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THE CRY OF THE SEMINOLE.

(The tribe of Indians who still live in the Everglades of Florida.)

The white man saw our land was good; to the north and east
and west,

He left no place for the Seminole where the sole of his foot
might rest.

But he pointed south to the vast lagoons and the marshes dank
and wide,

Where the saw-grass stings, and the swamps are dark where the
deer and otter hide.

Far south, to the marsh of the Everglades, and he said: "Red
brothers see--

The lands of the north are good for us, and the swamps of the
south for yò."

Then we pitched our tents in the Everglades, and fished in the
wide lagoons;

We kept our fathers' feasts and fasts, and danced in the Green
Corn Moons.

We trapped the otter, and shot the deer, and hoed the corn in the
sun--

The Seminole's heart was glad in his breast that his
journeying was done!

But the white man looked once more to the south, where the
swamps and marshes lie,

And forgot the words his fathers' spoke in the days that are
long gone by.

Forgot the words his fathers spoke, for he said: "The land
is fair,

And it is not good that the Seminole should have it for his
lair!

We will dig us ditches, deep and wide, till the lakes run down to
the sea,
That the marshes dry, and the cane shall grow where the deer
and otter be.

And the Everglades shall yieldd us gold--we will plant all
the swamplands low!

But in the swamps the Seminole dwells, and where shall the Semi-
nole go?

White brother! Few are the braves of our tribe, and the
squaws and children weak;

Our eyes are dim, and we cannot see the lands that you bid us seek.

To build in the swamps and bide in the swamps that hold the
bones of our dead,

To trap the otter, and catch the fish, and plant the corn for
our bread--

This only asks our tribe of you, white men of the north and west--

A little place for the Seminole, where the sole of his foot
may rest!