

Although G. was out in the country before
I had then some experience of the Black, it
has not profited him much in this venture.
Instead of obtaining the services of a couple
of civilized rufflers for the purpose of hunting
700 or, a necessary & necessary of 3,
he let plenty of opportunities slip through
his fingers on the road & came all the way
here without one. Then, still more acutely
the necessity for having them to catch them.
He was continually telling of the matter
& when he went away was going to bring
some back with him, but the "Hyacks"
in the meantime finding he was lame,
& (without Black abundance & having none)
to hunt them down became quite chucky
telling cattle & horses within a few miles
of the camp & even getting on adjacent
rocky hills & shouting & gesticulating
at a distance at us. Telling odd ones or
even two or three is not good, they are

never missed & nothing but in wholesale
slaughter will do any good. For
instance some time ago our team was
on the road at night was camped
with another team having about 40
horses in all. In the night the Blacks
attacked the horses wounding three of ours
& killing three of the other people. The
damage was discovered at daylight in
the morning & as soon as ever horses could
be saddled their tracks were followed
from where they had cut up the horses,
through the wet grass, about 8 miles to
then camp on a prairie. There were
five riders & a Black fellow with a knife
& a hawk & the result was out of
a possible 200, 90 killed & wounded
in the camp besides what wounded
escaped. That Black with the Tommy
was a perfect artist, equal to any two
guns in the quantity he finished off