

THE POET SCOUT.



CAPTAIN J. W. CRAWFORD

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

1879



THE POET SCOUT :

BEING A SELECTION OF INCIDENTAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE

VERSES AND SONGS.

John Wallace

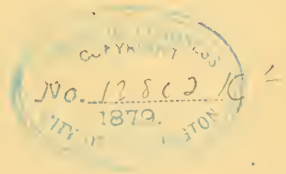
BY CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD,

BETTER KNOWN AS

"THE POET SCOUT OF THE BLACK HILLS."

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.:
H. KELLER & CO.

1879.



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BY
HENRY KELLER & COMPANY.

TO MY COMRADES
OF
THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC
I

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE

THESE PAGES,

IN MEMORY OF THOSE DARK DAYS OF THE REBELLION WHEN
WE STOOD SHOULDER TO SHOULDER TOGETHER, AND
IN GRATEFUL TRIBUTE FOR THEIR MANY
KINDLY FAVORS TO ME
IN THE CAMP, THE FIELD AND THE HOSPITAL.

JOHN W. CRAWFORD.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1879.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

CUSTER CITY, D. T., April 25, 1876.

THE bearer, Captain Jack Crawford, a member of the Board of Trustees of Custer City, and Chief of Scouts for the Black Hills Rangers, is sent out for the purpose of reporting the movements of hostile bands of Indians, who have been committing daily depredations in the Hills; also, to protect emigrants, and warn them of danger. Trusting his credentials will prove satisfactory, we subscribe ourselves your sincere friends and well-wishers.

J. G. BEAMIS, Mayor and President of the Board of Trustees.

E. WYNKOOP, Commanding Rangers.

GEORGE W. BLAIR, Superior Judge.

A. B. CHAPLAIN, City Attorney.

P. J. KEEFER, City Recorder.

S. R. SHANKLAND, Gulch Recorder.

HON. P. MCKAY.

CHARLES WHITEHEAD (Correspondent *Kansas City Times*).

D. W. FLECK, M. D.

D. K. SNIVELY,

O. B. JACOBS,

C. W. COLWELL,

A. A. ABBY,

} Members of the Board of Trustees.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, }
HARRISBURGH, PA., May 8, 1875. }

The bearer, J. W. Crawford, is an estimable gentleman of intelligence and character, who served gallantly and faithfully during the late war in the Union armies, and any courtesies shown him will be duly appreciated by

Yours respectfully, J. F. HARTRANFT.

I cheerfully recommend Mr. Crawford, knowing well Governor Hartranft's signature above.

W. T. SHERMAN. *General*.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 12, 1877.

The following is from the *New York Herald* of July 8, 1877:

“In the Indian campaign of last summer one of the bravest and most enterprising of the scouts attached to General Crook's army was Captain Jack Crawford. In the month of September, with the permission of General Merritt, he gallantly carried the *Herald* special account of the battle at the Slim Buttes through 300 miles of hostile country, and outstripped, by killing several horses, all other messengers.”

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PREFACE.

THE selections contained in the following pages are not published with the view of winning literary or poetical fame. They are the unpolished and often impromptu offspring of my idle hours, wherein many past incidents of an adventurous life reproduced themselves in memory, and took the shape of verse. I therefore respectfully deprecate criticism. I have never figured as a hero of fiction or dime novels, and have refused to allow my name to be used in connection with that kind of literature; hence I come before you with my "POET SCOUT" in a measure unheralded. I had a Christian mother, my earliest recollections of whom was kneeling at her side, praying God to save a wayward father and husband. That mother taught me to speak the truth when a child, and I have tried to follow her early teachings in that respect. It would require a much larger book than this to tell the story of my life, and the sufferings of one of God's good angels—my mother. To her I owe everything—truth, honor, sobriety, and even my very life. Her spirit seems to linger near me always; she has been my guardian angel. In the camp, the cabin, the field and the hospital, on the lonely trail, hundreds of miles from civilization, in the pine-clad hills and lonely cañons, I have heard in the moaning night winds and in the murmuring streamlets,

The voice of my angel mother
Whispering soft and low.

And these sacred thoughts have made me forget at times that there was danger in my pathway. Nor will I ever forget

The day that we parted, mother and I,
Never on earth to meet again;
She to a happier home on high,
I a poor wanderer over the plain.

That day was perhaps the greatest epoch in my life. Kneeling by her bed-side, with one hand clasped in mine, the other resting upon my head, she whispered: "My boy, you know your mother loves you. Will you give me a promise, that I may take it up to heaven?" "Yes, yes, mother; I will promise you anything." "Johnny, my son, I am dying," said she; "promise me you will never drink intoxicants, and then it will not be so hard to leave this world." Dear reader, need I tell you that I promised "Yes;" and whenever I am asked to drink, that scene comes up before me, and I am safe. Why did mother exact this promise from me, who never knew the taste of liquor? Ah, my dear reader, liquor deprived me of a good father, made him forget his own flesh and blood, deprived me of even the rudiments of an education, and sent me to bed many a night crying for bread. But let me not detain you with any further account of these things; my Poems, simple and uncouth as they are, will tell you better than I can do in a preface like this. My Poems are not the work of my imagination—they are entirely written on facts and incidents in my life, and the lives of my comrades and associates. With these few remarks, I launch my little craft upon the sea of your kind indulgence, and I am

Yours truly,

J. W. CRAWFORD.

"CAPTAIN JACK."

LIFE SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.

CAPTAIN JOHN W. CRAWFORD, the writer of the following pages, has had an eventful and checkered career. He was born of mixed Irish and Scotch parentage, in the county Donegal, Ireland, his mother being a lineal descendant of Sir William Wallace: but some political troubles, in which his father got involved, soon afterwards broke up the family home, leaving the hero of this sketch compelled to provide for himself almost from infancy. His father, who was a tailor by trade, found means of escaping to New York, from whence he proceeded to Pennsylvania, and seeing a business opening at Minersville, in that State, soon established himself in a lucrative position. Here his unfortunate taste for strong drink got the better of his manhood, and it was four years before the suffering, striving family at home heard of his whereabouts. At length he wrote, asking his wife to rejoin him, and by the assistance of friends she soon did so. A temporary reformation on the part of the one, and a year of hard and saving labor by the other, enabled them to get enough money together to send for their children. The lust of liquor, however, in the elder Crawford was too strong to be repressed, and the new home was a most unhappy one for the wife and children. It was this experience of the terrible effects of intemperance that inspired Jack Crawford with the determination never, under any circumstances, to expose himself to the clutch of the Demon, and to war against the Monster with all his might and strength as long as God would give him breath.

The following incident, which took place during Custer's campaign on the Yellowstone, shows how fixedly he kept to his resolution:

It was at the close of a hard day's march, and the command had toiled through long miles of rough country, in the midst of a rain storm such as is known only in the Rocky Mountains. The officers were seated around the camp-fire trying to extract some warmth from the smouldering buffalo chips, when one of them produced from his saddle-bag a canteen of whisky, and taking a long draught, with the remark, "This is the soldier's best friend," passed it to the scout.

"Thank you, Captain, but I never drink."

"Never drink!" replied the officer. "Why, it is almost incredible: you are the first man I ever met with on the plains who refused good liquor."

"Yes, Jack," said several of the others, who were interested listeners to the conversation, "tell us how it is you are so strict a temperance man."

"That stuff which you are drinking," replied the scout, "robbed me of a good father, made him forget his own flesh and blood, and changed him from a man to a brute. That is not my only reason. Years ago, when my poor mother was on her death-bed, she called me to her side, and holding out her thin white hand, asked me to promise, in the presence of my brothers and sisters, and in the invisible presence of God, that my lips should never touch the destroyer. Gentlemen, I consider that vow is registered in heaven, and I have kept it. I do not even know the taste of liquors. Is my reason satisfactory?"

Captain Jack has illustrated this incident in one of the following pages. (See "Mother's Prayers.")

The necessity of earning a living and helping to support his mother and the younger members of the family deprived the boy Jack of all educational opportunities, so that when he enlisted, at the age of fifteen, he could only make his cross. He joined the 48th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, his father having re-enlisted in the same regiment after serving with the first three months' men. At the great battle of Spottsylvania Court House, Jack was severely wounded, while charging the rebel works, and carried to the field hospital, afterward to Washington, and finally to the Saterlee Hospital, in West Philadelphia. Here it was that he commenced to feel the want of an education, and here it was that one of those angels of mercy—a kind Sister of Charity—not only saved his life, but learned him the rudiments of reading and writing. On the 18th of May, 1864, his father was severely wounded in the head, and, although he returned to his regiment, was discharged for disability, and died soon after the war. Jack returned to his regiment at Petersburg, and was wounded again on the 2d of April, 1865, about the close of the war. Soon after this his mother died, and the young soldier scout struck out for the wild West. His letter from General Hartranft, endorsed by General Sherman, soon gained him the confidence and esteem of the frontier military. He was one of the pioneers of the Black Hills, chief of their scouts, and one of the founders of Custer City, Deadwood, Crook, Gayville and Spearfish. During the Indian campaign of 1876, Captain Jack was second in command of General Crook's Scouts, and superseded Buffalo Bill as chief, on the 24th of August of the same year.

In the saddle, but few men have enacted such feats as the "Poet Scout." In July, 1876, in response to a telegram, he rode from Medicine Bow, on the Union Pacific Railroad, to the Rosebud and Little Big Horn, in the Big Horn Mountains, nearly four hundred miles, through a country teeming with

savages. On another occasion he carried the New York *Herald's* special account of the battle of Slim Buttes to Fort Laramie—about three hundred and fifty miles—in less than four days, beating five fresh relays of couriers, and leading the fastest, five hours and sixteen minutes. The enterprising *Herald* paid Jack \$500 for his services, and afterwards allowed him \$222.75 additional for expenses, he having killed two horses.

As a writer in the *Omaha Bee*, Crawford has gained a reputation for pithy and original sayings, and an easy, chatty style, which delighted his readers, and made them long to be better acquainted with the man. As a poet, he has also made his mark. True, he sadly lacks education, but he may well say, with Burns—

“Give me a spark o’ nature’s fire,
That’s a’ the learning I desire.”

Much of his poetry is after the style of Bret Harte, but there is not an unreal character in any one of his poems. Every verse in these pages contains descriptions of real incidents in the life of the author or some of his comrades; hence, as he says himself, his verses are more truthful than poetic. Jack has never allowed his name to be used in connection with dime novel literature. “If,” said he, “I cannot make a reputation upon my own merits, I shall never endeavor to do so through false representations. I am simply Jack Crawford, boy soldier, rustic poet, scout, bad actor, etc.”

NOTES.

THE Black Hills correspondent of the Kansas City *Times* writes :

Captain Jack was one of the first of the white men to break through the military cordon surrounding the Black Hills and reach the gold mines. He was one of the original founders and incorporators of Custer City, and the leader of the company of scouts which protected the miners and cabin builders from Indian inroads and forays while they built up their stockade on French Creek. It was here on French Creek that the *Times* correspondent found the "Poet Scout" in the winter of 1876. He was discovered sitting astride of a log on the corner of his half-built cabin, sawing off a log. As he was the only newspaper scout then in the Black Hills, the *Times* man soon made his acquaintance. In the winter campaign of 1876-7 the *Times* special correspondent had an opportunity of studying the long-haired scout, and saved a few of his hastily written rhymes. A few of these are herewith submitted. They have never been in print before, and were written out in the woods in the Black Hills without study or preparation. One bright morning the "Poet Scout" called at the tent of the *Times* correspondent, who was busy writing a letter home, and offered to write a few verses. He was given as a subject "Custer," and in a few moments handed in the following sweet poem :

CUSTER.

[For Charley of the *Times*, by Captain Jack.]

A little city in the park,
Deep shaded by the trees,
Ye, gods! it is a cozy nook,
Where wafts a gentle breeze ;
And here the pretty flowers of spring
Will greet us by and by,
While pleasure's cup we'll freely sip—
The miner boys and I.

I could not crave a prettier spot
Henceforth through life to dwell ;
In Custer I have cast my lot
And believe that all is well.
I care not for the wealth untold,
That underneath us lie,
Good health and strength is all we ask—
The miner boys and I.

Our Custer now is e'en more fair
Than all my eyes have seen,
And though some spots around are bare,
Our park is fresh and green.
Go search the earth, I do not care,
Though, faith, you needn't try,
You'll never find a spot more fair
To live or e'en to die.

And yet of earthly goods no store
For us has been laid up ;
We envy none their gold galore,
While pleasure fills our cup.
We build our cabins side by side,
To aid each other try,
And find them true as steel and tried—
The miner boys and I.

And yet misfortune in our day,
And sorrow have been ours,
But we expect along life's way
To meet both clouds and showers ;
So while our star of hope is bright
And beaming in the sky,
We'll trust to luck and to the right—
The miner boys and I.

At another time the "Poet Scout," while on an exploring trip with the *Times* correspondent, gave the history of the then best gold-bearing bar in the Hills—"Calamity Bar." In response to the inquiry made by the inquisitive *Times* man as to why such a rich gold digging was named "Calamity," Captain Jack dashed off on a piece of paper the following reply, which has never before been published :

CALAMITY BAR.

A funny name? so it is, pard,
But I'll tell ye how it was :
Ye see a lot of us miners
Was a buckin' agin the laws.

Wall, I was one of the buckers,
Who'd come to try my luck,
An' while the rest was buckin',
I got up an' began to buck.

Wall, ye see it was just that time, pard,
While I was out on the look,
A company of Uncle Samuel's,
Commanded by General Crook,

Came riding along the gulches,
All armed and ready for war ;
So I made a bee line for Custer,
And soon arrived at this bar.

The soldiers came up to our bar,
But then it hadn't a name ;
And there was a gal with the soldiers
They called " Calamity Jane."

And while the soldiers were chatting
And talking of Injuns and war,
A soldier said, " Jane, in your honor,
We'll call this Calamity Bar."

And that's how it got its name, pard ;
The Calamity ain't so bad :
There's fifteen cents to the pan here,
And you bet I feel mighty glad.

And as for Jane, she's a daisy,
She tends to the sick and distressed ;
They tell me she comes from Virginy,
The bulliest town in the West.

The foregoing are two of the ordinary and heretofore unpublished specimens of the "Poet Scout's" extempore work. He possesses the faculty of making verses on any subject as fast as he can talk, and this without preparation or a moment's thought. His poem on the death of Custer, written on Indian Creek, at the base of the Black Hills, when he met Buffalo Bill while on his way to join General Crook's expedition, is pronounced to be one of the best gems of American poetry.

So, also, is the poem written on the shooting of Wild Bill, at Deadwood, last summer. There is a beauty and a fascination about the writing of this wild, uncultivated frontiersman which cannot fail to make its impression. He has won his way to popularity wherever he has gone, and to-morrow night he will make himself known to the people of Kansas City. He is modest, retiring and prepossessing, and will no doubt be favorably received here.

SKETCHES AND INCIDENTS.

THE POET SCOUT.

BUFFALO BILL'S INDIANS.

WHILE BUFFALO BILL and myself were playing a star engagement at the Bush Street Theatre, in San Francisco, we utilized the "supers" of the theatre for the material with which to make our prairie savages. There being an insufficiency of "supers," BILL sent me on a little scout to find some more Indians. I soon returned with half a dozen robust Hoodlums, with faces already made up for the war-path. For the ordinary "super," the blood-thirsty scenes enacted behind the foot-lights have scarcely even the charm of novelty, and he goes through his part utterly ignoring enthusiasm or emotion, and paying strict attention only to mechanical effects. With these amateurs, however, the case was different. The pleasure of being slaughtered by B. B. had an irresistible fascination for them, and when our season closed in "'Frisco," the new recruits felt that the grandest epoch in their existence was over. They asked our agent if they were going along with the company, and on receiving a reply in the negative, the utmost consternation prevailed among them. A number of them came to BILL and me, and begged to be taken to Sacramento, anyhow, and said one: "We will pay our own traveling expenses from there through the circuit." We finally paid their fares to Sacramento, and after the close of our engagement there they quickly disappeared. When we reached Virginia City no "supers" were to be seen; but on opening the

wardrobe trunk, we found that several Indian suits were missing, and came to the conclusion that the "supers" had stolen the missing toggery, and started on the war-path on their own account. About three o'clock that afternoon, however, a number of them turned up, carrying their wardrobe under their arms.

They told their experience as follows: "When we got through in Sacramento, we didn't know what the mischief to do next. Finally we went into the theatre and snaffed our wardrobes, then into an old shed, dressed up in our togs, and painted our faces. You see, Indians are allowed to ride free on all the roads; so we got on the back platform, and concluded we could fake it through somehow. The conductor never bothered us till we struck Reno, when Scotty, the dog-gone fool, gave us dead away tryin' to spout Shakespeare. When he said, 'Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer'— Superintendent YERINGTON, who was passing along the platform, heard the blasted fool, and dropped on the whole racket. He called a couple of brakemen, and told 'em we war white men, and they fired us off. We commenced to jabber Choctaw and Piute, but it wouldn't work worth a cent. Then we slid around and got into a freight car, but they dropped on that, and fired us again. Then we walked up from Reno—and here we are." "Yes; here we are," said Scotty, "an' if we don't eat till after the show, we're liable to drop without bein' shot." BILL ordered some rations, and the noble warriors went through their war-dance that night on a full stomach.

“SOUR MASH,”

AND HOW THE BOYS USED IT.

A TRUE TALE.

IN July, 1876, while at Omaha with some quartz from the Black Hills, I received a telegram from the Hon. WILLIAM F. CODY (Buffalo Bill). The telegram was in these words :

HEAD-QUARTERS FIFTH U. S. CAVALRY (in the Field).

JACK—Have you heard of the death of our brave CUSTER ?

BUFFALO BILL.

My poem written on that day and sent to BILL, entitled “Custer’s Death,” was my answer. I went from there to Chicago, where I was carefully interviewed by the reporter of the *Times*, after which Lieutenant-General PHIL SHERIDAN sent for me for the purpose of learning something of the Black Hills, and to see whether his maps were correct. Upon seeing my specimens of quartz the GENERAL remarked :

“CAPTAIN, this is the first substantial evidence I have seen of gold-bearing quartz in the Black Hills.”

While at the GENERAL’s head-quarters I received another telegram from CODY, asking me to join him at once, and help avenge the death of our noble leader. I showed GENERAL SHERIDAN the telegram, when he asked, “Will you go ?” I answered in the affirmative, and the GENERAL very kindly gave me a letter to that other brave soldier and dashing cavalry leader, GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT. I started at once for the front. Arriving at Chey-

enne, I discovered that the Fifth Cavalry had left Fort Laramie four days before. Superintendent CLARK, of the U. P. R. R., furnished me free transportation for self and horse to Medicine Bow, which would bring me within ninety miles of Fort Fetterman, to which the Fifth had gone. Before starting, however, Mr. JONES, the proprietor of the Jones House, in Cheyenne, said to me :

“JACK, will you do me a small favor?”

“Certainly,” said I.

“I want you,” said he, “to carry a small parcel to BUFFALO BILL.”

“With pleasure,” said I. “What is it?”

“*Sour Mash*,” said JONES, with a peculiar twinkle of his left eye.

I said no more, fearing to betray my ignorance, for I must confess I was ignorant, just then, of what he meant by “*Sour Mash*.” However, I was not long in ignorance, for in a few moments JONES produced from behind the counter an oval-shaped quart bottle, with the following inscription nicely lettered :



TO BUFFALO BILL,

From JONES, R. R. House.

Politeness CAPT. JACK.

After getting my pony on board the train, I bid farewell to JONES and the boys who came to see me off, and soon reached Medicine Bow, where, after feeding the pony and getting on the outside of a good square meal myself, I saddled up and

started to ride ninety miles. I reached Fetterman at 2 o'clock next morning, having left Medicine Bow about 1 P. M. the day previous. I reported to the officer of the day, a young stripling of a lieutenant, who put on more style than the Commander-in-Chief. He gave me a corner in the barracks, and about 7 o'clock I woke up as fresh as a daisy, and reported to CAPTAIN COATS, commanding. In the meantime I learned with regret that BILL and the old Fifth had left Fetterman three days before. I immediately telegraphed GENERAL SHERIDAN (according to promise) of my arrival, so that if there were any dispatches I was ready to carry them to GENERAL CROOK, in the Big Horn. Next day after my arrival, a courier, named GRAVES, came in from Goose Creek with dispatches, and informed me of his intention to return in company with me. After receiving fresh horses, and an extra horse to pack the mail, we started, each with a canteen of water, which had to last us ninety miles, from the Platte to the Powder River. The weather was intensely warm, and before we got half way my canteen was empty. Several times GRAVES offered me a sup from his, but I declined, saying I was not very dry. Yet, at the same time, I lied liked a trooper—my mouth and throat were fairly parched. So, by and by, I said to GRAVES:

“Pard, I'll just take a mouthful of your water.”

“No ye won't,” said he; “she's empty.”

I could stand it no longer. So the next lake of clear water I came to, I dismounted and half filled the canteen. I took a good pull out of it, but it was fearful—almost pure alkali. I took two or three tastes of it after that, and when we reached the Powder River I went for a dose of the pure mountain water, but was almost immediately attacked with cramps in my stomach, which drew me up like an Indian bow. GRAVES had gone off to reconnoitre, and see if there were any fresh Indian signs, and there I lay, rolling and snorting like a buffalo bull with the nightmare. Finally GRAVES came up, and, although I would not care to have seen my own face in a looking-glass, his was not

less comical. He stood for a moment, with his mouth half open, looking at me; then suddenly, as if something had struck him, he remarked:

"Well, may I be chawed up by a catermount, if we ain't in a nice box."

"Yes," said I, trying to be funny. "Jack in the Box."

"What did I tell ye?" said GRAVES; "why, that water ye drank would tangle the inards of a painter. Wait a bit—I'll fix ye," and so saying he went for my saddle-bag, and jerking out the "*Sour Mash*" was about to pull the cork. "Hold on," said I; "don't you open that bottle. That was given me to take to BUFFALO BILL; and even if it was my own or yours, I would just as soon pass in my checks right here as touch one drop." "You're a dog-gone fool, JACK; but I reckon as how I kin fix ye yet;" and going to his overcoat he took from the breast pocket a small parcel and opened it, producing a small bottle of Jamaica Ginger.

"Now, GRAVES," said I, "you've struck it," and in less time than it takes to tell it I had nearly two teaspoonfuls skirmishing with the alkali, and in a few moments I felt much relief.

"Now, JACK," said the old miner, "do ye know what are up? Not two hours ago fifty Sioux warriors passed this spot, and their trail is leadin' down stream."

"Good! I'm glad of that!"

"Why?" asked GRAVES.

"Because if they are going down stream at this point they are coming from the Big Horn; while if they were going up, we might have had very disagreeable company."

"That's a fack; but thar may be more on 'em a comin' to meet us."

"We have good glasses," said I, "and if their crowd is larger than ours we will spy them first; if of equal numbers we have no need to fear them."

However, we concluded to lay over all day and let our horses feed and rest while we slept in turns. Next morning we pulled

off our horses' shoes, in order to throw the reds off our trail, by making believe we were Indians, should any of them chance to cross us in the rear. I will not attempt to give the full details of this long ride of over four hundred miles—two men alone on the prairie and in a country teeming with savages. We had to keep ever on the alert for signs of danger. We had to ride day and night while in the open country, for there were no cozy nooks wherein we could hide until we reached Clear Creek. Here we made a camp and rested a whole day, and about daylight next morning passed through old Fort Phil Kearney—(once the scene of a fearful massacre). Next day we camped on Goose Creek, and having passed within five miles of the wagon train, we made a circuit of thirty miles still on the trail. In the meantime we had thrown away overcoats and blankets, retaining nothing but the clothes we wore and a rubber blanket each, except, of course, the "*Sour Mash*." Arriving at the wagon train we were again disappointed, although glad to get there. GENERAL CROOK and the whole command had gone two days before with the pack train across the mountains toward the Little Big Horn and the Rosebud. MAJOR FUREY made us comfortable, took charge of mail and dispatches, and remarked:

"Well, boys, you've had a tough ride. I suppose you will camp with us until the command returns?"

"No, MAJOR," said I, "I came here to join BUFFALO BILL and the Fifth Cavalry, and I shall take their trail this very night, if you will kindly furnish me with a horse."

"Yes," said GRAVES; "and, MAJOR, if it's all the same, I would like to stay with JACK."

The MAJOR remonstrated, saying it would be impossible for us to reach the command, as the train was attacked only the night before, and the country was swarming with Indians; and to prove that his fears were well grounded, he would not allow us to take the dispatches for GENERAL CROOK, which we brought from Fort Fetterman, fearing we should lose our hair and the dispatches to boot. However, when we did reach the GENERAL, he

was not a little displeased at MAJOR FUREY's action, when we informed him of our having dispatches for him. But I must hurry on. We left the train about 7 P. M., taking the trail of the command, and in three hours we were inside of a regular horse-shoe of fire. We noticed the fire before we got into it, but, seeing an opening in front, we made good time, expecting to get through, when suddenly the fire came together, and we were almost surrounded. Retreat was impossible, as that would be cut off ere we got back, so we had to take our chances. On we rode, however, while the fire was meeting us with nearly as good time. It was a grand scene.

As I have said, we were in a horse-shoe. Fortunately, the wind was not blowing, and until we came close enough to the fire to feel its heat we scarcely felt a breath of wind, save that made by the motion of our horses. Our minds were made up, however, and moving up from the creek called Prairie Dog, we got on to the high ground, where the grass was shorter, and I, having the best horse, full of life and fire, drove the spurs into his flanks, at the same time giving a yell that would put to shame a tribe of Comanches. My old horse Dan, who was a veteran of the Third Cavalry, snorted and plunged a moment, and then dashed forward to meet the flames. GRAVES followed close in our trail, and in a few moments more we had got fairly into the thick smoke. I had put my hair up under my broad hat, and tied a silk handkerchief around my head, and lowering my head, giving old Dan the reins, and holding on to my rifle and the horn of the saddle, I dashed into the flame and smoke. It was only a few seconds, however, and we found ourselves safe on the other side, with only a little less hair on our horses' limbs. We finally reached Tongue River, and, after crossing the river six or seven times—as it wound snake-like through the valley—we halted where the trail turned toward the mountains. It was 7 A. M., and we concluded to halt and rest all day in the shade of a few thin cottonwoods—very little protection, however, from sun or Indians. That was the longest day I ever

spent—too hot to sleep, and no shade from the scorching rays of the sun. Finally we again started about 6 P. M., and it was well that we did, for an hour's ride after leaving Tongue River, and on the trail leading to the Custer battle-ground, brought us in sight of an Indian scouting party. Instead of being disappointed, we expected to see this party of reds sooner or later, and the sooner the better, as it showed us we were nearing the command. There are always a band of Indians on the trail for the purpose of picking up played-out horses, or anything thrown away by the soldiers, such as old clothes, pots, pans and kettles. Soon as we reached the timber on the Rosebud range, we hugged them closely, and upon reaching the summit, where are some beautiful parks and lakes, we made a circuit, avoiding the Indians, and, expecting to strike the trail again before morning, about 2 A. M. we found ourselves descending into a little horse-shoe shaped park, surrounded by thick timber. GRAVES, who said he thought he had been here 'afore, rode a little in advance, and, when in sight of the valley below, halted, and when I came up he remarked: "JACK, we're off the track. This here's the very spot where RENO 'tacked CRAZY HORSE'S village from."

There was no alternative. We must go on, and on we went, down that terrible cañon where CUSTER, after a seventy-mile march, led his gallant three hundred, never to return. The night was chilly, the sky murky and threatening a storm. A peculiar feeling crept over me while walking my horse slowly down to that valley—the thought that the bones of RENO'S dead were scattered around close by. My mind was busy trying to picture that terrible charge and stubborn fight of CUSTER and his men, when suddenly in our front began a series of barks or howls, which I at once recognized as the alarm-notes of the coyote. These howls continued for a short time, and then ceased altogether, but only for a moment. Again they broke out a hundred-fold worse. GRAVES' horse became almost unmanageable. He dismounted, and led him up alongside of old Dan, who kept as cool as a cucumber. By this time we had

reached that part of the Indian village where the main body of CUSTER's command fell. The night was perfectly hideous with the continued howling of the coyotes. Here I also dismounted, and found bones and skulls on all sides. It seems the dead had been buried hurriedly, and these wolves and coyotes had not much trouble in digging them up. We mounted again, anxious to get out of that valley of death. We crossed over the mountain, or Hog Back, and at daylight found ourselves on the head waters of the Rosebud. Here we found splendid shelter from sun and Indians, and, being fatigued, I soon lay down to sleep, leaving GRAVES on the watch. I had scarcely been asleep half an hour, when I was awakened by a peculiar sound, as if a pig was caught under a gate, and could not go either way. Upon getting up on my elbow, what was my surprise to see my worthy GRAVES on his back, his arms extended east and west, and his mouth wide open, while that peculiar sound which woke me seemed to rake his nose fore and aft. Of course that settled my sleeping for the present. So, collecting a handful of very dry wood, so as to make as little smoke as possible, I set to work to make a cup of tea. We had no more provisions, except a few hard tack, having finished our bacon the day before. After I had drank my tea GRAVES woke up, grasped his rifle, which lay at his side, and seeing me putting a stick on the fire, exclaimed, "Dog-gone it! I came near falling asleep."

"What time is it, old man?" said I.

"Consarn it, JACK, I thought ye was asleep," said GRAVES, rubbing his eyes.

"So I was, but you woke me up," said I, and pulling out his old clock found he had been asleep two hours and a half.

"Well, dog my cats, JACK, I never done that 'afore, but, consarn it, I was tuckered out; but I'll just swaller a drop o' that tea and ye can sleep for the rest o' the day."

I slept four hours, and we again broke camp, intending to camp no more until we struck the command. We traveled all night, and finally, at 3 A. M., we saw a band of horses. I told

GRAVES to stay back while I advanced to make sure it was not an Indian camp. When I had gone about fifty yards I was hailed with the words, "Halt! who comes there?"

"Friends," said I; "couriers from Fetterman."

"Advance," said the sentinel.

I rode up boldly to where the sentinel stood, and was about to dismount, GRAVES slowly following, when suddenly over a hundred Indians sat upright, the moon shining full in their faces. I wheeled my horse, drove the spurs into his flanks, and made two or three leaps to the rear, when the sentinel yelled, "What'n hell's the matter with you?"

Hearing no shots fired, I again turned and said:

"What outfit is this, anyway?"

"Why, CROOK's outfit, of course."

GRAVES, who had also turned to fly with me, laughed and remarked:

"By gosh, JACK, them Injuns is the Snakes, with old Wash-akee Crook's scouts."

And so it turned out to be. Finding ourselves safe we soon unsaddled, and after a ride of over four hundred miles I was glad to lay down and rest, feeling safe at last. Next morning I was awakened with a knock in the ribs from a moccasin foot, and upon looking up discovered BUFFALO BILL.

"Come, turn out here and take a good cup of coffee and some way-up beans (Boston style)."

After a good hearty frontier greeting, BILL, with his own hands, prepared a breakfast of the best the field afforded—namely, a piece of bacon broiled on the end of a stick, some broken hard tack and a cup of coffee, with some cold beans. After eating, BILL took me around among the officers, and I delivered letters which I stole from the wagon train. I also had letters for BILL and for a number of newspaper correspondents.

I reported to GENERAL MERRITT for duty, and he turned me over to BILL, who was then Chief of Scouts. BILL very kindly allowed me to stay back with the command to rest and get

acquainted. The day following my arrival, which was the 8th of August, it rained, while it was cold enough to freeze. BILL and FRANK GUARD (CROOK'S guide) had found a camp, and fires were immediately started. I was shivering with the cold, having no coat and only a rubber blanket around my shoulders. BUFFALO BILL, GENERAL EUGENE CARR, commanding the 5th, LATHROP, correspondent of the San Francisco *Call*, and myself, were messing together. While the fire was blazing and a kettle of water put on to boil, BILL remarked:

"LATHROP, old boy, how would a Scotch toddy work now?"

"Don't rouse my feelings, BILL, if you have any regard for my friendship," said LATHROP.

"Gentlemen," said I, "for my part, I would sooner have a good strong cup of hot coffee."

"JACK," said BILL, "*you have never been thar*, consequently you don't hanker after the trantler."

"But you'd just give a forty-acre farm, if you had it, for a good square drink of *Sour Mash*," said I, interrupting him; "but I forgot—I brought you a parcel which was sent you from Cheyenne."

"A parcel? Some socks the missus sent, I suppose; and yet you threw away your own clothes to carry mine. Well, old boy, whatever it is, I'll whack up with you half and half."

"It's a bargain," said I; "but you are mistaken with regard to the contents of the parcel. However, I claim one-half of it, to dispose of as I see fit," said I, at the same time bringing my saddle-bags to the fire.

"What the mischief is it?" asked BILL.

"Guess," said I.

"How can I guess? It must be something nice and useful, to be carried so far."

"You'll say it's nice, no doubt," said I. "As regards its usefulness, you must be the judge."

"Why don't you say what it is, then, at once?"

"Can't you guess?"

"No."

"What would you most like to have at this moment?"

"A good big horn of old Bourbon," frankly admitted my old pard.

"Good enough! You've struck it."

"Git out—you can't fool me. What! *you* carry a bottle of Bourbon four hundred miles?"

"Well, you know, BILL, *I* don't drink."

"I know, and that's why I don't believe you would carry it so far."

"And I wouldn't, but I promised a friend I would carry a parcel to you, and I've done it."

"JACK, you've worked my feelin's up to such a pitch that if you are foolin', it will go hard with me."

I pulled out the bottle in an instant. BILL snatched it while I was about to hold it up to show its color against the sky.

"What the mischief are you doing?" said BILL, concealing the bottle under his arm. "Do you want the whole command to pounce upon it like a pack of wolves? I never was selfish, JACK, but that's too good to be wasted on the small fish."

"But remember, BILL, one-half of that belongs to me."

"Well, then," said BILL, "it's a pretty safe bet that I work it all."

"How about the GENERAL?" said I.

"Why, of course, he's of our family."

"Very well," said I; "my share goes to LATHROP and the GENERAL." And in less time than it takes to tell it, three tin cups held three of the largest punches that were ever stowed away. LATHROP swore that never in his life had he tasted anything that came so near his idea of the tippie of the gods, and a little later he sang with wonderful effect the famous camp song, "The Revelry of the Dying," each verse ending—

"Here's a health to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies."

This song gained for Mr. L. the appellation of "The Death Rattler." He was the life of the camp.

The soldiers and scouts who gathered around the camp-fire that evening thought *our* crowd were, indeed, a merry one, and one of the boys remarked that if he didn't know that there was not a drop of "trantler" within hundreds of miles, he would think that BILL and LATHROP were a "leetle sot-up." I, of course, looked wise, and sang an impromptu song, with a "*Sour Mash*" chorus.



SONGS OF THE MOUNTAIN,
THE MINING CAMP, AND THE PRAIRIE.

THE SCOUT'S REQUEST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

'T WAS a moonlight night, just a year ago,
As we sat and lay by the old camp fire.
"Come fill up yer pipes," said MUGGINS, the scout,
"And draw yoursel's up just a little nigher,

"An' I'll tell ye a story (the gospel truth),
An' I reckon I couldn't lie to-night ;
For somehow I feel as if this poor cuss
• Wor goin' ter git left in to-morrow's fight.

"An' pards if I do—I see ye smile,
But I ar' in earnest, you bet yer life,
Nor I arn't afeard to pass in my checks ;
But, pards, I'm a thinkin' of home and wife.

"I left the old cabin—now two weeks ago ;
My poor wife's face wor a picter of sorrow.
'MUGGINS,' said she, 'if ye get killed,
Then God '—" but, no matter, I go to-morrow."

"Ye know me, boys, now look ye here,
Don't tell me I mus'nt go in with you !
I never did weaken in all my life,
An' to-morrow I'll lead them boys in blue.

"An' if, when the evenin' sun goes down,
This time to-morrow ye find I'm dead,
I want ye to tell me now, right here,
Ye won't see my little ones want for bread.



MUGGINS TAYLOR, THE SCOUT.

“No! thank GOD! but how about JIM?

Now, there ar' a boy as is like his dad,
An' 'BAT.' if ye say that you'll tend ter him,
Why dyin' to-morrow won't be so bad.

“Good enough; now listen: a year ago
I started out on a trip for fur;
And while I war gone, ther' came a cuss,
As proved himself a cowardly cur.

“His name war BRANNAN, some years ago,
But he changed it since for sufficient cause.
He deserted his men when he wore the blue,
An' then went a buckin' agin the laws.

“That skunk tried to ruin my honest wife.
Since then he has steered away from my trail.
Now, pards, I don't tell ye ter take his life,
But keep yer eyes skinned if he's outen jail.”

* * * * *

Next eve, as the sun was going down,
And firing had ceased along the line;
Old MUGGINS was humming that little song
Of “Home, Sweet Home,” in the bright sunshine,

When zip came a bullet, and MUGGINS fell.
“BATTEES,” he said, “BAT. don't forget,
My wife—my ANNIE—my blue-eyed MAG,
An' JIMMIE—our JIMMIE—his father's pet.”

We covered him up with the mossy sod;
Renewed our promise above his grave;
Left him alone—alone with his GOD—
MUGGINS, the scout, and MUGGINS, the brave.

THE MINER'S HOME.

IT is not a castle with towering walls,
With marble floor and stately halls,
With lovely walks and grand old trees,
Nodding and bending in the breeze.

No ; his home is an humble cot,
Perched perchance on the mountain top,
With tunnels beneath, where the iron horse
Thunders along on his fiery course.

Fair Virginia ! above the hill
Where miners dig with pick and drill,
Where honest toilers seek to rest
Their weary bones upon thy breast.

A loving wife to make one glad,
A babe to kiss the miner lad—
With this the miner need not roam
If he's got a cottage and love at home.

Mine, though far away from here,
My cabin home is ever dear.
Bright memories haunt me every day
Of that cabin where I often lay,

And dreamed of eyes of heavenly blue—
A maiden young and fair and true ;
Of brighter days, and toil's reward,
A maiden's love for a mountain bard.

Up the mountain, down the glen,
Each eve I see these hardy men ;
With axe and shovel, pick and drill,
They toil all day with a hearty will.

And when at e'en their toil is o'er,
They hasten home to the open door
Of the little cot ; though shaggy and grim,
There's happiness there and love within.

Though the rooms within are low and small,
There's whitewash on the old gray wall ;
The table with its crockery, too,
Is glistening like the morning dew.

While all seem happy in the cot,
The children, sporting on the lot,
Are merry as a marriage bell,
And mother whispers, " All is well."

And now good-bye—I must away,
My time is up. Yet, while I say
Good-bye, I'll wish, where'er I roam,
That God will bless *The Miner's Home*.

VIRGINIA CITY, June 26, 1877.



RATTLIN' JOE'S PRAYER.

JIST pile on some more o' them pine knots,
An' squat yoursel's down on this skin,
An', SCOTTY, let up on yer growlin'—
The boys are all tired o' yer chin.
ALLEGHANY, jist pass round the bottle
An' give the lads all a square drink,
An' as soon as yer settled I'll tell ye
A yarn as 'll please ye, I think.

'Twas the year eighteen-hundred-an'-sixty,
A day in the bright month o' June,
When the Angel o' Death from the Diggin's
Snatched "MONTE BILL"—known as McCUNE.
BILL war allers a favorite among us,
In spite o' the trade that he had,
Which war gamblin'; but—don't you forget it—
He of'en made weary hearts glad;
An', pards, while he lay in that coffin,
Which we hewed from the trunk o' a tree,
His face war as calm as an angel's,
An' white as an angel's could be.

An' thar's whar the trouble commenced, pards.
Thar whar no gospel-sharps in the camps,
An' JOE said: "We can't drop him this way,
Without some directions or stamps."
Then up spoke old SANDY MCGREGOR:
"Look 'ee yar, mates, I'm reg'lar dead stuck,

I can't hold no hand at religion,
 An' I'm 'feared BILL's gone in out o' luck.
 If I knowed a darn thing about prayin'
 I'd chip in an' say him a mass ;
 But I aint got no show in the lay-out,
 I can't beat the game, so I pass."

RATTLIN' JOE war the next o' the speakers,
 An' JOE war a friend o' the dead ;
 The salt water stood in his peepers,
 An' these are the words as he said :
 " Mates, ye know as I aint any Christian,
 An' I'll gamble the good LORD don't know
 That thar lives sich a rooster as I am ;
 But thar once war a time, long ago,
 When I war a kid, I remember,
 My old mother sent me to school,
 To the little brown church every Sunday,
 Whar they said I was dumb as a mule,
 An' I reckon I've nearly forgotten
 Purty much all thet ever I knew.
 But still, if ye'll drop to my racket,
 I'll show ye jist what I kin do.

" Now, I'll show you *my* bible," said JOSEPH—
 " Jist hand me them cards off that rack ;
 I'll convince ye thet this *are* a bible,"
 An' he went to work shufflin' the pack.
 He spread out the cards on the table,
 An' begun kinder pious-like : " Pard's,
 If ye'll jist cheese yer racket an' listen,
 I'll show ye the pra'ar-book in cards.

" The 'ace,' that reminds us of one GOD,
 The 'deuce,' of the FATHER an' SON,

The 'tray,' of the FATHER an' SON, HOLY GHOST,
 For, ye see, all them three are but one.
 The 'four-spot' is MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE an' JOHN,
 The 'five-spot,' the virgins who trimmed
 Their lamps while yet it was light of the day,
 And the five foolish virgins who sinned.
 The 'six-spot'—in six days the LORD made the world,
 The sea and the stars in the heaven;
 He saw it war good w'at he made, then he said,
 I'll jist go the rest on the 'seven.'
 The 'eight-spot' is NOAH, his wife an' three sons,
 An' NOAH's three sons had their wives;
 God loved the hull mob, so bid 'em emb-ark—
 In the freshet he saved all their lives.
 The 'queen' war of Sheba in old Bible times,
 The 'king' represents old KING SOL.
 She brought in a hundred young folks, gals an' boys,
 To the KING in his government hall.
 They war all dressed alike, an' she axed the old boy
 (She'd put up his wisdom as bosh)
 Which war boys an' which gals. Old SOL. said: 'By Joe,
 How dirty their hands! Make 'em wash!'
 An' then he showed SHEBA the boys only washed
 Their hands and a part o' their wrists,
 While the gals jist went up to their elbows in suds.
 SHEBA weakened an' shook the KING's fists.
 Now, the 'knave,' that's the Devil, an' GOD, ef ye please,
 Jist keep his hands off'n poor BILL.
 An' now, lads, jist drop on yer knees for awhile
 Till I draw, and perhaps I kin fill;
 An', hevin' no Bible, I'll pray on the cards,
 Fur I've showed ye they're all on the square,
 An' I think GOD'll cotton to all that I say,
 If I'm only sincere in the pra'ar.

Jist give him a corner, good LORD—not on stocks,
 Fur I ain't sich a durned fool as that
 To ax ye fur anything worldly fur BILL,
 Kase ye'd put me up then fur a flat.
 I'm lost on the rules o' yer game, but I'll ax
 Fur a seat fur him back o' the throne,
 And I'll bet my hull stack thet the boy'll behave
 If yer angels jist lets him alone.
 Thar's nuthin' bad 'bout him unless he gets riled—
 The boys'll all back me in that--
 But if any one treads on his corns, then you bet
 He'll fight at the drop o' the hat.
 Jist don't let yer angels run over him, LORD,
 Nor shut off all to once on his drink;
 Break him in kinder gentle an' mild on the start,
 An' he'll give ye no trouble, I think.
 An' couldn't ye give him a pack of old cards,
 To amuse himself once in a while?
 But I warn ye right hyar, not to bet on his game,
 Or he'll get right away with yer pile.
 An' now, LORD, I hope thet ye've tuk it all in,
 An' listened to all thet I've said.
 I know thet my prayin' is jist a bit thin,
 But I've done all I kin for the dead.
 An' I hope I hain't troubled yer Lordship too much—
 So I'll cheese it by axin' again
 Thet ye won't let the 'knave' git his grip on poor BILL.
 Thet's all, LORD—yours truly—Amen."

Thet's "Rattlin' Joe's" prayer, old pardners,
 An'—what! you all snorin'? Say, Lew,
 By thunder! I've talked every rascal to sleep,
 So I guess I hed best turn in too.

BALD MOUNTAIN.

Lines composed while on a prospecting tour with some Cariboo pioneers,
to whom these lines are respectfully dedicated.

WHAT mighty mountains I behold
Where'er I turn my eyes,
Undoubted evidence of gold,
With snow peaks in the skies ;
And down below green pasture land,
Where cooling streamlets flow,
I never gazed on sight so grand
As this I see below.

What means those giant ledges there
With mossy-covered brow ?
And, tell me, are there none that bear
The gold we're seeking now ?
The little streamlets seem to frown,
(I almost hear them say)
“ For ages we have washed it down
Where miners struck the pay.”

And Nature ought to teach us, too,
If we would read aright,
That every ounce from Cariboo
Came down some rugged height ;
And though our sky is looking dark,
Our quartz is yet untried,
Remember that NOAH built an ark
To float upon the tide !

And surely you, old pioneers
 (Who came in times of old),
Will only laugh at idle fears,
 And never lose your hold ;
For one who never turned a drill
 And never fired a shot,
Can little know what's in the hill,
 Except for some vile plot.

But so it is in every land,
 Wherever gold is found,
There're thieving tricksters right on hand
 To run it in the ground ;
And you who toil from morn till night—
 Will you give up the ship
When you have got a stake in sight—
 Let go and loose your grip ?

Thou crystal bed, half decomposed,
 With walls six feet apart,
We ask no wise philosopher
 To tell us what thou art.
'Tis but the miner can unfold
 Thy secret, as we know,
And wrest from thee the precious gold
 Thy bosom holds below.

Go ask the winds, ye grumbling drones,
 If all you've heard is true—
If all your quartz is barren stones
 In all your Cariboo ?
And they will bleakly answer back,
 " Go, learn in Nature's school ;
Go, take your pick and bend your back,
 But don't consult a fool."

CARIBOO, B. C., August 8th, 1878.

NOTES IN A CAMP-MEETING.

While traveling in Pennsylvania, the local of the Jersey Shore *Herald* requested me to accompany him to the West Branch Camp-meeting, near Williamsport, and take some notes and write a poem for his paper. I did so, as under :

I have heard the different preachers,
In the camp among the trees,
And the voices of the angels,
Seeming wafted with the breeze ;
And I'm sure the God of Battles
Smiled on those who came for good—
But I fear he frowned on many
Who were wicked, vain and rude.

The demon Rum I saw, too,
As he staggered through the camp,
And the crowds who drank in darkness,
For they shunned the lighted lamp.
There were many Williamsporters—
And how they cursed and swore !
And I noticed quite a number
From your moral Jersey Shore.

Now, the camp is good for Christians,
And for those who wish to come
To the crystal fount of JESUS ;
And I know that there are some
Who have sought and found a SAVIOUR,
Who was heretofore unknown ;
But I prefer the wilderness,
To pray to Him alone.

And often in the wildwood,
And on the far-off plain,
Where, all alone, so oft I've been.
And soon will be again—
'Twas there, when shades of evening
And twilight round me fell—
Yes, there alone with angels,
I thought of heaven and hell!

And when in camp, last evening,
And sitting 'neath the trees,
I was taking notes of incidents,
And thought how hard to please,
If CHRIST Himself came down to preach
And cure the sin-diseased,
There's some who would not hear Him,
And some would be displeased!

But there is one thing certain,
And I'll tell you on the square—
I've seen some preachers put on style
With such a foreign air;
And some with stand-up collars
Would a ragged sinner scorn!
They came out from the city
To blow their gospel horn!

They told us, too, what they had done
In other fields of grace—
How many sinners *they* had saved
From the tormenting place;
But there is none that *I* have met
Who'd risk his scalp with me,
And go convert the noble Sioux
For smaller salary!

Give me the brave old pioneers—
The heroes good and bold—
Who never feared to fight or die
For CHRIST and His little fold!
The men who left their homes, their all,
The savage wilds to fight—
Who felled the forest trees by day
And preached us CHRIST by night.

Such is the man I love to meet,
Whose face wears Heaven's brand—
With manly courage in his heart
And rifle in his hand.
And if some of these dainty preachers
Cared less for wounds and scars,
Would go out West and preach CHRIST there,
We'd have less Indian wars!

But if I've judged them wrongly,
Oh, pardoned may I be;
But they're not just the kind of preachers
To convert such men as we.
Of course, we've no book learning,
But then our hearts are right—
If we don't know much about preaching,
We at least know how to fight!

So, BILL, old man, and you, JACK,
Away to the front and flank;
You must soon again face that danger
From which you never shrank;
And if they won't send preachers
To convert the savage state,
Of course the knife and bullet
Must be the red man's fate.

MY LITTLE NEW LOG CABIN IN THE HILLS.

A PARODY.

Written at Custer City, in the Black Hills, in the Spring of 1876, for DICK BROWN, the banjo player, and sung by DICK and me, the miners joining in the chorus, in the camp and the cabin.

IN my little new log cabin home my heart is light and free,
While the boys around me gather every day,
And the sweetest hours I ever knew are those I'm passing now,
While the banjo makes sweet music to my lay.

CHORUS.

The scenes are changing every day, the snow is nearly gone,
And there's music in the laughter of the rills;
But the dearest spot of all the rest is where I love to dwell,
In my little new log cabin in the Hills.

While the birds are sweetly singing to the coming of the spring,
And the flow'rets peep their heads from out the sod,
We feel as gay and happy as the songsters on the wing
Who are sending up sweet anthems to their God.

CHORUS—The scenes are changing, etc.

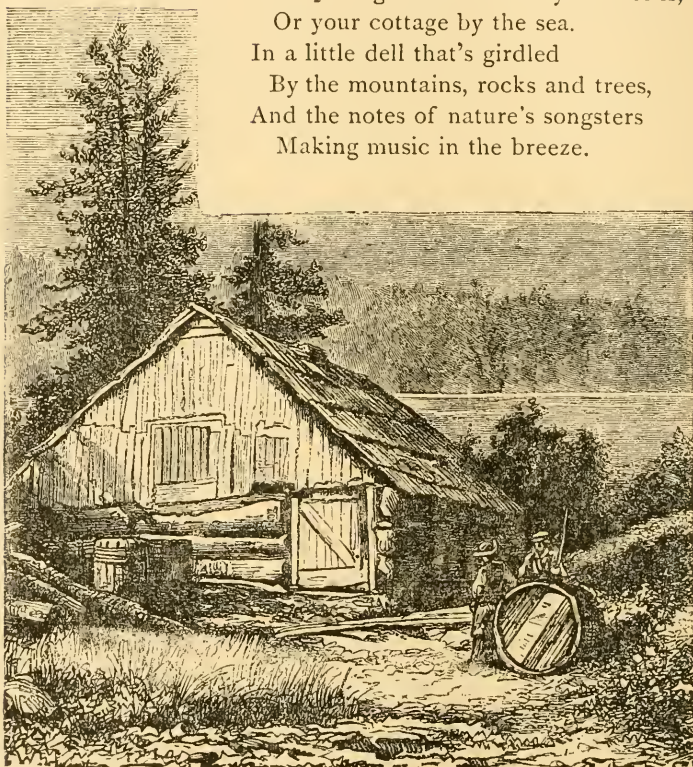
Then let us work with heart and hand, and help each other
through
In this pretty little world we call our own,
Whether building or prospecting—yes, or fighting with the
Sioux,
For 'tis hard sometimes to play your hand alone.

CHORUS—The scenes are changing, etc.

MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

TO P. ALANDER.

FAR beyond the rolling prairie
Is a home more dear to me
Than your grand and stately mansions,
Or your cottage by the sea.
In a little dell that's girdled
By the mountains, rocks and trees,
And the notes of nature's songsters
Making music in the breeze.



Why I love my shady woodland,
Why I love each flowery dell,
Where, beside my trusty comrades,
I have fought where many fell;
Where so oft alone I've wandered,
Sat and mused the whole day long,
To the music of the songsters
I have sang my humble song.

Yes, I love the shady woodland,
And I love each flowery dell,
Where around the blazing camp-fire
Stories we would hear and tell,
And, with merry voices ringing,
Comrades joined me in my rhymes,
While we sang of by-gone pleasures
And the days of other times.

Oh, how happy in the woodland,
Or beside some mountain brook,
Where so oft the speckled beauties
Dangled shining on my hook ;
Where the deer and elk were grazing,
Where the buffalo loved to stray,
Birds on every sheet of water,
And life seemed a long day's play.

Then at night, when all was quiet,
How my friends would gather near,
In the little old log cabin,
Where each hardy pioneer
Used to laugh and shout so hearty
To the banjo's merry tone—
Shall we meet no more, dear comrades,
In that little mountain home ?

I'M SAD TO-NIGHT.

Lines suggested by the following remark from a young lady at a Christmas party : " Captain, you seem happy always."

I'M sad to-night, and yet my face
Is only marked with cunning smiles,
For looking in the glass I trace
In every feature false beguiles.

I'm sad to-night, and yet they say,
Because I dance and laugh and sing,
That I am always, oh ! so gay,
And laugh with such a merry ring.

But I would scorn to show my grief,
I use my muscle and my brain ;
For work will always bring relief,
And sunshine comes just after rain.

And though the game is hard to find,
I've got no time to weep or wail ;
Let those who will remain behind,
I'll still pursue the same old trail.

I'm sad to-night, and yet just now
A hundred merry voices rang ;
There's perspiration on each brow,
From laughing at the song I sang.

I'm sad to-night—why do I sing?
Because GOD gave me voice and power!
And oft I've made the woodland ring,
While all alone with some wild flower.

And often on the lonely trail
I've bursted out with something new;
I started with a song from Yale,
I'm singing yet in Cariboo.

I'm sad to-night, and yet should I
Let others know one care or sorrow,
While hope is whispering by-and-by,
No! No! 'twill be all right to-morrow.

I'm sad to-night, but sweet ambition
Tells me, I must hold my own;
And while lasts the ammunition
I will hold the fort alone.

Other skies have clouded o'er me,
Other moons have shone less bright,
But, fair star of hope before me,
Thou hast been my beacon light.

Yes, I'll tarry with thee longer,
Ever faithful, firm and true,
Confidence still growing stronger,
In thy hills, fair Cariboo!

And I believe with those old timers
That there's luck for thee and thine—
Lucky years for all our miners
Forty, sixty, seventy-nine.

THE RUINED VIRGINIA.

TO MY PARD, J. B. O'MAHUNDRO (TEXAS JACK).

Virginia City, Nevada, almost totally destroyed by fire, October, 1876.

DID I hear the news from Virginny—
The news of that terrible fire?
Yes; but I couldn't believe it—
I thought the bearer a liar;
But when I found it square, pard,
I weakened, you bet, right here,
And I didn't care a tinker's
Who saw me drop a tear.

Just reason the thing for a minute—
There's two thousand miners right there,
It's cold up there in the mountains,
And some's got no breeches to wear.
And that ain't the worst; for instance,
There's two of my old pards hurt,
And a dozen that wore plugs on Sunday
Ain't got the first stitch but their shirt.

Now, JACK, ain't that rough on Virginny?
Well, there ain't no saints out there;
And I 'spec' it's a second Chicago,
And this is a kind of a scare.
But dog my cats if I see it
Exactly in that thar way,
For most of them hardy miners
Are honest, by Joe, as the day.

But maybe it's all for the better—
That's what the good people say ;
But I don't want any in mine, pard,
If the LORD will but keep it away.
I don't read much in the Scripture,
But I've heard the good parson talk
About sinners bein' punished by brimstone
When against the commandments they balk.

Now, I don't jist understand it,
Though I tumble to what they say ;
Nor I don't see why the ALMIGHTY
Should treat a poor man in that way.
While the fellers who's got the lucre,
And the worst to connive and swear,
Always give us poor devils the euchre—
The deal ain't exactly square.

And if, as the parson tells us,
There's a place after this called hell,
With fire and red-hot brimstone—
With a nasty kind of smell ;
I'll be dogged if some fine snoozers
(That I have a reason to know)
Won't find it a scorchin' old corner
In that furnace way down below.

Now, there was old KIT MCGREGOR,
He was rough and ready, but smart,
He could whip any man in the diggin's—
And there wasn't a flaw in his heart.
But when old PARSON PLUM, one evening,
Done dirt—didn't act on the square—
He sent daylight clear through him,
And laid the old sinner out there.

Now, is KIT goin' to hell for that, JACK ?

Not much! the LORD bid him shoot,
And he killed a worm of the devil—

A hypocrite, rogue and galoot.
Besides, the gal was his darter,
And she panned out a woman most fair,
And was loved by all in the diggin's—
But KIT had revenge right there.

And if some of them Eastern preachers,
Who's Tiltin' around the courts,
Would do as old KIT MCGREGOR,
And stop these long-winded reports,
There wouldn't be so much sinnin',
Nor wimmin degraded so low,
But they go in for the lucre—
Revenge has a d—d poor show.

So, JACK, while we look at Virginny,
We'll just take a bead on New York,
And see where the sinners are greatest—
Back there or out on the fork.
We won't say a word about Brooklyn,
For who but the saints can tell
Whether it will be turned to religion,
Or still be a fortress of hell ?

That is, after MOODY and SANKEY
Have done with their preachin' and sich ;
I hope that the gods will assist them
In awakin' the guilt-covered rich.
And yet it matters but little
To us in the diggin's, I'm sure,
But this is my candid opinion :
The LORD won't go back on the poor.

WILD BILL'S GRAVE.

ON the side of the hill, between Whitewood and Deadwood,
At the foot of the pine stump, there lies a lone grave,
Environed with rocks and with pine trees and redwood,
Where the wild roses bloom o'er the breast of the brave.
A mantle of brushwood the greensward incloses,
The green boughs are waving far up overhead;
While under the sod and the flow'rets reposes
The brave and the dead.

Did I know him in life? Yes, as brother knows brother;
I knew him and loved him—'twas all I could give,
My love. But the fact is we loved one another,
And either would die that the other might live.
Rough in his ways? Yes; but kind and good-hearted;
There wasn't a flaw in the heart of WILD BILL,
And well I remember the day that he started
That grave on the hill.

A good scout? I reckon there wasn't his equal,
Both FREMONT and CUSTER could vouch for that fact.
Quick as chain-lightning with rifle or pistol—
And this is what CUSTER said: "BILL never backed."
He called me his "kid"—I was only a boy;
To ungratefulness BILL was a stranger,
Ready to share every sorrow and joy,
Brave hunger and danger.

And now let me show you the good that was in him—
The letters he wrote to his AGNES—his wife;

Why, a look or a smile, one kind word could win him.

Hear part of this letter—the last of his life :

“AGNES, DARLING :—If such should be that we never meet again, while firing my last shot I will gently breathe the name of my wife—my AGNES—and with a kind wish even for my enemies, I will make the plunge and try to swim to the other shore.”

Oh, Charity ! come fling your mantle about him ;

Judge him not harshly—he sleeps 'neath the sod.

CUSTER—brave CUSTER !—was lonely without him,

Even with GOD.

Charge, comrades, charge ! see young CUSTER ahead !

His charger leaps forth, almost flying ;

One volley ! and half of his comrades are dead—

The other half fighting and dying !

Let us hope, while their dust is reposing beneath

The dirge-singing pines in the mountains,

That CHRIST has crowned each with an evergreen wreath,

And given them to drink from His fountains.

VIRGINIA, Aug. 2, 1877.



ONLY A MINER KILLED.

Although everything that science, skill and money can devise is done to avert accidents, the average of fatal ones in the Comstock is three a week.
"Three men a week."

Only a miner killed ;
Oh ! is that all ?
One of the timbers caved ;
Great was the fall,
Crushing another one
Shaped like his GOD.
Only a miner lad—
Under the sod.

Only a miner killed,
Just one more dead.
Who will provide for them—
Who earn their bread ?
Wife and the little ones,
Pity them, GOD,
Their earthly father
Is under the sod.

Only a miner killed,
Dead on the spot.
Poor hearts are breaking
In yon little cot.
He died at his post,
A hero as brave
As any who sleep
In a marble-top grave.

Only a miner killed!
 GOD, if thou wilt,
Just introduce him
 To old VANDERBILT,
Who, with his millions,
 If he is there,
Can't buy one interest—
 Even one share.

Only a miner killed!
 Bury him quick,
Just write his name on
 A piece of a stick.
No matter how humble
 Or plain be the grave,
Beyond all are equal—
 The master and slave.



AN EPITAPH ON WILD BILL.

The following epitaph on J. B. HICKOCK (WILD BILL) was written while sitting on his grave, near Deadwood, on the 10th of September, 1876.

SLEEP on, brave heart, in peaceful slumber,
 Bravest scout in all the West ;
Lightning eyes and voice of thunder,
 Closed and hushed in quiet rest.
 Peace and rest at last is given ;
 May we meet again in heaven.
 Rest in peace.

LAST NEW YEAR'S DAY IN THE
BLACK HILLS.

BEYOND the Mississippi,
And the old Missouri, too,
On the far and distant prairie,
With comrades brave and true,
One year ago I wandered
In the hills so far away ;
I was happy in my cabin
One year ago to-day.

The morning was a fair one,
And the skies were bright and clear,
And the snow like diamonds sparkled,
While we chased the panting deer ;
I never will forget it,
Each miner lad felt gay,
For we found a splendid prospect
One year ago to-day.

A band of hardy miners
At evening gathered round,
Some on rustic benches
And others on the ground ;
We ate and drank together,
Our hearts were light and gay,
For a Concord coach first entered
Our Hills last New Year's day.

And as the noble horses
Came flying up the street,
With fifteen hardy miners,
You bet it was a treat ;
And the noble COLONEL PATRICK,
'Twas this I heard him say :
"Come in and take a drink, boys,
For this is New Year's day."

But time has worked its wonders,
And in every gulch and glen,
Instead of half a hundred,
Ten thousand hardy men,
With sluice and pan and rocker,
Work hard and trust in heaven ;
And twenty Concord coaches
Are there in seventy-seven.

CONCORD, N. H., 1876.



THE BURIAL OF WILD BILL.

TO HIS LAST, BEST FRIEND, CHARLEY UTTER (COLORADO
CHARLEY)

UNDER the sod in the prairie-land
We have laid him down to rest,
With many a tear from the sad rough throng
And the friends he loved the best ;
And many a heart-felt sigh was heard
As over the earth we trod,
And many an eye was filled with tears
As we covered him with the sod.

Under the sod in the prairie-land
We have laid the good and the true—
An honest heart and a noble scout
Has bade us a last adieu.
No more his silvery laugh will ring,
His spirit has gone to GOD ;
Around his faults let Charity cling
While you cover him with the sod.

Under the sod in the land of gold
We have laid the fearless BILL ;
*We called him Wild, yet a little child
Could bend his iron will.*
With generous heart he freely gave
To the poorly clad, unshod—
Think of it, pards—of his noble traits—
While you cover him with the sod.

Under the sod in Deadwood Gulch
You have laid his last remains ;
No more his manly form will hail
The red man on the plains.
And, CHARLEY, may Heaven bless you !
You gave him a "bully good send ;"
BILL was a friend to you, pard,
And you were his last, best friend.

You buried him 'neath the old pine tree,
In that little world of ours,
His trusty rifle by his side—
His grave all strewn with flowers ;
His manly form in sweet repose,
That lovely silken hair—
I tell you, pard, it was a sight,
That face so white and fair !

And while he sleeps beneath the sod
His murderer goes free,
Released by a perjured, gaming set,
Who'd murder you and me—
Whose coward hearts dare never meet
A brave man on the square.
Well, pard, they'll find a warmer clime
Than they ever found out there.

Hell is full of just such men ;
And if BILL is above to-day,
The ALMIGHTY will have enough to do
To keep him from going away—
That is, from making a little scout
To the murderers' home below ;
And if old PETER will let him out,
He can clean out the ranch, I know.



A SNOW STORM IN THE BLACK HILLS.

LAST CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE BLACK HILLS.

LAST Christmas day, I remember it well—
And I reckon I'll still remember—
When emigration began to swell,
Though our chances war mighty slender.
A band of as bully men, by Jove,
As ever struck out a trailin',
Struck for the Hills ter hunt for gold,
With bull teams just a sailin'.

And I war guide of the outfit, pards ;
Ye see I'd been thar before,
When we struck it rich on Calamity Bar,
So I struck for the Bar once more.
But I'll never forget when crossin' the Platte,
And the ice in the middle gave way
And down went our wagons, bulls and all—
Pards, that war last Christmas day.

Ye see, it was only a mile across—
Wall, that ain't much out thar—
But the boys kinder left it ter me, bein' boss,
As ter whether the ice would bear ;
So I reckined as how I thought it would,
And we started—gee whoa—right away ;
But she cracked like an old cook's kettle, she did—
Pards, that war last Christmas day.

Who cuss'd? O, no, pards, I never swar,
But just about that ar' time
There wasn't much poetry in my head—
I couldn't a spun a rhyme—
Ye see, the quicksands war orful bad,
And none of us felt very gay ;
'Cause we had ter wade and carry our grub—
Pards, that war last Christmas day.

And now while I'm ridin' on cushion seats,
With nothin' to worry or fret,
By thunder, I almost wish I war back
A courtin' my bride, my pet ;
I mean my "Winchester," bully old gal—
And the reds will keep out of her way ;
She dropped a buck weighin' three hundred pounds—
Pards, that war last Christmas day.

OUR PROSPECT.

THERE'S a bonny wee spot in the mountains I love,
Where the pine trees are waving o'erhead far above,
Where the miners are happy, kind-hearted and free,
And many come here from way over the sea.



There's gold in the mountains, there's gold in each glen,
The good time is coming, have patience, brave men ;

Hold on to your ledges, and soon you will see
Both money and mills coming over the sea.

I have seen your Bonanza, your great Cariboo,
I've been in your tunnels, but everything's new;
I've stood at the face of your wondrous Lowhee,
And find that the prospects are good as can be.

Don't think that Victoria will give you a hand,
Nor furnish a baw-bee to prospect your land.
The miner must prospect and show the gold free,
Then capital comes from way over the sea.

Now take my advice, and I'm in with you, too,
Just stick to your ledges whatever you do;
Don't worry and fret, if at first you don't see
A fortune in sight, for it's coming to thee.

BARKERVILLE, B. C.



SPRING IN THE BLACK HILLS.

Written at the conclusion of a letter to the *Omaha Bee*, in 1876.

BEAUTIFUL Spring in the highlands of nature,
Snow on the hill-tops and grass in the vale ;
Sunshine is beaming on each living creature,
And not e'en one sorrow our joys to assail.
The pine trees are bowing and bending before us,
The miner is building his new cabin home ;
The voice of the wind seems to whisper above us,
" Angels watch o'er you where'er you may roam."

Beautiful Spring, you will loosen the fountains,
Long sealed by the frost in the valleys and hills ;
And down from the tops of the mightiest mountains
Will dance little streamlets and murmuring rills.
Blessings will follow—we feel it, believe it—
If men will be faithful and work hand in hand,
Though many will tempt you, while working, to leave it,
But don't you be fooled, for there's gold in this land.

Beautiful Spring, you will bring us sweet flowers ;
Thousands will gather from far o'er the land,
And many will find bright homes in these bowers,
And, seeing the grandeur, themselves grow more grand.
Farmers will come with their plows and their harrows,
The bright golden grain will be waving ere long ;
While civilization will bury the arrows—
And the red man will sing his last sad death-song.

DEATH OF LITTLE KIT.

TO HIS FATHER, BUFFALO BILL.

The following verses were written at Custer City, D. T., on hearing from MR. CODY (BUFFALO BILL) of the death of his little boy, KIT CARSON CODY.

MY friend, I feel your sorrow
Just as though it were my own,
And I think of you each morrow
As I ponder, when alone,
On the wonders of our MAKER,
As the world goes round and round ;
Since KIT is with his namesake
In the happy hunting ground.

But the parson used to tell us
Of things we little knew,
And how the LORD would chasten
The good, the brave and true ;
That all was for the better,
Though it used to tax my wit,
Till I heard he sent an angel
For your darling, little KIT.

At first I thought, but thinking
Made me wonder still more,
Till at last I saw a vision
While I slumbered on the floor
Of my little new log cabin
In the Hills, not long ago.
Yes, I saw the old KIT CARSON,
With a beard as white as snow.

He wore the same old buckskin,
But white, as if just tanned,
And beyond him, on the prairie,
Was a scene so very grand
That I would not dare describe it—
But that voice, that well-known sound—
The words were, "Pards, I'm happy
In the happy hunting-ground!"

I saw an angel hover
O'er a dark ravine below
The rippling, dancing water
That in silvery streams did flow.
Then downward went the angel;
Old KIT just leaped for joy,
When from below that angel
Brought KIT, your darling boy.

The old man raised him fondly,
And clasped him to his breast,
While peace and sweet contentment
Upon him seemed to rest.
Just then a painted redskin
Was scowling from a mound,
When crack went KIT's old rifle,
And the fiend went under ground.

And then a milk-white pony
And a steed as white as snow,
With wide expanded nostrils,
Were roaming to and fro,
When KIT exclaimed, "Come, darlings,
My prairie birds, this way!"

And soon they both were mounted,
While the choir began to play.

I heard the sweetest music
That mortal ever heard,
While steed and snow-white pony
Were flying like a bird.
I woke, and in my cabin
Your letter soon was found;
And KIT had joined his namesake
In the happy hunting-ground.

And, pard, when life is ended,
If acting on the square,
We, too, will meet old CARSON
And your baby-boy up there.



FAREWELL TO OUR CHIEF.

The following lines were written on the field on the same day that BUFFALO BILL bade farewell to the command, and were published in the Rochester (N. Y.) *Democrat*, on his arrival in that city, September, 1876.

TO W. F. CODY (BUFFALO BILL).

FAREWELL! the boys will miss you, BILL;
In haste let me express
The deep regret we all must feel
Since you have left our mess.
While down the Yellowstone you glide,
Old pard, you'll find it true,
That there are thousands in the field
Whose hearts beat warm for you.

And while we wish you every joy,
Wherever you may roam—
Success in everything you try,
And happiness at home;
Yet would we wish you ever near
To join us in the shouts
Of courage when the foe is near,
And hail you Chief of Scouts!

So, BILL, old boy, we wish you well—
We cannot wish you more;
On sentiment we will not dwell—
You've been with us before;
Your smiling face, your manly form,
The starlight in your eye,
In memory always will be dear—
God bless you, pard—good bye!



THE DEATH OF CUSTER.

In July, 1876, I received a telegram from W. F. CODY (BUFFALO BILL) which read: "Have you heard of the death of our brave CUSTER?" I immediately wrote the following verses, which I sent Mr. CODY, in answer to his dispatch, on the following day.

DID I hear news from CUSTER?
Well, I reckon I did, old pard;
It came like a streak of lightnin',
And, you bet, it hit me hard.

I ain't no hand to blubber,
And the briny ain't run for years;
But chalk me down for a lubber,
If I didn't shed regular tears.

What for? Now look ye here, BILL,
You're a bully boy, that's true;
As good as e'er wore buckskin,
Or fought with the boys in blue;
But I'll bet my bottom dollar
Ye had no trouble to muster
A tear, or perhaps a hundred,
When ye heard of the death of CUSTER.

He always thought well of you, pard,
And had it been heaven's will,
In a few more days you'd met him,
And he'd welcome his' old scout, BILL.
For, if ye remember, at Hat Creek
I met ye with GENERAL CARR;
We talked of the brave young CUSTER,
And recounted his deeds of war.

But little we knew even then, pard
(And that's just two weeks ago),
How little we dreamed of disaster,
Or that he had met the foe—
That the fearless, reckless hero,
So loved by the whole frontier,
Had died on the field of battle
In this our centennial year.

I served with him in the army,
In the darkest days of the war;

And I reckon ye know his record,
For he was our guiding star.
And the boys who gathered round him
To charge in the early morn,
War just like the brave who perished
With him on the Little Horn.

And where is the satisfaction,
And how are we going to get square?
By giving the Reds more rifles?
Invite them to take more hair?
We want no scouts, no trappers,
Nor men who know the frontier;
PHIL, old boy, you're mistaken—
You must have the volunteer.

They talk about peace with these demons
By feeding and clothing them well;
I'd as soon think an angel from heaven
Would reign with contentment in h—ll;
And some day these Quakers will answer
Before the great JUDGE of us all,
For the death of the daring young CUSTER,
And the boys who around him did fall.

Perhaps I am judging them harshly,
But I mean what I'm telling ye, pard;
I'm letting them down mighty easy—
Perhaps they may think it is hard.
But I tell ye the day is approaching—
The boys are beginning to muster,
That day of the great retribution—
The day of revenge for our CUSTER.

And I will be with you, friend CODY,
My mite will go in with the boys;
I shared all their hardships last Winter,
I shared all their sorrows and joys;
So tell them I'm coming, friend WILLIAM,
I trust I will meet you ere long;
Regards to the boys in the mountains,
Yours truly, in friendship still strong.



FAREWELL, OLD CABIN HOME.

YE folks of fashion and renown,
Who live in city and in town,
And who, 'mid luxury and ease,
Have everything the heart to please,
And every morning take your ride
'Mid worldly pomp and fashion's pride,
At evening down the promenade
With lovely girls and hearts all glad,
And home—ah! that must be divine—
A little moss-grown hut is mine.

Where the streamlet's merry lay
Makes sweet music with its laughter,
Dancing, rippling day by day—
I shall hear it ever after.

Where, from Harney's snow-clad crown,
Many rills come dancing down,
Where the speckled beauties glide
Swiftly through the silvery tide,
You may have your stall-fed steers—
I have lots of mountain deers.
You may have your hot-house greens,
I the good old standard beans—
Beans and pork. Sometimes he'd kill
A buffalo bull, would BUFFALO BILL;
Then with chicken, grouse and quail,
And splendid soup from buffalo tail.

Oh! how happy, gay and free
O'er the mountains wild I roam—
Bank stocks never trouble me
In my little mountain home.



Up the mountain, down the glen—
Dangerous? Only now and then.
If a bear you want to court,
Take her where the hair is short;
If you want a fond embrace,
Meet old Bruin face to face.
If she's strong with frame well knit,
You'll find her most affectionate.

Bears and buffalos, what care I—
Catermounts may rave and foam;
I must leave you by and by,
So farewell, old cabin home.

Nature grand and wild and free,
Full of life and ecstasy ;
Courting nature, dead in love,
Coo again, thou gentle dove ;
Teach me, bird of paradise,
How to thaw the lover's ice ;
Make the blood within me boil—
Man must love, or man must spoil ;
Tell me, how am I to love,
And a maiden's fancy move ?

Will you miss me when I go—
When away from you I roam ?
If your nest should fill with snow
You can take my cabin home.

Good-bye, scenes of mountain bliss,
Where the clouds come down to kiss
Crowning rocks and hiding trees,
Until lifted with the breeze.
Farewell, valley of my heart !
Time has come when we must part ;
Farewell, all thy sweet wild flowers !
All thy nooks and shady bowers—
Never more my eyes can see
Valley half so fair as thee.

Valley, cabin, all farewell !
Oh, for one forget-me-not !
I would leave it in the dell—
Plant it near this moss-grown cot.

THE WELCOME HOME.

HOME again! Each stalwart comrade
Breathes his honest welcome back.
“Dog my cats, we’s glad to see you,
Los-ee. Whar ye bin to, JACK?
Why, old pard, we’ve bin a thinkin’,
Somehow, ye had lost yer ha’r,
An’ you bet yer life, we missed ye
At our meetin’s over thar.”

Not one buckskin boy among them—
Not a man in all that throng—
But was glad to gaze upon me,
I had been away so long.
How my heart, with fond emotion,
Beat that night at MODIE’S store,
When the boys, with pure devotion,
Gathered round their chief once more.

There was BOB and JULE and FRANKLIN,
BILL and CALIFORNIA JOE—
Every man old Indian fighters,
Knowing all a scout should know.
But my songs and acts had won them,
And amid their merry shouts,
In the Buffalo Gap entrenchments,
I was hailed their chief of scouts.

Whether in the year succeeding
I deserved the name or not,
By our pioneers and miners
I shall never be forgot.
Never did the wily red-skin
Find me napping by the way,
And I tried to do my duty
In the camp or in the fray.

CUSTER CITY, D. T., October, 1876.



MUSING.

TO THE MAN OF INTELLECT.

These verses were written in answer to an anonymous letter written by some one in Victoria, B. C., telling me to desist from imposing my doggerel on an intelligent newspaper public.

WHILE with various thoughts and feelings
I am musing here to-night—
Thoughts of other years of sorrow,
Feelings of a heart more light.
Musing still, and still I wonder
What my future lot will be,
While my soul is craving knowledge,
Will not fortune smile on me?

Is there *no* poetic beauty
In those simple songs of mine?
Must a man be bred in college
Ere he dares to form a rhyme?
Though his soul dictates the music,
Yet his words, uncouth and plain,
Must not find a friendly welcome
From the learned man of brain.

While my beating heart oft whispers
Sweetest music to my soul,
And I feel the strangest passion
Which no mortal could control.

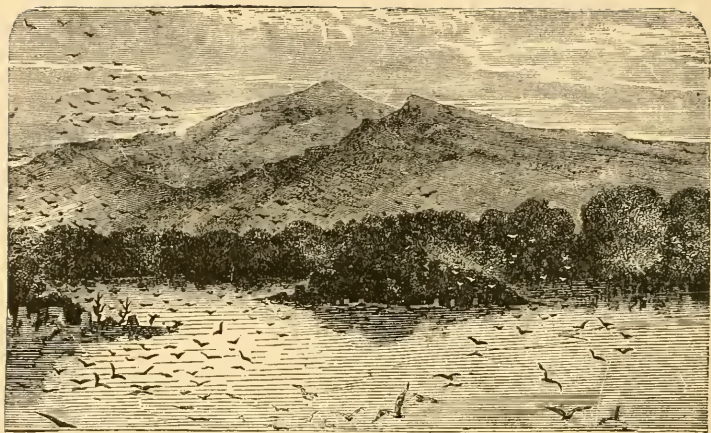
Even 'neath the spreading branches
I have caused my mates to start,
Aye! and list with awe and wonder
To the songs which left my heart.

Far away in wild Dakota,
Hours I've stood upon the green,
Spouting what I believed poetic,
Only by my comrades seen,
Reveling in nature's grandeur.
Ah! but those were happy days,
For I believed I *was* a poet,
And deserving of some praise.

Yet, alas! here comes a letter
Telling me I must desist,
Written by—perhaps GEORGE FRANCIS—
Such a *s-Train* was to his fist.
Stop it, JACK—let reason guide you,
Good advice you dare respect,
And you'll get another letter
From a man of INTELLECT.

Every man is not a classic,
Most the laboring men can read—
These at least peruse my verses,
Sometimes even with a greed.
Let me, then, a little longer
Pass like this my idle hours;
Time will surely make me stronger—
Spring must come to bring the flowers.

IN THE MOUNTAINS, CARIBOO, B. C., March 28, 1879.



AMONG THE PEAKS.

O H, gentle breeze, from sunny South,
With scent of fragrant flowers,
Warm again with thy heated breath
These sovereign hills of ours.

Burst forth in every mountain glen
Where streams no longer flow,
With sunny beams from azure sky,
To melt the crusted snow.

And onward from the boisterous sea
Sweep clouds of tepid rain ;
Let thunder be thy bugle call
To free our hills again.

And when the distant roll is heard
'Twill set each heart aglow,
For many who have waited long
Will see our streams o'erflow.

Our hearts will greet the smiling sun,
And bless the heavenly rain ;
And hope, now dead, will come to life
When Spring is here again.

And hardy, honest sons of toil
Will grasp their tools once more ;
Hydraulic, drift and sluice again,
As in the days of yore.

And when the Summer time has come,
With hearts and mountains free,
Each day a stronger link will forge
To bind our harmony.

CARIBOO, B. C., April 3, 1879.



COMRADE, WHY THIS LOOK OF SADNESS?

Written some years ago, to the late CHARLEY REYNOLDS, CUSTER'S bravest
and best scout, who perished by his side on the Little Big Horn.

COMRADE, why this look of sadness?
What has caused this sudden change?
Why thus wander in the moonlight,
Acting so uncommon strange?
Know that I would share thy sorrow,
Even shed a tear with thee;
Sick or wounded would I leave you?
No! nor would you part from me.

Tell me, then; I, too, have sorrow,
But I drive it from my mind;
'Tis but folly thus to borrow
Trouble from the midnight wind.
Come, there's music at the barracks,
We're having quite a hop to-night—
Have a dance with little JESSIE,
And I'm sure you'll feel all right.

No? Ah, comrade, I can see it,
Even though you will not tell;
You have loved with all your nature—
Loved not wisely, but too well.
This it is that makes you gloomy—
Cuts you to the very core;

But you must remember, CHARLEY,
There are very many more.

So, at last, I've got your secret—
Only one? Indeed! not more?
Me? Why man, that ain't a marker—
I can count them by the score.
Women—why, of course, they're fickle,
But the men are fickle, too,
And I'm sure the greater number
Of the fairer sex are true.

Yes, I had *one* little sweetheart;
Do you see that blackened spot?
There it was that I first met her
In her father's little cot;
And beside this mossy willow,
When the skylark's music fell,
GERTIE told me how she loved me,
'Mid the fragrance of the dell.

While my arms were fondly twining
Round her little form so fair,
Bright blue eyes like diamonds shining,
And the moonbeams kissed her hair—
Then it was a silent arrow
Pierced my little girl and I—
Pierced her through the heart, God help me—
Me to live and she to die.

Here, beside this dear old willow,
Where the flowers are growing wild,
Rests old BRUCE, the guide and trapper,
With my love, his only child.

Rest in peace, my little darling,
There is joy in Heaven for you ;
As for me—*no peace, no resting,*
While there lives a single Sioux.

Now, my boy, you know the reason
Why I seek this spot alone,
When the moon is up and shining,
I can watch beside by own.
Go, enjoy yourself—I cannot,
While my angel sleeps close by.
Hark ! get down—I see a scalp lock !
Not a word—he, too, must die.

Death was silent in his mission—
Not the faintest sound was heard ;
While the scout, with cat-like motion,
Moved as if he were a bird ;
Then the flash of steel by moonlight—
Not a word had yet been said ;
But the brave young lover conquered—
Scored another for the dead.



UNDER THE SNOW.

IN MEMORIAM.

[*Lines on the death of T. R. Pattullo.*]

UNDER the snow we have laid him down—
Down in the depths of the grave!
The dearest, kindest heart in the camp
Has passed o'er eternity's wave.
Gone forever! alas, can it be,
Will we never again see his face?
Never again clasp his honest hand,
With its warm and earnest embrace?

Under the snow in the golden land,
So far from the home of his mother,
No loving sister to close his eyes,
But the hand of a faithful brother.
GOD help that mother and sisters, too!
The news will be sad we know,
“Our own dear boy in Cariboo
Is dead and under the snow!”

“Dear mother—and now I speak for TOM—
Dear mother, don't grieve for me,
I've only laid me down to rest
Beneath the old pine tree.
So tired, dear mother, I needed rest,
To sleep, to dream, to die;
And GOD does all things for the best,
I'll meet you by and by.

“ Dear sisters, don't you weep for me,
My rest is peaceful now ;
I feel no pain, no troubled heart,
Nor aches within my brow.
This world was, oh ! so dreary,
I found it colder grow,
But now I feel quite happy,
Beneath the pure white snow.”

Under the snow ! The setting sun
Seemed bathed in tears to-day,
And all are lonely in the camp
Since TOM has passed away.
And many were the heartfelt sobs,
And many tears did flow,
And charity round his faults we flung,
With a mantle of pure white snow.

Under the snow he sleeps to-day,
Mourned by the sad rough throng,
And just before he passed away
He spoke of his favorite song,
“ Maid of Athens ! ” beautiful maid !
There she stands at the door !
Ere we part—another verse,
’Twill ring on the other shore.

Under the snow the heart is still
In death for ever more—
The heart that never saw distress
Go hungry from his door.
And many, many will attest,
Who left here long ago,
The truest friend of all the rest
Now sleeps beneath the snow.

Under the snow! He was no saint—
Real saints are very few—
But TOM was what we called a man,
'Mongst men in Cariboo.
And when old GABRIEL blows his horn,
And the world is at an end,
The LORD will not forget the man
Who's been the poor man's friend.





THE DYING SCOUT.

THE DYING SCOUT.

TO THE MEMORY OF MUGGINS TAYLOR, WHO WAS CUSTER'S
COURIER.

This song was sung at EMERSON'S Opera House for twenty-one nights with great success, by BEAUMONT READ, who wrote the music for it.

COMRADES, raise me, I am dying,
Hark the story I will tell ;
Break it gently to my mother,
You were near me when I fell.
Tell her how I fought with CUSTER,
How I rode to tell the news ;
Now I'm dying, comrades, dying—
Tell me, did we whip the Sioux ?

CHORUS.

Comrades, raise me, I am dying,
Catch the story I will tell ;
Break it gently to my mother,
You were near me when I fell.

Tell my mother that, when dying,
Every scene came back anew—
All those happy days of childhood,
When life's cares I little knew.
Tell her that I still remember
How she wept for very joy
When she clasped her arms around me,
Welcomed home her soldier boy.

CHORUS—Comrades, raise me, etc.

Comrades, tell my mother truly
How we fought to hold the hill ;
Tell her how we gained the vict'ry—
That I die a soldier still.
Hark ! I hear a voice up yonder,
All is sunshine, bright and fair ;
Tell my mother I am dying—
She will meet her boy up there.

CHORUS—Comrades, raise me, etc.



SANDY'S REVENGE.

A MINER'S STRATEGY.

“ I SAY, young feller, have something to take ?
Yer a stranger to me, but I like yer style,
And I reckon I met ye somewhar afore—
Come, fellers, won't ye all have a smile?
Ye see, I've jist come in from the mines,
Where we fellers strike it rich sometimes.”

“ Excuse me, sir, but I never drink,
And I'm just as much obliged to you.
I can't help it, sir, you may believe or not,
But nevertheless I am telling you true.
And, by the way, a word in your ear—
You'll be drugged and robbed if you drink in here.”

He looked at me with his great blue eyes,
And laughingly said : “ That's a very good joke.
I own a half,” said he, “ in the prize,”
And looking around on the crowd as he spoke,
“ I've got enough in my buckskin, I think,
To treat the house. Come, every one, drink.

“ And see here, youngster, you take a cigar.
The other bottle—I mean the brandy.
Well, here's how—what might be my name ?
Wall, it might be JIM, but they call me SANDY.
And I don't know much 'bout books and sich,
But what's the odds when a feller's rich ?

“Do I want a bed? Wall, I reckon I do,
And I want a good’n, ye bet yer life.
Come, set ’em up agin for the crew;
What’s that ye say—hev I got a wife?
Well, now yer shouten—why, bless yer soul,
My JENNIE’S the trimmest gal of the whole.

“Me gettin’ full? Is that what ye said?
Wall, I reckon I am. I’ll go pretty soon;
An’, landlord, when I get up to bed,
Send me a night-cap up ter my room.
An’ don’t you forget it—I want it strong,
So I kin sleep on it, soundly an’ long.”

“Good-night!” he said, as he passed me by,
And I saw a smile on his sun-burnt face;
And he gave me a wink as he passed me by,
And whispered: “If ye kin find the place,
Jist come to my room between twelve and one,
And I reckon as how we kin have some fun.”

It was nearly twelve when he said good-night,
So I quietly left, as if to go home,
And turning quickly round to the right,
At a corner window I saw him alone,
With a navy revolver in either hand,
He fixed them, and laid them down on the stand.

I climbed the porch; it was rather dark,
So I very soon got up to the top.
I tapped at the window and made a noise,
When he motioned that I should stop.
Too late—the light was turned out quite,
And he whispered: “I’ll play her alone to-night.”

Five minutes! and each to me seemed an hour,
But at last the silence was broke ;
A heavy thud—then a leaden shower—
And the little room full of fire and smoke.
A light was struck, and there on the floor
Lay landlord and son, to move no more.



"GOD BLESS YE, GENER'L CROOK."

An old miner in the Black Hills came into the Scout's Camp one afternoon in September, 1876, tired and hungry. He had been on a prospecting trip, and ran short of provisions. After he had partaken of some coffee, hard tack and beans, he saw GENERAL CROOK conversing with his *aide-de-camp*, LIEUT. SCHUYLER, when he exclaimed: "By gosh, I've see'd thet face afore," and, walking over toward the General, he discovered who he was. He returned to the camp fire and told how the General, with a detachment of soldiers, had saved the lives of his wife and boy. The incident was so pretty that I wrote the following verses on it the same evening, and gave the old miner a copy of it. His hand trembled with emotion, and the tears coursed down his bronzed cheeks when he read it.

"BY gosh, I ar' as hungry
As a prairie wolf, you bet,
An' pards, I won't forget ye,
An' am moughty glad we met.
Ye see, I've been ter prospec',
An' I lost my latitud'.
LOS'EE, but I war hungry,
Them beans war moughty good.

"I've see'd thet face afore, pards—
Can't say as how I know,
My eyes ain't wot they us' ter war
'Bout fifteen year ago.
But, dog my cats, I'll swar it,
Let's take a closer sight—
Bless, if it arn't the Gener'!
I knew I must be right."

And then a pearly tear drop
 Stood in the old man's eye.
"Ye know I've pray'd ter see him
 Jist once afore I'd die;
He saved my wife and baby
 When the red-skins had 'em took."
With outstretched hand he, sobbing, said:
 "GOD bless ye, GENER'L CROOK!"

"I reckon ye don't remember
 Old BILL as run the mail
Way down in Arizony,
 When ye war on the trail;
An' how thet frosty mornin'
 Ye saved my TOMMY's life,
An' took a heap o' chances—
 She told me—JANE, my wife.

"I warn't thar to thank ye
 When I heerd the story through,
'Cause that war all I had ter give,
 An' all as I could do;
An', Gener'l, if ye want me,
 'Tain't much as I kin do,
But, dog my cats, I'm ready
 To trump death's ace for you."



THE OLD TRAPPER'S RELIGION.

I AIN'T goin' ter preach ye a sermon,
Nor I ain't goin' ter sing ye a song,
An' I reckon as how ye won't think so,
If I don't draw my story too long;
But I am jist from the church in the city,
Whar I hear'n the good parson man tell
'Bout the psalm-singers' home up in Heaven,
An' the sinners' hot lay out in hell.

I didn't at first understan' him;
Ye see, I sot back nigh the door,
With my leg drew way inter a tunnel,
An' my slouch layin' flat on the floor;
But, somehow, his words set me thinkin',
An' it worried me ever so long,
Till I dropped on the settled conclusion
That he drawed it a little too strong.

Sez he, ye must all get religion,
An' stay with the rules o' the church,
Else, sure, on the great day o' judgment
Ye'll surely git left in the lurch.
Sez he, now's the day o' salvation,
For why do ye weaken and wait?
Fly from that trail strew'd with pleasure,
It leads right direct to hell's gate.

Then I ax'd myself, what is this racket
That he seems so dead earnest about?
Is it sittin' close up near the pulpit
To jine in the general shout?
Is it wearin' a face like a bean-pole,
Chippin' in with a lusty amen,
An' loafin' around in the temple
While the beggar lies sick in a pen?

Ar' these psalm-singin' nabobs religious,
'Cause they pray in a satin-lined box,
An' all the time durin' the preachin'
Keep plannin' their next steal in stocks?
Do ye think as they'll waltz inter glory
Because they're mixed with the flock?
Not much! They'll git left on the margin,
For CHRIST will go down to bed rock.

In course, they're looked on as Christians,
Tho' they gamble all week on the Board,
They freely come down with the wherewith
To help on the cause of the LORD.
But I think at the call of old GABRIEL
They'll have nothin' but wildcat to sell;
They'll drop from the Stock Board in Heaven
Clear down to the furnace—ah, well.

Ar' the poor folks all bound to perdition
That labor and toil day by day
For yer gilt-edged Sunday professors—
Like DUNCAN*—on starvation pay?

* J. C. DUNCAN, manager of the Pioneer Bank, San Francisco, who was a pillar of the church, and stole \$2,000,000 from the depositors.

Ar' they bound to take lodgin's with Satan,
 While DUNCAN, the deacon, steals all?
 An' pays with the sweat of the poor man
 The price for a sanctified stall.

Ar' they to be damn'd inter torment,
 An' driv through unquenchable flames,
 'Cause the big book in front o' the pulpit
 Don't happen ter show up thar names?
 Is the devil a goin' for to yank 'em
 To his kingdom of fire down below,
 Jist 'cause they don't jine in yer meetin's,
 And work in the very same row?

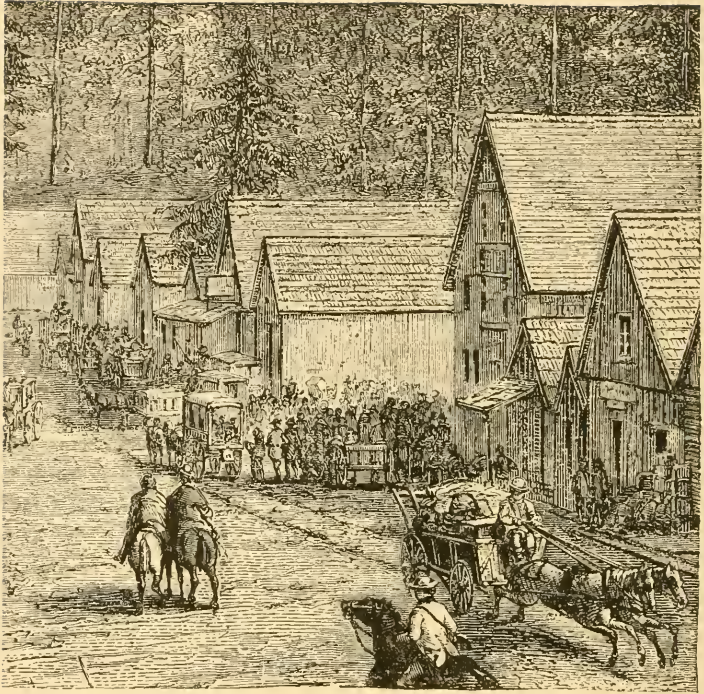
In short, can't a man as lives honest,
 An' don't take the devil inside
 (For no man kin be a good Christian
 An' yet from his sideboard imbibe).
 If he does every day to his neighbor
 As he'd have thet same neighbor to do,
 Won't he fare jist as well at the clean-up
 As if worth a million or two?

The churches are good institutions;
 I like to hear good preachers tell
 'Bout CHRIST and the good o' religion,
But they ought ter preach temp'rance as well:
 'Cause rum's the stronghold o' the devil,
 An' a man as drinks never kin win,
 'Cause he never kin keep himself level,
 Since rum is a cuss and a sin.

But I tell ye, a man as lives honest,
 If he never hears tell o' the church,

Kin just be as happy hereafter,
And roost on the heavenly perch ;
We're all in the way o' temptation,
Thar's no one who's free from all sin ;
But CHRIST won't go back on us poor folks
If we do jist the best that we kin.





CUSTER CITY.

“NEVER GIVE UP THE SHIP!”

In the Spring of 1875, in Custer City, at the time I wrote the following verses, I was, to say the least, sick and tired of the mountains. I had just nursed to life old CHARLEY S——, from Chicago, an old forty-niner (who was always kind to me), while a man named HUGHES lay on one of my bunks, his arm shattered by a bullet from the wrist to the muscle, and JULE SEMINOLE, one of my scouts, a faithful Cheyenne warrior, lay on the other bunk, with pneumonia. I had hard work to watch JULE. If I ever left the

cabin during the day, and the sun was shining, he would be sure to jump out of bed, run around the cabin with only a single blanket thrown around him, and squat right down on a log or stone, his moccasin feet in the melting snow; and when I tried to reason with him, and scold him for exposing himself, he would look at me with his great brown eyes, shake his head and say: “You heap good to me; me know you like I get well. But me no like white man’s medicine. Too much bad taste. Sun heap better big medicine.” He always returned to his bunk, however, and finally got well again, and proved his devotion to me afterwards on many occasions, never losing sight of me while on the trail. HUGHES had a little boy nine years old, who relieved me occasionally, and watched while I slept. I never took my clothes off, night or day, except to change my underwear, for I only had a buffalo robe and one blanket, which I spread on the damp sawdust floor; and only for a strong constitution and temperate habits, I, too, would have been laid up. One evening, a merchant, who had just come in the Hills, called to see me, and when I told him how I was situated, how I had to hunt for my meat, and how discouraged I was beginning to feel, he remarked: “Never get down-hearted, JACK—*never give up the ship!*” And, although he was well off in this world’s goods, he never offered me a pound of tea or a piece of bacon. After he left my cabin, while my single tallow candle cast a sickly light upon the smoked logs, I wrote “NEVER GIVE UP THE SHIP!”

“NEVER give up the ship, old boy!”
 Said a friend to me to-night;
 “But jog along with a manly step,
 And with spirits always light;
 Laugh with a hearty will, old boy,
 And wait for the turn of the tide,
 For this is a beautiful world of ours—
 So, JACK, let your troubles slide.”

How easy it is for *him* to say
 “Never give up the ship!”
 While thinking of a gas-lit home,
 And I with a tallow dip,
 Ensconsed in my little log caboose,
 The wolf and the snow at the door;

I wish I could give up the craft,
I'd sail in her no more.

"Never give up the ship!" he said,
This *friend!* I could almost curse;
With love and friends and a happy home—
Ah! yes, and a bottomless purse.
How easy it is for him to say,
"There's better luck in store,"
When hunger and sickness pass by
And knock at another's door.

When home for him is a safe retreat,
And nothing to worry or fret,
While I in the snow must hunt my meat—
Or what? Why, starve, you bet.
Two comrades wounded, sick and sore,
Are stretched on the bunks beside,
While I shake down on the sawdust floor
And wake with a sore marked hide.

Old CHARLEY has just got well!
He told me I saved his life,
And how I loved to hear him tell
Of his home and his dear good wife,
And how, if ever I went back East,
His folks I must call and see.*
Then, old boy, we will have a feast,
And drink your good health in tea.

Well, I don't intend to give up the ship,
But I wish I could find a canoe,

* I visited old CHARLEY'S home, in Chicago, in 1876, while in that city, with the first substantial evidence of gold-bearing quartz from the Black Hills.

And we were two hundred miles from here,
On the banks of the old Mossu—
I reckon we'd float, would JULE and I,
Though we worked our venison raw,
And never let up till we gazed once more
On the spires of Omaha.



CALIFORNIA JOE AND THE GIRL TRAPPER.

A CAMP FIRE REMINISCENCE.

About the middle of April, 1876, I received a note from CALIFORNIA JOE, who had a fine ranche on Rapid Creek, and was trying to induce new comers to settle there and build a town, to be called Rapid City. The note was written in lead pencil, and ran thus :

RAPID, April 10, 1876.

My DEAR JACK :—If you can be spared for a week from Custer, come over and bring JULE and FRANK SMITH with you. The reds have been raising merry old h—ll, and, after wounding our herder and a miner named SHERWOOD, got away with eight head of stock, my old Bally with the rest. There are only ten of us here, all told, and I think if you can come with the two boys, we can lay for them at the lower falls, and gobble 'em next time. Answer by bearer if you can't come ; and send me fifty rounds of cartridges for the Sharps—big fifty. Hoping this will find you with your top-knot still waving, I remain as ever, your pard,

JOE.

I immediately saw MAJOR WYNKOOP, commanding the Rangers, got his permission, and arrived at Rapid Creek on the following night, with four comrades besides myself. After two days' and nights' watching at the lower falls, JULE SEMINOLE, one of my scouts, a Cheyenne, came in at dusk and informed us that there were between twenty and thirty Indians encamped at the box elder, about twenty miles away, and that they were coming from the direction of the Big Cheyenne, and would probably move to Rapid during the night. JULE could almost invariably tell just what an Indian was going to do if he could get his eyes on him, and he was correct in this instance. About three o'clock next morning JOE went up to his cabin and started a big log fire ; also two other fires in different cabins. These cabins were over a mile from where we were in ambush, while our horses were all picketed a quarter of a mile down the creek, which was narrow at its point of entrance from the prairie, but widened into a beautiful river half a mile up. Just as day was breaking, one of the Indians was discovered by FRANK SMITH wading up the creek. FRANK reported to JOE and I, and JOE remarked : " Let him go—he will soon signal the others to follow." In fifteen minutes more the shrill bark of a coyote proved JOE'S judgment to be correct. Twenty-



CALIFORNIA JOE AND THE GIRL TRAPPER.

three well-armed Indians—Sioux—rode up along the willow bank in Indian file. There were seventeen of us, ZEB SWARINGEN and NED BAKER, two old miners, having joined us the night before. We had six men on one side, near an opening, where we knew the Indians would break for on receiving our fire from the opposite side; and farther up, when the Indians had got parallel with our main body, we took aim as best we could in the gray of the morning, and fired nearly together; then, before they recovered, gave them another volley, and, leaving our cover, followed on foot those who did not stay with us. We were disappointed in their taking the opening, but the boys were in fair range, and did good work, killing one, wounding two, and unhorsing three others, who took to the woods. We got fifteen ponies, our first fire never touching horse hair, but emptying several saddles. Out of the twenty-three Indians, fifteen escaped. JOE killed three himself with his big Sharp's rifle, the last one being nearly five hundred yards away when he fired from a rest off FRANK SMITH'S shoulder. JOE had a piece taken out of his left thigh, FRANKLIN was wounded in the left arm, and the writer slightly scratched near the guard of the right arm. Nobody was seriously hurt, and we had eight scalps to crown our victory. But I did not intend, when I commenced, to write all these particulars; I merely intended to speak of a camp fire story, as told by JOE at the camp fire on the night following the incident related. The following lines, as nearly as I can recollect, tell the story of JOE'S courtship and marriage. I must add that JOE was killed at Red Cloud, in December the same year, while acting as Black Hills guide. He was a brave, generous, unselfish man, and his only fault was liquor. Now for the story:

WELL, mates, I don't like stories,
Nor am I going to act
A part around this camp fire
That ain't a truthful fact.
So fill your pipes and listen,
I'll tell you—let me see,
I think it was in fifty,
From that till sixty-three.

You've all heard tell of BRIDGER,
I used to run with JIM,
And many a hard day's scouting
I've done 'longside of him.

Well, once, near old Fort Reno,
A trapper used to dwell;
We called him old PAP REYNOLDS—
The scouts all knew him well.



One night—the Spring of fifty—
We camped on Powder river,
We killed a calf of buffalo,
And cooked a slice of liver ;
While eating, quite contented,
We heard three shots or four ;
Put out the fire and listened,
Then heard a dozen more.

We knew that old man REYNOLDS
Had moved his traps up here ;
So, picking up our rifles
And fixing on our gear,
We mounted quick as lightnin',
To save was our desire.
Too late ; the painted heathens
Had set the house on fire.

We tied our horses quickly,
And waded up the stream;
While close beside the water
I heard a muffled scream.
And there among the bushes
A little girl did lie.
I picked her up and whispered:
"I'll save *you*, or *I'll die!*"

LORD, what a ride! old BRIDGER,
He covered my retreat.
Sometimes the child would whisper,
In voice so low and sweet:
"Poor papa, GOD will take him
To mamma up above;
There's no one left to love me—
There's no one left to love."

The little one was thirteen,
And I was twenty-two.
Said I: "I'll be your father,
And love you just as true."
She nestled to my bosom,
Her hazel eyes, so bright,
Looked up and made me happy,
Though close pursued that night.

A month had passed, and MAGGIE
(We called her HAZEL EYE),
In truth, was going to leave me—
Was going to say "good-bye."
Her uncle, mad JACK REYNOLDS—
Reported long since dead—
Had come to claim my angel,
His brother's child, he said.

What could I say? We parted.
Mad JACK was growing old ;
I handed him a bank-note
And all I had in gold.
They rode away at sunrise,
I went a mile or two,
And, parting, said : " We'll meet again—
May GOD watch over you."

* * * * *

Beside a laughing, dancing brook,
A little cabin stood,
As, weary with a long day's scout,
I spied it in the wood.
A pretty valley stretched beyond,
The mountains towered above,
While near the willow bank I heard
The cooing of a dove.

'Twas one grand panorama,
The brook was plainly seen,
Like a long thread of silver
In a cloth of lovely green.
The laughter of the waters,
The cooing of the dove,
Was like some painted picture—
Some well-told tale of love.

While drinking in the grandeur,
And resting in my saddle,
I heard a gentle ripple
Like the dipping of a paddle.
I turned toward the eddy—
A strange sight met my view :
A maiden, with her rifle,
In a little bark canoe.

She stood up in the centre,
The rifle to her eye ;
I thought (just for a second)
My time had come to die.
I doffed my hat and told her
(If it was all the same)
To drop her little shooter,
For I was not her game.

She dropped the deadly weapon,
And leaped from the canoe.
Said she : " I beg your pardon,
I thought you were a Sioux ;
Your long hair and your buckskin
Looked warrior-like and rough ;
My bead was spoiled by sunshine,
Or I'd killed you, sure enough."

" Perhaps it had been better
You dropped me then," said I ;
" For surely such an angel
Would bear me to the sky."
She blushed and dropped her eyelids,
Her cheeks were crimson red ;
One half-shy glance she gave me,
And then hung down her head.

I took her little hand in mine—
She wondered what I meant,
And yet she drew it not away,
But rather seemed content.
We sat upon the mossy bank—
Her eyes began to fill--
The brook was rippling at our feet,
The dove was cooing still.

I smoothed her golden tresses,
Her eyes looked up in mine,
She seemed in doubt—then whispered:
“ ’Tis such a long, long time
Strong arms were thrown around me—
I'll save you, or I'll die.”
I clasped her to my bosom—
My long-lost HAZEL EYE.

The rapture of that moment
Was almost heaven to me.
I kissed her 'mid her tear-drops,
Her innocence and glee.
Her heart near mine was beating,
While sobbingly she said:
“ My dear, my brave preserver,
They told me you were dead.

“ But, oh! those parting words, JOE,
Have never left my mind.
You said: ‘ We'll meet again, MAG,’
Then rode off like the wind.
And, oh! how I have prayed, JOE,
For you, who saved my life,
That GOD would send an angel
To guard you through all strife.

“ And he who claimed me from you,
My uncle, good and true—
Now sick in yonder cabin—
Has talked so much of you.
‘ If JOE were living, darling,’
He said to me last night,
‘ He would care for MAGGIE
When GOD puts out my light.’ ”

We found the old man sleeping.
 "Hush! MAGGIE, let him rest."
 The sun was slowly sinking
 In the far-off glowing west;
 And, tho' we talked in whispers,
 He opened wide his eyes.
 "A dream—a dream!" he murmured,
 "Alas! a dream of lies!"

She drifted like a shadow
 To where the old man lay.
 "You had a dream, dear uncle—
 Another dream to-day?"
 "Oh, yes; I saw an angel,
 As pure as mountain snow,
 And near her, at my bed-side,
 Stood CALIFORNIA JOE."

"I'm sure *I'm* not an angel,
 Dear uncle, that you know;
 These arms are brown, my hands, too—
My face is not like snow.
 Now, listen, while I tell you,
 For I have news to cheer,
 And HAZEL EYE is happy,
 For JOE is truly here."

And when, a few days after,
 The old man said to me:
 "JOE, boy, *she ar'* a angel,
 An' good as angels be.
 For three long months she's hunted
 An' trapped an' nurs'd me, too;
 GOD bless ye, boy! I believe it—
 She's safe along wi' you."

* * * * *

The sun was slowly sinking
When MAG (my wife) and I
Came riding through the valley,
The tear-drops in her eye.
“One year ago to-day, JOE—
I see the mossy grave—
We laid him 'neath the daisies,
My uncle, good and brave.”

And, comrades, every Spring-time
Was sure to find me there—
A something in that valley
Was always fresh and fair.
Our loves were newly kindled
While sitting by the stream,
Where two hearts were united
In love's sweet, happy dream.





LAWLEY, DEL.

ALLEN & CO. EN.

HUNTING THE BUFFALO.

BUFFALO CHIPS, THE SCOUT.

TO BUFFALO BILL.

The following verses on the life and death of poor old BUFFALO CHIPS are founded entirely on facts. His death occurred on September 8, 1876, at Slim Buttes. He was within three feet of me when he fell, uttering the words credited to him below.

THE evenin' sun was settin', droppin' slowly in the west,
An' the soldiers, tired an' tuckered, in the camp would
find that rest
Which the settin' sun would bring 'em, for they marched since
break o' day—
Not a bite to eat 'cept horses as war killed upon the way ;
For, ye see, our beans an' crackers, an' our pork war outen sight,
An' the boys expected rashuns when they struck our camp that
night ;
For a little band had started for to bring some cattle on,
An' they struck an Indian village, which they captured jist at
dawn.

Wall, I war with that party when we captured them ar' Sioux,
An' we quickly sent a courier to tell old CROOK the news.
Old Crook ! I should say Gener'l, cos he war with the boys—
Shared his only hard-tack, our sorrows and our joys ;
An' thar is one thing sartin—he never put on style.
He'd greet the scout or soldier with a social kinder smile,
An' that's the kind o' soldier as the prairy likes to get,
An' every man would trump death's ace for CROOK or MILES,
you bet.

But I'm kinder off the racket, cos these Gener'ls gets enough
 O' praise 'ithout my chippin', so I'll let up on that puff;
 For I want ter tell a story 'bout a mate of mine as fell,
 Cos I loved the honest feller, an' he did his dooty well;
 BUFFALO CHIPS we call'd him, but his other name was WHITE;
 I'll tell ye how he got that name, an' reckon I am right.
 You see, a lot of big-bugs and officers came out
 One time to hunt th' buffaler, an' fish for speckled trout.

Wall, little PHIL.—ye've heerd on him, a dainty little cuss
 As rode his charger twenty miles to stop a little muss.
 Well, PHIL. he said ter JONATHIN, whose other name was
 WHITE;
 "You go an' find them buffaler, an' see you get 'em right."
 So WHITE he went an' found 'em, an' he found 'em sech a band
 As he sed would set 'em crazy, and little PHIL. looked bland;
 But when the outfit halted, one bull was all war there,
 Then PHIL. he call him "BUFFALO CHIPS," an' swore a little
 sware.

Wall, WHITE he kinderliked it, cos the Gener'l called him Chips,
 An' he us'ter to wear two shooters in a belt above his hips.
 Then he said: "Now, look ye Gener'l, since ye've called me
 that ar' name,
 Jist around them little sand-hills is yer dog-gone pesky game."
 But when the hunt war over, an' the table spread for lunch,
 The Gener'l called for glasses, an' wanted his in punch;
 An' when the punch was punished, the Gener'l smacked his lips,
 While squar' upon the table sot a dish o' *Buffalo Chips*.

The Gener'l looked confounded, an' he also looked for WHITE,
 But JONATHIN he reckon'd it war better he should lite;
 So he skinned across the prairy, cos, ye see, he didn't mind
 A *chippin'* any longer while the Gener'l saw the *blind*,

Fur the Gener'l would *a-raised him*, if he'd jist held up his hand,
But he thought he wouldn't *see him*, cos he didn't hev the sand,
An' he rode as fast—aye, faster, than the Gener'l did that day,
Like lightnin' down from Winchester, some twenty miles away.

Well, WHITE he had no cabin, an' no home ter call his own,
So BUFFALER BILL he took him an' shared with him his home.
An' how he loved BILL CODY ! By gosh ! it war a sight
Ter see him watch his shadder an' foller him at night,
Cos BILL war kinder hated by a cussed gang o' thieves
As carried pistols in thar belts and bowies in thar sleeves ;
An' CHIPS he never left him for fear he'd get a pill,
Nor would he think it moughty hard to die for BUFFALO BILL.

We us'ter mess together—that ar' CHIPS an' BILL an' me ;
An' ye oughter watch his movements ; it would do ye good ter
see

How he us'ter cook them wittles, an' gather lots o' greens
To mix up with the juicy pork, an' them unruly beans.
An' one cold, chilly mornin' he bought a lot o' corn,
An' a little flask o' likker as cost fifty cents a horn.
Tho' *forty yards* war nowhar, it war finished soon, ye bet ;
But, friends, I *promised someone*, and I'm strong teetotal yet.

It war twenty-fourth o' August, in the last Centennial year,
We bid farewell to CODY an' gave a hearty cheer ;
An' CHIPS said, lookin' after : " I may never see him more,
Nor meet him in his cabin as I us'ter do of yore,
Whar I us'ter take his babies and buy each one a toy,
An' play with them ar' youngers jist like a great big boy."
An' when the cold lead struck him—" JACK, boy," said he,
" You tell—"
He stopped, then said : " Bless CODY, the babies—all—farewell."



DEATH OF BUFFALO CHIPS AT SLIM BUTTES.

He's sleepin' in the mountains, near a little runnin' brook,
Thar's not a soul to see him, 'cept the angels take a look,
Or a butterfly may linger on his grave at early morn—
No mortal eye may see it till old GABRIEL toots his horn;
For we laid him 'neath the foot trail that the Sioux might never
 know,
As they'd dig him up and scalp him if they had the slightest
 show;
An' we marched two thousand footmen and horsemen o'er his
 breast—
Without a stone to mark the spot, we left the scout to rest.

An' then I sent a telegraph and tol' BILL he war dead;
I'll give in full his answer', an' this war what he said:
" POOR WHITE, he war my truest friend. My wife and children,
 too,
Have wept as if he war our own. An', JACK, I ask of you
To write a little verse for us in mem'ry o' poor WHITE."
So that war CODY's telegraph, an' that is why I write;
But los'ee, my book-larnin' ar' shaky for a bard—
I can't jist do him justice, but Heaven holds *his* reward.



THE FIRST THAT DIED.

About 8 o'clock one evening, in the Winter of 1875, while I was washing the dishes after supper in my cabin, two travelers entered, hungry, weary and footsore. After preparing supper, and giving them a warm corner by the glowing log fire, they told the following story: The elder man, JOHN A. BYERS, formerly Captain of a company in a Maryland regiment, started from Sioux City for the Hills, and was joined next day by his companion, CHARLEY—a boy about eighteen years of age. They had traveled five hundred miles, carrying their provisions and blankets, and, after escaping a hundred dangers, reached Custer City almost exhausted. They stayed at my cabin for nearly a week, when BYERS went to Deadwood. CHARLEY remained and went to work building himself a shelter. In company with another boy they dug a hole in the ground, about two feet and a half deep, and then carried poles on their shoulders with which they made a roof, making their dug-out about three logs high all round. After covering the roof with boughs they spaded about two feet of clay on the top. Two nights after, the roof broke through, killing CHARLEY outright, and nearly killing his companion. The saddest point about this affecting incident was, that no letters, papers, or even the slightest clue to his home or friends could be found; all that we knew was that he had walked all the way from Sioux City to the Black Hills to die and start a graveyard. On that day, while sitting on the green beside his demolished cabin, I wrote these lines:

POOR CHARLEY braved the wintry storms,
And footed it all the way;
And now he is a bleeding corpse—
He died at dawn to-day.
His is the old, old story—
He saw bright prospects here;
He left his home, his friends and all—
Perhaps a mother dear.

If so, GOD pity that mother,
Perhaps alone and poor,

When some one breaks the blighting news
Her heart will break I'm sure.
To think she never, never more
Will clasp him to her breast ;
Among the peaks in Custer Park
Poor CHARLEY now must rest.

Comrades here in the golden land
Will drop a silent tear
For those poor CHARLEY left behind—
A sister or mother dear.
Perhaps some blue-eyed little girl,
With sunshine on her brow,
Is down upon her bended knees
And praying for him now.

Down in the glade beside the brook
Our boy shall sleep to-morrow ;
His weary march of life is o'er,
Now free from care and sorrow.
And while we think of home, and love,
And better days in store,
We humbly pray to Him above,
And bow to Heaven once more.



OUR "JACK."

IN MEMORIAM.

Lines written on the death of JOHN BILSLAND, who was killed by a slide of snow while attempting to get it off the shaft house on Burns' Creek, Cariboo, March 13th, 1879.

AND still they go, the very best,
Cut down in their youth and bloom.
There's something amiss in this region of ours,
I reckon we must have offended the powers,
For the LORD is culling our favorite flowers,
And another is laid in the tomb;
Another is laid 'neath the sod to rest—
Killed before life had its noon.

I have seen, sometimes, on the battlefield,
The pride of our company fall,
But I never felt as I did that day
When they told me that JACK had passed away—
JACK who was always happy and gay,
And one who would spend his all.
Prospecting deep, taking chances of yield,
He would stand with his boys or fall.

Escaping the perils of land and sea,
Unharm'd for many a year,
And standing now by the shaft-house door,
As oft he stood in the days of yore ;
Then up the ladder, on roof once more,
A man who knew no fear.
Then down with the cruel snow went he—
No friend, no comrade near.

A good yet peculiar man was JACK,
And a thoroughbred mountaineer;
No matter what hurt, he would never squeal—
His name was *honor*, and true as steel—
And his comrades say he could build a wheel
You could turn with a single tear;
You smile—but I reckon I'm on the track,
Which to look at his work would appear.

One characteristic I want to note,
Though he had no child of his own,
How the children all to JACK would come
And say: "Uncle JAT, has oou dot some dum?"
"No, but you bet I'll get you some."
And his eyes with rapture shone,
And voice like a chime of bells afloat,
With music in each tone.

The best mechanic, without a doubt
(And I believe I can see it now),
Perhaps they have struck it rich up there;
And hunting in vain, they could not scare
A man who could build a wheel to compare
With JACK. So, to show them how,
The angel of death put his light right out,
And I reckon he's there with them now.

All I can say, I must wish him well,
If he's taken some heavenly stock
For a prospect there on the heavenly shore,
Is better than millions of gold in store.
And they say there are chances for millions more,
Who can find (if they try) the bed rock—
That rock of ages, which yields so well,
And CHRIST is the key to the lock.

MARCH 27th, 1879.

MY IDEAS.

While in Barkerville, B. C., a certain California expert condemned the quartz, and said we had no ledges. I wrote the following verses, which I recited to the miners at the Theatre Royal amid great applause.

BARKER, I love thy rustic hills,
I love thy streams and bowers ;
I've lingered near thy rippling rills,
And gathered sweetest flowers ;
And down thy wondrous valleys,
And up each snow-clad peak,
I've wandered where the roses
Of nature's grandeur speak.

Oh ! where in God's creation,
Can we poor people go,
And find a better prospect,
Than these our croppings show ?
And tell me, oh ! ye experts,
From whence the millions come,
That rolled out in the sluices,
Since Barker got its name ?

And if there are no ledges.
In this little world of ours,
Go cast aside your sledges,
And pluck your budding flowers.
Go draw your stakes and burn them,
And cache your mining tools,
And tell the whole creation
That you're a set of fools.

And then, when you have vanished,
Some kid-gloved millionaire
Will step into your country
And call it wondrous fair.
And ere your hair is silvered,
The news will come to you :
“ The world has nothing richer
Than the mines of Cariboo.”



THE OLD MINER.

TO THE BOYS OF CARIBOO.

I 'S a miner, I ar', an' a good un.
It's nigh onto forty year
Since first I landed at Frisco,
A youngster—with lots o' good cheer;
I waltzed right inter the placer
An' struck it—you bet yer boots.
But I dropped it a buckin' the tiger,
Along with some other galoots.

But that didn't dampen my ardor.
Ye see I war hearty an' strong,
An' I know'd by exertin' my muscle,
I'd fetch it agin afore long ;
So back to the diggin's I traveled,
But somehow about that time
There war heaps of the boys sick with fever,
While I took ague in mine.

Wall, I thinned right down to a wafer,
My clothes war too big for my chest,
I could made a respectable great coat
By jist tuckin' sleeves in my vest ;
But the diggin's war very onhealthy,
An' so for a permanent cure
I struck for high ground on the mountains
For pastures, not greener, but newer.

Now here's where I *thought* that I struck it,
 This time it war quartz as I found,
 An' so I kept pokin' an' gaddin'
 Till one day a stranger come round,
 An' told me as how he war huntin'
 A permanent place to reside ;
 An' so I sez, " Here ar' my fortin,
 And plenty for you, pard, beside."

He stayed with me two weeks, then wilted ;
 Said he, pard, I've bin thar afore,
 It 'taint no use workin' for nothin',
 An' for grub we war nigh run ashore ;
 So he left me ; an' bout a week after
 Another comed joggin' along
 With plenty o' grub. So I sold out ;
 He bought me for—well, just a song.

Now I never did swar, 'taint my nater,
 But LORD, when I heerd o' their game,
 I reckon the air smelt o' brimstone—
 Wall, swarin ar' too mild a name.
 This rooster (who'd bin thar afore, mind)
 War an expert from 'Frisco, ye see ;
 So he skinned out, and sent his stool pidgeon
 To work that bonanza for me.

Since then I've been down on these experts,
 Like him as has been here with you,
 He comed like the rest do from 'Frisco,
 An' hark ye—condemned Cariboo.
 Now, pards, I's an old veteran miner,
 My ha'rs have grown gray in the biz,
 Don't go a cent on this expert,
 My 'pinion 'll stand agin his.

ODE TO CARIBOO FRIENDS.

AT last I must leave you, dear home in the mountains,
At last last say farewell to your dear Cariboo!
No longer to sip from its bright pearly fountains
The cool draught of water distilled from the dew.
Oh, Barker, fair village, adown by the brook side,
Where millions have sprang from thy watery breast,
Fear not for thy future, fair queen of the mountains,
For millions and millions are still 'neath each crest.

I feel it, believe it, GOD knows I speak truly,
And would that some others might speak as they believe;
But when experts grow zealous, O, LORD, how unruly!
And in their excitement don't care to deceive.
But Time is a worker, much better than experts,
Though slowly, yet surely, he makes all things right;
And so when some experts are dead and forgotten.
Your dear Cariboo will be prosperous and bright.

Farewell, dear old comrades, you old forty-niners,
GOD bless you, dear boys, till I meet you again!
Which will be ere the snowflakes have covered your cabins,
So sure as the sunshine which follows the rain.
Leave you for ever? How could you believe it—
Leave all the home I have got in this world?
No! and returning I never *will* leave it
Till justice is *done and the truth is unfurled.*

BARKERVILLE, July 20th, 1878.

TO CHARLEY.

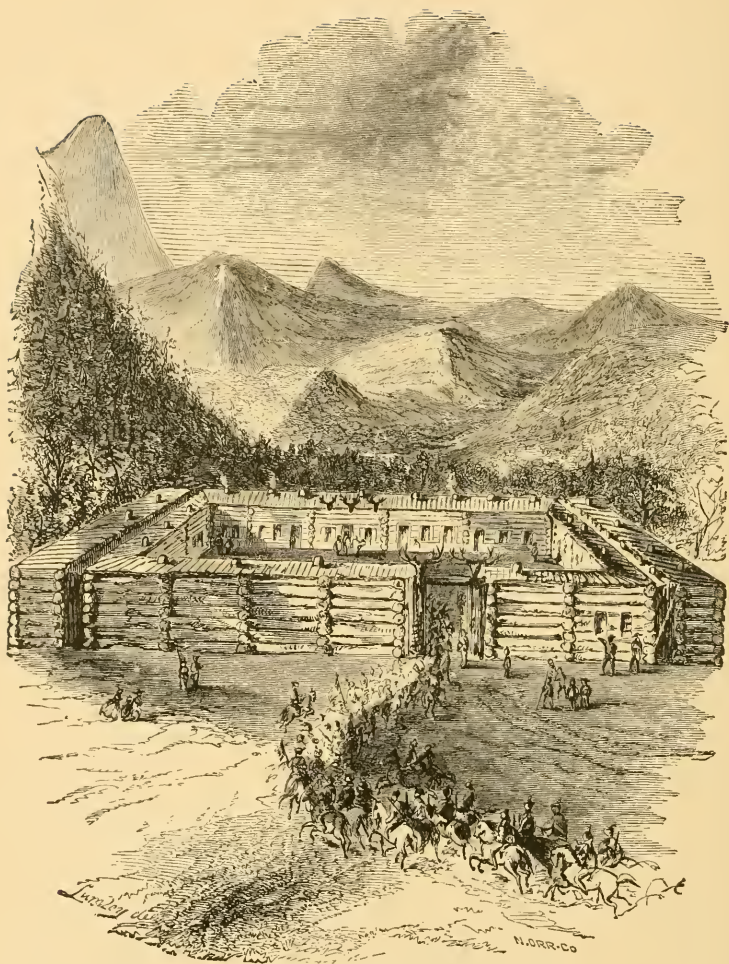
MY DEAR OLD PARD.

LONELY to-night in my little log cabin,
I am thinking of you and the days long ago,
When together we sat on the peak of old Harney,
Drinking the grandeur of nature below.
True, it *was* grand, and well I remember
The rapture that beamed in your bright sunny eyes
As you looked through the glass tow'rd the valley of Custer,
With her thousands of peaks towering up to the skies.

Then did we picture the great Eastern cities,
Comparing the grandeur of nature and art,
While you said—no art can compare with this picture;
And I acquiesced from the depths of my heart,
For e'en when a boy I loved the wild mountains,
The green flowery valleys, the laughter of rills;
And often in fancy and dreamland I wander,
Back to my boyhood amongst the wild hills.

My comrades, the brave pioneers of the mountains,
Loved their young chieftain, and I loved him too;
The reason was fully explained at your cabin,
The day that I borrowed that bronco* from you.

* CHARLEY W. was the special correspondent of the Kansas City *Times* for the Black Hills. When CHARLEY first made my acquaintance I was sitting astride of a half-cut log, on my half-built cabin. We had many hunts together, and, on one occasion, the Indians got our whole camp outfit, together with my saddle, field-glasses, and my saddle-bags, containing my scrap-book, which contained copies of scraps I had saved for over six years. One morning the Indians ran off with sixteen head of horses, and my white charger among the rest. I rushed down to CHARLEY'S tent, and he gave me his bronco to go after the reds. Twelve of our boys started, and we returned next day with eight of the stolen horses, which the Indians were forced to drop.



HARNEY'S PEAK FROM GORDON'S STOCKADE.

And when we returned from the chase the next morning,
Your welcoming shout, and your honest embrace,
Was more to me than than the laurels of glory,
Won by the proudest of all ADAM'S race.

Oh! what a life—away from temptation—
Away from the snares of life's busy throng,
Singing in chorus those odes of the woodland
In notes that were tuned by the mocking-bird's song.
In ignorant bliss, and oh! how much better
Than knowledge that's only acquired to deceive,
By hypocrites robbing the widow and orphan,
And crimes that are almost too vile to believe.

And yet how I yearned for the knowledge you gave me—
For you were the first who had taken my hand—
You were the first to encourage me onward,
And picture my future in language most grand ;
And since then my verses, the fruit of my nature,
These unpolished roughs, the impulse of my heart,
Have found some admirers e'en amongst critics
Well versed in literature, science and art.

Thus while the bright star of hope is before me
I shall continue to work with a will ;
Determined to scale all the heights of misfortune,
And slowly creep over adversity's hill.
Then, my dear friend, when the height of ambition
Is mine—and way up on the summit I stand—
I shall think of the comrade who first gave me courage—
Who gave me new life and a brother's right hand.

IN THE MOUNTAINS, February 28, 1879.



VIEW NEAR CUSTER CITY.

CUSTER.

TO GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, CUSTER'S FRIEND AND
COMRADE.

"No spot on the American Continent," says MAJOR NEWSOM, in his *Black Hills Sketches*, "is so grand and beautiful as Custer. Lying peacefully in a basin, French Creek winding through it, and the ground gently ascending even to the apex of Harney's Peak, the scene is lovely beyond description. In front of the city a high mountain rears its head; just outside of the

line of houses a bluff surrounds the place in a semi-circle, and from this bluff no grander view ever fell upon the vision of man. Talk about scenery in Europe! It is tame in comparison with that about Custer. Gazing out from this point, no sight could be more enchanting. Here at our feet is the city, so clean and regular. Yonder is an undulating plain, as charming as the graceful figure of a woman; on our left winds the road; on our right, swelling knolls, hillocks, valleys, and just beyond, grand, natural avenues, three hundred feet wide, on either side of which are uplifts of rocks, and on the top of which are trees. Further on are parks, grottos, rills, vales, streams, valleys, mountains, and every element necessary to make a most imposing scene. These avenues are lined with trees, and the small road which winds through them reminds one of the magnificent domain of an English lord rather than nature's handiwork. An artificial park of this character would cost at least ten million dollars."

THERE'S a spot in the woodland
 My heart longs to see,
 Where streamlets are dancing
 With laughter and glee;
 Where the sweet daffodil
 And the daisies are seen,
 And the deer loves to sport
 On its mantle of green.

CHORUS.

In the valley of Custer,
 The park with its cluster
 Of little log cabins spread out on the green.
 'Tis the valley of Custer,
 Where oft we did muster,
 And drank to the brave from the soldier's
 canteen.

Oh, the flower of that valley,
 Whose bright name it bears,
 Now sleeps near the river
 Away from life's cares.

But still there's a spot
Holds his mem'ry most dear,
The heart of each comrade—
Each brave pioneer.

CHORUS—In the valley of Custer, etc.

The pine trees are sighing
On hill-tops around.
We hear not his voice,
Nor the sweet bugle sound.
Our tears wet the sod
On that terrible morn,
When GOD *called the roll*
On the "Little Big Horn."

CHORUS—In the valley of Custer, etc.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS AND SONGS.

THE PICNIC BY THE BROOK.

SONG AND DANCE.

Written for Miss NELLIE MCHENRY, of SAULSBURY'S Troubadours.

I HAVE wandered o'er the prairie
When the roses were in bloom ;
I have listened to the streamlets
In the cheery month of June ;
While the mocking-birds were singing
I have listened in the dell,
But nothing e'er cheered me
Like the voice of little NELL.

CHORUS

For she's sweeter than the lilies by the brook,
And her voice is like the streamlets in the dell—
It echoes back from every little nook,
And the stars are not so bright as little NELL.

By the brook she sang so sweetly
That my heart was all aglow,
And then she danced so neatly,
With her light fantastic toe,
Can you wonder I was captured ?
But I fear it's wrong to tell
How I enjoyed that picnic
By the brook with little NELL.

CHORUS—For she's sweeter, etc.

She's as pretty as a picture,
And her heart is full of glee,
And how my heart was beating,
When she looked and smiled on me.
But, indeed, I'll never whisper,
How in love with her I fell;
For I hear she's got her lover,
This bewitching little NELL,

CHORUS—For she's sweeter, etc.

Yet, no matter where I wander,
Over prairie, land or sea,
The rippling of the waters
Will repeat her songs to me.
Tho' she leaves for far Australia,
I shall always wish her well—
Good-bye to brookside picnics,
And the voice of little NELL.

CHORUS— For she's sweeter, etc.





BIRDS OF THE HUDSON BAY.

EVERY day when I open the door
Of my little cabin, I see before
Two little birds—a happy pair,
Sitting, and cooing, and twittering there—
Sitting and waiting, perched on a bough,

And never afraid of me—somehow
Waiting to see the door open wide ;
Then in a moment, close to my side,
They come and chirrup, but never sing—
Chirrup for crumbs, waiting for spring—
Spring that will come, melting the snow,
Then my pets will leave me* and go
Off to the meadows, happy and gay,
Beautiful birds of the Hudson Bay.



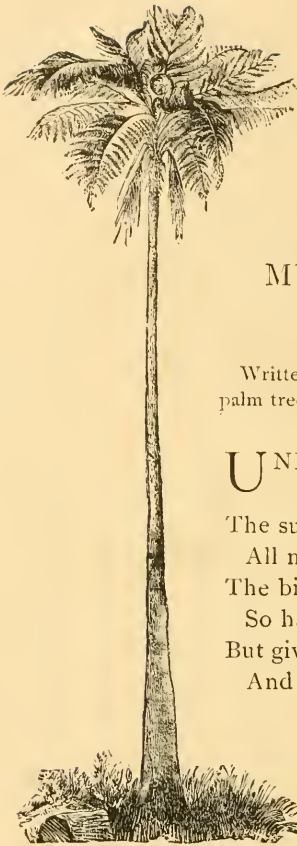
* Hudson Bay birds (natives of British Columbia).

LINES TO COLONEL J. G. FAIR.

MY FRIEND.

DEAR friend, I have a word to say to you,
Something to tell ; perhaps you never knew
Half my distress, the shock of Fortune's frown,
That bore me down to earth, and kept me down,
Till you, with generous heart, made clear the way ;
Gave hope where hope was dead—a sunny ray
Dispersed the clouds that overhung my sky,
And made my crutches to the four winds fly.
Oh ! sir, had I a heart of stone,
Instead of flesh and blood, I'd gladly own
That you have made of me this very day
A man, but in a different way
From kicks and frowns (by which some men are made),
By starting me a little up the grade.
“ *Now help yourself !* ” I thank you from my heart
For those last words, because they form a part
Of this new life—and make my bosom thrill—
A beacon light to guide me up life's hill.
Once there, upon the summit of its brow,
My heart will speak as it is speaking now ;
From out its greatest depths will breathe a name
That made me in my joy forget that I was lame.
Then—Heaven helping—every act of mine
Will prove my gratefulness for one of thine.
So let me live that you may proudly say,
I was his *friend in need*, and am to-day.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1879.



MY OWN MOUNTAIN TREE.

Written on the back of a photograph, under a palm tree, in Los Angeles, California.

UNDER a palm tree reclining,
 Away from the turmoil and strife,
The sun in his glory is shining—
 All nature seems grafted with life ;
The birds sing as sweetly above me,
 So happy are they in their glee ;
But give me the dear friends who love me,
 And birds on my own mountain tree.



LINES ON THE BABY BOY.

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG MOTHER'S ALBUM.

LIKE budding rose in early Spring,
He bursts from out the snowy sheets—
His mother's pride, his father's joy,
Their ears with baby music greets.

Oh! may thy future, baby boy,
Be cloudless, and thy pilgrim way
All sunny beams, and peace and joy,
Until thy hair with age is gray.

THOSE EYES.

WRITTEN IN CARIBOO, B. C., ON LOOKING AT THE PHOTO.
OF AN OLD SWEETHEART.

WE meet as strangers now. Those eyes—
Those dreamy eyes—whose love light shone
On me like sunbeams from the skies,
And gazed so fondly in mine own,
No more have warmth, love, light, no more
For me, as in the days of yore.

Those witching eyes of heavenly blue,
Beneath long silken lashes dreaming,
While far from her in Cariboo
I oft have tried to solve their meaning;
While something whispers as I sigh—
Old boy, those flames were all a lie.

GOOD-BYE.

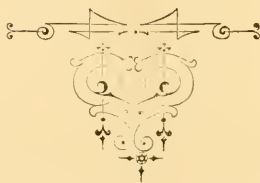
To one who had been very kind to me, and watched by my bedside night and day until convalescent, after a severe wound.

GOOD-BYE, my darling, since you must away
To other scenes, and other hearts to greet you ;
With me I could not longer ask you stay,
Besides, my dear, I know not how to treat you.
You and I have led a different life—
You among the best and most refined,
While I afloat upon a sea of strife
With vulgar men—the roughest of mankind.

And yet, this heart that beats alone for thee—
This heart that learned to love blue eyes so well—
Is just as tender as a child's could be,
And *you* can make it *heaven* for me—ah! well.
Oh! darling, you can never know. GOD knows
The feelings of a heart so nearly broken.
And you, at times, as cold as mountain snow,
With not one word of love—one little token.

If I, deep in my heart, could feel
That you were mine—and mine alone—for life,
That you would, trusting to my strong arms, steal,
And some day let me call you *little wife*.
Oh, GOD! the thought most drives me mad, indeed!
And why? Your actions merit not the thought,
For now you're almost anxious to be freed
E'en from my sight—and will I be forgot?

If so, then say the word. Do say
You do not love me, for suspense is pain ;
Tell me, darling, ere you go away,
If I have loved my blue-eyed girl in vain ?
If so, 'tis better, dear, for you and me—
Better if the truth to me you tell—
Better, though it breaks one heart, that we
Should meet no more—but say a last farewell !





UNDER THE SOD.

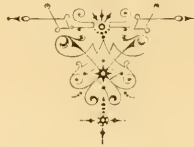
TO J. P.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF EDWIN L. JONES.

UNDER the sod he is sleeping to-day,
Close by the sea-girdled shore—
Under the sod and the dew and the clay,
We can look on his face never more.
Jovial, kind-hearted, good-natured and free—
In peace let him sleep 'neath the shade of the tree
In the land that he loved.

Under the sod they have laid him to rest,
The lover of right and the hater of wrong;
As honest a man as ever GOD blest,
His love for a friend everlasting and strong.
And if for the wise and the good there is rest,
Then EDWIN is surely at home with the blest,
For the heavenly gates were ajar.

Under the sod near the murmuring sea,
So far from the home of his childhood;
So far from the cabin and old mountain tree,
Where he sported with SAM in the wildwood.
His trials are over, his good deeds are done,
His battles are fought and the victory is won,
And EDWIN has gone to his GOD.





THE DEAD AND THE LIVING.

TO MRS. N.

TWO fond hearts forever parted,
One forever broken-hearted,
Left to weep and mourn and sigh,
Wishing but for death to die—

To die—to rest beneath the sod,
To join her husband and her GOD—
To live in happiness and love,
And rest in peace with Him above.

Oh ! Thou who notes each sparrow's fall,
Whose careful eye looks over all,
Look down on this poor broken heart—
An angel send to take her part,
To soothe her soul and dry her tears,
To heal the wound and calm her fears.

Grieve not for him now cold and chill,
But think of those who love thee still.
Let son and daughter dry thy tears,
And comfort thy declining years.
There's balm in Gilead, so they tell—
The angels whisper, " All is well."

CARIBOO, B. C., March 1, 1879.





AT LAST!

LINES ON THE DEATH OF EDWIN ADAMS, THE ACTOR.

AT last the ship has come
To carry good EDWIN home.
“How long, oh LORD?” he murmured,
Like ENOCH, when alone.
His beacon light still burning,
He gazed far out to sea—
At last! O, LORD! good EDWIN
Has sailed along with Thee.

“At last Thy will be done,
Not mine,” good EDWIN said;
“Farewell! my wife—my friends!”
The man we loved is dead,
We bow to Heaven’s will—
And EDWIN now is free;
At last his spirit hovers
Around the throne with Thee.

At last the book of life is closed—
His voice is heard no more ;
We cannot clasp his honest hand
As in the days of yore.
He waited long with patience
The snowy sails to see—
At last ! O, LORD ! good EDWIN
Has sailed along with Thee.

At last the ship is anchored,
And yet I know not where ;
But with our jovial EDWIN
There's sunshine always there.
The great unknown hereafter
I do not understand ;
But believe dear EDWIN ADAMS
Is near to GOD'S Right Hand.



JACK CRAWFORD.

The following pretty lines appeared in the Oakland *Tidal Wave*, of February 2, 1878, and, as the author is unknown to me, I take this opportunity of thanking him or her, and also giving these lines a place in my book, for their sentiments have already found a corner in my heart.

HERE'S a tribute of friendship, JACK CRAWFORD,
Though bare of the polish of art—
An unworthy praise, but 'tis offered
From out of the depths of a heart.

To a gentleman born, and born poet,
Whom poets can best understand,
The crudest bouquet, but I throw it
As free as a kiss from the hand.

For 'tis grand in a brother so gifted
With beauty and power in song,
To stand with his voice and hands lifted,
And bravely do battle with wrong.

As justice and virtue's defender,
And friend to the poor and oppressed,
By millionaires whirling in splendor—
Yes, then, 'tis a princely bequest.

What good you will do, you'll have done it
Through strength of your innocent songs;
And from the bright dream, when you've won it,
Will fall where it justly belongs.

THE POOR MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

A PARODY.

TO THE TOILING MILLIONS.

The following poem was recited at Pacific Hall, on the 13th of September, 1877, on the occasion of the benefit for the Soldiers' Widows' and Orphans' Relief Fund :

ONCE, when I was weak and weary,
And the day was cold and dreary,
I was famished, almost starving—
Ragged were the clothes I wore,
I was thinking of suspensions,
And the railroad king's intentions,
For they were then in convention,
Planning as they planned before ;
'Tis monopoly, I whispered,
And the wolf is at our door—
This it is—and nothing more

Thus for hours I sat and pondered,
Sat and closed my eyes and wondered—
Wondered why these men of millions
Were not like the men of yore ;
But the answer came—'tis fashion,
Hoarding gold to please their passion,
With fancy teams forever dashing—
Dashing past the poor man's door ;
Scornfully they look and mutter,
As they pass the poor man's door :
" Our slaves—and nothing more."

Your slaves? Aye, chained and fettered,
"Slave" on every brow is lettered;
You will sign to our conditions,
Or we'll grind you to the floor;
You have, with a weak subjection,
Severed every free connection.
U. S. troops are our protection;
You have signed your names—ye swore
To obey—and nothing more.

Oh, ye gods! And must we languish,
In our poverty and anguish?
Starve while money kings are planning
How to keep their gold in store?
Is our country not enlightened,
Or its heads like cowards frightened,
That the reins should not be tightened
On these robbers of the poor?
Yes! The toiling mass can do it—
We have changed such things before;
Give them power—never more.

While corruption reigns in office,
Every knave and fool and novice,
For a sum of filthy lucre,
Will betray his trust—and more:
They will legislate to press you,
And in every way distress you;
Yet they'll meet you and caress you,
But they're traitors to the core.
They will swear by all that's holy
For your vote—but nothing more.

Look toward the broad Atlantic,
See a million starving, frantic—
Bread or blood is what they're asking—
 Blood or bread to feed the poor,
Begging bread for which they're slaving—
Dangers on the railroad braving,
Want and hunger ever craving,
 Gnawing deep into the core,
While the railroad gods are basking
 On the Long Branch sunny shore :
 These are facts—and nothing more.

Must we beg to be in fetters?
Are these railroad kings our betters,
That we must like slaves approach them,
 While our wants they still ignore?
No! There must be some reaction;
Something done to crush this faction—
Labor must have satisfaction,
 Though grim death stood at our door.
Shall I tell you how to get it—
 How to strike corruption's core?
 Vote for tricksters—never more.

Oh, ye sons of toil and danger,
CHRIST was cradled in a manger—
He was poor and weak and lowly,
 Yet for us the cross He bore ;
But the rich-robed fiends they tried him,
Persecuted and denied him,
And with robbers crucified him,
 Just for being CHRIST—and poor ;
Just because he killed corruption,
 JESUS died—and nothing more.

Yet there lives to-day, confessing
That they love that CHRIST, professing
Men who say that bread and water
Is enough to feed the poor ;
This from BEECHER, sainted sinner—
Could he give us nothing thinner ?
Does he think that he'll be winner
Just because he slights the poor ?
Just because some railroad magnates
Enter in at Plymouth's door—
ANGEL'S GOD say—never more.

Can such beings ask for pardon,
While their hearts they ever harden ?
Can they ask for peace from JESUS,
While his laws they still ignore ?
No, by all the hosts above us—
By the broken hearts that love us—
By the tears of many millions
Of the wronged, down-trodden poor—
They can never reach that heaven
Until hell is frozen o'er,
Which the Reverend Mr. Moody
Tells us will be—never more.



OFF TO THE PICNIC.

TO YE SONS O' CALEDONIA.

A WA' ye brawny sons o' Scotland!
Up the banks and doon the braes,
Through the Hielands o' Nevada,
Sing yo'r songs o' ither days;
Yet it's no rich gowrey's valley,
Nor the Forth's dear sunny side;
Nor the wild and mossy mountain,
Father of the placid Clyde.

Yet just for the while imagine
Ye are back on Scotia's shore,
'Mang the braes and grouse and heather
Where the Highland waters roar;
'Mang the groves o' sweetest myrtle,
Or perhaps aside the doon,
Thinking o' young BOBBIE's courtship
By the light o' bonnie moon.

Noble, brave, unselfish poet!
Don't forget him 'mid yo'r joys;
Fill and drink to him a bumper—
He was nature's bard, my boys.
One o' Scotland's noblest freemen,
Spurning lords and lairds and crown!
Here's to Scotia's bard and poet—
BOBBIE BURNS—boys, drink her down.

Up in Heaven wi' HIGHLAND MARY,
BURNS now sings a sweeter song;
He is wearing brighter laurels
Than the men who did him wrong.
"Scots wha hae," methinks I hear it—
"Bonnie Doon," ah! how sublime;
At yo'r picnic drink this bumper—
"BOBBIE BURNS and Auld Lang Syne!"

GOLD HILL, NEV., August, 1877.



TO MARY ANN AND CHARLES O'NEILL.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST OF THE BRIDE—MARY ANN.

DOWN the country, long ago,
MARY ANN commenced to grow—
Romping, riding, full of life,
Never care and never strife.

In the mountains, long ago,
CHARLEY'S heart was all aglow,
Thinking of a bright-eyed child,
Arch and fair, and very wild.

Gay little girl was MARY ANN,
Catch the little dear who can,
While she sang, "The world is wide—
Wonder when I'll be a bride?"

CHARLEY said: "I'll bide my time—
MARY ANN will yet be mine."
While the anvil he would pound
MARY ANN was in each sound.

Then coquettish MARY ANN,
Looking round upon the clan,
Never dreamed her "No" would kill
CHARLEY O', of Barkerville.

CHARLEY thought, with dreamy eyes,
Some one else may win the prize ;
Dropped his tongs and anvil, too—
Left the hills of Cariboo.

MARY ANN, with queen-like sway,
Turned her head and ran away,
Leaving CHARLEY in the lurch ;
Couldn't see it—going to church.

But when days grew cold and drear,
MARY ANN would say : " Oh, dear !"
She would often think and say :
" Oh ! for what I threw away !"

One day meeting in the barley,
He said : " MARY !" she said : " CHARLEY !"
Now he's happy at this plan—
So is mad-cap, MARY ANN.

CARIBOO, B. C., March 14, 1876.



CATO'S IDEAS

ON THE NEW CHURCH DOCTRINE.

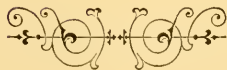
I WENT to church last Sunday,
Which I allers want to do,
To hea' dat same old story,
But I hea' ub sumfin new;
An' wife, old DEACON JOHNSON,
Who allers preached so well,
Come out an' tol' us darkeys
Dar wasn't any hell.

Wharfor he tol' dat story
Is sumfin I don't know,
Kase if dar ain't no debil,
Whar will dem wicked go?
Kase 'tain't no use in preachin'
If ADAM nebber fell,
An' 'tain't no use in prayin'
If cussin' does as well.

Now, dis chile ain't no angel,
But you hea' Cato talk—
Dar's sumfin gwine to happen
If 'gainst de LORD we balk;
Kase if der was no 'MIGHTY,
Dat sun he nebber s'hine,
An' you jes bet sich preachin'
Ain't gwine to win dis time.

I can't jes understan' it,
Kase jes two weeks ago
He tol' us how ole Satan
Was roamin' to an' fro ;
An' now dar ain't no debil,
An' no sich place of fire ;
Dis chile don't take no chances—
I's gwine to clim' up higher.

I's tried to do my duty,
An' tried to do it well,
An' surely it can't hurt us
If dar isn't any hell
(Kase if when we is berried
Beneath the col', col' clod),
Dar is a home in Heaben,
Den we kin see dat God.



THE GRAVE OF MY MOTHER.

A SONG.

TO MRS. EMILY PITT STEVENS, San Francisco.

THERE'S a green grassy mound in the valley I love,
Where angels their vigils are keeping;
The pine trees are singing a dirge far above,
The sky pearly tear drops is weeping,
And cooing on high is a bright turtle dove
O'er the grave where my mother is sleeping.

CHORUS.

Peacefully sleeping, she sleeps 'neath the clay,
This world cannot give me another;
No one to guide me, and no one to pray,
While I weep o'er the grave of my mother.

The dew-drops are falling, the evening is here,
And o'er me night's shadows are stealing;
All nature is silent, good angels are near,
And hushed is the harvester's reaping,
While fondly I linger 'mid memories dear,
Near the grave where my mother is sleeping.

CHORUS—Peacefully sleeping, etc.

Oh! here let me linger in silence and bliss,
While only the starlets are peeping,
And mix with the dew-drops a tear and a kiss,
O'er the grave where my mother is sleeping,
For no spot on earth is so sacred as this—
This spot where my dear mother's sleeping.

CHORUS—Peacefully sleeping, etc.

THAT BOY.

To D. R. MCKINE, on his first born.

HAPPY father, full of glee,
Laughing, dancing, making merry ;
May you always happy be—
Drink the baby's health in sherry.
May he prosper night and day,
Grow 'mid love and sweet caressing,
While you kiss his lips and say :
GOD, I thank Thee for this blessing—
In that boy,
Full of joy,
Darling, bouncing baby boy.

First-born baby, dimpled darling,
GOD protect him every hour ;
Keep him from all harm and danger—
Father's pet and mother's flower,
May he grow in grace and goodness,
With no troubles to annoy—
Not one trait of sin and rudeness,
Father's pride and mother's joy.
Father's boy,
I wish you joy,
And your darling baby boy.

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA, September, 1877.

THE RANGERS' RETREAT.

The following letter, addressed to FRED. W. WILLARD, editor of *The Press*, Leavenworth, Kansas, explains the origin of the following little poem :

DEAR SIR—You wish me to choose a subject for myself. Something connected with life in the West, and while thinking of the past, there is a spot which was very dear to me, in my mountain home in the Black Hills. We had an organization in the Hills called the Rangers, a company of about two hundred men, commanded by MAJOR ED. WYNKOOP, of Colorado, and your humble servant had charge of a band of scouts, ten in number. The spot that I propose to write a song about is where we often met and watched for the red-skins. I named it the Rangers' Retreat, and I think that title will also be appropriate for the song.

'TIS a dear little spot in the valley I love,
And the pine trees are waving above it ;
The home of the lark, the blackbird and dove—
I never can tell how I love it.
I've roamed through its grandeur with rifle in hand,
O'er beautiful streamlets and fountains ;
From Calamity Bar the scene was most grand,
With its moss-covered rocks and its mountains.

CHORUS.

'Tis cosy, 'tis cheerful, that moss-covered dell—
That dear little Eden where I used to dwell ;
The flowers when in bloom cast a fragrance so sweet
Through that dear little valley, the Rangers' Retreat.

O, 'tis speckled with daisies and covered with dew ;
There's no spot so dear as that valley,
Where brothers met brothers, the brave and the true,
And in danger 'round each other rally.

The deer and the antelope roam in the dell,
The mocking-bird sings in the bushes,
While under the daisies the jack-rabbits dwell,
And the water-snipe hides in the rushes.

CHORUS—'Tis cosy, etc.

And, though I'm far from that valley to-day,
The scenes are all pictured before me :
The deer are at water, the birds are at play,
And the sky-larks are all singing o'er me.
I think I can see my dear comrades of old,
The sound of each rifle seems ringing ;
The echo comes back from that valley of gold,
While the boys round the camp fires are singing.

CHORUS—'Tis cosy, etc.





NORA LEE.

A SONG.

I HAVE watched the roses blooming
And the violets' lovely hue,
And daisies like the starlight
As they sparkled with the dew ;
I have looked upon the lilies
And the flowers of every tree,
But none were half so pretty
As my blue-eyed NORA LEE.

CHORUS.

She is sweeter than the violets,
She is fairer than the rose ;
Her eyes are soft and tender,
And her cheek with beauty glows.
Oh, I never can forget her,
Though she never thinks of me ;
I love that blue-eyed beauty—
Little darling, NORA LEE.

To my prairie home I'm going,
With my comrades brave and free,
And yet where'er I wander
Those blue eyes will follow me.
I shall see them in the camp fire,
They will sparkle in the dell,
And in the rippling streamlets
I shall hear that last farewell.

CHORUS—She is sweeter, etc.

GOD bless you, JACK ! GOD bless you !
Were the words she whispered low ;
I thought 'twas heavenly music
From her throat as white as snow.
And my heart beat in a tremor,
So she spake kind words to me.
I wish I did not love her—
Darling, blue-eyed NORA LEE.

CHORUS—She is sweeter, etc.

I have gazed upon the streamlets
When the moon was shining bright,
The rippling of the waters
In the summer noon of night.

I have looked on nature's grandeur
On the prairie, land and sea,
But none of them could charm me
Like the voice of NORA LEE.

CHORUS—She is sweeter, etc.

Oh, no matter where I wander,
Her sweet image will be there;
Her blue eyes shine upon me,
And her voice be everywhere.
And though I pine in sorrow
She is all the world to me;
May angels guard my fairy—
Darling, blue-eyed NORA LEE.

CHORUS—She is sweeter, etc.



THE FIRST FLOWER OF MAY.

In May, 1876, a band of Sioux drove off fourteen head of our horses, and, after two days' chase, we regained seven of them, but owing to the Indians having a change of horses, we failed to secure any scalps. On the first evening, after a hard day's ride, we camped in a pleasant valley near a cooling spring of water. FRANK SMITH (ANTELOPE FRANK as we called him) and myself had ridden about three miles further in hopes of getting a sight of the Indian camp, and it was on our return to the valley mentioned above, and a venison supper, that we laid down to rest under a spreading pine, when the incidents occurred which called forth the following verses, written at the time with lead pencil, and heretofore unpublished.

A DAISY! The first I had seen in the Spring,
Was peeping from under the sod;
The air was so chilly, the wind was so cold,
That I fear'd the fair daisy had made rather bold
To ascend from the earth's warmer clod.
Just then a fair sky-lark flew heavenward to sing
Sweet anthems, in praise to his God.

How sweet to the traveler those soul-stirring notes,
When weary with riding all day!
Indeed, it was joy to my comrade and me—
The lark in the sky, and the flower on the lea,
And our weariness soon passed away.
That night 'round the camp-fire we tuned up our throats
And sang of the first flower of May.

SAN BERNARDINO.

While playing in lower California with my company, in January, 1878, I was requested to write something on the city, and the following was the result, as seen from the Court House.

I HAVE roamed through nature's grandeur,
On the prairie, land and sea ;
I have watched the roses blooming,
And the daisies on the lea ;
Other skies have been less clouded,
Other hands were clasped in mine,
But I never saw a valley
That was half so grand as thine

In your streets I saw the streamlets
Sparkle, as they murmur by,
And beyond were snowy mountains
Towering up toward the sky ;
Snowy clouds around them clustered,
Filling you with hope again,
While the blades of grass were laughing
At the near approach of rain.

Lovely rain ! It came in torrents,
Though it spoiled my house to-night,
But I would not, dare not murmur,
While it filled you with delight ;
Yet the sun will shine to morrow,
Shedding blessings from above,
And the birds will sing their praises
To their King and GOD of love.

Now, farewell, San Bernardino !
May thy flocks and herds increase,
May thy valley prove an Eden,
Full of love, and joy, and peace ;
And when GABRIEL blows his trumpet,
Gathering all from near and far,
When you reach the Heavenly valley,
May you find the gates ajar.



MY BIRTHDAY.

MY birthday! yet 'twas accidental
That I found it came to-day;
Lonely in my cabin musing,
How the time does pass away—
Not a soul to wish me gladness,
Not a friend to pull my ears;
While my heart is filled with sadness,
Thinking of the passing years.

Once I had an angel mother—
How she used to bring me joy!
Birthdays one upon the other,
I was still her favorite boy.
But the angels took her from me—
Dead and gone these many years—
She who was my guardian angel
In this thorny vale of tears.

How she used to pray, "God bless him!"
While the tear-drops filled her eyes,
With a mother's tender pleading,
Looking up toward the skies.
Oh, my mother! if thy spirit
Hovers near me while alone,
Bless once more thy wayward offspring,
In this little cabin home.

IN THE MOUNTAINS, CARIBOO, March 4, 1879.

LILLIE.

“ Last evening, at the Bush Street Theatre, a beautiful incident occurred, not down on the bills, however, yet which was highly appreciated by the large audience present. It is well known that CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD, the hardy mountaineer, scout, poet and actor, has an especial predilection for children, and he is in the zenith of his joy when he has a bevy of them around him, spinning his extravagant stories, and otherwise amusing them. Last evening the Captain was sitting in the orchestra circle, when he was espied by a four-year-old flaxen-haired beauty across the theatre. Quick as thought she left her mother's side, ran clear around the circle, and without the slightest ceremony, seated herself on the Captain's lap, not only to his surprise, but, from appearances, to his delight, for he entertained the little ‘ waif ’ the balance of the evening. The incident was a very pleasing one.”
—*San Francisco Footlight*, Nov. 8, 1877.

SHE left her loving mother's side
And climbed upon my knee—
A lovely little blue-eyed child,
Who spoke her love for me.
I gazed upon the throng around,
On fashion's daughters fair,
But not one tress in all that throng
Could match sweet LILLIE's hair.

God bless her! Just a little while,
I held her to my breast ;
Forgetting all life's cares at once,
I waited her request.
And then in whispers soft and low,
And pointing over there,
Said she, “ My mama told me once
That ouu had till'd a bear.”

I never saw the play—not I
Indeed—I did not care,
For I was happy spinning yarns
For little golden hair ;
And how her little blue eyes shone
Each time a story ended,
And how she almost shouted out,
“ Oh, my, but dat was sp’endid !”

“ Oh, dear ! and must we really do ?
I wish it wasn’t out ;
I feel so very dood,
I wish dat I tood shout.”
Sweet angel ! you have brought me joy,
And filled me with delight ;
May angels guard you all through life—
God bless you, child, good-night !



ARMY AND TEMPERANCE POEMS.

· OUR FIRST RE-UNION.

Respectfully dedicated to F. B. GOWAN, brother of my brave Colonel, who fell while leading us in storming the rebel post at Petersburg, April 2, 1865.

WITH love—which time can never change—
We grasp each other's hands,
And think of battles fought and won—
Of BURNSIDE'S stern commands ;
Bright memories of the hallowed past
Are stealing through our souls,
While thinking of the noble dead
Now mustered from our rolls.

At times our hearts would almost bleed,
And angels seemed to frown ;
But GOD was on the ramparts, boys,
While the mortars tumbled down ;
And though at times a boy was hit
With a fragment of a shell,
We stood it—did we not, comrades ?
In the ramparts of Fort Hell.

And when we went on picket,
With our blankets on our arm,
And each a stick of wood, comrades,
To try and keep us warm ;
How oft we thought of happy homes,
Of friends and parents, too,
And lovely little blue-eyed girls
Who'd die for me and you.

And often, when we shouted
 Across to Johnny Reb,
To throw us some tobacco,
 And we would throw them bread,
How quickly they responded,
 And the plugs came thick and fast,
And we shared them with each other—
 And shared them to the last.

But, though they gave tobacco,
 And though we gave them bread,
Between the lines we soon must see
 The dying and the dead!
And though Mahone defied us,
 And though her strength was great,
Who would dare to charge them, boys,
 If not our Forty-eight?

And when our greatest Generals
 Defied our boys alone,
To charge the enemy in front
 And capture Fort Mahone—
Oh! can you e'er forget it, boys?
 The answer GOWAN sent:
"We'll take it, with the help of GOD,
 Or die in the attempt!"

And nobly on that fatal day
 He led us on so well,
Till fairly on their ramparts, boys,
 Our noble Colonel fell.
And did you mark the change, comrades?
 Where was the leader now
Who dared to lead us on like he
 Who fell with shattered brow?

I need not speak of other's deeds
Who led us on before—
Of NAGLE and of SIEGFRIED, too,
Brave PLEASANTS and GILMORE.
Oh, no! their names are written
On a grateful nation's shrine,
And nothing can erase them, boys,
Until the end of time.

Another word—each comrade's heart
Is filled with gratitude
To SIEGFRIED, PLEASANTS, BOSBYSELL,
Who were so kind and good
To offer us a banquet, boys,
Such as we never saw—
Much better than the hard-tack, boys—
Hurrah! then, boys, hurrah!

But don't forget, another year
Will soon pass o'er our head,
And then we hope to meet again—
If living; but, if dead,
May we not meet in Heaven, boys,
And see upon the shore
A picket guard of angels
With GOWAN and GILMORE?



DECORATION DAY.

DEDICATED TO LINCOLN POST, NO. 10, DEPARTMENT
OF CALIFORNIA.

COMRADES, our nation is thinking, to-day,
Of her glorious salvation, and counting the cost
Of the men who are sleeping beneath the cold clay—
The noble, the gallant, and the brave that we lost—
That we lost! Yet how fondly we cherish their names;
How eager to tell of the deeds that they have done,
Their actions so brave, that their glory and fame
Are pictured and told in the battles they won.

Let our nation rejoice, then, 'mid sorrow to-day—
Let our hearts beat with love for the flag of the free;
While the widows and orphans are kneeling to pray,
Great God of the Universe, humbly to Thee,
And we who have safely returned from the fight,
Would ask Thee, most humbly, dear Father, again
To watch o'er our actions, that we, by Thy might,
May show that our comrades have not died in vain.

Dear comrades, the widow has come; stand aside—
Let her kneel by the tomb, unresponsive forever,
Where molders the arm of the true and the tried:
Her guard and protector, till war bid them sever.
Stand aside, boys; she comes, as she's come all these years,
With a wreath, lovely wreath, all bespangled with tears,
And a prayer, Heavenly Father, when this life is done,
Reunite us in Heaven with lov'd WASHINGTON.

The orphan has come, boys; let him have a place
To look at the orator straight in the face,
To listen once more, hear recounted the story,
For his sire was a soldier, and shared in the glory;
And he, too, has vowed, on each thirtieth of May,
His love for our Union; GOD bless him! we say.

The patriot is here and the statesman has come,
The actor, the student, yea, every one;
The dwellers in palace, and hovel so plain—
All, all, have done honor to the slain.
Let the blossoms of May bow their heads o'er each grave,
And breathe balms of sweetness all over the brave,
And lilies, pure lilies, with roses so red,
Be strewn with a wreath on the graves of the dead;
While tears of the widows and orphans like dew
Are mingled with flow'rets of red, white and blue.

And now as these heroes lie sleeping beneath
The Stars and the Stripes, the flowers and the wreath,
We think of the trenches dug after the fight,
When wrapt in their blankets at dead of the night;
We buried in hundreds, yea thousands, the brave,
Embracing each other; no mark o'er their grave,
Save that simple inscription, one word alone,
You read it with awe, and pronounce it "Unknown."
And to-day of the four hundred thousand who fell,
The wife, and the mother, and sister, will tell,
Oh, how generous, how loyal, how noble and true,
They died for our Union, for me, and for you!

Our Union still lives. They have not died in vain,
And to-day we've adorned their graves once again;
But those flowers, and the hands that have strewn them
to-day,

In death will soon languish, and all pass away.
And these monuments, too, so majestic and grand,
Will crumble to dust. Yet our Union will stand—
And that is their monument, ours, too, as well,
Who fought by the side of the noble who fell;
Who suffered in cabin, in camp, and in field,
And swore by yon flag that we never would yield
Till that flag, lovely flag, dearest flag of the free,
Should float, boys, in triumph, for you and for me.

And here as we gather to-day 'neath its stars,
And look upon comrades with crutches and scars,
And sleeves, empty sleeves, hanging loose by their side,
The boys who survived 'mid the thousands who died—
And yet do they murmur? No, no! nor complain.
“Each man owes a part,” say the wounded and maim,
“And we have but acted our part in the strife,
And gave but a limb, while the dead gave their life.”
Oh, comrades, how hallowed the ground where they sleep—
Where the widows and orphans are kneeling to weep
O'er the brave who have fallen in skirmish and fight,
Protecting that flag and the cause that was right.

And yet we have still a great duty to do,
Work on loyal hearts until death's last tattoo
Shall lull us to rest 'neath the flag of the free,
Till awakened by angels, a sweet reveille,
From the boys who have gone, and whose marching is o'er,
They are watching on picket, on Canaan's bright shore.

OUR MARTYRED DEAD.

GENERAL E. D. BAKER.

The following poem was read by me at the tomb of GEN. E. D. BAKER, on Decoration Day, 1879. The three first verses are mine ; those following by M. P. GRIFFIS, General E. D. Baker Post, Philadelphia.

SOLDIERS, comrades, gather round me—
List, the story I will tell
Of a noble, gallant soldier—
One who loved our flag so well.
Here he sleeps beneath the daisies ;
Here, beneath the mossy sod,
Near the broad Pacific's murmur,
He is moldering with the clod.

Oh ! how brave—methinks I see him
Charging—leading, sword in hand,
With the courage of our CUSTER,
At the head of his command.
Onward ! upward ! rally ! comrades,
See ! the rebel horde gives way !
Ah ! Ball's Bluff, you had a martyr
When our BAKER fell that day.

While we gather round his ashes,
Comrades far beyond the plain
Send a tribute to his mem'ry
From the Post that bears his name.
Baker Post, in Philadelphia—
Boys who joined him in the fray—
Bade me tell you how they loved him,
And I speak for them to-day.

IN MEMORIAM.

Eighteen years have passed, dear comrades,
Since the man whose name we bear
Bade farewell to rank and station,
But a soldier's lot to share.
Onward marching with the army—
Onward fighting for the free—
By a pure and holy purpose
He was guided to the sea.

Oh, my comrades, over yonder,
In the far Pacific State,
Sleeps our brave commander, BAKER,
Close beside the Golden Gate.
Heaven's dew will wet the laurels,
Comrades' hands will strew sweet flowers,
Some brave boy will read this tribute
O'er that martyred brave of ours.

Tell the friends who gather round you
How he fought to gain the day;
How, when cruel death had marked him,
Faint and bleeding in the fray.
Tell them, comrades, how, when dying,
"Charge!" he said: "Boys, take the hill!
Yes, thank GOD! I see it waving!
See! our flag is floating still!"

Thus he died a gallant hero,
Soldier, statesman—none more grand.
Strew his grave with sweetest flowers,
Comrades of the sunny land.
And when death has claimed our army,
When life's pilgrimage is o'er,
May we meet our martyred BAKER,
Now at peace for evermore.

MY FIRST SONG.

To one of my former comrades in arms I am indebted for a copy of these verses, as I had not only lost the original but entirely forgotten about their existence; and as memory brings me back to the time of their composition, and as the incident which caused their production may be interesting, I will give it here. On April 2d, 1865, I was wounded at Petersburg, Va., and, while in the Hospital at City Point, the news of Lee's surrender reached us. Two days before the news came the immortal LINCOLN visited the wounded, and all who could stand up in a line could have the pleasure of shaking the hand of him we loved so well. There were some great exertions made to reach those ranks. Although crippled in one foot myself, I helped to hold a man up who requested to be carried out on a chair, fearing old ABE might not come to him; and I shall never forget the touch of that hand, soft and warm from contact with so many great rough hands of the soldiers. It seemed as if to squeeze it the least bit would hurt. But old ABE, I remember, squeezed my hand so that it almost hurt me, and the man whom I was holding up shed tears as the President shook his hand. "Where are you wounded, my man," said he. "In the right thigh, sir, and I'm glad of it." "Yes, you will soon be well again, and you can say you bled for the old flag." "No, sir, not so much that, but I can say I shook hands with honest ABE." "God bless you, my man," said he, passing on to the next. After this handshaking, and before leaving, he picked up an axe in front of the steward's quarters and made the chips fly for about a minute, until he had to stop fearful of chipping some of the boys, who were catching them on the fly. Although some on catching a ball myself, I failed to get a chip, although I did get a hard fall in trying to get a piece, and was carried into my bunk. While the boys were singing "The Old Virginia Lowlands," on the following day, and when the song was ended, I started to improvise, and made several verses to the great amusement of my comrades, and especially a young New York Zouave, whose father was a physician, and who wrote down with lead pencil the following verses which I dictated to him, and which are the first I ever composed. My reason for mentioning the Zouave's father as being a physician is that if ever he should see this he will communicate with me. Although I have forgotten his name, he was a noble young man, well educated, and gave me some good advice. He also wrote copies of this song and sent it to LIEUT. HARRY REECE, of my company, and when, two weeks after, the regiment returned, the war being over, the first thing I heard on going into camp was my song.

THE 48TH TO MY COMRADES.

TUNE.—*Old Virginia Lowlands.*

'TIS of a plucky regiment,
 I'll try to sing a song,
 I hope you'll pay attention,
 For I won't detain you long.
 They always did their duty,
 And you bet they did it well,
 And they fought in the late engagement,
 Which took place near Fort Hell.

CHORUS.

In the old Virginia lowlands,
 Lowlands, lowlands,
 In the old Virginia lowlands, low.

We fought up through the Wilderness,
 And Spottsylvania too,
 Until in front of Petersburg,
 Where we found some work to do.
 We were ordered for to drive a drift,*
 To undermine the rebs,
 And the 48th worked night and day
 To blow them off their legs.

CHORUS.—In the old Virginia lowlands, etc.

When the work it was all over,
 And the job was quite complete,
 LIEUTENANT REECE he touched it off,
 And blew them off their feet.

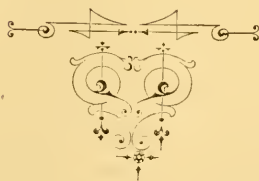
* This mine was started on the 1st of July, 1864, and blown up on the morning of the 30th. It was engineered by Col. HARRY PLEASANTS, and was pronounced one of the finest pieces of engineering done during the war. Col. PLEASANTS was a noble officer, and was afterwards breveted Brigadier-General.

The battle then it did commence,
The blood in streams did flow,
But undaunted was brave BURNSIDE,
Who quickly charged the foe.

CHORUS.—In the old Virginia lowlands, etc.

But some one made a blunder,
Tho' the mine was nicely planned,
They tried to blame our BURNSIDE,
Which the Ninth Corps would not stand.
For BURNSIDE is a patriot,
A soldier brave and true,
And he has always proved it,
And his Ninth Corps boys in blue.

CHORUS.—In the old Virginia lowlands, etc.



MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

The following poetical scrap has touched the hearts of many. It was recited before a temperance meeting in Wheeling, West Virginia, and its influence was such—according to local papers—that the excitement did not cease until after five hundred names had been added to the pledge.

IN the dreary hours of midnight,
When the camp's asleep and still,
Not a sound, save rippling streamlets,
Or the voice of the whippoorwill,
Then I think of dear, loved faces,
As I steal around my beat—
Think of other scenes and places,
And a mother's voice so sweet

Mother, who, in days of childhood,
Prayed as only mothers pray:
Keep him in the narrow pathway,
Let him not be led astray;
And when dangers hovered o'er me,
When my life was full of cares,
Then a sweet form passed before me,
And I thought of mother's prayers.

Mother's prayers! Ah! sacred memory,
I can hear her sweet voice now,
As, upon her death-bed lying,
With her hand upon my brow,
Calling on a SAVIOUR'S blessing,
Ere she climbed the Golden Stairs.
There's a sting in all transgressing,
When I think of mother's prayers.



MIDNIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE.

And I made her one dear promise—
Thank the LORD, I've kept it, too ;
Yes, I promised GOD and mother
To the pledge I would be true.
Though a hundred times the tempter
Every day throws out his snares,
I can boldly answer, " No, sir ! "
When I think of mother's prayers.

And while here, I tell the story
Why my boyhood's days were sad ;
Is there not some one before me
Who will make a mother glad ?
Swell her heart with fond emotion—
Drive away life's bitter cares ;
Sign and keep the pledge for mother—
Heed thy mother's earnest prayers.

There is no one on the prairie
Who must say it more than I—
No—I never drink. I thank you,
I can never take your rye ;
And there's not in many hundreds,
Not a man who ever dares
Ask me drink when I have told him
How I thought of mother's prayers.

Oh ! my brother, do not drink it,
Think of all your mother said ;
Sure 'twill make her spirit quiver,
Or perhaps she is not dead ;
Don't you kill her, then, I pray you,
She has got enough of cares.
Sign the pledge, and GOD will help you.
If you think of mother's prayers.

MY TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

MOTHER'S spirit 'round me lingers,
 Mother's prayers are in my ears,
And a boy again I'm kneeling
 Near her while she calms my fears.
Now she whispers, "God protect him,
 Be his guide when I am dead!"
And I'm sure the guardian angel
 Must have heard what mother said.

"Lead him not into temptation,
 On the prairie, land or sea!"
Now I see her dear eyes sparkle,
 As her words come back to me—
Words of love—a mother's blessing—
 Words that haunt me day and night,
And the promise that I gave her
 Keeps her in my memory bright.

"Son, my son," said she, when dying,
 "Be to them what I have been."
Then she called my little sisters,
 TILL and LIZZIE, on the scene;
"JACK will never see you hunger,
 While there's work for him to do—
Be to him obedient, darlings,
 And he will be kind to you."

Oh! how can I tell the story—
 You can't believe it if you try;

But there's one at home in glory
Who would say, "My boy won't lie!"
If you only knew her sorrow,
Anxious care and pains and tears,
Waiting for a brighter morrow—
Waiting long and weary years.

Waiting, oh! such lonely waiting,
Night and day, and day and night;
Waiting for the clouds to vanish—
Waiting for a sky more bright;
Dying, then the clouds were scattered,
And she saw a brighter sky;
When I made her this, my promise,
Which she asked for ere she'd die:

"Mother, dear, you say you're going,
You will soon be 'neath the sod,
While your loved ones are near you,
Thus I raise my hand to GOD,
I have signed the roll already;"
Then the old clock struck eleven,
As I gave my pledge to mother,
And she took it up to Heaven.



MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

I N my cabin on the hill-side,
Just one year ago to-day,
When the miners held a meeting
In the hills so far away,
There was one among our number
Who determined was to fight.
"Just a word," said one old miner,
"And I'll try to set him right."

"Did you ever have a mother?"
He whispered soft and low;
Poor boy, he fairly trembled,
His face turned white as snow.
"Did I have a mother? What!
Great GOD! man, she is dead!
Oh! had I only heeded
The words my mother said."

That magic word of mother
Oft wields a great effect,
And yet we oft forget it,
And leave it to neglect.
But mine is not forgotten,
Though she's been dead so long,
Her spirit seems to guard me
When I would dare do wrong.

And, somehow, conscience whispers,
When I would go astray :
"Thy mother's spirit watches
And hovers near alway."
And, oh! how it must pain her
To know my wicked ways ;
If angels pray for loved ones,
I know my mother prays.

GOD forgive us, we don't mean it,
We forget when doing wrong ;
But the tempter overcomes us
As we mingle with life's throng.
With thought and meditation
Comes remorse and inward strife,
And then we promise mother
We will lead a better life.

And oft while on the prairie,
On the mountains, in the hills,
I could think I heard her whisper
In the murmuring of the rills.
And with dangers all around me,
Seeming nothing but despair,
There is nothing can confound me
When I think of mother's prayer.

DEADWOOD, D. T., June 24, 1876.



THE MURPHY GANG.

The following song was written in the Pennsylvania oil country, during the great revival of 1877, and dedicated to Mr. F. MURPHY.

NAIL your banners to the derrick,
Grease the old machine once more ;
Shout hurrah for FRANCIS MURPHY !
He is knocking at your door !
Mothers, down upon your marrow,
Pray with all your heart and soul—
Pray for fathers, sons and brothers—
Pray that all may sign the roll.

CHORUS.

Nail your banners to the derrick,
Grease the old machine once more ;
Shout hurrah ! for FRANCIS MURPHY !
He is knocking at your door !

Think of all the millions squandered—
Think of all the crimes and sin—
Think of this, and ask GOD'S blessing
On the cause, that it may win.
Oh ! that I had voice like thunder,
I would shout with loud hurrahs !
I would sing for GOD and victory,
FRANCIS MURPHY and the cause.

CHORUS—Nail your banners, etc.

Man is but a tiny vessel,
Tempest-tossed upon the wave ;
Show him that he's wreck'd and sinking,
He will cry, " Oh, save ! Oh, save ! "

Nail your banners to the derrick,
 Grease the old machine once more ;
 Drunkards, shout to GOD and MURPHY !
 They stand ready on the shore.

CHORUS—Nail your banners, etc.

Why do I hurrah for Temperance ?
 I will tell you—this is why :
 Father died, alas ! a drunkard,
 And poor mother had to die,
 Broken-hearted, meek and weary,
 Toiling for her little dears ;
 Early as I can remember,
 Mother wept sad, bitter tears !

CHORUS—Nail your banners, etc.

And when on her dying pillow,
 This is what she said to me :
 “ JOHNNY, darling, will you promise
 Down upon your bended knee ?
 Promise you'll not be a drunkard.
 Never touch it for my sake,
 For I know some one will love you,
 And, like mine, her heart would break ! ”

CHORUS—Nail your banners, etc.

Then and there I promised mother,
 And it filled her soul with joy ;
 Then she smiled and went to Heaven,
 Where she hopes to meet her boy.
 Now, I trust, you know my reasons
 Why I shun the tempter's fang,
 Why I shout hurrah for Temperance—
 Why I love the MURPHY gang.

CHORUS—Nail your banners, etc.

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