He's descended from Hastings and Stuarts, as is shown in the family-crest.
That it goes back to the Battle of Hastings, I hardly would doubt to suggest;
But a strain of that ancient adventure seems to show in the life of a man,
Who has fared to the West, in endeavor, and has lived close to the earth as he can.
The transit and compass, his burdens; the Northern Pacific, his line——
Sixty miles of whose early construction, of his own was the plan and design:
Many years, in the service of railroads, in the West, as well as in Maine;
On Montana's broad acres, a rancher—with his flocks on the hill and the plain:
And now at his home, up in Bethel, the loveliest village out-door
He renews all his boyhood's diversions, in his life on the hill and the moor;
The camp and the woods, for his hunting, where the moose and the deer, he has shot.
And the home, where the outlook entrancing uplifts a man's soul on the spot;
And in business—not quite a diversion, but something to rest by its change——
He has honors that pass not, in the telling, but grow as they come into range——
In short, he is just as he's pictured—a man whom it's a pleasure to meet
And who lives with a rare joy of the living, in comfort and kindness replete.