

Jane Irene Lemon
“Evangeline”

**The following is an extract from a poem in memory of her father,
John Torry Scott**

“My Father tilled old Sullivan’s soil,
And felled tall trees on slope and hill,
His homespun garments, but a foil.
That swathed “a man of iron will.”
“His echoing ax, he gaily swung
Among the solitude,
And crashing thundering down were flung,
Tall hemlocks of the woods,”
“With dog and gun and powder horn,
He through the forest roamed,
And many a toothsome deer he brought,
To his primeval home.”
“And thus, he lived an outdoor life,
With sight of wild flower, bird and bee,
With yoke of oxen and a wife,
And children climbing round his knee.”

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