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**AN ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.**

HUNTING & ADVENTURES

IN UTOPIA,

**AND OTHER POEMS.**

BY A—

**PARRY SOUND SETTLER'S SON**

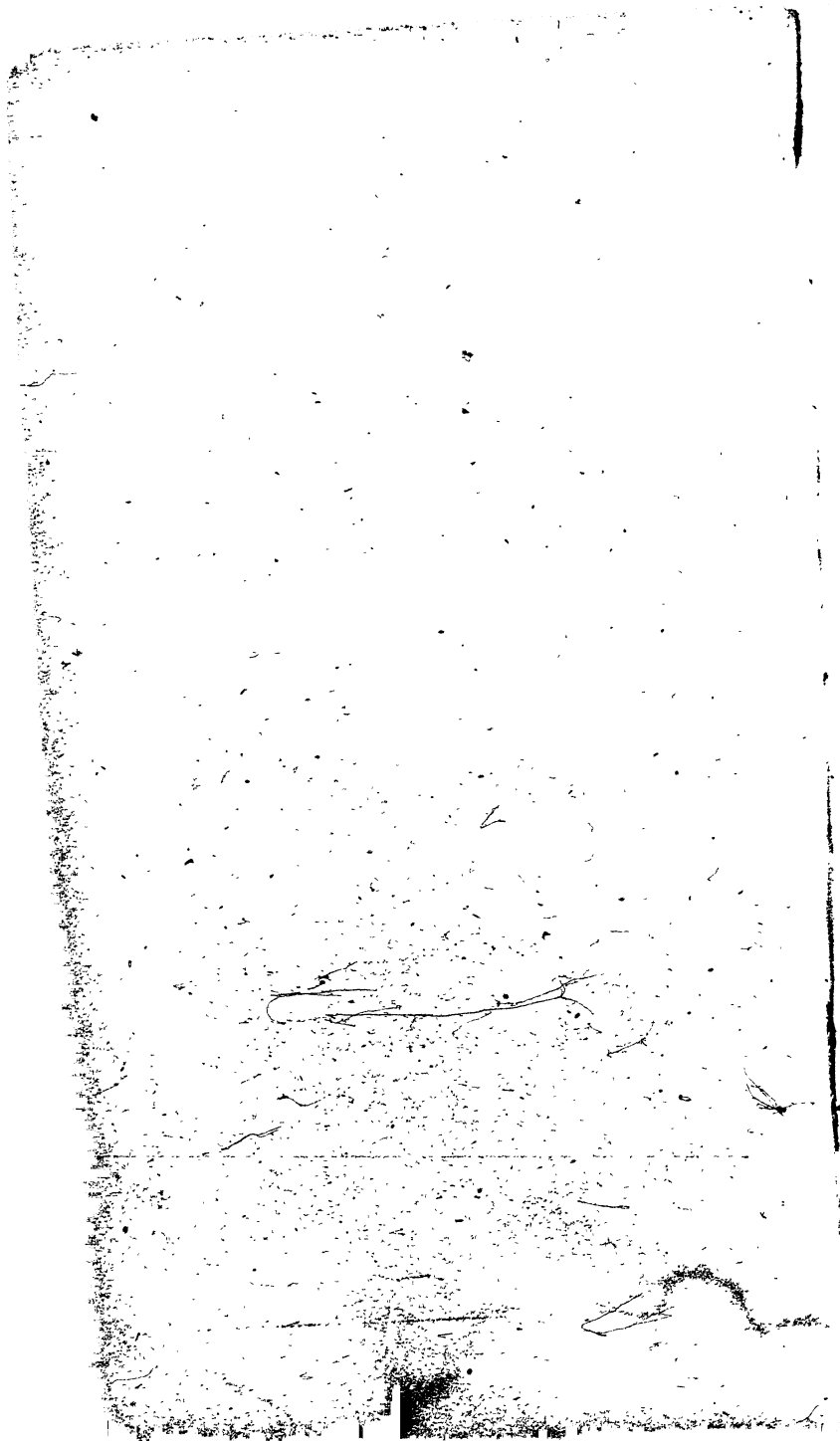
**WRITTEN IN HIS 14th & 15th YEAR.**

**RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO JOHN DUNCAN, ESQ.,**

*Markham, Yonge St., near Richmond Hill.*

1880 :

Printed by MERTON & Co., 3 and 5 Adelaide Street East,  
TORONTO.



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## PREFACE.

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Kind friends (for as such I shall consider all those who may read this little volume) perhaps a few words in the way of an explanation may not be out of place. The author of this little book was "raised" in the far northern district of Parry Sound; his father, the writer of this preface, being one of the pioneer settlers of one of its first settled townships, McKellar, the garden township of the district, and which for material advancement and rapid improvement will compare favourably with the most favoured Townships of the Dominion; a condition of things not altogether owing to the natural advantages it possesses but to the praiseworthy habits of its industrious inhabitants, ably aided by the energy, enterprise and business tact and talents of Messrs. S. & J. Armstrong, with the valuable assistance of their brother Robert and Henry, founders, and in great parts proprietors of the beautiful and beautifully located village of McKellar. When I first saw the site of this village in 1870 there was only a single house upon it, now there are two first-class hotels that would be a credit to any town on the line of the Northern Railway. In conclusion, I am not quite certain, but that I ought to apologise for publishing this little volume, but every created thing must have, or must have had, a beginning, and nothing attempted nothing done. The material of which this volume consists are amply sufficient for a first venture, and if it is successful (as I hope it will be) expect to hear from us again. Yes, kind friends, for I am myself a verse maker and rhyme writer, yet I have not attempted to alter a single line in the book as I do not wish to interfere in any way with its originality. Mr. Morton has kindly and courteously proposed to correct the spelling, which, owing to the limited education of the author, was not good, the same reason and the extreme youthfulness of the writer, the book being nearly all written in his 14th and 15th year, must excuse defects of style and thought.

JAMES ELLIOTT.

Toronto, Sept. 22nd, 1880.

## AN ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

---

No more I hear the robin sing,  
Or see his bright red brest ;  
But I can see the wintry cloud  
Which rises in the west,  
The little star is mangled by  
The falling snow up in the sky.  
Again the snow comes hissing down  
All o'er the grass and leaves so brown ;  
We have no need for to complain,  
The weather bright it can't remain,  
The snow comes wreathing from the sky,  
" No glimpse of blue can meet the eye."

---

### THE HUNTER.

The hunter now begins to rove  
All o'er the hill and through the grove ;  
He tracks the game with gun and spear,  
When he's well armed he has no fear ;  
He is guarded by the sun and sky,  
Which shines between the branches green.  
The hunter brave has patience still,  
The time he has lost he gain or fill.  
With watching eyes and listening ear  
He hears the sound of wolf or deer,  
Many mountains he's surveying,  
Many wolf he's shot and slaying,  
He hoists his gun, now on his shoulder,  
And marches home more brave and bolder,  
The steady hand that held the gun,  
And the trigger small,  
One instant lit the powder quick  
And drove the mighty ball.

Spring is here, oh ! boys, hurrah !  
February's gone away ;  
The time is short, but it seems long  
Since I heard the robin's song ;

---

#### 4 ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

I long to hear his song once more,  
And hear him chirp around my door.  
The bright blue sky, it seems so high,  
Where clouds of snow fell down below.  
Winter's white and summer's grey,  
Fields of snow or fields of hay,  
We soon shall see the honey bee  
Among the flowers bright,  
And all day long we hear his song.  
He works from morn till night.

Again the sky is bright and warm,  
And buds and leaves begin to form,  
Old spots of snow is all we see,  
While sugar maple running free.  
Spring will open every lane,  
Lakes are free for boats again.  
Men begin with pike and pole,  
Fast the sawlog now does roll.  
Spring is here, I'll let you know,  
All the streams begins to flow.  
Men begin with horse and plough,  
Women with their pail and cow.  
I'd rather see the rock and mud  
Than see the ice and snow,  
I'd rather hear the birds that sing  
Than hear the winds that blow.  
Its far away down beyond the tide,  
There is an ocean far and wide,  
Where summers sun does brightly glow  
Like frost and moonlight on the snow.  
Summer here, with rain and thunder,  
If it's not I've made a blunder,  
Dark clouds heave by on the sky,  
"No glimpse of blue can meet the eye."

December days has come again,  
With it's dark clouds of snow and rain,  
With clouds for dark and sun for light,  
The days so dark brings days so bright.  
A gloomy shade from heaven showing  
While the distant winds are blowing

ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES. 5

God made the bird to build its nest,  
He made its food to find,  
He did not make the man to curse  
To satisfy his mind.

Spring is coming, it will show  
All the flowers in a row,  
I love to hear the birds sweet song  
In the summer days so long.  
Spring is coming, golden flowers,  
Birds is singing every hour,  
It seems to me like spring so gay,  
I cannot think the birds is away,  
But nature caused them for to go,  
The will of God it must be so.  
Wednesday morn has come again,  
Not sing of snow or sing of rain.

With a circle round the moon,  
Though its shining very dim.  
Birds and frogs is all in tune,  
I'd like to know their glorious hymn.  
Happy times it is to me  
With the fields of green around,  
Busy times to bird and bee,  
Idle they are never found,  
The nature of the honey bee  
Flocks among the blooming flowers,  
Around a mansion with a glee,  
Every day and every hour.

Yesterday the rain did pour,  
But now the sun is shining bright,  
Among the trees the wind does roar,  
With hastening time brings darkest night.  
Their is a wave of glimmering light,  
With a dreadful wind on land.  
Makes a signal dark as night.  
Why it is I understand,  
Busy times has come again  
To till our land and sow our grain,  
Tell me which without delay,



6      ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

Without the first of May,  
Though dimly shining is the moon,  
I cannot see my shadow plain.  
While piping wind is still the tune,  
A sweeping o'er the distant plain.  
Both high and lofty grows the tree,  
And spreads its branches round.  
I'm welcome for its crops to see  
That falls upon the ground,  
It forms its bud in early spring,  
Bright summer brings its leaf,  
When birds and frogs no more do sing  
It is our saddest grief.

I love the sweet and hate the sour,  
No bitter thought can ever pour.  
Bright flowers now again does bloom.  
And chase away dark winter's gloom.  
I like to smell the bud and leaf,  
But dearly love the flower,  
I like to sit when the evening's cool  
By my cottage door on my low-legged stool,  
With the twilight stars in the evening hours,  
When the bright green grass with a smell of  
flowers.

Golden harvest here again  
With its fields of bearded grain,  
Rye and barley now does stand  
Ripe and ready for the hand.  
Soft and sweet the breezes blow  
Among the fields of grain that grow,  
While behind the reapers hand  
Lays each sheaf snug in its band.  
I sit upon this hill so high  
All for to view the northern sky.  
The view is beautiful from here,  
Across the water bright and clear,  
Long heads of green both wide and low,  
No one but God could make them so.

Rough and wild the winds does cry,

For October days is nigh,  
 Though it threatened very long.  
 Lightning sharp and thundering strong,  
 It will surely come at last  
 With its dreadful cutting blast,  
 Rushing with its sharpest lances,  
 Twisting trees by treacherous chances.  
 Far in the north behind yon cloud  
 I hear the thunder roaring loud,  
 With patches of a sunny sky  
 Between the clouds that fastly fly.

Once more I hear the wild goose cry  
 As he swiftly passes by,  
 Crying loud I'm southward bound,  
 With my brothers all around,  
 For October is here again  
 With its dreadful drizzling rain,  
 While beneath a clouded sky  
 On the ground the leaves does lie.  
 Hear the roaring among the trees,  
 See the flowing of the seas,  
 Everything is looking pale  
 Since October winds does wail.  
 Listen to the water roar  
 As it dash against the shore,  
 While beneath a bright blue sky  
 Glides the frosty evening by.

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### AN ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES

Welcome is the sleighbells sound,  
 With a never ceasing bound,  
 O'er the ice and through the snow,  
 Jingle, jingle on we go.  
 You can see the horse and sleigh,  
 You can hear them shout hurrah!  
 While the driver straight does stand,  
 With his whip stock in his hand,  
 Not a time I've ever knew  
 That I was not welcome to.  
 So as it has just begun,

8      ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

I will go and join their fun.  
I will go with horse and sleigh,  
I will go with heart so gay.  
Snap your whip, for well you need,  
You cannot pass my mighty steed,  
He try just once, but once in vain,  
Upon my steed he cannot gain.  
Let the moon shine bright or dim,  
O'er the mountain we will skim,  
Singing loud our christmas song,  
As we slowly jog along.  
Now my driver take your rein,  
Let us start our steam again.  
Then you hear his whip's loud crack  
Echo from the oak far back.  
Then the driver says to me  
As we both are well and free,  
Once I tried you, but in vain,  
I will try you now again,  
Then his mighty span of black  
When they heard his whips loud crack,  
Rushed along with greatest speed,  
O'er rough and smooth they take no heed.  
But my mighty steed of grey,  
Fed on best of oats and hay,  
Rushed before his span of black,  
Heeded not his whips loud crack.  
Then I stoped my steed of grey,  
Shouted loud hurrah ! hurrah !  
Then he answered soft and kind,  
Oh, my friend, I'm far behind,  
All my boasting was in vain,  
All my racing could not gain.  
I never knew there was a team  
That could raise so much steam  
As to pass my span of blacks  
In spite of all my whips loud crack,  
When our driver did reply  
With a full surprising eye,  
Oh, I hear a distant sound,  
Speeding fastly oe'r the ground,  
The sound of wolves I fear it is.

While in his hand his whip upraised,  
Nearer, nearer came the noise,  
Till the driver cried "oh, boys!"  
As he looked behind, before,  
Louder seemed the wolves to roar.  
Quick he seized his whip and rein—  
Speeding swiftly through the plain—  
Now, my wolves, we'll shortly see  
Which is swiftest, you or me.  
So the jolly span of black  
Never, never ceased to slack,  
But my mighty steed of grey,  
Close behind the other sleigh,  
Too has never ceased to fail,  
Bound up neck and straight out tail,  
The driver shouted loud and clear  
Oh, the wolves will soon be here,  
Now my mighty span of black  
Is now beginning for to slack,  
Now my gallant steed of grey  
Just has passed the other sleigh,  
The driver's face grows white as snow,  
As the winds does widely blow,  
Closer does the wolves arrive,  
Oh, not long we'll be alive.  
As the evening glides away,  
And the night does fast array,  
We have nothing to defend,  
But our mighty span of black,  
Oh, we soon be to our end,  
The wolves is right behind our back.  
But my span of black did go  
Swifter than the wind that blow,  
While upon the frozen ground,  
Screeched beneath each speeding bound.  
But the wolves was gaining fast,  
Rushed upon us now at last,  
But the driver, stout and strong,  
Took his club both thick and long,  
As the wolf jumped from the snow  
There he hit it one hard blow,  
Hit it fare upon the head,

10 ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

And on the road he laid it dead.  
Still the driver, brave and true,  
Stood there with his club updrawn.  
All the time the gallant team  
Still kept up the bounding steam,  
Waiting for another blow  
Dropped his club down in the snow.  
But a wolf so large and tall,  
When he saw he'd dropped his maul,  
Sprang and bit him on the wrist,  
But he struck it with his fist,  
Heeded not the dreadful pain  
Struck it now again, again,  
Struck it hard with might and main,  
But the brute with snarl and groan,  
Sunk his teeth clear to the bone,  
When upon him sprang another  
In the pathway of his brother,  
When the driver gave a cry,  
"Oh, my friend, I'll have to die,"  
Then I answered back aloud  
"Has upon you rushed a crowd,"  
Then he answered loud again  
With a voice of grief and pain,  
"Yes, my friend, I'm wounded sore,  
And I cannot fight no more,"  
Then I answered back and said  
"I will try my bright steel blade,"  
Then I seized it with a grip,  
Making ready for a clip,  
With great force I brought it down,  
Struck him fair upon the crown,  
Killed him right upon the spot  
Just as if he had been shot.  
Then the driver made reply  
"Strike him fair above the eye."  
Now the wolf with snarl and snap  
Sprang aside to shun the rap,  
Then he sprang from off the sleigh,  
Gave a howl and ran away,  
Then to me the driver said,  
Looking at the wolf that laid,

"Let us throw him on the ground,  
It may stop the wolves that bound."  
Now the wolves have left the sleigh  
Quickly went to eat their prey.

Now the horses took a fright,  
Left the wolves far out of sight,  
We are through the tall pine plain,  
We are near our home again.

Then the driver said to me  
"I remember now," says he,  
As he smiled with haggard face,  
"When we had the second race,  
Oh, my bonnie span of blacks,"  
As he slicked them on the backs,  
"How you bounded o'er the plain,  
Never needed whip or rein."

Oh, my gallant steed of grey  
Leaped before the smooth shod sleigh,  
Eyes so dark and mane so long,  
Legs so small but very strong,

Oh, my gallant short haired steed  
Eighteen miles has took the lead,  
Through the tall pine plain we've past,  
We are landed safe at last.

### HUNTING ADVENTURES IN UTOPIA.

It was upon a winter night,  
When the moon was full and bright,  
And my comrade did reply—

With a kind look in his eye,—  
"As the night is bright and clear  
Let us go and hunt for deer,"

Then I answered, soft and low,

"I am willing for to go,  
Bring your shot, your axe, and gun,  
And we'll go and have some fun,"

Then I went to get them all  
Where they hung on to the wall,

Looking up I found them there,  
Brought them down with greatest care.

Then I said with greatest thought  
    "Have we got our axe and shot,"  
"Yes, he said," with voice so kind,  
    "Nothing must we leave behind,"  
I could hear the woodland roar  
    As we started from the door,  
Then we went with great delight,  
    Through the struggling moonbeams bright,  
Oh, we went along the way  
    Singing loud our song so gay,  
Sung a song of hunter's old,  
    Singing how they fought so bold.  
Now we've come into the bush,  
    When my comrade said "oh, hush,  
We must hush our hunting song,  
    For the way is wild and long."  
Just then my comrade halted back,  
    Oh, I see a large wolf's track,  
We must be both sharp and sly,  
    I fear a wolf in ambush lie.  
So we went through snow so deep,  
    And down the mountain long and steep,  
Through the hemlock grove so green,  
    O'er the ice bound flood between,  
As we gaily march along  
    Lonesome for to sing our song.  
We can whisper to each other,  
    Like a sister or a brother,  
We can talk and chant along,  
    Though we dare not sing our song,  
If a bear or wolf is nigh,  
    To each other we can sigh,  
But neither wolf or deer were seen,  
    Through the tall pine trees so green,  
Through the valley we can go,  
    Tramping o'er the frozen snow,  
Watching with the sharpest eye,  
    Always ready for to try,  
Though our hard times at night  
    We are ready for to fight.  
Then we went along the plain,  
    Go to either lose or gain,

Gun and axe to guard us each,  
When terror'd by a wild cat's screech,  
Then my comrade with a sigh  
Said "we'll have to fight or die,"  
Then the cat with fiery eyes  
Gave three terrifying cries,  
Then spreading out its smeller wide,  
Spread out its tail, draws up its hide,  
Then with claws so sharp, sprang down  
Right upon my comrade's crown.  
Oh, the dreadful, blood-thirsty cat  
Sank his claws clear through the hat,  
Quick as thought, without a sigh,  
When I heard my comrade's cry  
Aim your gun straight for his head,  
Let him feel a ball of lead.  
Then my gun I quickly snapt,  
For it was already capped,  
Then I pulled the trigger down,  
Drove a ball straight in his crown.  
Then he gave one dreadful cry,  
Which echoed from the black ash nigh,  
To loose his hold I tried my might.  
I could not loose his grip so tight.  
My comrade now with spirits low  
Fainted down into the snow,  
Then I looked with frightened eye  
To hear my comrade's deathly cry.  
To see the blood a flowing down  
From the wound upon his crown.  
Now the cat was kicking round  
With dying yells upon the ground,  
But his fiery eyes did glare,  
Like the eyes of wounded bear.  
My comrade raising from the snow  
Speaking in a voice so low,  
"Load your gun with greatest haste,  
By the brute we'll soon be chased,"  
Looking with a frightened eye  
Up towards the tree top high,  
Then I seized my flask of tin,  
Ramming fast the powder in,



On the nipple placed a cap,  
Now it's ready for to snap.  
My comrade with the sharpest eye  
Looked towards the tree so high,  
Now my comrade says to me  
"Oh, I see a lusifée,  
And he's stronger far I know  
Than our other dreadful foe,  
Oh, a minute don't delay,  
For I fear he'll gain the day."  
Then my gun with heavy charge,  
Loaded for a brute so large,  
Placed it tight against my shoulder,  
Solid in the hands that hold her,  
Then the dreadful wolverene  
With its fiery eyes of green,  
Gave one terrifying howl,  
Then continued with a growl,  
Then I took one aim so straight,  
Aimed it quick before too late,  
Then the gun with dreadful roar  
Killed him not but wounded sore.  
Oh, the dreadful wolverene,  
With his flashing eyes of green,  
Then with pain sprang down below,  
Forcing fiercely for his foe.  
Though my face grew very pale  
But my courage did not fail.  
Stood there in that dreadful land,  
Stood there with my axe in hand,  
Then the dreadful fight begun  
As ever was beneath the sun,  
As I shouted with a cry  
Either one will have to die,  
Then my hand so strong and steady  
With the axe updrew and ready,  
But the brute he dodged the blow,  
Harmless fell it in the snow,  
Before I drew my axe again,  
Oh, the brute with rage and pain  
Sprang upon me with a bound,  
Tore me down upon the ground,

But so brave to save my life  
Then I stabbed him with a knife.  
While beneath his two strong paws  
Bit me with his two great jaws,  
Then I drew with greatest haste,  
From a belt around my waist,  
Far better done than said I'll do,  
Then from my belt a pistol drew,  
Then I aimed with mind of dread,  
Aimed my pistol at his head,  
Dropped the trigger on the snap,  
Then it gave a spiteful snap,  
Drove a ball into his crown,  
Then he staggered backwards down,  
Then sprang upwards with a yell,  
On the snow again he fell.  
Then my comrade paused and said  
Oh, the dreadful brute you've slayed,  
But without a boast or cheer,  
Answered back so soft and clear,  
Yes, the dreadful brute I've slew,  
I would die my friend for you.  
Yes, my friend, I plainly see  
You would die yourself for me,  
And I'm sure I never knew  
That you had a heart so true.  
Now behind yon hill so far  
I could see the morning star,  
I could see the eastern cloud  
Moving in a purple shroud,  
I could hear the morning breeze  
Whistle among the tall pine trees,  
While the little star of dawn  
Told me that the night was gone.  
Then my comrade said to me  
"Over yonder do you see,  
Go and bring our hunting bag,  
Go, make haste, and do not lag,"  
"I will do just what you say,  
I will go without delay."  
Now with hasty step I go  
Through the valley long and low,

16 HUNTING ADVENTURES.

Up the mountain long and steep,  
I could walk and I could creep.  
As I looked with great surprise  
Saw it lay before my eyes,  
There I saw our hunting bag  
Laying in a chewed up rag,  
Now my hair stood on my head  
When I heard a cry of dread,  
But I shouted in despair  
It's a panther or a bear,  
From my belt with half a jerk  
Brought my two edged hunting dirk.  
It's a panther, well I know,  
And its fiery eyes does glow,  
Then it gave a dreadful roar,  
Louder than it did before.  
Now the panther sprang for me  
Down from off the beechen tree,  
As the dreadful brute drew near,  
Oh, I quivered then with fear,  
To myself I whispered low  
"Oh, my blood must stain the snow,  
Shouted loud with heart so true  
Oh, I know not what to do."  
But the panther long and spry  
Gave another dreadful cry.  
Then I gripped my dirk so tight,  
As we fiercely went to fight,  
Now just then my dreadful foe  
Crushed me down into the snow,  
Then I raised my feeble cry,  
Oh, this time I'll have to die.  
But my comrade did appear,  
Rushing faster than the deer,  
Then he said in feeble tone  
"No, you will not die alone."  
By my side he soon did stand,  
Took the dirk from out my hand,  
Then with furious force he pressed,  
Pressed it in the panther's breast,  
Still my comrade quick and smart  
Pressed it further in his heart,

Then the panther ceased to fight,  
As he held his grip so tight,  
I could see his fiery eyes,  
I could hear his dying cries.  
Then he struggled o'er the snow  
While his life blood fast did flow,  
Then he fell upon his side,  
And his mouth he opened wide.  
To my comrade then I said,  
"Oh, at first I was afraid,  
As I rose up from the snow,  
Gazing at my dying foe,  
Now, my friend, so brave and true,  
You slew one and I slew two."  
"Yes," he said, "for well I know  
Dead you laid them on the snow."  
Then to me he said again  
"Let us tarry in the plain,  
Get some water from the lake,  
And a fire I soon will make,"  
As he proudly winked to me,  
"And we'll have some bread and tea,"  
But my friend he did not know,  
Till at length I told him so,  
"Is there anything of it ?  
No there's not a single bit."  
Then he went to where it laid,  
Coming back to me he said  
"No, there is not anything,  
Even not a thread or string."  
Then with grief he did repeat,  
"Nothing have we for to eat,  
And I'm very hungry now,"  
Said he then with lifted brow,  
"Yes, indeed, and so am I,"  
Then I quickly did reply.  
As to me he said so kind,  
"God will help us, never mind."  
So we never will complain,  
Load our guns with haste again,  
From my pocket then I brought  
Was my flask of balls and shot,

In my left hand held my gun,  
With my right hand then begun.  
From the flask, the lid of tin,  
Filled it, poured the powder in,  
With some paper stiff and brown  
Made a plug and rammed it down.  
From my flask so thin and small  
Brought from it a large gun ball,  
With the ramrod, long and thin,  
Then I shoved the ball down in,  
Placed my hand upon the stock,  
Then I upward drew the lock.  
Took a cap so small and bright,  
Placed it on the nipple tight,  
As the trigger back I drew,  
Let the lock came slowly too,  
As I raised my voice some higher  
Now it's ready for to fire.  
"Yes," my comrade said to me,  
"It is ready now I see,  
And we'll onward start again  
Through this wild and raving plain."  
Gazing at the far off land,  
Held his dirk tight in his hand,  
Then he said "my friend, we'll go  
Straight towards yon woodland low,"  
Then we travelled quickly on  
Till the day was almost gone,  
When I heard a roaring sound,  
Like a lion under ground.  
It's a lion from his den,  
And he'd kill a hundred men,  
Then he quickly said to me  
"Let us climb the black ash tree,"  
Then we started from the snow,  
As we upward quick did go.  
I could hear the lion's roar  
Nearer than it was before,  
When I seen his blood-red eye  
I was sure we'd have to die,  
With a spring and with a roar,  
With his teeth the tree he tore,

As the tree began to sway  
I could hear my comrade pray.  
Then the mighty tree of ash  
On the snow fell with a crash.  
But my heart so true and brave,  
From the tree a jump I gave,  
In the snow I quickly lit,  
But it harm'd me not a bit,  
With my eye so sharp and keen,  
Down beneath the ash I seen  
Their the lion I did see  
Down beneath the black ash tree,  
When my screeches loudly shrilled  
"Oh, my comrade's killed, he's killed,"  
When above me then I heard  
Was a low and trembling word  
"No I am not killed you see  
As you thought I was," said he.  
Then my eyes caught sight of him  
Hanging on a cedar limb,  
As just then he said to me  
"Quickly climb another tree,"  
Then again I heard him crying  
"Oh, he's coming, oh, the lion,  
Oh, to kill you now he's bound,  
As the tree he haggled round,  
As his dismal roars of dread  
Shook the tree top over my head,  
Still the brute with ceaseless roar,  
To the heart the tree he tore,  
When I heard a snarling cry  
Coming through the air on high,  
"Oh, I hear it now again  
Down in yonder tall pine plain."  
Now the lion I could see  
Quite his knawing at the tree,  
Knowing that it was his foe,  
Crouched himself down in the snow,  
Louder now his eyes did grow,  
It's the lion's dreadful foe,  
As the fearful brute drew nigh  
I could see the lion's eye.

I could see his small red eye  
Sparkle when he heard the cry.  
On the snow he laid his nose,  
On his back his hair uprose.  
Soon the tiger came with haste,  
By the tracks his foe he traced,  
With his nose towards the snow  
Came fast towards his mighty foe,  
When with snarl and growl he stopped,  
To one side he cowardly hopped.  
Then the lion with a spring,  
Roared and made the forest ring,  
On the tiger then he lit,  
Savage with his teeth he bit,  
Soon the tiger felt the sting,  
Gave the lion one great fling.  
Now it was the dreadful fight  
Ever was by day or night.  
Soon the tiger, long and slim,  
Found his foe too strong for him,  
Struggled to get free again,  
But I thought it was in vain,  
When with snarl he sprang before  
From the lion's way he tore,  
Then he sprang with might and main  
Through the deep snow on the plain.  
I could hear the tiger crying  
As he rushed before the lion,  
Now as far as I could see  
Up upon this black ash tree,  
I could see the tiger sweep  
Down the mountain, long and steep,  
But the lion soon did find  
That he fast was left behind.  
Still he bounded with curled up tail,  
Never, never ceased to fail,  
But upon his tracks did go  
With his nose towards the snow,  
While each bound, with dreadful roar,  
Made the snow fly up before,  
Then my comrade said to me  
Up into his cedar tree,

“ Oh, I see the dreadful tiger,  
Coming with a feeble stagger.”  
Still the lion bound to gain,  
Savage roared aloud again,  
Then my comrade loud did shout  
“ Oh, the tiger's tired out,”  
Then he turned himself around,  
Making ready for a bound,  
Then he sprang with might and main  
Right towards his foe again,  
Now I saw them meet again  
In that dreadful roaring plain,  
Then the lion with a bound  
Tore the tiger to the ground,  
Then the tiger with a cry  
As beneath his foe did lie,  
Struggled hard with grief and pain,  
But his struggles was in vain,  
Then the lion gave a roar  
As the tiger's throat he tore,  
Then the tiger with a sigh  
Gave another deadly cry,  
As his blood the snow did stain,  
Then he struggled once again,  
Then the lion with a roar,  
Left the tiger in his gore,  
Then the lion looked at me,  
As he rushed towards the tree,  
Then he tore with might and main  
At the black ash tree again,  
And he never once did slack  
Till the tree began to crack,  
Then this tree with dreadful crash,  
Lodged upon another ash,  
But the weight of ash and me,  
Bent this other slender tree,  
Then it quivered like a reed  
As it bent with greater speed,  
When both me and tree of ash  
Tumbled down with crack and crash,  
But it started first so swift  
That it gave me one great lift,



And I fell then with a smack  
Right upon the lion's back,  
Then the lion with such fright  
Waited not to snarl or bite,  
Then he rushed, oh, I dare say,  
Faster than my steed of grey,  
Faster, faster went he still,  
Down the bottom of the hill,  
And his speed seemed not to slack,  
Still I hung upon his back,  
Then I gripped his blood stained hair,  
With a grip of the black bear,  
Then I cried with fear and grief,  
As I trembled like a leaf,  
I could see the wind and air  
Rustle up his blood stained hair.  
Now this brute went back again  
On a pathway through the plain,  
As the plain so far before,  
Echoed from the lion's roar,  
Far before me I can see  
Tall and straight the black ash tree,  
While the hemlock thick and green,  
Away far back is to be seen,  
With its branches fresh and fair,  
Spreading lofty in the air,  
While beyond me far and wide,  
I can see the mountain side,  
With its spreading oak and beech,  
With their limbs that outward reach,  
While the winds with ceaseless roar  
Sweep so free across the moor,  
But this brute with curled up tail  
Never, never ceased to fail,  
As all lion's of his kind  
Have their tails curled up behind,  
But this lion as he'd roar  
Curled his tail up more and more,  
Then would spring so swift again.  
Spring with all his might and main,  
As the lion up did rear,  
I could feel the cutting air,

Then the lion with a roar,  
Louder, louder than before,  
But surprised when I seen,  
Far before me bright and green,  
As he rushed down in a glen  
There I saw his gloomy den.  
As he rushed down in the hole  
From his back I gave a roll,  
Then so smart just as a squirrel,  
From his back I gave a whirl,  
Clouds of red and sky of blue,  
Like an arrow swift I flew,  
While beneath each stride that go  
Sank within the thawing snow,  
Still as fast as I could go  
Through the banks of thawing snow.  
Faster, faster now went me,  
Straight towards a tamarack tree,  
When I reached it up I went,  
Scrambling with my back half bent,  
Upward, upward now went I,  
In this tree so slim and high.  
In this den down under ground  
I could hear a dying sound,  
There I saw him at the door  
Laying in a bleeding gore,  
When I saw the lion lay  
Down I came without delay,  
Anger overcame me so  
That I turned upon my foe,  
Broke a club from one short limb,  
Though my club was very slim,  
Then I drew my club so high,  
Struck him fair above the eye,  
Though my club is like a cane  
You will get it once again.  
As I struck with dreadful force  
In the very same old course,  
Then he gave one roar of dread  
As the club fell on his head,  
But this blow with dreadful speed  
Was the last he'd ever need,

Dead he lies there in a gore  
For to never rise no more.  
To myself I then did say  
"Back I go this lonesome way,"  
I will go and never slack,  
Now upon the lions track,  
As I sprang across a stream,  
There I gave one dreadful scream,  
When I heard so soft and fair  
One loud cry as in despair,  
Now this sound that I have heard,  
Seemed just like my comrade's word,  
Then with all my might and main,  
Gave one dreadful shout again,  
Then I listened with a sigh,  
As I watched with anxious eye,  
When a noise did meet my ear,  
Seemed just like a welcome cheer,  
Then I heard the words again  
Echo from the distant plain,  
When I saw so far away  
Gallop swift my steed of grey,  
While beside a steed of black  
With a man upon his back,  
Yes, so lofty, side by side,  
Like the Autumn winds did glide,  
With a man I seemed to know  
On his back was bending low,  
When he said unto his steed  
"Do your best to take the lead,"  
Then this mighty steed of black,  
With his master on his back,  
Doubled twice each speeding jump  
Till his back was in a crump.  
Like an arrow from a bow  
Rushed before the winds that blow,  
I could see his eye so bright,  
As he came with greatest flight.  
Then I said unto this plain  
"Glad to see your face again,"  
And my friend he then did cry  
"Yes, indeed, and so am I,"

Said then, as he looked at me,  
"Oh, where may your comrade be?"  
But I never ceased to fail  
For to tell this dreadful tale.  
When the story I had told  
Of my comrade, brave and bold,  
Of the hemlock's lovely park,  
In the dismal desert dark,  
Then my friend in sorrow said  
"He is killed I am afraid,"  
Saying as he downward bent  
"Oh, just here we'll make a tent,"  
As my friend now said to me  
"Break some branches from that tree,"  
Hot the sun was in the sky,  
And the leaves was crisp and dry,  
From this tree some boughs I broke,  
But a word I never spoke,  
Got some sticks and limbs to bend,  
Up he sticks them end to end,  
Boughs of hemlock overhead,  
Of the boughs we made our bed  
To my friend I joking said  
"Now our great old bed is made."  
Well, indeed, and is that so,  
Good old fellow in you go.  
Sleepy now to bed I went,  
In this very open tent.  
All this night I slept so sound  
On these boughs upon the ground.  
Morning came, as morning will,  
Rising sun above the hill,  
Spaces of a silver hue  
Waves along the sky of blue,  
While the sun in dreadful splendor  
Rose above the trees so slender.  
But a thought then struck my mind  
Of my comrade far behind,  
To my friend I quickly said,  
As upon his bed he laid,  
"Rise up from your bed of green,"  
Upon this trail we back must lean.

Then he sprang up from his bed,  
Put his hat upon his head,  
Then he said with woeful tone  
"Oh, your comrade is alone."  
So we go and never fail  
On this long and lonesome trail.  
Then he said with voice so kind  
"I have no hope of him to find,  
But I'm sure I'll go with you  
Though I'm not a hunter true,"  
So we go without delay  
On this long and lonesome way.  
Then I mounted on my steed,  
Told him to take the lead,  
But I heard him quickly say,  
"Perhaps I will not know the way."  
"You will find it then," I said,  
I am not a bit afraid,  
Straight ahead we now will go  
Down into yon woodland low."  
Sights were many, words were few,  
Clouds was red and sky was blue.  
Then my steed with tightened rein  
Sprang along the lonesome plain,  
Then my voice did loudly shrill,  
Through the valley, o'er the hill,  
Go, oh, now you gallant steed,  
See how soon you'll take the lead.  
Then without a bit delay  
Galoped swift my steed away.  
But my friend his eye did glow  
As he griped the mane flow,  
Saying as he darkly frowned,  
"No swifter steed has trode the ground,  
If you choose to race with me  
I will beat you soon you'll see."  
"Well, indeed, and that is true,  
Now I'll try my luck with you,  
Their is not a horse, you'll find,  
That could leave my steed behind.  
Now my friend you start your steed,  
See if you can keep the lead."

Then his steed with snort and rear,  
Speeds along the woodland fair.  
Then my steed with snort and roar,  
Saw his mate fly swift before.  
Then I said with eager cheer,  
"Go now swift as any deer,  
Far behind me I have seen  
Short and thick the hemlock screen,  
While before me I can see  
Tall and straight the black ash tree."  
While as swift as winds that blow,  
Now my steed of grey did go.  
Low I sat with eager eye,  
Nor breathed a word nor cast a sigh,  
While in one hand I held my rein  
And in the other griped the mane.  
While straight before so swift and fleet  
He sprung and flung his four grey feet.  
Then to my joy and glee I seen  
Leap so swift now o'er the green,  
I could see my friend before  
Going swifter, bending lower,  
But I gained upon him fast,  
I have reached him now at last.  
Then I said so soft and kind  
"We will see who's left behind."  
Griping tight the mane that flow,  
Urged his steed to faster go,  
Then his steed with eager eye,  
Like an arrow swift did fly.  
Swift as reindeer, side by side,  
Now how lofty we did ride.  
I could see his eye that glow,  
Neck to neck as we did go.  
But not long we raced that way,  
For my mighty steed of grey  
With his glossy neck so straight,  
Left behind his coal black mate.  
I could hear his snort and bound  
As he speeds swift o'er the ground.  
When I heard so far before  
Something like a squeel or roar,

But the noise I did not heed,  
Gave a cheer and hasten speed.  
Oh, not long we did not go  
When I seen our mighty foe.  
Stopped my steed and turned around,  
Back went I with swifter bound,  
When I met his coal black steed  
Coming with the greatest speed,  
Then I shouted soft and fair,  
"Oh, I met a grisly bear."  
Then said I "to save our life  
We have neither gun nor knife,"  
Then he said in words of woe,  
Very soft and very low,  
"Three revolvers I have got  
Loaded heavy with buck shot."  
When so far before I seen,  
Showing through the woods of green,  
Was a river wide and long,  
But it's current was not strong.  
But we went with speedy bound,  
Swift as lightning o'er the ground.  
But this mighty brute behind,  
Very shortly he did find,  
That we went with spring and bound,  
Far the swiftest o'er the ground.  
When we reached the river wide,  
Glancing round on every side,  
Then we cheered so soft and kind,  
We have left you far behind,  
Drawing up my horse's rein,  
Turned my head and looked again,  
Their I saw this grisly bear  
Coming with a spring and rear.  
But to go I knew not where,  
Right behind us was the bear.  
So I quickly took my rein,  
Bid my horse to go again.  
But his feet beneath him quivered.  
Stood a second there and shivered.  
Then he sprang right off the bank  
Down into the water sank.

But just as I rose again,  
    Clinging to my horse's mane,  
Right beside me their he rose,  
    Snorting loud his great grey nose.  
Very swift my steed he swims,  
    Stretching forth his four grey limbs.  
Hearing now a splashing sound,  
    Quickly turned my head around,  
There I saw my friend's black steed,  
    Swimming with the greatest speed,  
But my friend I did not see  
    Thinking drowned he might be,  
When now it struck my beating heart,  
    I saw above the surface dart,  
There I saw my friend once more,  
    Stretching quick his arms before.  
Now this mighty grisly bear  
    Turned around with spring and rare.  
Now he onward did descend  
    Right towards my friend, my friend.  
Soon they was six foot apart,  
    Then my friend so quick and smart,  
Like a beaver in his flight,  
    Down he sank far out of sight,  
Up he rose with face aglow,  
    Swam before his mighty foe,  
Then the bear with growl and roar  
    Gave one dreadful leap before,  
While his teeth he loudly nashed  
    As towards my friend he dashed.  
But my friend that was before  
    Made the water splash far more.  
He has half-a-mile to swim  
    Through current strong and water brim.  
I could see my friend's black steed  
    Swiftly pass the water's reed,  
When I said with grief again  
    "Swim, friend, swim with might and main,  
For I can see that grisly bear  
    With splashing paw just touch your hair."  
But a word he did not say,  
    For a moment swam away,



Then with hands before his crown,  
Rapid went he slanting down.



