

sacrificed their own independence, becoming accustomed to the luxuries introduced among them, depending on the strangers for clothes and ammunition, even forgetting how to make the rude utensils of their forefathers. So, whereas it had once been a high point of Indian morals never to destroy wantonly game not required for food, they now, to purchase these things, killed off, for the sake of their furs, the animals that were like a golden-egged goose to them, and had to retire farther and farther into the wilderness, as the bear and beaver were exterminated from one district after another, thus banishing themselves from their native woods faster than they were driven out by force. So the trader did more than the fighter to clear the country for the plough.

The change had to come, by whatever means brought about. Old Mother Earth, as her large family grows, can't afford to go on indulging such wasteful ways as those of the red men. Every deer they ate took up a whole farm for its pasture of leaves and moss; every half-starved band required for their subsistence a tract of land large enough, if rightly managed, to feed a town. When an active and shifty race were increasing and multiplying over the whole New World, the Indian could not be kept on such terms. Sentimentalists may lament over him, romancers may dream about him, philanthropists may labour for him so often in vain; but the son of the forest, clinging to his savage instincts, his impracticable virtues and incurable vices, is fated to vanish along with his native swamps and jungles, leaving the soil for those who can make the most of it. He can remain in his old home only on condition of ceasing to be that type of man which we know as the Red Indian.