

AND THE THINGS OF THE WILD

Out of this carnage came the sentiment which found expression in that remotely humorous saying "All good Indians are dead," to which the Red Man, through one of his interpreters, replies:

The whiteman's blood is pale and cold,
(The Red Man's blood is red,)
And, like the Red Man, I've been told
He's good man—when he's dead.

The Red Man opens up a game .
That no man knew about,
The white man jumps the Red Man's claim
And rules the Red Man out,
No doubt—
He rules the Red Man out.

The Red Man, like the red deer, had no rights that the average white man of that tempestuous period felt called upon to respect.

A parson came upon a cowboy cursing an Indian, and remonstrated, saying, "You should not curse a fellow creature as you have cursed this man." The cowboy looked at the parson, squinting in the summer sun, and said, "Say, now, Parson, youall don't reckon Injuns is folks."

This was not an uncommon sentiment. It seemed to be in the air.

Now I am not casting these stones because I am myself without sin; I've killed Indians. A Boston critic, putting down my third literary offense, wrote, that in his opinion, I had killed more Indians in three books than Custer killed in three years.

In proof of my contention that all this was the fault of the age and the result of early environment, I find that since coming to Canada, without giving the matter a single moment's thought, I have stopped killing Indians. This is partly due to the fact that killing Indians was never a popular pastime in Canada. There's no open season for Injuns up here. Also the northern Indian is, by my measurement, a better Indian than his red brother of the south. At the risk of shocking some of you, I am ready to say, that he is a better