

And has mingled his golden corn
 With the old-time leaders' dust.
 From the elder hive of the eastward,
 To the land of the closing day,
 Proudly the favored pilgrims
 Ride the black charger to-day.
 Do they think of the trials and sorrows,
 As onward the great car rolls,
 Of the leaders, so strong and faithful,
 "In the days that tried men's souls?"
 As we think of our early struggles,
 Of our lot in the wilderness cast,

And over the mantel, the rifle
 Hung from an antler's prong;
 When threadbare garments betokened
 Only the common distress,
 And the moccasins, beaded so deftly,
 Were part of the holiday dress;
 When blankets, with hole in the center,
 Were overcoats, stylish and gay,
 And the men were buskinned and spurred
 Like the heroes of olden day.

Privations and wants were many,
 Advantages ever too few;



"AND THE MEN WERE BUSKINNED AND SPURRED LIKE THE HEROES OF OLDEN DAY."

Let us hold in kindly remembrance
 Those shadowy days of the past,
 When cabins were hewn from the forests
 That margined each valley and plain,
 And the fertile soil first yielded
 Its tribute of golden grain;
 The days of the trail and foot-log,
 And the flying pony express,
 When the antlered pride of the forest
 Yielded his skin for a dress;
 When blankets were parted for leggins,
 Tied with a buckskin thong,

But mutual helpfulness reigned,
 And friendship was steadfast and true;
 And whatever there was to divide,
 Was often dealt out to the poor,
 Or given, when hunger oppressed,
 To drive the dread wolf from the door.

Often the Indian's wigwam
 Was the white man's cabin near,
 And the settler bartered and labored
 With scarcely a thought of fear;