

Poetry.

For the DESERET NEWS.

"GOD'S KINGDOM, OR NOTHING AT ALL."

TUNE—"Gentle Annie."

O who would not dwell with the righteous
In Ephraim's blest vales far away,
Where the union is one with immortals,
And the priesthood of God bears the sway?
While the names of oppressors shall perish—
Earth's monarchies totter and fall,
Our motto shall be, now and ever—
"God's kingdom, or nothing at all."

In dangers, in trials and afflictions,
We've shared with the worthies of yore,
That we at Truth's Banquet may join them
When Error's great conflict is o'er.
While the names of oppressors shall perish—
Earth's monarchies totter and fall,
Our motto shall be, now and ever—
"God's kingdom, or nothing at all."

Hell's legions may rise with the despot,
Our homes to lay waste with the sword;
But their evil designs shall be thwarted,
For vengeance belongs to the Lord.
While the names of oppressors shall perish—
Earth's monarchies totter and fall,
Our motto shall be, now and ever—
"God's kingdom, or nothing at all."

O Lord be the strength of thy Prophet,
In these days as in days of the past;
If led and controlled by His counsels,
We'll come off victorious at last.
Though the pillars of heaven may tremble,
And earth's tottering fabrics should fall,
Midst the wreck shall our motto be ever—
"God's kingdom, or nothing at all."

ALEXANDER ROSS.

[Written for the DESERET NEWS.]

SCRAPS FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN OLD REPORTER.

Having spent the greater portion of my time during the first quarter of my engagement in narrating facts as they transpired, I was requested by Mr. Jinks to alter my method of diction, by filling up my tales, in descriptive character. "Narrative," said he, "is insipid, whereas, when a tale is founded on fact and the characters personally exhibited it will produce a vitality and animation which will arrest the attention and make it interesting, while it retains all that could be told in a see-saw roundabout way, such as your tale of 'Margary Flin,' 'The Student,' or any other narrative which you have put together connected with their history."

"This sir," said I, "would come under the name of novel writing, or perhaps worse, fiction; or"—

"Romance," he grinned, interrupting me, "no fear of that sin being committed by you. Romance is the highest gift of composition, to which I much doubt you will ever attain. In this department of writing, the author has not only to conceive the plot and characters but the fabrication mentally out of his own brain. And this, King, constitutes genius of the highest literary order. Although in your barren conceptions of truth, it is falsehood of the darkest dye. Do you suppose, sir, [getting out from the desk, and looking piercingly at me] that Dante ever was in hell, or Milton in paradise, or Defoe on the Solitary Island. Bah! You have no conception of genius, sir. These authors are of world-wide fame, they are the great Giants of literature and will be held in veneration to the end of time. Your head, sir, is too small for invention [at this retort, his eyes relaxed to a bright hazel]. King, said he, I am of opinion that your dry narratives would take better if illustrated in character. This tale which I hold in my hand, is well narrated, but if you could put a tongue into your characters and make them speak, how much better would it be than in its present form. Make the attempt, King. There," said he, throwing the M. S. to me, "take and remodel it in character. Keep strictly by the narrative and it will not be monotonous and insipid."

I made the attempt, and here is my first tale, now thirty years in manuscript; entitled:

DUMIDA,

OR THE

HERMIT OF COLZEAN.

Among the numerous little hills which form that part of the coast of Scotland, lying west between Colzean Castle and Brown Carrick, may be seen the ruins of an old castle and monastery standing on an eminence surrounded by a few old fir trees, brown with age; and around its base a few flat stones

sculptured after the fashion of the 17th century—bearing rude images of angels holding a crown over some devoted head, or blowing a trumpet in representation of the last day, or old Time with his scythe and sand-glass, or the Smithy's coat of arms, half decayed and obliterated by the rain and moss of nearly one hundred years.

Around this place, enclosed by a stone wall, might be seen small towers, at each angle; but, which had suffered much from the inroads of cattle and the hurricane storms which swept the bosom of the north-west shore for so long a period. About one mile from this place, and within the sea-mark, may still be seen beneath a huge rock the remains of a gable and chimney place, with the half-burnt beams of the roof fallen from the mouldering walls, or lying inclined from their indentation in the rock, forming an outward appearance something like an old cairn, to the stranger's eye as he paces the shore on his way to Balentray.

In this sequestered spot there once lived an obscure character, known only to the fishermen and a few visitors who frequented this place, during the summer season, for fishing and game. His outward man had little of an inviting appearance, and his untoward demeanor deterred even the curious to approach on his company or enter his stronghold. Strange and varied were the reports in circulation throughout the country respecting him. And although the prying eye of inquisitiveness had marked his wanderings by night and day, on hill and shore, still no clue could be distinctly made out as to how he subsisted—where he came from, and what were his intentions in living in such a solitary situation.

From the first of his being known by the few persons who lived near the shore, his habiliments or apparel were the same—over his head louched an old glazed south-wester, covering the tops of his shoulders; a spanish blue frock coat, the skirts of which met his knees and lapped his body like a mantle; while underneath might be seen his weather-beaten legs and naked feet, as he paced the beach, or glided across the path of some rustic neighbor returning from a late carousal by the harvest moon.

The old monastery and burying-ground were his favorite haunts, and there, often when the sun had gone down, was he observed passing like a ghost among the brown firs or gazing from the old ruin o'er the dark sea long after the gray twilight and piercing cold had summoned the surrounding herds to their respective homes. Tantrum Crag, for such was the name given to him by the fishermen, derived probably from the length of his person and his place of residence, was feared and suspected. No one had ever dared to form any acquaintance with him, except a dumb boy, who was employed as a herd on Lochlyden estate, the nearest residence to the shore on the north side of Colzean. Often had they been seen together, but as the boy was tongue-tied, the inmates of Lochlyden never could learn the purport of their meetings. Often had he stolen away from them after night-fall, and although the greatest precaution had been taken to watch his return, still he evaded their vigilance, and was found among them ere they were aware of his presence—like the genii of Alladih, starting into their company, at the mere whisper of his name—blythe as the face of innocent thankfulness, and his eyes beaming with gratitude, as they did when they first took him under their roof, a helpless wanderer on the hills of Carrick.

Lochlyden, at the time we refer to, was in the possession of a Mr. Grahame, next estate to that of Colzean. He kept up a respectable establishment, superior to any of the surrounding tenantry, owing to circumstances of a relational nature, which had put him in possession of considerable wealth.

It may be necessary to state, in order to be perspicuous, that the dumb boy alluded to was taken into service at Lochlyden, through pure sympathy. They never had learned where he came from, who were his parents, and no one ever having enquired after him, he continued in the family without any suspicion, farther than his connection with the recluse, at the good will of Mr. Grahame, for several years.

Mr. Grahame had only one daughter, the younger of eight, who had all died in their infancy, except this girl, who was about fifteen years old. Rather delicate in her constitution, but free, innocent, and kind in her demeanor, particularly to the domestics of her father's house; and among them all, none were so much thought of, nor on whom she bestowed more favors, than Dumida, the herd callant, as she designated him.

From his first coming among them, he had been careful of the trust committed to him with honest, diligent activity. And so far from being treated with indifference as a stranger, he was kindly and feelingly regarded. Having won the good graces of master, man and maid-servant, all were alike interested in his welfare; and he, like another Joseph, had attributed to him the good fortune which had attended their cattle from the date of his reception in the family.

Hellen, his lovely patroness, lost no opportunity during the long winter nights to instruct him in forming letters, and ultimately sentences, which he learned with amazing rapidity. Her father countenanced so far the laborious exertions of his daughter, and she, on the other hand, prided herself in displaying every advance of her pupil, whose acute mind soon developed the germ of strong reflection, although destitute of the powers of speech.

It might be two years or more from the time he had received instructions in this way, that Miss Hellen, one day, wrote down on the diagram board, on which she taught him, an interrogatory sentence respecting his friend Tantrum, the recluse. Dumida placed his hand on his mouth, as a sign of secrecy, and looking archly in the face of his fair instructor, drew his finger across his lip and then across the board, and bowing, retired quickly from the room.

Hellen felt somewhat curious on the occasion, as she had anticipated, that when he was capable to note down his thoughts, she would then be better fitted to draw from him the mystery of the recluse, and his attachment to him. But now, when he could in some measure communicate his thoughts, she found him as dark as formerly, and with less hope of making any impression by which she could learn anything even of his own history. In this she felt particularly interested, and as she thought there might be some relationship between the two, she had broken upon his secret, in reference to his friend, purely to discover if possible anything of himself. Her father entering the apartment in the midst of these reflections unperceived, and seeing her in such a meditative mood, he was curious enough to glance over the contents, when the defaced sentence on the draught board caught his eye, and the few remaining words commencing with: "Dear Dumida, tell me if—" he passed out of the room, without her notice, wondering in his mind what could be the meaning of such a correspondence.

He had long marked the intimacy of the two, and thoughts of a very different kind occupied his mind as to the legitimate conclusions to which such a commencement could lead, than that to which it was intended by the innocent Hellen.

Dumida, when he left passed through the spence unobserved and, stepping the style which led to the witch knowe, hurried down the glen with the speed of a young buck towards the dwelling of the lonely Tantrum. The moon shone clear at intervals as he turned the windings of the wizard Ranock, and slade down the deep hollows that opened their yawning gulphs to the angry scowling blast of the troubled ocean, and as the passing cloud dimmed the face of the moon, or sparkled on the heaving surf, he mused for a moment and then hurried away round the base of Macrum to the verge of the steep rock, where his solitary friend dwelt; a shrill whistle broke the monotonous sigh of the moaning sea, and the low door of the Hermit for a moment opened and a gleam of light from within discovered the reception of Dumida, and as quickly disappeared as if no mortal inhabited this solitary wild.

On this evening, in the large Hall of Lochlyden, had assembled a large group of servant men and women from the neighboring farms, to hold what is called a Rocking in Scotland; and which had been done by special invitation, by Mr. Grahame, in commemoration of his Birth-day, and his otherwise good fortune in becoming heir to a deceased brother who had left him a considerable estate. A large oaken table stood on the centre of the floor, on which lay cheese, butter, bread, etc., and a few wooden bickers, or ale cups. The great peat fire blazed by the help of light coal, and shed its rays on a well-furnished rack of pewter plates, which reflected a double radiance and heat on the smiling faces and seemingly diffident countenances of the young women, as they sat paired to their respective sweethearts. Sanders Laughlan, a moorland farmer, from Eastnook, was requested to ask a blessing on the viands prepared for supper—to which he consented after a considerable time being lost in praising him as the only fit per-

son duly qualified by age and experience to preside in the solemn exercise on such an occasion. Sanders, after making a number of faint excuses, showed off his unquestionable ability by occupying their attention for nearly half an hour in a half singing tone, which was responded to by many a loud yawn and half smothered laugh as he ended and began a new section on the blessings of providence in granting such rich supplies for man and beast, craving a particular blessing on the much favored family of whose bounties they were about to partake. At last, the long wished-for amen! gave a new turn to their expressions of thankfulness, in solacing themselves in the rich repast, each one praising the dainties spread before them, and pouring blessings on the devoted head of Mr. Grahame, as the best neighbor and gentleman in the whole district of Carrick. The eatables being removed for the more exhilarating beverage of strong drink, Mr. Quinton, a lawyer from Maybole, began the hilarity by proposing the health and long life of Mr. Grahame and his fair daughter, through whose kindness they had been invited to spend the evening in commemoration of Mr. Grahame now being put in the possession of a princely fortune left by his brother, who died twelve years ago, and which had been detained unjustly until now by some deficiency in the eye of the law; but, which he was now happy to announce, had been finally settled in favor of his esteemed friend, and to the satisfaction, he was certain, of all present. The rounding of this period put a stop to further speechifying, by a long continued burst of approbation by the rustics. And although attempts were made to prolong the flattering speech, their deafening yells and boisterous noise fairly superceded polite eulogy.

Mr. Grahame responded in a few complimentary sentences, which were drowned in the noisy feeling of the audience, bent on exhibiting their expression of good feeling by bawling all sorts of rude congratulations, *en masse*.

Songs composed for the occasion, were sung in praise of the ploughman turned Lord! and also of their rural games of Quoit and Curling. Rival poets sang in comic strains, their loves and frolics, and bacchanalian sprees. Songs gave place to dancing, and Miss Hellen led off the first set with Mr. Quinton, which was followed up with life by half a dozen of parties on the floor at one time, every one endeavoring to outstrip another at wheeling, crossing and running the figure—beating down the sound of the pipes, by their heel-rattling, shuffling, tripping and jumping, keeping the motion of time, when turning the reel, by giving a double high cut, and a clap of their hands. Some were busy handing about the inspiring draught, others forming new acquaintances, when the whole group by the hour of twelve were one, in every particular feature of fun and folly.

The pebroch had skirled off many a mild mountain note and air, and the piper's throat had been as often moistened, when the party, quite tired, sat down once more to enjoy the thrilling cup as a Doch and Dorns ere the parting "Auld Lang Syne" would join their hands in ties of friendship to be kept in remembrance till some future occasion would bless their meeting again. The noise and merriment subsided, and all faces were turned to the upper end of the table. It was Mr. Grahame calling the attention of the company to his parting complimentary respects for their company throughout the evening. There was but one absent, he regretted to say, of all his domestics and friends. However, as he intended to retire, any or all of them might make their own time, and take their pleasure; and bowing to the party he led Hellen out of the hall, in company with Mr. Quinton and Mr. Watson's family, a wealthy farmer who lived near the shore.

Long after the master had retired, the social band kept up the carousal, and the morning was pretty far advanced ere the pipe's skirling sound died away, as the last of the party marched in procession down the windings of Ford house-burn.

The last of the inmates were about retiring to rest, when the silent Dumida glided through the hall to his place of rest.

Next morning found the servants at their various occupations at Lochlyden, and as if recruited with new life and vigor they had acquired a large budget of witty sayings, and scraps of new songs to while away the dull hours of a muirland life.

Hellen and her father met after breakfast in the parlor, who, after making enquiry respecting her health, entered into conversation with her on Dumida's disappearance the previous evening