

THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.

BESIDE a river that through Western woods
 To Erie's lake rolls tributary floods
 A farmer lived: his neighbors call'd him "smart."
 Hard was his visage—harder was his heart.
 "Get all you can and hold it" was his rule—
 The golden maxim taught in mammon's school.
 Yet was he "lib'ral," for he gave abuse
 Unsparingly; the claims of country loose
 He held, and was not "bigoted," they said—
 For—prayerless—he cared not how others pray'd.

One stormy night in Winter to his door
 A stranger came for shelter to implore.
 The open'd door let in the driving blast,
 Which told of perils that the man had past.
 He stept within. How stately was his form!
 He brush'd away the tokens of the storm,
 And stood reveal'd—*the forest's dusky son!*
 But ere to make request he had begun
 The farmer fiercely pointed to the road,
 And said, "Make tracks, you cursèd Indian toad!"

The years slipt by. Our farmer journeying late,
 In search of an acquaintance's estate,
 Pursued, that he might shun a lengthen'd curve,
 A path that spann'd the Indian Reserve;
 But darkness overtook him, and his way
 He lost, and wander'd more and more astray.