

night sky, and the yells of the savage, mingling with the shrieks of butchered victims, rode, as portentous messengers, upon every gale. But that state of things has long ceased to exist. The white men of America have become too numerous, to fear any longer the effects of savage barbarity; and the tales, which once carried terror to the stoutest heart, are now scarcely heard beyond the precincts of the nursery. In the room of fear, should now arise a sentiment of pity. "The red men are melting," to borrow the expressive metaphor of one of their most celebrated warriors*—"like snow before the sun;" and we should be anxious, before it is too late, to copy the evanescent features of their character, and perpetuate them on the page of history.

But when fear ceases, contempt is a natural consequence. The Indian, whose character was once so lofty and independent, is now seen begging at our doors for the price of his perdition; and, as our foot spurns the suppliant, we are apt to think, that nothing, connected with one so vile, can be worthy of our attention. But is it fair to judge from so vitiated a specimen? When a race of men are mingled with others, who consider them as inferiors, they inevitably become so. Submission to contempt, is an acknowledgment of its justice. If, therefore, the

* The noted Miami Chief Mishikinakwa, or Little Turtle, who contributed most to the defeat of St. Clair. See Volney's View of the soil and climate of the United States. Supplement, No. VI. Philad. 1804, p. 385.