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jokingly inquired of the chief trader if he had ever been obliged to use this cannon for defensive purposes. He laughed as he replied: "There is a tradition that at some remote period the guns were actually fired, not at the rebellious natives, but over their heads; instead of being terror-stricken at the white man's thunder, away they all scampered in pursuit of the ball, found it, and, marching in triumph back to the fort gate, offered to trade it, that it might be fired again!"

Breakfast finished, the trader, captain, and myself started for the village. Clear of the gates, we scrambled down a rocky path, crossed a mountain burn dividing the Indians from the fort, and entered "the City of the Redskins," which consists of a long row of huts, each hut nearly square, the exterior fantastically frescoed in hieroglyphic patterns, in white, red, and blue, having, however, a symbolic meaning or heraldic value, like the *totem* of the Indians east of the Rocky Mountains; four immense trees, barked and worked smooth, support each corner, the tops, like pediments to a column, carved to resemble some horrible monster; the hut constructed of cedar plank chipped from the solid tree with chisels and hatchets made of stone: many hands combine to accomplish this, hence a hut becomes the joint property of several families. Five tribes live at this village:—

Qua-Kars (numbering about)	. 800	warriors
Qual-quilths	" . 100	"
Kum-cutes	" . 70	"
Wan-lish	" . 50	"
Look-qua-lillas	" . 80	"

The entire population, even to the dogs, turned out on our advent. It was puzzling to imagine where they all came from. We soon formed the centre of the vilest assemblage man ever beheld; nothing I have ever seen in pictures or pantomime portraying demons, was half as ugly. The object of our visit was soon made known, and a ring was immediately formed by chiefs and braves, the squaws and children outside.

Had any charming princess, captive in an enchanted castle, been guarded by such a collection of painted ragamuffins as now surrounded us, he would have been a valorous knight that had dared venture to release her.

The first question discussed being the price, a much larger sum was asked than we felt disposed to pay. Although the slave belonged solely to one Indian, the power to sell resting with him only, still everyone had their say. Men gurgled and spluttered strangely unintelligible noises, women chattered and screamed

like furies, whilst children engaged in small battles outside the ring.

Thirty blankets and two trade guns—equal to 50*l* sterling, the price to be paid—were the terms at last agreed on. We then adjourned to the shed where the slave was a prisoner.

I was in a great state of expectation, picturing to myself an Indian Hebe, limbs exquisitely moulded, native grace and elegance in every movement, gorgeous in "wampum," paint, and waving feathers,—such as I had read of as "Laughing Water," or "Prairie Flower," in the full bloom of youthful loveliness.

Being carried, so to speak, into the shed, a waif in the stream of savages rushing like a human torrent to get in, with all the breath squeezed out of me, I was deposited somewhere; but as my head was enveloped in a dense cloud of pungent smoke, it was some time ere I discovered I was close to the captain. "Sit down," he roared, "you will die of suffocation if you keep your head in the smoke." At once I seated myself on the floor, and can now quite understand what being suffocated in a chimney, as climbing boys were wont to be, is like.

Once more enabled to see, it was easy to discover the secret: there being no place for the smoke to escape arising from about twenty fires, it naturally accumulates at the top of the shed, and one literally, not figuratively, "lives under a cloud." There was a hum and buzz, as in a nest of angry hornets; the din was increased by the dogs that fought and rolled in where I sat, and being by no means particular whether they bit my legs, or any other man's, it required a deal of agility to keep clear.

During an interval of peace, it was easy to make out that the slave was coming.

I longed for my field-glass to magnify her charms, expecting her to glide from beneath the smoke like a spirit—a veritable painted Venus.

Alas, how fleeting are imaginary pictures—poetic dreams—castles in the air!

Half crouching, and waddling rather than walking, came my ideal. Her only covering a ragged, filthy old blanket; her face begrimed with the dirt and paint of a lifetime; short, fat, repulsive, about forty years old, the incarnation of ugliness, a very Hecate!

All my romance vanished like a dissolving view. For what had I been squeezed nearly to death, half-suffocated, poisoned with a noxious stench, my legs imperilled by infuriated curs, my ears deafened, half devoured by insatiable blood-suckers?—to aid in paying 50*l*. for the ugliest old savage I ever saw.

All the chiefs assembled at the Fort in the