

animal sealed his fate. Finally we must note how the possession of firewater, guns and horses transformed many of the Indian tribes from a more or less stationary people, dwelling in the woods or on the plains and devoting all their time to hunting and fishing, to men whose chief ambition was the acquirement of renown in plundering and war-like pursuits. In their deadly feuds with one another, they have been encouraged by the whites. It is truly astonishing to behold the change for the worst wrought by the advent of civilization amongst them. Even the Apaches, by all odds the wildest, fiercest and most cruel of the American tribes, is fast succumbing to the worst side of civilization.

Yes, the proud red-men will soon be gone, gone forever. Their arrows are broken, their lodges are in dust, their war cry is receding to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains and read their doom in the setting sun. Without tears, without groans or reproaches they pass mournfully by us. Their looks are not those of vengeance and submission but of stern necessity. Soon they will live but in the word and song of their exterminators. But as we, a wasting pestilence to them, have been the cause of their doom, let us at least, as men, pay a lasting tribute to their memory. We came, we saw, and by our restless energy we conquered. As such we should rise equal to the responsibilities we have imposed upon ourselves. Let us, by the aid of our superior natural gifts, raise the remnant of these children of nature to a higher plane of living. When in the leisure months of summer, we may stray in the depths of wooded nature, in the shaded valleys traversed by babbling brooks and gushing rivulets, when in some ideal spot we repose encircled by creeping vines and the mild fragrance of wild flowers, or when on beach or cliff we pitch our tent in mimicry of the wigwam; then let us reflect that we are enjoying the outraged and stolen heritage of the once proud red-man.

R. BYRNES, '05.