

### ON THE RIO GRANDE.

We chased the wild grizzlies  
Through chaps and glade,  
And they fell beneath the sabers  
Of the fearless Texas blade.  
Then with yells and war-cries  
We pitched our tents that day,  
And it was on the sandy  
Banks of the Rio Grande  
Where we lay.

Up spoke our gallant leader,  
"Articlo's his frosty road,  
Spirits are high and unbroken,  
I'll watch the camp alone.  
A restless spirit in my brain  
Kept me from sleep all day,  
And it was on the sandy  
Banks of the Rio Grande  
Where we lay.

All in the mazy bower,  
I sat and gazed,  
With his long Kentucky rifle  
Across his saddle bow.  
And in the mazy bower love runs,  
A ballad like this may  
Banks of the Rio Grande  
Where we lay.

The dew was on the flowers,  
The air was full of June,  
And the birds were all a-flowers  
Made music to the moon,  
While around our still encampment prowled  
With a yell and a growl,  
And it was on the sandy  
Banks of the Rio Grande  
Where we lay.

A rustle in the cactus!  
A shadow on the grass!  
Is that a friend? O scuttle!  
Is that a bird? O scuttle!  
Then the sharp, quick crack of a rifle  
On the air, and died away,  
And it was on the sandy  
Banks of the Rio Grande  
Where we lay.

The drummer beat reveille,  
The started was horse-nighed,  
And the bugle was on his sea,  
Tugged at his trusty blade,  
Rose in his stirrups once, and then—  
We were on the sandy  
Banks of the Rio Grande  
Where we lay.

He was wrapped in his colors—  
The red, and white, and blue,  
On the sand, and in our colors,  
That tender soul and true!  
And more than one broad hero wags  
Laid little heroes in the sand,  
As we buried him on the sandy  
Banks of the Rio Grande  
Where we lay.

We wrapped him in our colors—  
The red, and white, and blue,  
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That tender soul and true!  
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The next day was dying,  
His head upon my knee;  
"Take these," he said, "to one  
Who's been a watchful friend to us,  
And tell him 'twas a tress of hair  
And a three-year-old bouquet,  
And a three-year-old bouquet,  
Banks of the Rio Grande  
Where we lay.

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The Coppering Pet.

I was wandering through the suburbs  
of one of our smallest and most vulnerable  
seaport towns when I came upon the  
graveyard. One of the graves particularly  
attracted my eye, and I was soon  
covered with large and flat stone, which  
bore an inscription reading as follows:

"Here lies the body and worldly substance  
of Capt. William Moreen, a skipper  
of this port, and father of Poly Moreen,  
who sailed from here in the Coppering Pet, in July, 1869. In 1861 he  
was born in this town, where he died in  
1871. The body shall remain here until  
resuscitated by the hand of God, when  
the worldly soul shall stay with it until  
his daughter, Poly shall raise this stone  
and take it from under it own."

As I was turning away from the grave,  
I saw on the road an elderly man ap-  
proaching. I had met him before. He was  
a weather-beaten personage with a  
sea-faring demeanor, and his name was  
Wonderment Sanchez. I saw he was in  
a hurry, but I stopped him and asked  
if he could explain the inscription on  
this stone.

"It's our's," he said, "that you  
should ask me such a thing at this time.  
The Coppering Pet is a lousy off the bar;  
I've been a watchin' her for years,  
and I can't be mistook in her. She'll  
come over at high water, and I've been  
in a hurry, but I stopped him and asked  
if he could explain the inscription on  
this stone and take it from under it own."

On day I told her my love, Poly  
listened to me very quietly. "I am glad  
you told me this," she said, "after you  
know me well, but I can't con-  
sent to drop you down."

"Poly," I cried, "this has caused to  
be a question of poverty or riches? All  
I ask is this—do you love me?"

I looked into her eyes, and then I took  
her arms. The master was set.

In the course of another week the  
Coppering Pet remained firm upon the  
beach. The tag had arrived, but it had  
been found too small to move the vessel.  
Another a larger one had been sent  
for, and in the meantime the cargo was  
being taken out and removed to the  
town in lighters.

During this time I saw much of Poly,  
and became indeed her most trusted ad-  
viser. She had no relatives in the town,  
and turned to me as if I had been an  
old friend.

"It's our's," he said, "that you  
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