

The herd wus up !—not one at a time,  
*Thet* ain't the style in a midnight run,—  
 They wus up an' off like es all thair minds  
 Wus roll'd in the hide of only one !

XXX.

I've fit in a battle, an' heerd the guns  
 Blasphem'in' God with their devils' yell ;  
 Heerd the stuns of a fort like thunder crash  
 In front of the scream of a red-hot shell ;  
 But *thet* thar poundin' of iron hoofs,  
 The clatter of horns, the peltin' sweep  
 Of three thousand head of a runnin' herd,  
 Made all of them noises kind of cheap.

XXXI.

The Pass jest open'd its giant throat  
 An' its lips of granite, an' let a roar  
 Of answerin' echoes ; the mustang buck'd,  
 Then answer'd the bridle ; an', pard, afore  
 The twink of a fire-bug, lifted his legs  
 Over stuns an' brush, like a lopin' deer—  
 A smart leetle critter ! An' thar wus I  
 'Longside of the plungin' leadin' steer !

XXXII.

A low-set critter, not much account  
 For heft or looks, but one of them sort  
 Thet kin fetch a herd at his darn'd heels  
 With a toss of his horns or a mite of a snort,