



HON. DAVID R. HASTINGS OF AUBURN.

THE trees all turn to brown and gold,
 In autumntide, we oft are told.
 But here's a man the whole year round
 Turns trees to gold, where're they're found.

He spots the lumber, builds a town,
 And all the while keeps Sturgis down.
 A Nimrod he, both strong and mighty,
 Whose inmost thoughts are never flighty.
 He speaks his mind, tho diplomat,
 And rigid, frigid Democrat.
 If things are right, he'll have his way,
 Tho fight he must till Judgment Day.