

The Bear Hunt

[n.d.]

A wild bear chase, dost never see?
Then hast thou lived in vain -
Thy richest bump of glorious glee,
Lies desert in thy brain -

When first my father settled here,
'Twas then the frontier line;
The panther's scream, filled night with fear,
And bears preyed on the swine -

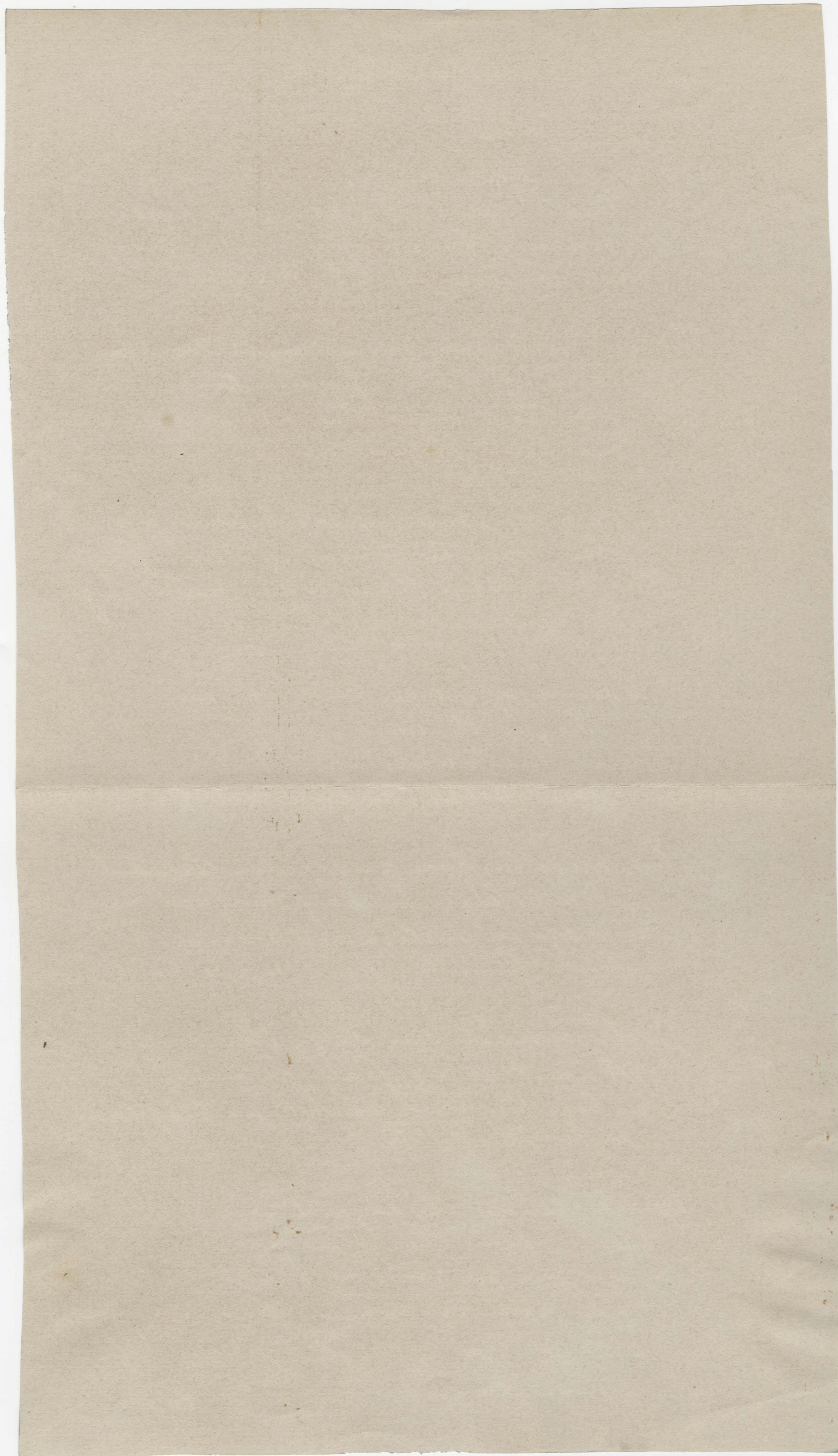
But wo for Brum's short lived fun,
When rose the Squealing cry;
Now man and horse, with dog and gun,
For vengeance, at him fly -

A sound of danger strikes his ear,
He gives the breeze a snuff;
Away he bounds, with little fear,
And seeks the tangled rough -

On press his foes, and reach the grove,
Where's left his half-munched meal;
The dogs, in circles, scent around,
And find his fresh made trail -

With instant cry away they dash,
And men as fast pursue;
O'er logs they leap, through water splash,
And shout the brisk halloo -

Now to elude the eager pack,
Bear shuns the open grove;
Though matted vines, he shapes his track
And runs it, round and round -



The tall fleet cur with deep-mouthed voice,
Now spears ~~him~~ ^{him}, the armed;
While half-grown pup, and short-legged fies,
Are yelping far behind.

And fresh recruits are dropping in
To join the merry ~~crew~~ ^{corps};
With yelp and yell, a mingled din—
The woods are in a roar—

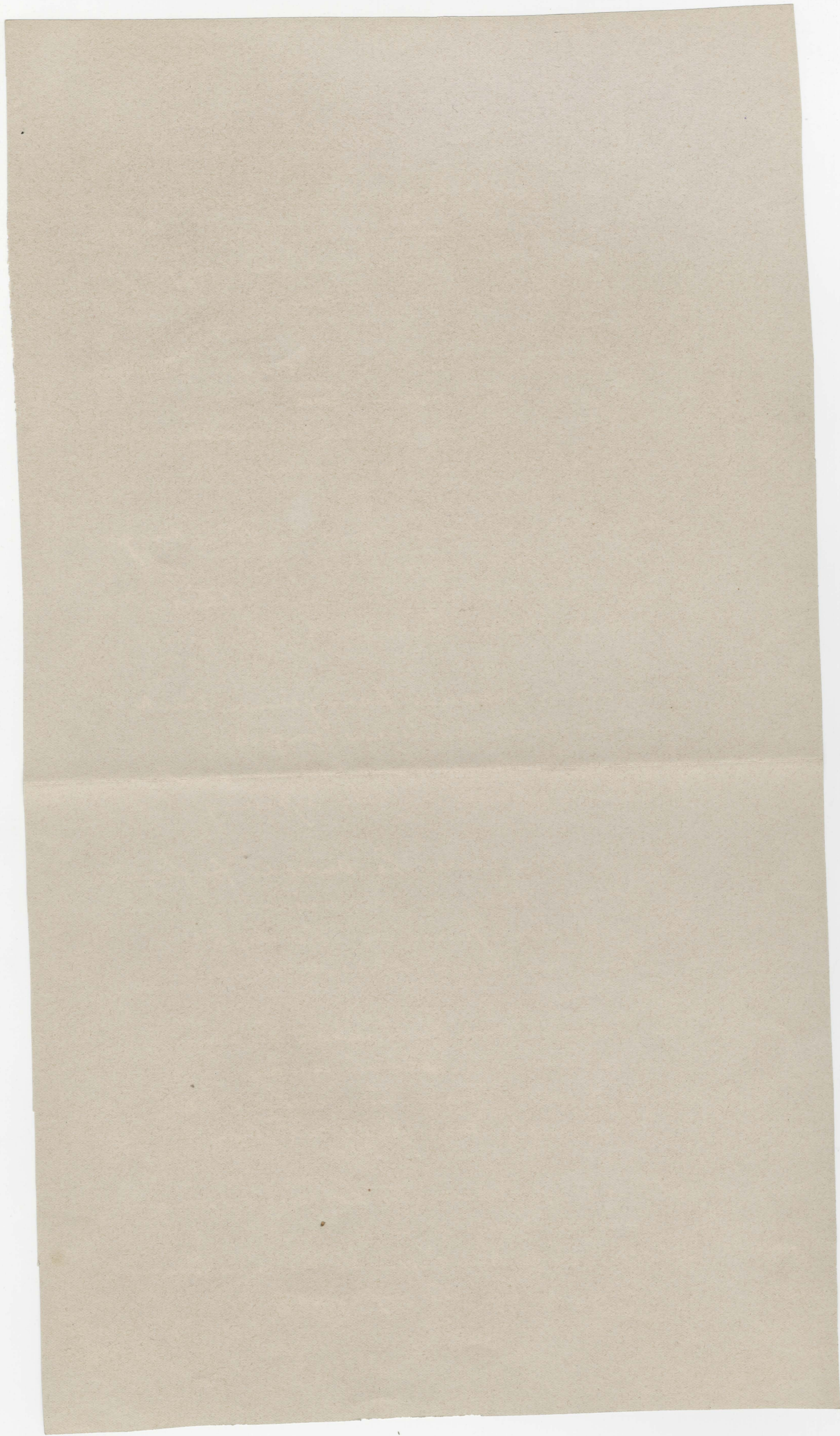
And round, and round the chase now goes,
The world's alive with fun;
Nick Carter's horse, his rider throws,
And Moose, Will drops his gun—

Now sorely pressed, bear glances back,
And lolls his tired tongue;
When is, to force him from his track,
An ambush on him sprung—

Across the glade he sweeps for flight,
And fully is in view—
The dogs, new-fired by the sight,
Their cry, and speed, renew—

The foremost ones, now reach his rear,
The turn, they dash away;
And circling now the wrathful bear,
They have him full at bay—

At top of speed, the horse now come,
All screaming in a row:
"Whoop! Take him Tiger—Seize him Drums!"
Bang—bang—the rifles go—



And furious now, the dogs he tears,
And crushes in his iron
Wheels, right and left, and a pained roar,
With eyes of burning fire -

But leaden death is at his ^{heart,} ~~heart,~~
Vain all the strength he plus -
And, sporting blood from every part,
He reels, and sinks, and dies -

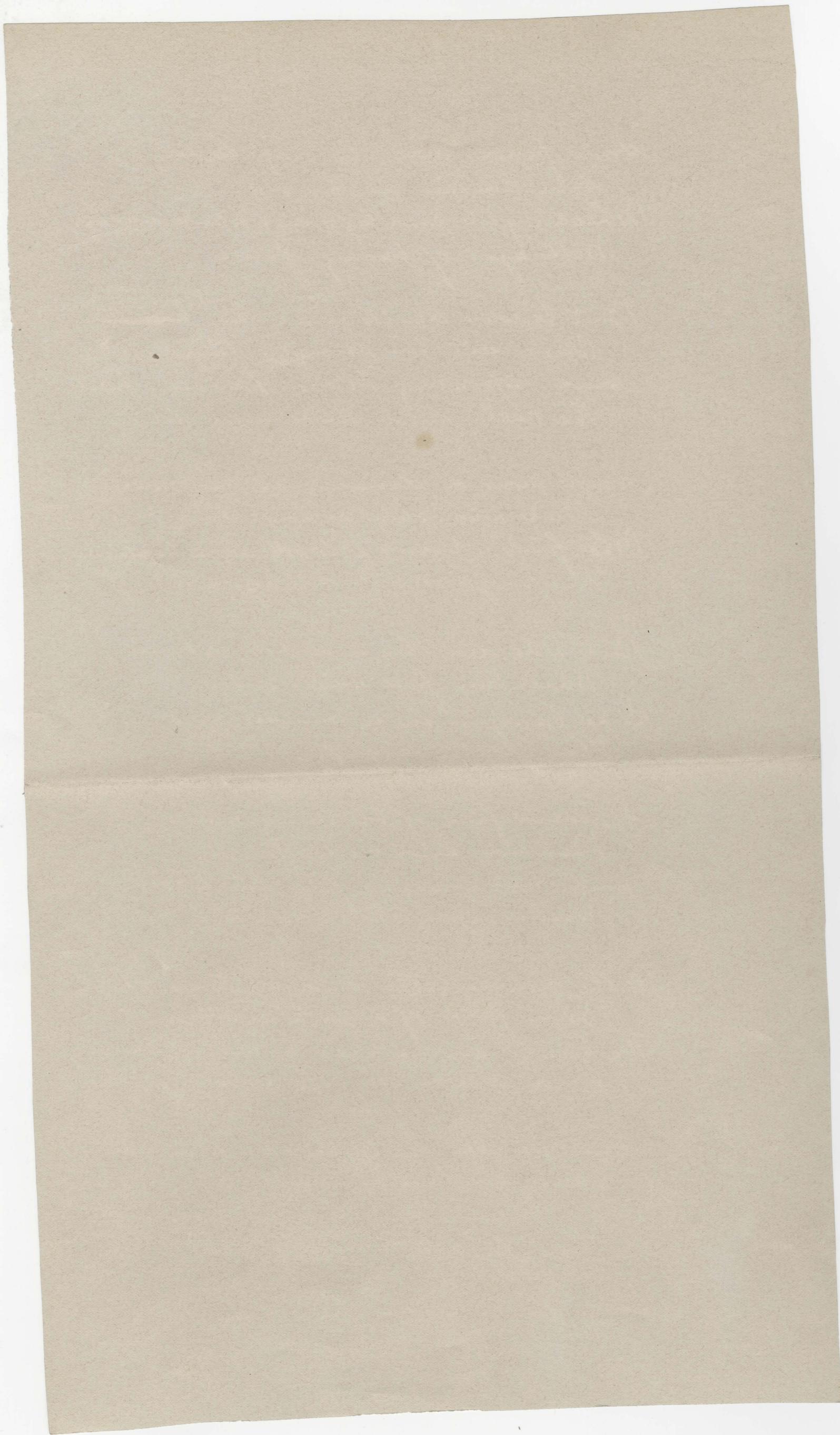
And now a dinsond clamor rose,
Bont who should have his skin;
Who first draws blood, each hunter knows,
This prize must always win -

But who did this, and how to trace
What's true from what's a lie,
Like lawyers, in a murder case
They stoutly argue -

Aforesaid fier, of blustering mood,
Behind, and quite forgot,
Just now emerging from the woods,
Arrives upon the spot -

With grinning teeth, and up-turned hair -
Brain full of spark and wrath,
He growls, and seizes on dead bear,
And shakes for life and death -

And swells, as if his skin would tear,
And growls and shakes again;
And swears, as plain as dog can swear,
That he has won the skin -



Conceited whelp! we laugh at thee.
Nor mind that not a few
Of pompous, two-legged dogs, thou be,
Conceited quite as good:

Mr. Isaac Smith

