

Besides the commission appointed by the Government at least two enterprising Chicago papers sent reporters all the way to Canada to interview the Indian sphinx of the Northwest. These interviews took place at Fort Walsh, in the presence of Major Walsh, who seems to have been a prime favorite with SB and all his followers. In the first one, it is stated:

"At the appointed time, half-past eight, the lamps were lighted and the most mysterious Indian chieftain who ever flourished in North America was ushered in. There he stood, his blanket rolled back, his head upreared, his right moccasin put forward, his right hand thrown across his chest. I arose and approached him, holding out both hands. He grasped them cordially. 'How!' said he, 'How!' At this time he was clad in a black and white calico shirt, black cloth leggins and moccasins, magnificently embroidered with beads and porcupine quills. He held in his left hand a foxskin cap, its brush drooping to his feet; with the dignity and grace of a natural gentlemen he had removed it from his head at the threshold. His eyes gleamed like black diamonds. His visage, devoid of paint, was noble and commanding; nay, it was something more. Besides the Indian character given to it by high cheek-bones, a broad, retreating forehead, a prominent, aquiline nose and a jaw like a bull-dog's, there was about the mouth something of beauty, but more an expression of exquisite irony. Such a mouth and such eyes as this Indian's, if seen in the countenance of a white man would appear to denote qualities similar to those which animated the career of Mazarin. Yet there was something wondrously sweet in his smile as he extended to me his hands.

"Such hands! They felt as small and soft as a maiden's, but when I pressed them I could feel the sinews beneath the flesh quivering hard