

Although it has been a good many years since the first settlement of this country, and the whites have been surrounded with Indians most of the time, they know but little about them. The relentless march of civilization will soon bear away before it the Indian, with his legends and traditions. I, with many others, regret to see the tendency to substitute new names, for the euphonious Indian titles, to various localities. We have taken the Indian's lands, and driven him from his home; and it is as little as we can do, to perpetuate the names he has given to the mountains, valleys, rocks and rivers he loved so well, and fought so hard to defend.

There is much of the grand and beautiful in the scenery of the far Northwest, and connected with many of the scenes, are myths and legends, which, in future years, would be read with absorbing interest. If we could place in the hands of the tourists, who will flock to this country, guide books, or descriptions of our scenery, with the ancient legends connected therewith, we would greatly enhance the pleasure of gazing on the scenes. Could we see the country as the Indians see it, through the light of wondrous legends, that have come down to them from the past, it would seem to us, not only as home, but as the land of magic, of spirits, and of genii. The mountains, rivers, lakes, rocks, and widening and winding valleys, would open up to our vision as the home of fairies, the land of marvels, the battle-field of gods, and the scenes of wonderful enactments in a dim and misty past. There would linger round each beautiful spot, a magic spell, that would heighten interest and deepen our love for this favored land of the Pacific Northwest.

With the scream of the iron horse, and clack of the mill or factory, the Indian, with his romances, fades away like the mists, and is gone. The onward tread of the invincible Anglo-Saxon sweeps relentlessly away the present, and with the present, the past and the hope for the future, of the poor aborigine.

There is something pathetic in the fate of the Indian. For unknown ages, his race has struggled alone, on a continent isolated from the civilization of the East. He has wrestled with the problem of destiny, with no guiding star, and at last yields his country, to be a home for strangers, and goes out of existence as a race, without leaving even so much as a history behind him. The plowshare of the pale-face has turned the sod over the graves of his fathers. A few names attached to scattering localities, a few rude characters carved on the walls of nature's battlements, a few mysterious mounds, and we have all that is left to tell of the centuries of a nation's ambitions, struggles, sufferings, migrations and final ruin. All that is known of the hopes, fears, loves, battles, intellectual, physical and moral life of uncounted millions of human beings, that have lived in this country, might almost be recorded with a single drop of ink, and then the history closes and oblivion engulfs all the rest. The Indian's home is gone, his kindred are buried, the web of fancy pictures, that formed his religion and philosophy, is broken; he has no faith in those who have crushed and ruined him, and there is nothing left for him to do but to die; and he is told, in the grim humor of the cowboy creed, that an Indian is never good until he is dead.

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