

Fired a gun and raised her colors then
(A flag held dear by patriotic men).

Vancouver, "Lieutenant Puget" sent
To ascertain what such ceremony meant,
Returning, with grave face, brought away
Rough charts that proved infallibly
The glorious story as told by Gray.
Easy for all now to recognize
The chiefs chagrin and ill concealed surprise;
To the great sailor perhaps a shock
For Gray had sailed up the river "Roc,"
Had given a name of glorious memories,
And Columbia's sovereignty from sea to sea.

What shall be said of those Boston men
Who owned the ships and placed their hopes in
them,
Pictured in their minds, they saw the day
When "Westward the star of Empire should take
its way,"
Cities should rise where towering forests lean
Photographed in shade or mountain stream
Over all, flaunting in the sun,
"Old Glory" in proof their work was done.
Hallowed be the names of these consignors true
Who conceived the voyages to regions then all new,
Who placed their hopes with no thought of gain
Which gave the nation this grand domain.
Their names seldom uttered, but little known,
The simple dignity of a marble stone
Tells where they lay in New England far away,
Their country got all they won,
But their work will stay.