

VI.

An' Possum Billy was sleepin' sound,
 Es only a cowboy knows how to sleep;
 An' Tommy's snores would hev made a old
 Buffalo bull feel kind o' cheap.
 Wal, pard, I reckin' thar's no sech time
 For dwind'lin' a chap in his own conceit,
 Es when them mountains an' awful stars,
 Jest hark to the tramp of his mustang's feet.

VII.

It 'pears to me that them solemn hills
 Beckin' them stars so big an' calm,
 An' whisper, "Make tracks this way, my friends,
 We've ring'd in here a specimen man;
 He's here alone, so we'll take a look
 Thro' his ganzy an' vest, an' his blood an' bone,
 An post ourselves as to whether his heart
 Is *flesh*, or a rotten, made-up stone!"

VIII.

An' it's often seemed, on a midnight watch,
 When the mountains blacken'd the dry, brown sod,
 That a chap, if he shut his eyes, might grip
 The great kind hand of his Father-God.
 I rode round the herd at a sort of walk—
 The shadders come stealin' thick an' black;
 I'd jest got to leave tew that thar chunk
 Of a mustang tew keep in the proper track.