
A mother's love implores ! ”

“ My honor I have pledged to-day,”
Young Donald made reply,
“ And I must guard it as I would
The apple of my eye.
'Tis all that now is left me
In this world of woeful strife,
I'll hold it close though bitter foes
Should swear away my life.

“ I know the night is dark and wild,
And something seems amiss,
But I have roamed old Compton's hills
On wilder nights than this.
So mother, dear, be calm and brave
And shed no tears for me,
E'er daylight steals o'er Marsden's hills
In Winslow I must be.

“ My soul is filled with troubled thoughts,
To-night I cannot rest ;
Perchance the storm without will calm
The tumult in my breast.
So, mother, weep no more for me,
The hour is growing late ;
To-night the wild will keep your child—
To-morrow tells his fate.”

Thus saying, Donald quietly stooped
And kissed her tenderly,
Then vanished into outer gloom,
Led on by destiny !
And scarcely had he left the door —
When hark ! oh, mournful tale !
Two rapid shots—death dealing notes !
Were mingled with the gale !

Sweep on, O storm ! but bear thou not
Thy burden to the maid
Whose pray'rs ascend from yonder cot !
For him so lowly laid.
Sweep on, and let the silent shades
The tale of shame infold—
The treachery this land so free
Will perpetrate with gold !

CHAPTER XIII.

Donald in Prison.

The shameful dastard deed is done,
Young Donald weltering lies,
Shot down by foes, and bleeding now
Before his parent's eyes !
We must o'er this heartrending scene
In pity draw a veil,
The money's won and Morrison
Is sent to Sherbrooke jail !

We dwell not on the agony
He suffered in that room
Above the rugged rock-bound depths
Where Magog's waters boom.
Corroding grief and bitter pangs
Were borne without a moan—
Five months or more he suffered sore,
But uttered not a groan.

At length the fatal day arrived—
The day that sealed his doom ;
I doubt if ever throng so great
Had graced that august room.
Grave judges, eager advocates,
In legal looks arrayed,
With learned din essayed to win
The jury's potent aid.

Uprose his senior mightiness
To give the final charge,
On mouldy laws long obsolete
He needs must now enlarge.
Old Roman statutes dim with dust
He quoted word by word ;
Laws that allowed a hellish crowd
To crucify their Lord !

The prisoner is guilty and
His punishment should come,
Was the burden of each sentence
As the cold stern judge went on !
He charged the jury till their brains
With legal dust were clogged !
Yea, learned looks, as known to Brooks,
The jury men befogged !

The fluent, polished sentences
Are falling fast around,
The jury now confused mistake
For *sense* the cultured *sound*.
They imitate the lawyers
With an all-absorbing gaze,
As if they, too, could follow through
That weary legal maze !

And finally he charged them all
Their duty to fulfil—
In accordance with his dictatos,
In submission to his will !
The glamour of his sophistries
Invading ev'ry mind,
With vision dim, the verdict grim,
Of "Guilty, Sir!" they find.

Alas, for human reason and
The wisdom of mankind,
When lives hang on the verdict
Of twelve jurymen so blind.
The sentence coming after
Cut through hundreds like a knife—
Eighteen, that's all ! in grim St. Paul,
For 'fending his own life !

'Tis said we must respect the law,
But how can mortal claim
Respect for law when deeds so vile
Are practiced in its name?
If judges swayed by prejudice
A jury may control,
Then Justice fled may hide its head
And Purity sing dole!

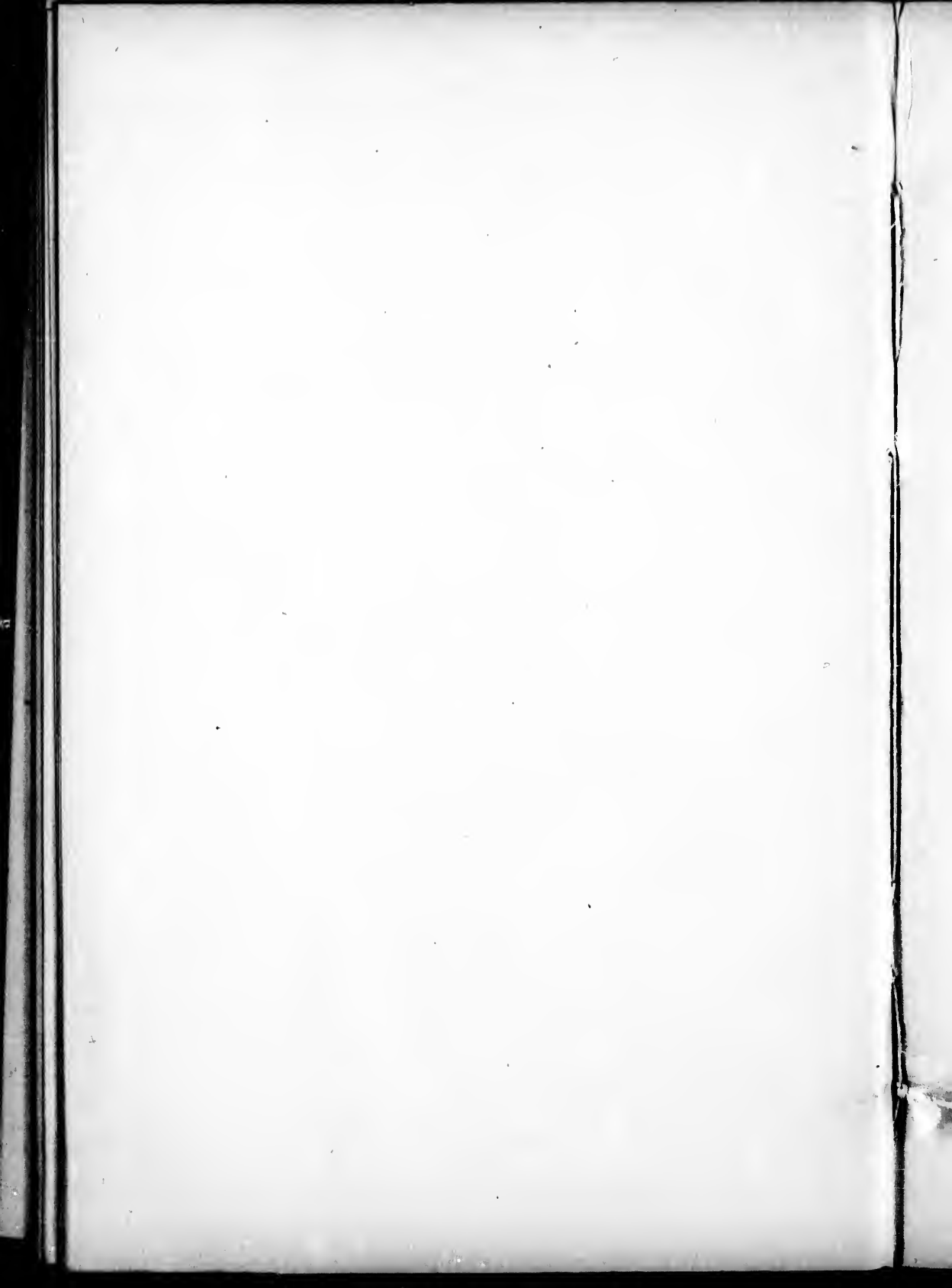
His friends now gather round him,
But what comfort can they give,
As nothing else is left them
But to bid him hope and live;
Assuring him sincerely
Of their friendship tried and true,
'Mid falling tears, perchance for years,
They bid the lad adieu.

Young Donald kindly thanks them
For their aid and sympathy,
His tones seem gay to all—but ah!
The tear is in his eye!
Beneath a calm exterior
He bears a stormy heart,
For nought remains but clanging chains
That call him to depart.

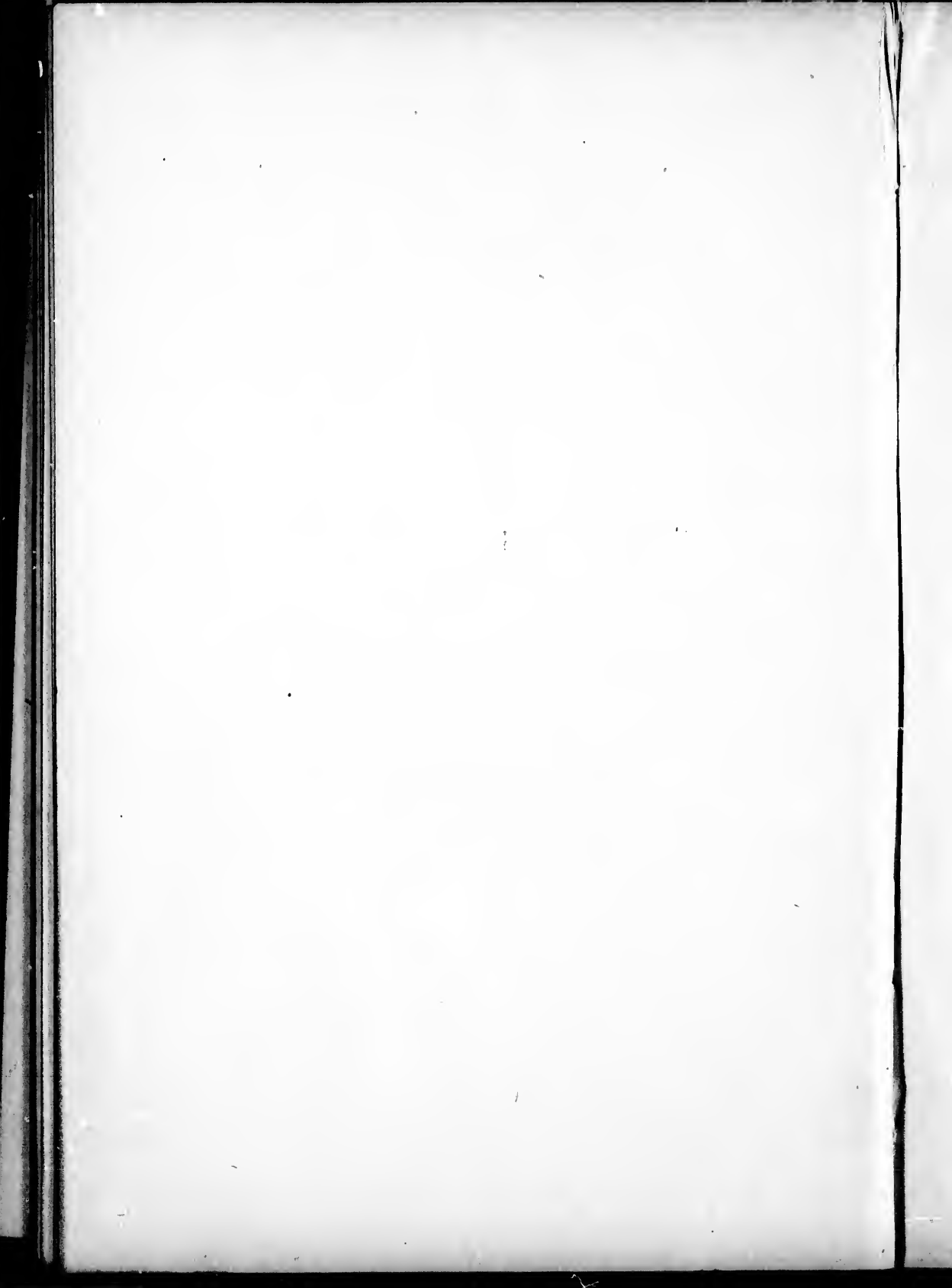
Chained like a wild beast (horrid farce)
They bear young Don away,
His handsome form, once straight and
strong,
Is crippled now for aye.
Oh, God of justice, help him now,
He needeth all thy care.
His strength is spent, his punishment
Is more than he can bear.

The little birds will miss him
As they flit from tree to tree,
And O, how Donald now will miss
Their sweet-toned minstrelsy !
No more to him their thrilling notes
Proclaim the break of day ;
Far, far from them, with hardened men,
He wears his life away.

The moaning maple waves no more
Above his lowly bed,
The darkness of a gloomy cell
Enwraps his form instead.
And phantoms of a fevered brain
Across his vision sweep,
While over all dark grim St. Paul
Its lonely vigils keep.



Morrison's Lament.



CONCLUSION.

Donald sent to Penitentiary.

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—it might have been."

WHITTIER.

Although my body is confined
My fancy still may roam,
And borne on wings of memory
'Twill seek my childhood home.
There, far from jailers' callous tones
And convict's rougher ways,
'Twill revel undisturbed among
The scenes of other days.

Some thirst for wealth and grandeur
And the pomp that's in their train,
But visions of such pageantry
Have ne'er oppressed my brain.
Give me the wilds of Canada
To roam about at will,
O solitudes of Compton's woods,
I hunger for you still !

Farewell, each lovely scene around
The wild Megantic range !
Farewell, ye hills and streams and rocks
That never know a change !
Through lonely nights and weary days
My thoughts revert to thee,
And dreaming o'er these scenes' once
more,
I fain would still be free !

Farewell, my old, familiar haunts —
My wildwood home farewell !
Fond thoughts of thee beguile the time
Within my prison cell.
I love you now, when far away,
As I ne'er loved before ;
Could I attain thy joys again,
I'd never leave thee more !

Farewell, my friends, my faithful friends,
Who proved so firm and true !
My fondest thoughts by day or night
Are e'er reserved for you.
Through all them months of trials,
When affliction's wounds were sore,
Through storm and calm, sweet friend-
ships balm
Relieved the pain I bore.

Farewell, dear old familiar spots
 Around my Compton farm,
The springs and brooks and maple groves
 Have all a subtle charm.
The horses, kye, and gentle sheep
 (I tended with such care !)
That roamed at will o'er vale and hill,
 Alas, they are not there.

Misfortune scattered far and wide
 The flocks I loved so well ;
Misfortune drove their master hence ;
 To fill a convict's cell.
Yet fancy still conjures each scene !
 I hear the lambkins bleat,
And still in dreams those crystal streams
 Will murmur low and sweet.

Misfortune, with its poisoned fangs,
 Hath dealt a deadly blow
To all the plans I formed with care
 In day-dreams long ago.
The happy home I meant to share
 With Marion, my own !
With other things hath taken wings—
 E'en hope itself is flown !

These pictured scenes of future joy
Were castles in the air,
The gentle maiden that I love
My lot may never share.
The welcome sound of childish glee
I long so much to hear !
Will never fall in grim St. Paul
Upon a convict's ear !

Ah ! no, 'tis age alone that dwells
Within these dungeon walls,
The bloom of youth soon fades away
And dark despair appalls.
The dismal moans of fallen men
Invade the prison air,
And bitter cries, with curses, rise
To heaven, instead of prayer !

I love to hear the storm king howl
Around my prison cell,
It e'er reminds me of that last
Sad parting in the dell.
Oh, tender, tender were the tones
Of my sweet Highland maid,
That said "good bye," with tearful eye,
In Marsden's lonely glade !

FINIS.



