

Its fated occupants, who dwelt so late
 In peace and calm content, that ever wait
 On heaven-approved desires, and only these
 They ever felt and labor'd to appease.
 The chase—the wild, invigorating chase—
 Gave raiment, food and pastime to our race;
 And to its lust of glory ample scope.
 Aspiring to renown, some learned to cope
 With hunters of repute, and satisfied
 At once their wants and their inherent pride.
 And now the few who braved the fell disease
 Have perished one by one (as giant trees
 On the tornado's path, succumb at length
 To time and tempest in declining strength),
 Till I alone have yet to tread the road
 That leads the red man to that blest abode,
 Where loved ones lost are to his arms restored,
 And boundless wilds through endless time ex-
 plored.

NOTE TO THE ABOVE.

The summer of my twenty-second year was
 spent in Wisconsin, and while there I saw an old
 Indian who was said to be the last of his tribe,
 nearly the whole of which perished by the small-
 pox about 40 years before; and of those who sur-
 vived, he was the last. I versified his story, and
 the above is part of my effort, the rest being for-
 gotten. This poem, complete, was one of those
 that I tried in vain to get published in the maga-
 zines. I thought at the time if they rejected it