

## Sacajawea

Behind them toward the rising sun  
The traversed wilderness lay—  
About them gathered—one by one  
The baffling mysteries of their way!  
To Westward, yonder, peak on peak  
The glistening ranges rose and fell,—  
Ah, but among that hundred paths,  
Which led aright? Could any tell?

Brave Lewis and Immortal Clark!  
Bold spirits of that best crusade,  
You gave the waiting world the spark  
That thronged the empire-paths you made!  
Where Westward yon wild rivers whirl,  
The guide who led your hosts aright  
Was that barefoot Shoshone girl!

You halted in those dim arcades—  
You faltered by those baffling peaks—  
You doubted in those pathless glades,  
But ever, ever true she speaks!  
Where lay the perilous snows of Spring,  
Where streams their westward course  
forsook.  
The wildest mountain haunts to her  
Were as an open picture-book!

Where e'r you turned in wonderment  
In that wild empire, unsurveyed,  
Unerring still, she pointed West—  
Unfailing, all your pathways laid!  
She nodded toward the setting sun—  
She raised a finger toward the sea—  
The closed gates opened, one by one,  
And showed your path of Destiny!

The wreath of Triumph give to her;  
She led the conquering Captains West;  
She charted first the trails that led  
The hosts across yon mountain crests!  
Barefoot, she toiled the forest paths,  
Where now the course of empire speeds—  
Can you forget, loved Western land,  
The glory of her deathless deeds?

In yonder city, glory-crowned,  
Where art will vie with art to keep  
The memories of those heroes green—  
The flush of conscious pride should leap  
To see her fair memorial stand  
Among the honored names that be—  
Her face toward the sunset, still,—  
Her finger lifted toward the sea!

Beside you on Fame's pedestal,  
Be her's the glorious fate to stand—  
Bronzed, barefoot, yet a patron saint,  
The keys of empire in her hand!  
The mountain gates that closed to you  
Swung open, as she led the way,—  
So let her lead that hero host  
When comes their glad memorial day!

--Bert Huffman  
Pendleton, Or.  
c.1905