

It may almost be said of the western Indian that, like the Mexican, he spends the greater part of his life on horseback. His pony is always at hand, tied to some conveniently situated tree or post, or held by some of the young lads. We were puzzled to account for the manner in which the pony managed to live, and grow fat under circumstances which seemed to indicate extreme hardship, and could only account for it under the supposition that the owner had many of them, and consequently changed his steed often. These ponies are small and very handsome, docile and kind in disposition, and possessed of endurance which almost rivals the far famed Arabian. His weight we should judge to be from five to eight hundred pounds, and his color is for the most part red (bay), though we have seen some few, patched and mottled in a manner that, like Joseph amongst his brethren, must cause them to be greatly envied. No bit is ever put into the mouth of this animal; the means of guiding him being a halter which fits closely about the nose. The red brother seldom indulges in the luxury of a saddle; in fact his discoveries in this department of mechanics have not been such as to afford him any great amount of self congratulation. We certainly have seen a rude pair of stirrups thrown over a fold of buckskin on the back of the animal, and this is about the sum total of the Indian's improvement on nature; the back of the pony is, however, so round that except for a support to the legs, or as a means of keeping steady in the seat, such a thing is not needed. When within fifteen to twenty miles of a village we can see Indians galloping in every direction, some in pursuit of game, such as the antelope and buffalo, while others seem to race around in mere wantonness, their blankets streaming in the wind at half-mast, like the flag of a ship in distress. The top-knot bushed to the utmost, and decorated with many floating strips of various colored cloth, gives to them an appearance of wildness and oddity in complete harmony with the surroundings. The way-faring man is sure of a visit from his red brother, long ere he arrives at the village, and this visit has something remarkable about it, inasmuch, as it invariably happens about meal time. We do not mean to insinuate by this casual remark, that the red brother comes around as a beggar of eatables. By no means. We notice, however, that anything connected with eating or drinking, cooking or baking, possesses an interest for him bordering on the marvellous. The operation of bread-making is evidently a fruitful

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