

In the On-on-da-gas learning
And its fluency of tongue !
In the Senecas high sounding,
And eloquence of speech !
In Oneida's whispering softness
And its harmony of tune !
In the pathos of Cayuga,
In emotions of its vengeance
In the sad retaliation
Of the mourning * Tah-gah-jute !
All were people of our forests !
All were people of our valleys !
In their council fires were kindled—
Paling in their dying—embers
Where dear Liberty was nurtured,
In its first creative breathings,
On our flowery fragrant sod !
In the poetry of Nature,
Mournful are their mute petitions
In the everlasting silence .

* Logan.