

THE INDIAN'S GRAVE.

I stood in an ancient forest,
On a gentle summer day,
And a mound of earth was near me,
Where a son of the forest lay.

He had trod life's journey weary,
On many a summer day;
But his journey now was ended,
And his body 'neath the clay.

From toil and care he was resting,
On this pleasant summer day,
For his soul has made its exit
To the regions far away.

No more the chase would weary
When summer scenes were gay,
For his race of life was ended,
And his gun beside him lay.

And here he lay all lonely,
For his friends had gone away,
To return again as mourners
On some other summer day.

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Once more, in that ancient forest,
When the spring had passed away,
Where the red man's corpse was buried,
I stood on a summer day.

But that charnel mound was open,
Where the quiet sleeper lay,
For a son of av'rice found him,
And had borne his arms away.

And there his bones lay scattered,
On this lonely summer day,
For his grave was left uncovered
When the robber went away.

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Long years, with their wondrous changes
To the past had rolled away,
And the settler's ax had leveled
That forest, old and gray;

And spring, once more in beauty,
Had brought us the "Merry May,"
And the summer, with its roses,
Had come to us blithe and gay;

And the mower's scythe had severed
The grass, on that summer day,
And I, from the grave of the hunter
Was raking the new made hay;

And the burning sun was setting,
On that sultry summer day,
When the withered grass I gathered
Where the Indian hunter lay.

And near is a growing city,
Hard by the Milwaukee Bay,
And its busy din and murmur
Are heard on each summer day.

But by the "graves of his fathers,"
As the sunlight fades away,
The red man no longer lingers,
For, the Tribes have passed away.

And I pensively reflected,
That we, like a summer day,
Or, the flower in its faded beauty,
Are destined to pass away.

TO MY YOUNGEST SISTER.

Spring, with its verdure and its flowers,
Its bright warm days and sunny hours,
Its brooklets, wandering to the sea,
Its woodland birdsong symphony,
Its breezes, from the prairie driven,
Its gentle rain sent down from heaven,
Its verdant garments on the trees,
Its balmy odor on the breeze,
Once more has come, to charm and bless
Old age and infant loveliness.
And when the lovely spring appears,
It 'minds me of our childhood years;
And memory's mirror brings to view,
A picture well defined and true,
Of youthful scenes and youthful joy,
Which filled my heart while yet a boy.
The homestead, where our mother's voice
Made our young hearts in life rejoice,
With words of kindness, looks of love,
Pure as proceed from hearts above,
Is, to us still, a place most dear,
At any season of the year,
But doubly so when spring doth come,
And smile around our childhood's home;
For, in the springtime of the year,
God sent my youngest sister here.
New life, which nature then imparts,
Accords full well with youthful hearts,
And scenes of youth on memory's page,
All fresh appear in years of age.
While present scenes shall come and go,
Right onward as the rivers flow,
The scenes of my young life shall be,
Bright as the vernal flowers to me.
Though passing years have changed the maid,
Into the matron, prone to fade,
The boy, with auburn tresses fair,
To tottering age with whitened hair,
Yet, faces fair and eyes so bright
Have not yet faded from my sight,
And hearts, so warm, so kind, so good,
Have like a granite pillar stood.
But, when earth's blossoms all decay,
And from its scenes we pass away,
May flowers immortal round us bloom,
"Beyond the confines of the tomb;"
And one eternal spring be ours,
In heaven's amaranthine bowers.