

ROGUE RIVER WAR

it by daylight next morning, but all were gone. Just when they had left I could not tell, as a heavy rainstorm had obliterated all sign.

I then sent the company with the guide under a low range of bluffs, while I rode out a little to the left to examine a dim trail I had seen on my recent scout. I had not proceeded far before I saw a squaw track which had just been made. It had doubled on its track, and was on a run, evidently having either seen me or the command. I followed it in hopes of capturing her to get information as to the whereabouts of her people. I soon saw several other tracks all running in the same direction, and also saw a lot of plunder abandoned by them. Directly saw some buck tracks. By this time I could follow them at a gallop.

The chase had now become so exciting that I thought but little of the danger. Soon I saw the Indians running ahead of me. I rode up to a buck, dismounted, and wounded him, and remounted, and killed him with my pistol.

Just then the Indians rose up all about me, and came towards me with frightful yells, letting fly a shower of arrows at me. I had an old muzzle-loading rifle which was now empty, and one barrel of my pistol had snapped. I thought discretion the better part of valor, so I put spurs to my horse, and ran out of the only opening left, about 100 yards, and a big Indian, seemed to me about ten feet high, was running his best to close this up. He had his hair tucked back of his ears, which gave him a particularly ferocious look. His arrows flew all around me with such a velocity that they did not appear over a couple of inches long.

I must have run a couple of miles before I found the command. They being under the bluff had heard nothing. We at once returned to where I had left the Indians, but they had all fled except one old squaw who was lying beside the dead buck I had killed. This was my first Indian.

After a fruitless effort to get some information from the squaw, we followed the tracks of the fleeing Indians until we saw that they had scattered, and were going into some low mountains, when we abandoned pursuit.

We passed over a barren strip of country where a hailstorm had just been. It was so severe that the bark of trees lying down had been beaten off. The ground was covered with pine leaves, and the