

"barously massacred by the whites, and so often deceived  
 "by them, that the memory thereof is carefully preserved,  
 "and handed down from father to son, in order to keep the  
 "rising race sufficiently on their guard against our future  
 "snares and treacherous designs."

"THE white Americans also have the most ran-  
 "corous antipathy to the whole race of Indians; and noth-  
 "ing is more common than to hear them talk of extirpating  
 "them totally from the face of the earth, men, women, and  
 "children."

I WOULD here recommend to the perusal of the reader, the observations contained in the 6th page of my first Address and the 51st page of the second on this subject; indeed I could fill whole volumes with the cruel and illiberal observations of the white people in my conversations with them; on the plan now pursuing for bettering the situation of the Indians in this Colony, but it is in the nature of things says a late writer, "*that the oppressed are hated because they are injured, and again injured because they are hated.*"

THERE may be great truth in the favourite principle of the white Colonists, that the claims of Savages to grounds which they can only occupy for hunting, ought not to arrest the progress of civilization; but this maxim rests upon principles which the mind of a Savage cannot be expected to comprehend. He argues more directly; he says "you take away our hunting grounds, you take away our food; and therefore you cannot be our friends." These remarks are illustrated in the following extract from a speech to the American Commanding Officer of the Yellow Stone Expedition by an Indian Chief, while in custody as an hostage for the alleged bad conduct of some of his tribe, who were accused of robbing the white American hunters of their game, ammunition &c. communicated in Jan. 1819.

"FATHER—Your young men are prescribed with-  
 "in certain bounds; not one of them can pass that chain  
 "of sentinels without your permission, thus ever within  
 "your power you govern them with ease. My warriors  
 "impatient of restraint as the wild horse in the toils of the  
 "hunter, brook no controul, free as the air which they