

which that page of your nation's history, which contains an account of it must ever be—*blot out the fact*, I say, before you rise up to call an Indian treacherous or cruel.) Call to mind *these* and a thousand others, whom I have not time to mention, and my point is gained.

Here then the fundamental elements of the best estate of human nature are admitted as existing in the natural constitution of the Indian. The question now comes, are these elements susceptible of cultivation and improvement, so as to entitle their possessors, to the rank which civilization and christianity bestow?

For an instance of active pity of *deep, rational active* pity, and the attendant intellectual qualities, I ask you to call to mind the *story-surpassing-romance* of Pocahontas; she who threw herself between a supposed inimical stranger, and the deadly club which had been raised, by the stern edict of her stern father—she begged for the victim's life—she obtained his deliverance from the jaws of death by appealing to the affections which existed in the bosom of her Father, savage as he was, and which affections overcame the fell intent which had caused him to pronounce the white man's doom. From this time she received the instruction, imbibed the principles and sentiments; adopted the manners and customs of the whites; in her bosom burned *purely and rationally* the flame of love, in accordance with the promptings of which, she offered herself at the Hymenial altar, to take the nuptial ties with a son of Christian England. The offspring of this marriage have been, *with pride* claimed as *sons* and citizens of the noble and venerable State of Virginia.

Ye who love prayer, hover in your imagination around the cot of Brown, and listen to the strong supplications as they arise from the fervent heart of Catherine, and then tell me whether “the poor Indian whose untutored mind sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind,” is not capable by cultivation, of rationally comprehending the *true God* whose pavillion, though it be the *clouds*, still giveth grace even *to the humble*.

But perhaps I am indulging too much in minuteness. Let me then refer to one more instance which covers the whole ground and sets the point under consideration beyond dispute. The ill-starred Cherokees stand forth in colors of living light, reedeeming the Indian character from the foul aspersions that it is not susceptible of civilization and Christianization. In most of the arts which characterise civilized life, this nation in the aggregate, have made rapid and long advances. The arts of peace in all their varieties, on which depend the