

not scratched by selenite, but easily by calcareous spar; specific gravity, 2.90. The acids have no action upon it; before the blow-pipe it is infusible, *per se*; but with borax gives a green glass."

The committee on seal recommended as a device an Indian family, with lodge and canoe, encamped, a single white man visiting them, and receiving from them the calumet of peace. The report was accepted, and the committee discharged. During the following winter, Governor Ramsey and the delegate to Congress devised at Washington the territorial seal. The design was: Falls of St. Anthony in the distance; an emigrant ploughing the land on the borders of the Indian country, full of hope, and looking forward to the possession of the hunting-grounds beyond. An Indian, amazed at the sight of the plough, and fleeing on horseback towards the setting sun.

The motto of the Earl of Dunraven, "*Quæ sursum volo videre*," "I wish to see what is above," was most appropriately selected by Mr. Sibley, then delegate in Congress, but by the blunder of an engraver it appeared on the Territorial seal "*Quo sursum velo videre*," which no scholar could translate. At length was substituted "*L'Etoile du Nord*," "Star of the North," while the device of the *setting sun* remained, and this is objectionable, as Maine had already placed the North Star on her escutcheon, with the motto "*Dirigo*," "I guide." Perhaps some future Legislature may direct the first motto to be restored, and correctly engraved.

The wife of Captain S. Eastman, who was formerly in command of Fort Snelling, a lady of fine literary qualifications, who, with her husband, has done more than any one to illustrate Dahkotah-land and Dahko-

tah-life, prepared a poem on the "Seal of Minnesota," about the time it was designed.¹

When the Territory of Minnesota was organized, the Indian title had been extinguished of but a small portion of the country. The ceded region was chiefly east of the Mississippi, being bounded on the north by a line extending east from the mouth of the Crow Wing river to the western boundary line of Wisconsin. The lands above were occupied by the Ojibways.

It therefore seemed very desirable to make room for the rushing emigration to procure the right of occupancy to the lands in possession of the Dakotahs west

¹ Give way, give way, young warrior,
Thou and thy steed give way—
Rest not, though lingers on the hills
The red sun's parting ray.
The rocky bluff and prairie land
The white man claims them now,
The symbols of his course are here,
The rifle, axe, and plough.

Not thine, the waters bright whose laugh
Is ringing in thy ear;
Not thine the otter and the lynx,
The wolf and timid deer.
The forest tree, the fairy ring,
The sacred isle and mound
Have passed into another's hands—
Another claimant found.

Give way, give way, young warrior—
Our title would you seek?
'Tis "the rich against the poor,
And the strong against the weak."
We need thy noble rivers,
Thy prairies green and wide,
And thy dark and frowning forests
That skirt the valley's side.

The red man's course is onward—
Nor stayed his footsteps be,
Till by his rugged hunting ground
Beats the relentless sea!
We claim his noble heritage,
And Minnesota's land
Must pass with all its untold wealth
To the white man's grasping hand.

Give way, give way, young warrior,
Thy father's bones may rest
No longer here, where earth has clasped
Them, closely to her breast—
Here, were thy fiercest battles fought—
Here, through the valleys rung
The voices of the victors brave,
As they their triumph sung.

Here, too, with long and braided hair,
Thy maidens in the dance
Rivalled the wild deer's fleetest step,
The wild deer's brightest glance.
And here they gathered oft at eve
From aged lips to hear
How flowed the warrior's heart's best blood,
How fell the maiden's tear.

Give way—I know a thousand ties
Most lovingly must cling,
I know a gush of sorrow deep
Such memories must bring.
Thou and thy noble race from earth
Must soon be passed away,
As echoes die upon the hills,
Or darkness follows day.

Yet hear me still, young warrior,
Thou and thy steed give way—
Rest not, though lingers on the hills
The red sun's parting ray.
The rocky bluff and prairie land
The white man claims them now,
The symbols of his course are here—
The rifle, axe, and plough.