

consternation that he woke up Mr. Jack to say that Smith's "old man" was coming. Next morning Mr. Jack offered Saugus two dollars to go up the mountain for a knife which Smith had left sticking in a spruce tree, but Saugus was not to be tempted by the bribe to take so dangerous a journey.¹

INDIAN ENDURANCE.

A young Maliseet Indian named Peter Loler,² who lived on the St. John river about thirty-five years ago, was noted in his time for swiftness of foot and powers of endurance. On a certain occasion he presented himself to the driver of the old four-in-hand stage coach for a passage from Fredericton to Woodstock, the distance being rather more than sixty miles. The driver was the celebrated John Turner, one of the most accomplished whips of his generation, and popular with all travellers. The stage coach was pretty well filled, the day was warm, and Turner after a brief consultation with his passengers declined the Indian's money, telling him in plain Saxon that "his room was better than his company." This angered Loler, who replied, "All right, John! Me be in Woodstock first!"

At 8 o'clock, a. m., Indian and stage coach left Fredericton together, and together they proceeded, and despite Turner's endeavor to throw dust in the Indian's face, the latter was always a little in advance. He stopped at every place the stage stopped to change horses (this occurred four or five times on the journey), and took his dinner with Indian solemnity along with the passengers at the "half-way house." As they drew near their destination, the Indian's savage nature seemed to assert itself; he ran like a deer, waving his cap at intervals, as he passed the farm houses, and shouting defiantly.

Turner now began to ply the whip in earnest, for he had no intention of allowing the redskin to beat him out. The passengers by this time had begun to wager their money on the result of the race, and grew wild with excitement. The Indian camping ground, three miles below Woodstock, was passed with Loler fifty yards in advance: but the camping-ground was not Peter's destination. He saluted it with a war whoop and hurried on. It was still early in the afternoon when the quiet citizens of Woodstock were aroused in a manner utterly unexpected. The stage coach came tearing into town at the heels of

¹See Hannay's History of Acadia, p. 56.

²The Maliseet form of the French name Laurent (English, Lawrence).