

his early pioneer life. He says he was well acquainted with John C. Breckenridge when he was campaigning at Burlington for Van Buren, as against Harrison.

He was conversant with all the facts related in a book entitled, "Banditti of the Prairie," their murder of Col. Dav-
enport, and others. He says he helped move the first white
settler into Fort Des Moines, then a frontier post. His
name was Joseph Morrison.

PILGRIMS AND OLD SETTLERS.

The following poem, composed by Mr. Geo. W. Grant,
was read at the Old Settlers' Reunion, at Nevin, Adair
county, June 19th, 1873:—

Adair

FROM native shore by tempest driven,
The Pilgrim fathers fled,
To seek a home where they might dwell,
Nor earthly monarch dread.

They chose the Lord to be their king,
Their captain and their guide;
And trusting in his arm alone,
They launched upon the tide.

We've stood upon the rock-bound shore,
And viewed the mighty flood,
That bore those Christian heroes o'er —
Those servants of the Lord.

Stood where on desert sands they knelt,
By waters cold and rude,
Alone upon the dreary strand
Of ocean's solitude.

We've stood upon the very *rock*
Their worthy feet once pressed;
Grateful that you — their honored sons —
Were with such sires blest.

God, whose designs are all for good —
Whose purposes are true —
Had safely brought them o'er the sea,
A glorious work to do.

Nor lack of food, nor bitter cold,
Nor storm, nor savage foe,
Could swerve them from their purposes,
Two hundred years ago.

The red man fled — the forest fell —
Darkness gave way to light;
They planted on New England's soil
The principles of right.

From such beginnings — small and weak —
A nation great and strong
Arose to bless those worthy names
We here extol in song.

But there are those of modern times,
Who claim our songs as well
As Puritans, whose noble deeds
We ever love to tell.

'Tis of New England's sons we speak,
And daughters' fair and good;
Who now possess this virgin soil,
Where once the red man stood.

You left New England's sunny hills,
And friends and kindred dear —
The comforts of your eastern homes,
For want and trial here.

Beyond the Mississippi's tide
You sought these prairies green,
Where not a plow had turned the sod,
Nor white man's herds been seen,

With strong and willing hands to toil,
And patient hearts to bear,
You came to make these pleasant homes,
And rear these children fair.

Well nigh a score of years have fled,
Since that eventful day,
You left those scenes of early youth,
And westward sped your way.

These cultured fields, and shady groves,
These vines, and fruitful fields,
Attest you've folded not your hands,
Nor idly sought your ease.

But through these long eventful years,
You've toiled with purpose true,
And God has kindly blessed the work
He gave you strength to do.

We've met to-day—a friendly group—
To dwell in friendly chat,
On cares and labors of the past,
And speak of *this* and *that*.

Here some are in man's middle day,
And mothers, at whose side
Prattle the little ones—yet to be
The nation's hope and pride.

And some who've borne the burden long,
Whose locks are silvered o'er—
Fast passing down the hill of life—
And near the other shore.

These children here we see to-day,
Will fill our places soon,
You who are in the eve of life,
And we who are near the noon.

May bonds of love our hearts unite—
A threefold cord and strong—
Nor old acquaintance be forgot,
But be remembered long.

May robes of Charity full large,
Be o'er a brother thrown,
It's ample folds we oftimes need,
To cover up our own.

So thus in union may we live,
Our hearts inspired with love,
And when the toil of life is o'er,
We'll find a home above.

AN INDIAN BURIAL.

THE widow of Johny Green died in the Indian camp, on the Des Moines River, one-half mile north-east of Tyson's Mill, Webster county, a short time ago. She took sick rather suddenly, and after a short illness died. She was kept four or five days owing to the absence of her son "Buck" Green, who was away from camp at the time trapping and hunting. When he arrived at the camp and was informed of the death of his mother, arrangements were made for her burial. Four white men who had observed

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