

nor even the *necessity*, of those of us who can, standing forth with our own pen and voices, in behalf of that *same right* and *that same weal* as connected with ourselves, which have been and now are, by a powerful and perhaps *fatal* agency, almost fatally jeopardized.

It has been said and reiterated so frequently as to have obtained the familiarity of household words, that it is the *doom* of the Indian to disappear—to vanish like the morning dew, before the advance of civilization: and melancholy is it to us—those doomed ones—that the history of this country, in respect to *us* and its civilization, has furnished so much ground for the saying, and for giving credence to it.

But *whence* and why are we thus doomed? Why must we be crushed by the arm of civilization, or the requiem of our race be chaunted by the waves of the Pacific, which is destined to engulf us?

It has been so long and so often said as to have gained general credence, that our *natural constitution* is such as to render us incapable of apprehending, and incompetent to practice, upon those principles from which result the *characteristic* qualities of christian civilization; and so by a necessary consequence, under the sanction of acknowledged principles of moral law, we must yield ourselves sacrifices, doomed by the constitution which the Almighty has made for us, to that *other race* of human beings, whom the same Almighty has endowed with a more noble and more worthy constitution.

These are the premises; these the arguments; these the conclusions; and if they are *true*, and *just*, and *legitimate*, in the language of the poet, we must say,

“God of the just—thou gavest the bitter cup,
We bow to thy behest, and drink it up.”