

bank, and, throwing off his blanket, plunged into the stream. The excitement in our party was now so great that one of my men ran towards me, seized my arm, and almost ordered me to shoot, or he would escape. The fugitive had risen to the surface, and was swimming towards a canoe that was quite out of our reach, tied to a drift tree in the river. I covered him several times with my pistol, in the excitement of the moment; but had no intention of firing, especially as two of my own men had got into a small canoe some way down the stream, and were paddling up stream towards the coveted canoe. The Indian reached it, however, first. He looked to see if the canoe contained a paddle, then eagerly grasped the welcome instrument. His pursuers, by this time, were perhaps twenty yards from him, and were labouring with powerful, but unequal and unskilful strokes against the rapid current. We on the bank were not more than thirty yards distant. The river was about 250 yards wide. It was beautiful to see how boldly the Indian, now seated in a canoe, shot athwart his pursuers, and how skilfully he forced his light skiff both up and across the stream, while our men lost ground greatly in attempting to slant their canoe and follow him. There were more than fifty yards between the two canoes when the Indian reached the wooded bank opposite, and plunged into the forest. We, of course, then lost him. I believe he never again came near the settlement. As our party retraced their steps to the boat, cold, weary, and disappointed, I could see that my not having fired at this fellow was not approved by my companions. During the whole time of the pursuit, the two women,—one of them, as above named, the fugitive's