

ROGUE RIVER WAR

We killed a great many, and after the main fight was over, we hunted some reserved ground that we knew had Indians hidden. By deploying as skirmishers, and shooting them as they broke cover, we got them. One or two faced us, and made a manly fight, while others would attempt to run. There was but one squaw killed.

The country was rougher than I supposed it could possibly be. The lava in cooling was thrown up in all imaginable shapes, contorted, leaving cores, fissures, and little promontories, looking as if the molten lava had been forced through a sieve and cooled in that shape. In walking over it, some of it would sound like walking over sheets of cast iron, and all was rough as a rasp. Then imagine all this covered over with a thick growth of scrubby juniper pinion, with underbrush. There was one place where a hundred Indians could have hid within three quarters of an acre, and not one of them could have been seen.

Their camp was full of beef, leaving no doubt of their being the guilty parties. Although they left everything in camp, we found nothing of value. After the fight the men searched all around. In the vicinity of the fight they found nothing except women and children. Sometimes they would find three or four in a hole seemingly not large enough to hold one. We took some of them with us to camp, giving them something to eat. Next morning when we left, they were turned loose. To give some idea of the roughness of that lava, some of the men went into the fight with new shoes on, and came out of it barefooted.

This fight occurred on the second of July, 1857.

The men were anxious to have a fight on the Fourth, but we failed to find the subject, although we came near having another fight a few days afterwards as we ran across a buck. In killing him, the reports of our guns alarmed quite a village not far off, who made their escape.

Having alarmed this whole country, we returned to camp. After refitting, we started again on another scout, further to the north and east. We found nothing in the country over which our previous scout was made.

After almost giving up all hope of finding any Indians on this trip, I came across a single Indian track which had just been made. After following it some six or eight miles, it led into a beautiful