

task to teach such minds the peaceful arts of civilised society; to reclaim such prolific soil to the choicest productions, to transform the fertile forest to a blooming garden!

I look forward with pleasure to the task I have undertaken voluntarily. The motives are no less than the preservation of a high-minded, noble race of the human family, who have been debased, cheated and slandered, from a destruction which inevitably awaits them, unless some kind arm be interposed to arrest the causes which are rapidly hurrying them to oblivion. The very thought that such a people, inheriting such distinguished gifts from nature, should eventually become extinct, without records even to tell their melancholy fate, must be truly affecting to those who think seriously on the subject. To me, whose liveliest associations and earliest impressions were derived amongst them, it is indescribably painful. I cannot reconcile it to my feelings to believe it. Independent of the encroachments of the white population, their present mode of life exposes them to a great source of destruction. I mean their being dependent on the precarious supply of nature for subsistence. Compelled to follow the roving herds into distant regions, they arrive in an enemy's country sometimes almost famished with hunger, worn down with fatigue, and frequently tortured with disease. This is almost a perpetual cause of war with one or more tribes. Fix the roving native at home, a home he can call his own; even if he only half cultivates his corn, and but a little spot, under the nurturing influence of a genial sun, in the