

hundred years ago, for the sole benefit of this tribe, by the Great Spirit. A better selection could not have been made. He was fleet; his progeny was fleet; this pony was his counterpart though he had only seen four snows. He had been on the war path four days, during which the pony had neither rest nor food—he could have gone six, yes eight days. He was wise as a serpent, gentle as a dove and harmless as a young antelope. He was dear to him as the apple of his eye. The harangue is finished and we not being able to dispute the matter coincide with him. He will now sell the pony, “fifty dollar—you take.” We decline the bargain as if we wanted such we could get one for less than half the money. He now offers a fair square trade for a woman, the wife of a man belonging to our “crowd.” Before going any further let us see who this man and his wife are, where they are going and how they happen to be here. The man belonged to the good town of St. John, N. B.; his surname we have forgotten, though he told it to us several times, but he was known in the train by the name of John the Baptist, and answered to it as if it belonged to him. John was tall—about six feet, and might have been much more if he could have got rid of a very considerable stoop, commonly known as “round shoulders.” John was by no means prepossessing. He had evidently studied the history of Sampson closely, and having noted how the strong man lost his strength, was determined to preserve his locks in their integrity. His crop of hair was prodigious, and his bushy whiskers were of that peculiarly dirty, tawny color which it is as impossible to describe as it is to forget—something of the shade of flax which had just begun to bleach. In his upper jaw are two ponderous teeth which make the closing of his mouth an impossibility, and yet there is an air of good nature about the man which softens and relieves much of the harshness of feature. John’s clothing does not add much to his attractiveness. The material is rough and ill-made, and the hat, broad of brim, battered and broken from constant use as a night-cap, would be of itself sufficient evidence to destroy the reputation of the greatest saint in the Calendar. John’s appearance was the worst of him, for after considerable acquaintance we found him to be a first rate fellow. Well, John had married in Massachusetts, if I remember right, and there settled. Getting restless he moved to Lawrence in Kansas, and got what property he had, destroyed at the time this place was sacked by the border ruffians. Moving