

of obscurity, will at times start up like an avenging ghost, to haunt us with the accusation of injustice and crime. Ay, these are harsh words, but the terrible truth, though it burn to the core, must not be saved over with the unctiousness of smooth phrases. We are the sole and only cause of their overwhelming misery, their gradual extinction; directly, by lawless appropriation of their hunting grounds, in utter violation of every principle of justice, human or divine, which is supposed to influence the conduct of a christian people; indirectly, through the propagation of disease in its most harrowing forms, and the blighting introduction of that direst of all plagues—the accursed “fire-water,” which metaphorical designation is most strongly illustrative of its destructive effects. What the grasping ambition and cruelty of the white man failed fully to accomplish, the wasting sword of pestilence and dissipation has fatally consummated. They are passing away from the presence of the stranger, with the groves that gave shelter to their wigwams, the woods where their fathers hunted the deer, and they frolicked in happy childhood. Every tree that bows its proud head beneath the axe of the settler is a death-knell to their vanishing tribes. Driven back as exiles from their country, and sacrificed at the shrine of an inhuman policy, with numbers fearfully diminished, the unflinching heroism of their ancestors burns brightly still within their hearts, as their republican persecutors have reluctantly proved—“with all the scorn of Death and chains.” Even at the present period, the flaming hamlet and bloody deed of retaliation bear witness, in their own figurative enunciation, that “the grass has not yet grown upon their war-path.” In a few years the record of their names, their noble struggle, their impassioned eloquence, will live but in the cold historic page, or faintly linger in the memory of those “who linked them fast to sorrow;” and, perchance, like ourselves, many a curious mortal may hereafter intrude upon their peaceful slumbers, and recreate with fanciful enthusiasm a sylvan dwelling for the children of the red-man; clothing the dishonoured hills and vales with the gorgeous mantle of primeval nature, and casting the solemn shade of dark foliage on the lakes and streams, scarce ruffled by the graceful motion of the light canoe, whose grave occupant seems a natural adjunct to the wild majesty of the scene; or touching the secret spring of those fierce passions ever dormant beneath the calmest exterior, the most unsuspecting repose, fill the sanctuaries of a fictitious wilder-

ness with the unhallowed voice of strife, and enact again some of those dark episodes of Indian warfare, to adorn the vista of a tale. When the hunter’s form is seen no more in the dismantled woods, and the song and dance are forever hushed, perhaps we may experience a tardy sensation of pity and regret for those who are beyond the aid of an impulsive charity.—We rear the germ of a great city without casting a thought upon the generation crumbling beneath, which, if it wake not a throb of sympathy, may teach, at least, a humiliating lesson to our pride—the moral of the impartial grave. Alas! we have little kindred feeling for those removed from our peculiar circle of selfish association;—should we not discard all narrow conception of moral obligation to our fellow creatures, and embrace, within the scope of a comprehensive benevolence, every individual composing the family of the human race! And, O ye Legislators and Philanthropists! who yearly expend large means upon projects of speculative utility, if you come forward ever in the last hour with generous determination to lighten in some respect the dark shadow that sullies the vaunted integrity of the national character, incalculable misery may be averted, and blessings, instead of bitter curses, your reward. Pour out, not hundreds but thousands in the furtherance of this good cause, that it is a good cause, who will attempt to deny? Have we not palpable proofs daily before our eyes of utter want and wretchedness clothed in all the loathsomeness of abandonment and shame? Look at that shrivelled remnant of what was once a powerful, energetic man!—his ragged garments a mockery to the piercing blast; which, by implanting the seeds of mortal infirmity, only hastens the inevitable result—lying in helpless intoxication at the corner of a street, an object of contempt and ridicule to the sordid wretch who administered the draft that consumes his vitals; is not *there* a fitting subject for the purposes of amelioration? It is needless to attribute his abandonment to the influence of depraved propensities; why place temptation in his path?—nor is it wonderful that the poor, untutored Indian should be incapable of resisting the delusive pleasure, which yields a temporary alleviation of suffering, when so many—possessing wealth and every advantage of moral and intellectual culture, are its unresisting victims.

We have been led far beyond our intended limits in the foregoing remarks, but it must be confessed, that we are apt to feel rather weary upon the subject, and could consign a volume