

Bright with its flowering fruit trees,
 And with its meadows so green,
 Presenting a landscape unequalled—
 A bright and beautiful scene!

In thickets of red manzanita
 The gray rabbit sat in his dread,
 Resting his ears on his shoulders—
 Eyes ever bright in his head—
 Listening for the scream of an eagle,
 Or the treacherous wildcat's tread.

The wildcat, born for the thickets,
 With confidence followed the trail,
 With eyes all aflame in their sockets,
 And a tireless swing of the tail,
 With toe nails hooked and prehensile,
 And nostrils ever at play,
 Transcendently fitted by nature
 To sift the air for its prey.

Of a hope as evanescent
 As the gleaming dews of morn—
 Faded and lost like the velvet
 That grows on a mule-deer's horn;
 For the tramp of the paleface echoed,
 As he came with his endless trains,
 And strong were the souls that struggled
 In clouds of dust on the plains!

They were marvelous days of effort,
 For their wagons became their biers,
 And the thirsty sands of the desert
 Were moist with women's tears.
 Far away from home and kindred,
 Were the forms of dear ones placed,
 And the voice of mourning echoed
 Through the wide and treeless waste.

Some lingered and perished in snows
 Where the grim Sierras frown;



"AND MANY A PILGRIM FELL IN THE SWEEP OF THE SAVAGE RAID."

And adding a human feature
 To the wild and primitive scene,
 Like shadows, the dusky hunters
 Threaded the forests of green,
 With sinewed bows in their quivers,
 Yew-tree bows of cunning design,
 And arrows, barbed with obsidian,
 Strong and straight as a line!
 For ages and ages these red men
 Had built by the side of this stream,
 Their conical mansions of cedar,
 Where now these house tops gleam;
 But the curling smoke was an emblem,
 As it rose on wings of air,
 Of a life as vain and transient
 As a shooting meteor's glare;

In their merciless surge, the rivers
 Carried their victims down;
 The chilling hand of disease
 On many a heart was laid,
 And many a pilgrim fell
 In the sweep of the savage raid.
 No trackless waste disheartened,
 No mountain snows appalled,
 For they were strong in their purpose;
 And, like a serpent, crawled
 The weary ox teams westward—
 Then did their rifles blaze,
 And in the dust rode heroes,
 Like knights of olden days.
 And the same long rifles glistened
 In the rays of the setting sun,