

Over your family's, and the arm of God
 Infinite potency to succor either ;
 Can you gainsay the wisdom to assign
 The weightier labor to the stronger arm,—
 Your country's safety to the arm of God,
 And take the meaner charge upon your own ?

Lament of the Last Indian of his Tribe,

WHICH WAS NEARLY EXTERMINATED BY THE
 SMALL-POX.

Like some scarr'd tree upon the mountain's breast,
 Swept by an avalanche of all the rest,
 I stand alone, and wear the scars as well
 Of that dread scourge by which my kindred fell ;
 That terrible disease from which the brave
 Has no defence, no amulet to save
 His loved ones, nor himself—swept o'er the land,
 As sweeps the prairie fire, or wave of sand
 Across the burning waste. Alike the strong
 And feeble perished as it swept along.
 A few survived ; my rugged frame defied
 The withering blight, but all I cherished died.
 And when the demon visitant was fled,
 The living told their fingers for the dead,
 And yet found graves, yet in their tears beheld
 The vacant wigwam and the graves that held