

Among many of the Indian tribes, the small-pox is of all diseases, the most fatal and destructive to life. The melancholy picture drawn by Sir A. Mackenzie on this subject must interest the feelings of every reader possessing but the slightest degree of humanity. Speaking of the attempt made by some Indian nations to extirpate from their country the European traders; he says,

—“ Nothing but the greatest calamity that could have befallen the natives, saved the traders from destruction; this was the small-pox, which spread its destructive and desolating power, as fire consumes the dry grass of the field. The fatal infection spread around with a baneful rapidity which no flight could escape, and with a fatal effect that nothing could resist. It destroyed with its pestilential breath whole families and tribes; and the horrid scene, presented, to those who had the melancholy and afflicting opportunity of beholding it, a combination of the dead, the dying, and such, as to avoid the horrid fate of their friends around, seemed prepared to disappoint the plague of its prey, by terminating their own existence.

“ The habits and lives of these devoted people, which provided not to-day for the wants of to-morrow, must have heightened the pains of such an affliction, by leaving them not only without remedy, but even without alleviation. Nought was left them but to submit in agony and despair.

“ To aggravate the picture, if aggravation were possible, may be added the putrid carcasses which the wolves, with a furious voracity, dragged forth from the huts, or which were mangled within them by dogs whose hunger was satisfied with the disfigured remains of their masters. Nor was it uncommon for the father of a family, whom the infection had not reached, to