

THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS

Then down with the cur that questions,—
let him slink to his craven den,—
For he daren't deny our hot reply as to
"who are our mounted men."
He shall honor them east and westward, he
shall honor them south and north,
He shall bare his head to that coat of red
wherever that red rides forth.
'Tis well that he knows the fibre that the
great Northwest contains,
The Northwest pride in her men that ride
on the Territorial plains,—
For of such as these are the muscles and
the teeth in the Lion's jaw,
And they keep the peace of our people and
the honor of British law.