

deplore that civilized nations should resort to such barbarous allies as the Indians: your own strong and poetical imagination could hardly fancy anything more horrible than a number of these engaged in a war dance;—imagine you see twenty or thirty of these warriors, half naked, painted in various forms, so as to increase an appearance of ferocity; their hair crossed in war stile, and their arms covered with plates of brass or silver; each with a scalping knife in his belt, and brandishing a tomahawk or small axe as bright as silver; a kind of gong is struck by one of them, which emits a dismal and unmusical sound, the whole number of warriors flourishing their tomahawks, set up the war whoop, a sound so terrific and savage, that it cannot be heard without a chilling emotion of terror, that penetrates to the very soul; the rest consisted of running, springing, creeping, gashing with the tomahawk, and scalping; all accompanied with such barbarous yells and ferocious looks, such writhing and twisting of the body and distortions of the countenance, that if a little colony of demons were to emigrate from the bottomless pit, their exhibitions would hardly be more terrific. Such is an Indian war dance, which, in fact, is no other than a real representation of their ferocious and inhuman mode of fighting; and yet these Oneida Indians have been somewhat civilized; have had missionaries among them; and have, in a limited degree, learned the arts of agriculture.

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.