

To prove they were sincere, the triple wampum gave,
 (Emblem of peace) by COVELL's hand they send,
 Who gladly bears it to his anxious friends.
 His friends receive with joy the peaceful sign;
 Enraptur'd hearts in solemn praises join
 T' adore the pow'r, and bless the hand divine
 That could perform such wonders; could control
 The fiercest passions of the savage soul.
 Sure infidels must stand amaz'd, and own
 The gospel has a pow'r to them unknown:
 Own 'twas its gentle influence that subdu'd
 The untam'd savage, and the native rude.

Again commission'd, on his friends' behalf,
 COVELL provides, and bears th' appointed staff
 To the first sachem—and the box, that shows
 The circle of God's love, that does enclose
 The human heart—with silver pipe is sent
 To the chief warrior; but, with wise intent
 To have the tube inserted, by his hands:
 The emphatic sign with ease he understands.
 A token to confirm their wish, to join
 In lasting friendship; shew their whole design
 Was pure benevolence to all the race,
 Though darker hues spread o'er the Indian face:
 Sweet charity embraces all mankind,
 Her ardent zeal flows free, and unconfin'd.

But, ah! his race of glory now is run;
 His labor's finish'd, all his work is done;
 A few revolving weeks, with grief we find,
 Ends his career, and closes his design—
 Death shuts the scene!
 Hark! from the wilderness, of late, we hear—
 The piercing sound salutes the list'ning ear:
 COVELL is dead!—the weeping churches cry:
 COVELL is dead!—the echoing hills reply.

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