

Where five brown bears hung by the heel,  
Could that old dingy tent reveal.

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No nerves can bear the painful shock,  
The sudden start in midnight snooze,  
At being roused at twelve o'clock,  
To listen to disastrous news;  
It rained—the reader may imagine,  
Whether that was not cause for chagrin;  
And, as a further source of grief,  
The tent was leaking like a sieve.  
Now, tho' transparent trickling streams  
Of which the thirsty traveler dreams,  
Are charming things, sometimes, no doubt,  
Yet, by the weary camper out,  
Who feels his blanket saturated,  
That charming, trickling stream is hated.  
What constitution ever stood well,  
Eight hour's exposure in a puddle?  
A hydrophatic treatment, which  
The thought of gives rheumatic twitch,  
Yet, in that doleful state they lay,  
From twelve that night till eight, next day,  
When the *first object* of desire,  
Was to renew the extinguished fire;  
But Baptiste was already there,  
Turning his cheeks into a pair  
Of leathern bellows which he blew,  
Till flame from out the faggots flew;  
Quoth Br-df-rd from his puddle, "now sirs,