

These poor people, whose cruel fate posterity will lament, whose countries for more than half-a-century have been scourged (and in some places depopulated) by rum and whisky and smallpox, and who are now being driven into the mountains, will certainly perish there; but, in their death-struggle, will as certainly wreak a cruel and costly vengeance on the powers that are sending them there, as well as upon the settlers of the frontiers and the innocent travellers who venture to cross the vast and uninhabited solitudes of the great plains and the Rocky Mountains.

The remnants of numerous tribes driven from both sides into the desolate wilds and wastes of the Rocky Mountains, alike impressed with the undying sense of white man's cruelty to teach to their children, will there unite for sway and vengeance in regions which require but little in addition to their natural features to bid defiance to white man's existence.

Across those vast, and frozen, and uninhabitable tracts the United States are sending mail-bags on the backs of ponies, and telegraphs by a single wire, and might have done so for the fifty years past and for the fifty years to come, without molestation from the Indians; but how long, in a state of war, and war for *extermination*, can this be done?

Other wires are to be stretched amongst the rocks, and a railway is to be built, and is *being* built, and goods, and valuable treasures, and human life are to be wheeled by day and by night over and through those