

A MAN HUNT

To abandon their game
While the scent is so strong.
Such an ending is tame
To the man-hunting throng.
Shall we pause and take breath
And turn back from the crush,
Or be in at the death
When the law claims its brush?
This fox killed himself—
Hanged himself in his cell;
For that pitiful self
Chanced the suicide's hell.
And a woman next day,
With a babe at her breast,
In a lone garret lay
Stiff and cold; but at rest!
Her eyes staring wide,
And fixed right on the door,—
She had missed from her side
One who never came more.
She had missed him that night:
As the death-film came fast
And encurtained her sight,
She had gazed till the last!