

It is plain to be seen by the above that Mr. Langshanks was something of a wag, for the last caution was simply unnecessary when the Indian could not speak a solitary word of English. He does not even condescend to tell us how he found out the savage's utter disregard of the great staple—truth. The probability appears to be that the savage would have a character whether Langshanks was willing or not, and the latter being thus forced, revenged himself in the diabolical manner which we have shown. Truly the punishment far exceeded the offence. We gazed at the Indian and from him to the paper, while he indicated by many signs that it was all true. We pitied the unfortunate wretch in being thus voluntarily tied (we know of no other expression which will suit) to something which was daily sinking him in the estimation of his brethren, and forcing him to an amount of exercise which was altogether foreign to his nature. Perseverance will accomplish much, so says the old proverb, but in this case anything which might be accomplished, would be just the reverse to what was anticipated. It is wonderful what hardship and toil the red brother will endure, if by it he can secure necessaries or luxuries without pay. The same amount of bodily strength and vitality expended in the chase would furnish him a quantity of furs that would far exceed anything which he can procure in this way. It, however, seems to be a kind of life peculiarly suited to his wild nature. He can indulge his rambling propensities to the utmost, and edibles are in this way secured, the bare thoughts of which set the savage palate and all its attendant machinery in violent motion. In one sense this can hardly be called by the harsh name of begging. He is simply levying contributions on those who pass through his possessions, scaring his game from their usual haunts, to say nothing of what they destroy. For the same offence he often visits on the offender the extreme penalty of the law, and why, then, should the white brother grudge a trifle from the store, which seems to be all but inexhaustible. If he proves penurious and mean, he must only take the consequences. The through emigrant, or the miner, whose destination is the Rocky Mountains, soon get tired of looking at these papers, and still more tired of the big-boned, lazy hulk who stands behind it, and does not seem as if he would take no for an answer. As soon as the novelty connected with these curiosities of composition begins to wear off, the signs and gutturals unvaried from day to day, and the beggar