

to the vibrations of the sentiment of poetry and romance. That he was of a race inherently inferior to the white we decline to admit. Rather was he of a race that may be compared to the white in exactly the same way that night may be compared to day—less glaring, less clamorous, less vulgar, but not less splendid or less beautiful, and, in addition, possessing those very qualities of mystery which we are accustomed to attach to earth and “all that it inhabits” when the orb of day has disappeared from view.

Of the mechanical arts the Indian knew practically nothing, and if also we should say that in language, institutions and laws he surely could not be compared so ambitiously, we should, however, find that the comparison still holds, and that nowhere in the world or in the history of man was the theory of human liberty, founded upon the principle of pure individualism, ever so simply and so perfectly worked out. Not Herbert Spencer himself could have wished for a more perfect specimen of his man of freedom, where *laissez-faire* and *laissez-aller* were represented by theoretically unrestrained freedom acting in a practically limitless field. The dignity of the Indian, and all that it comprehends, was the Indian's first and last glory and consideration. An alert mind, a vivid imagination, a spirit of natural refinement (even in cruelty), a faultless physique, all grafted upon a temperament essentially romantic, produced a figure unique in human history.

His laws, though unwritten, were not less immutable than those of the Medes and Persians, but they