

Indian Names.

"How can the red men be forgotten, while so many of our states and territories, rivers and lakes, are designated by their names?"

Ye say they all have passed away
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave,
That 'mid the forest where they roamed
There rings no hunters shout;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

Yes, where Ontario's billow
Like oceans surge is curl'd,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world,
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the West,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,
That cluster'd over the vale,
Have disappear'd as wither'd leaves
Before the Autumn gale;
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown.

Connecticut has wreath'd it
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breath'd it hoarse,
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusetts hides their lingering voice
Within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart.
Monadnock on his forehead hoar
Doth steal the sacred trust,
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye give the winds their dust.

Ye deem those red brow'd brethren
The insects of an hour,
Forgotten and despis'd, amid
The regions of their power.
Ye drive them from their fathers' lands,
Ye break of faith the seal.
But can ye from the Court of Heaven
Exclude their last appeal?

Ye see their unresisting tribes
With toil-worn step and slow,
Onward through trackless deserts press,
A caravan of woe.
Think ye the Eternal's ear is deaf?
His sleepless vision dim?
Think ye the souls blood may not cry
From that far land to Him?