

among the *Saulteaux* [*Ojibways*], cannot induce him to behave like a man. About a month ago, in a drinking match, he got into a quarrel, and had one of his eyes knocked out with a club. He is very fleet, and a few years ago was reckoned the best runner among the *Saulteaux*. Both his fleetness and courage were fully put to the test on the banks of the *Chain* [*Cheyenne*], when *Monsieur Reaume* attempted to make peace. He accompanied a party of *Saulteaux* to the *Scieux* camp. They at first appeared reconciled to each other through the intercession of the white people, but on the return of the *Saulteaux*, the *Scieux* pursued them. Both parties were on foot, and the *Scieux* had the name of being very swift. The *Saulteaux* very imprudently dispersed themselves in the open plains, and several of them were killed, but the party in which *Beardash* was, all escaped in the following manner.

AN EXCITING CONFLICT.

“One of them had a bow which he got from the *Scieux*, but only a few arrows. On their first starting, and finding they were pursued, they ran a considerable distance, until they perceived the *Scieux* were gaining fast, when *Beardash* took the bow and arrows from his comrades, and told them to run as fast as possible, and not to mind him, as he apprehended no danger. He then stopped, and turned about, and faced the enemy, and began to let fly his arrows. This checked their course, and they returned the compliment, with interest, but he says it was nothing but long shot, and only a chance arrow could have hurt him. They had nearly lost their strength when they drew near him. His own stock was soon expended, but he lost no time in gathering up those of the enemy, which fell near him. Seeing his friends at some distance ahead, and the *Scieux* moving to surround him, he turned about, and ran away to join his comrades, the *Scieux* running after him.