

rence at Indian inroads—those who are so eloquent about the bitterness of Indian reerimination—let them turn to the horrible victory of general Coffee, and be silent.

“As yet our government has in some measure restrained the tide of vengeance, and inculcated lenity towards the hapless Indians who have been duped into the present war. Such temper is worthy of an enlightened government—let it still be observed—let sharp rebuke and signal punishment be inflicted on those who abuse their delegated power, and disgrace their victories with massacre and conflagration. The enormities of the Indians form no excuse for the enormities of white men. It has pleased heaven to give them but limited powers of mind, and feeble lights to guide their judgments; it becomes us who are blessed with higher intellects to think for them, and to set them an example of humanity. It is the nature of vengeance, if unrestrained, to be headlong in its actions, and to lay up, in a moment of passion, ample cause for an age’s repentance. We may roll over these miserable beings with our chariot wheels, and crush them to the earth; but when war has done its worst—when passion has subsided, and it is too late to pity or to save—we shall look back with unavailing compunction at the mangled corpses of those whose cries were unheeded in the fury of our career.

“Let the fate of war go as it may, the fate of those ignorant tribes that have been inveigled from their forests to mingle in the strife of white men, will be inevitably the same. In the collision of two powerful nations, these intervening particles of population will be crumbled to dust, and scattered to the winds of heaven. In a little while, and they will go the way that so many tribes have gone before. The few hordes