


The hand, the secret poignard drew;
 They fed him who with treach'rous wile,
 The forest maiden's love betray'd;
 And broken-hearted and beguiled,
 Was left to mourn in deeper shade.
 They gave a spot of earth to those,
 Who grasped the whole with reckless hand,
 Till disinherited, their woes
 Are heard alone on desert strand;
 Their parents graves were made beneath
 The mighty monarch's honor'd shade,
 And oft around the sacred spot,
 The Indian orphan knelt and pray'd.
 Where are those graves? Oh, rudely torn,
 The white man's share now marks the spot,
 Where dear remembrance fondly dwelt,
 But now, neglected and forgot.
 From hoar Kathaldin's wreath of snow,
 From grand Monadnoc's cloud capp'd head,
 And all the sunny vales below,
 The Indian race has gone, has fled.
 Of proud Powhattan's princely line,
 Of famed Massasoits regal king,
 His lineage to those ancient kings,
 No scion now remains to trace.
 Gone is their race, all withered now,
 Wampanoug's laurels fade away,
 Their thrones beneath the victor's feet,
 They own the haughty white man's sway.

Freedom, 'tis said, looked down and wept,
 And hope beamed not her radiant smile.
 When Russian might made Poland thrall
 And her fair plains a funeral pile:
 Oh! why were angels tears repress'd,
 Oh where is Freedom's pity now?
 The Indian warriors bleeding crush'd
 Beneath the haughty victor's bow;
 Fondly they clung to long-loved scenes,
 New-England's lovely placid lakes,
 And sparkling rills where oft at noon
 The thirsty Stag his craving slakes.
 Her lovely vales her swelling hills,
 Her mountains tow'ring to the skies;
 No longer shield the native race,
 All have become the white man's prize.
 And southern climes where prairies sweep,
 And broad savannahs meet the skies,
 Where tall grass waves and mocks the deep,
 When wild the swift-winged tempest flies.
 Where are thy lords? oh! where are those
 Who drew the bow, who led the chase,
 Encompassed by a thousand foes?
 They fought—they fell—in thy embrace.
 Beneath the waving grass they lie,
 Their heads are pillowed on their arms;
 And wild-flowers deck the lonely spot,
 And add a sweetness by their charms.
 Come Lethe! o'er the sanguine stain,
 Cast dark oblivion's silent fold,

And dire Avernus' turbid tide
 O'er many a scene of vice has rolled.
 But scenes so dark oblivion's wave,
 Ne'er rolled its gloomy surges o'er,
 A people's wrongs a nation's shame
 Are pictured on that desert shore.
 Nor kindred friend nor hope is near,
 To greet the lonely patriot's eye;
 Before him rolls the sleepless deep,
 Above him bends the vaulted sky.
 The murky clouds with sable fold,
 Send forth the lightnings living flame,
 But stern misfortunes iron grasp,
 That warrior's heart can never tame.
 One glance reveals the distant view,
 The serried column's glancing steel,
 He bid his foes a proud adieu
 Amid the cannon's vivid peal.
 Above the stately warriors form,
 Pacific closed his flashing wave,
 Deep in the coral depths unknown;
 Was made the last brave Indian's grave.
 The lightnings flashed along the surge,
 The thunder boomed far o'er the main;
 It was the noble Indian's dirge,
 It chronicled the white man's shame.

Sophiasburg, Aug., 1849.

REMEDY FOR ASTHMA.

 AN individual who has suffered much from Asthma, and who had in vain sought relief from regular physicians, wishes us to give publicity to the following remedy:

"Procure common blotting paper, and thoroughly saturate it in a solution of nitre, (saltpetre,) and let it be carefully dried by the fire, or exposure to the rays of the sun. On retiring at night, ignite it, and deposit it *burning* on a plate or square of sheet zinc or iron in your bedroom. In many cases, it is said, this has enabled persons painfully afflicted to enjoy their rest."

[Hundreds of nights, within the last five years, when the bitter pain widened the time in proportion as respiration became more difficult: hundreds of nights has the difficulty been lessened by a suspension of what seemed and interminable agony in the smoke of burned nitre. As a means of averting present suffering, the editor of the the Visitor can recommend, from his own experience,