

Till Death should call from his midnight sea.
One spring brought me my wedding day,
Brought me my bright-eyed Jeanne Amray ;
Brought that night to our cabin door
My old, lost comrade, Nell Latore.
Her eyes swam hate, and her cheek was red,
Her full breast heaved as she darkly said :
"The coyote hides from the wind and rain,
The wild horse flies from the hurricane,
But who can flee from the half-breed's hate,
That rises soon, and that watches late ?"
Then went ; and I laughed Jeanne's fears afar,
But I thought that wench was our evil star.
Be sure, when a woman's heart gets hard,
It works up war like a navy-yard.

Half-breed and Indian troubles came—
The same old story—Land and Game ;
And Dubois' Men were the first to feel
The bullet-sting and the clip of steel ;
And last in battle 'gainst thousands sent,
With Gatling guns for our punishment.
Every cause has its traitor ; then
How should it fare with Dubois' Men !
Beaten their cause was, and hunted down,