

"Woe! Woe!  
 Hearken ye!  
 We are diminished!  
 Woe! Woe!  
 The cleared land has become a thicket!  
 Woe! Woe!  
 They are in their graves  
 They who established it,  
 The great League!  
 Yet they declared  
 It should endure—  
 The great league!  
 Woe!  
 Their work has grown old!  
 Woe!  
 Thus are we become miserable!"

The Onondaga document is similar in spirit. It begins with the speech of the sympathizer: "I come to your door where you are mourning in great darkness, prostrate with grief," and closes with the choice of a successor to the dead chief. Such is "The Book of Rites," which, Mr. Hale thinks, affords unquestionable evidence of the character both of those who composed it and of those who received it. For traditions, gathered by Europeans from the lips of Indians, for speeches reported to have been delivered at council or negotiation, we are at no loss, but "The Book of Rites" is the only instance extant of an Indian production, of a time preceding the discovery of America, composed in an Indian language and throwing light on Indian history and character. Mr. Hale's work is made exceedingly valuable by an introduction, in ten chapters, treating, in succession, of the Huron-Iroquois nations, the league, and its founders and laws, and the character, policy, language and customs of the federate tribes.

Of books written by Indians in English, a few have been already mentioned and, in dealing with the nations of Central and South America, we have seen that they also used the language of their Spanish conquerors as a medium for literary composition. Many others, written in these and other tongues, might be mentioned, which are, at least, sufficient to prove that the native races are not quite devoid of the literary instinct, though, from the force of circumstances, their oratorical powers were more developed. It is not generally known, perhaps, that Chief Joseph has written a history of his Oregon campaign in "Nez Percé" hieroglyphics—a work which is said to have brought him more renown among his people than his warlike exploits. No grander-looking Indian, it is said, has appeared since the days of Black Hawk. The present chief of the Cherokees is, like not a few others of the civilized chiefs, a minister of the Gospel, and preaches eloquent sermons in his own tongue. Poetic talent has been by no means wanting among the northern Indians. Some of their traditions and folk-tales are imbued with the true spirit of poesy, though no chief that I am aware of has, like the sad sovereign of Tezcucó, left seventy odes as the fruit of his devotion to the muse. If the best of the scattered productions of northern genius were, however, collected and properly edited, they might form no contemptible anthology. Those who are interested in the subject will eagerly await the publication of Dr. Brinton's promised work, in which the North will, doubtless, have due place, as well as the selections now in preparation by the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington. When they appear, it may be seen that the grand and beautiful scenery of the