

mounted than my little squad (my men were armed with Gallagher carbines the meanest arms of the service) I thought that to be surrounded and cut off from our defenses and ammunition, would involve the entire command in indiscriminate massacre, as well as the capture of the train. Seeming "prudence the better part of valor", I remounted my men and fell back to our defenses by skirmishing to front, rear & flanks, and only returned by desperate skirmish fighting for a distance of over four miles - many of my men having entirely emptied their cartridge boxes of ammunition during the engagement. The Indians flankers were in advance of my command from the time we fell back till the opening fire from our rifle pits sent those howling to the rear. After replenishing the cartridge boxes with a fresh supply of ammunition, and seeing that the savages would not fight us behind our defense, I, with Lieut. Smith and fifty men (all I could mount on horses at all serviceable) went after them again, hoping to detain them till we could be reinforced, but after following them nearly three miles, we saw them in vastly superior numbers, forming in front & coming over the hills to our left - and rear, evidently intending to entrap and overwhelm us away from our defenses. Not being strong enough to whip them in open field, we again retired, taking with us our scalped and mutilated dead on the battlefield. Capt. Shuman, 11th Ohio Cav., arriving promptly with reinforcements at about nine O'clock A.M., I mounted every available horse & mule and went for the Indians again, with sanguine hopes, but the reinforcements came too late, their families having got across the river, we had the mortification of seeing the warriors in following there, ascend the opposite hills and tauntingly beckon us to follow, which was impossible In the face of a superior enemy, at the swimming stage of the river.

In their flight the Indians abandoned all their lodges and loose plunder, which I ordered burned and destroyed. On the battlefield was a powder keg which had been opened during the engagement by the Indians and a few pounds of powder still remained, whether this powder had been brought by the Indians who were with us or was brought into camp by reinforcements is more than we can say.

From the number of Indians known to be killed in the engagement, we estimate their loss at from twenty to thirty, most of whom they threw into the river in accordance with their superstitious notions of having their dead fall into the hands of an enemy.

Our loss was four killed and five wounded, to wit:

Capt. W.D. Fouts	Co.. D., 7th Iowa Cav.	Killed
Private Edward Mc Mahon	Co.. D., 7th Iowa Cav.	Killed
Private Richard Groger	Co.. D., 7th Iowa Cav.	Killed

Private Philip Alden,	Co. B., 7th Iowa Cav. Killed
Private Samuel Kersey	Co. B., 7th Iowa Cav. Wounded
Private Lewis Tuttle	Co.. D., 7th Iowa Cav. Wounded
Sergt. —	Co.. D., 7th Iowa Cav. Wounded
Private James May	Co.. D., 7th Iowa Cav. Wounded
Private John Trout	Co.. D., 7th Iowa Cav. Wounded

In the fight a very few enlisted men, I cannot name, acted badly, but most of them behaved nobly and some with daring bravery. The officers behaved well.

After interring our dead (except Capt. Fouts, after interred at Fort Mitchell), and repairing the telegraph line - broken by the Indians during the engagement we resumed our march and arrived at Fort Mitchell after nightfall. Receiving a dispatch from Col. Moonlight (11th Kansas) to cross the river and join him in pursuit of the fugitive Indians, I attempted the crossing at two different points on the 15th but the river being wide and coursed with alternate channels that ___ bars of quick sands that mired, I abandoned the crossing as impracticable after the drowning of two horses and a mule and the dragging to shore two men (one of them Capt. Shuman), nearly drowned in attempting the cross. Indians & ponies are accustomed to cross the Platte at all stages - White men & domestic stock are not - all Indians swim - one third of all white men cannot.

Receiving a telegram from General Conner on the 16th to report immediately with my command at Julesburg, I respectfully report - his order obeyed.

Very Truly & Respectfully
 Your Obt. Servt.
 John Wilcox
 Capt., Co.. B, 7th Iowa Cav.
 Commanding Detachment

Capt. Geo. F. Price
 A.A.G. Dist. of the Plains

REFLECTIONS ON THE BATTLE OF HORSE CREEK, AUG. 1865

There were Indians enough to have eaten up my command badly, but for having supposed that a part of the Indians were really friendly - especially the Co.. of uniformed soldiers I should never have divided my command & went out with a squad to fight them - neither would it have done to go out to fight them with all the command & leave the train and three families of women & children unprotected. Again had not the wagons been formed into a defensible corral & rifle pits dug the whole command would have been lost in indiscriminate massacre. There are no circumstances under which Indians would fight harder than for their lodges & plunder and the defense of their families, while crossing a perilous stream, the Indians knew their force & knew that they could cross their families & escape despite opposition, or they would never attempted to do so, Col. Moonlight tried to reflect censure upon me for letting the Indians escape. Censure should rest upon him for sending so large a force of Indians in the midst of an Indian war, & they well armed, with so small an escort of soldiers poorly armed & poorly mounted.

The Indians acknowledge sixteen warriors killed & thirty wounded, already over twenty dead Indians have been found in the vicinity of the battleground. But the funniest joke is to be told, Col. Moonlight crossed the Platte on a ferry at Ft. Laramie the next day after the Battle of Horse Creek & pursued the same fugitive "Red Skins", the Colonel's command was double that of mine & better mounted and better armed, and he then said Col. Moonlight and command having no wagon train nor women & children to protect was attacked by the said fugitives & sent in or rather came into Fort Laramie horseless & afoot! Not wishing to be egotistical - perhaps the Battle of Horse Creek was one of the best planned & best fought battles of the Indian War.

AMERICAN STATION ATTACKED

American Station 75 miles above Julesburg C.T. was attacked by Indians on the 15th day of January 1865. Wm. Morris the station-keeper, after dispatching twelve of his savage antagonists, was himself killed and his wife & two children taken captive. Morris had five men hired picking up & hauling driftwood along the Platte, three were up the river above the station & two were above, those above saw the Indians in time to escape, but the other two were killed - the station was burned. After a captivity of over four months, Mrs. Morris was bought and released at Fort Rice on the Missouri River, May 19, 1865, one of her children died in captivity, the other is still among the savages.

INDIAN BARBARITIES (EXTRACT)

Fort Heath, O'Fallons Bluffs, N.T.

August 24, 1865

Hon. John A. Kasson, M.C.

Dear Sir

Having been in command of a volunteer company, alternately stationed, scouting or marching over the Territories west of the Missouri River and east of the Rocky Mountains for more than two years, and having been requested to give you a statement of what I know of Indian barbarity during the time, I have the honor to report horrible outrages, murders and massacres by Indian savages, the recital of which chills the vital stream and sends its current back to sicken the heart. I will not enter the details of strong brave men killed and mutilated nor of their having been tied to telegraph poles and burned alive, but will speak more particularly of weak and helpless non-combatants. I will first speak of the massacre of the Wiseman family. Near St. James N.T. on the last of July or first of August 1863, in the absence of the parents, the mother at a neighbor's and the father a soldier in the Sully expedition, the Wiseman children, five in number, were barbarously murdered and savagely mutilated by Indians - the eldest a girl aged thirteen, was brutally outraged, and when discovered by the mothers return, was the only survivor - all the rest were dead and she mortally mangled, and an instrument of iron still protruding from the privacy of her person, she survived only to suffer insupportable anguish for two days, when death like an angel of mercy came to relieve her from pain and suffering. As property is of minor importance to life, I need not add that all the moveable effects of the Wiseman family were taken and applied to the use and ownership of wild ferocious savages.

One mile below Plum Creek N.T. near the roadside, are eleven newly made graves (or eleven persons in one grave). As the traveler approaches, he learns by the inscriptions on the rude slabs which mark the resting places of the silent sleepers beneath, that they were victims of the Plum Creek Massacre of August 8, 1864, in which a train was attacked, robbed and burned, the owners murdered, the stock driven off and two white women taken captive by savage Indians, who shook in their faces the trickling blood from the scalps of their murdered husbands and friends. The captives were hurried into the hills toward the Republican River, where one of the ladies (I forget her name) preferring death to brutal outrage, bravely met her fate, her body was left a prey to ravenous wolves, her bones are now bleaching on the

western plains, the fate of the survivor (Mrs. Morton) can be easily conjectured, when it is known that Indians now take none but female captives whom they outrage or kill - frequently both. After the humiliation of Mrs. Morton, she was mounted on a wild unbroken mule which threw her to the great merriment of the savages. By numerous hard falls from the mule, she was seriously injured, and being aneunte (?), premature labor was produced, she was dangerously sick for a few days, but finding sympathy in the hearts of a few savages (perhaps selfish) received such attentions as restored her to health, after which she was compelled to follow them through all their roving, thieving, murdering pilgrimages for hundreds of miles, and in mortification and personal humiliation witnessed the accumulation of booty and scalps of her own race, till winter, when she was bought by a mountaineer in the Black Hills north of the Platte and brought to Fort Laramie and released. She passed this station enroute to the States in February 1865 & is now in civilization.

Eubanks ranch, near Little Blue Station N.T. was attacked on the 8th of August 1864, by a war party of Cheyenne the ranch was pillaged, and burned, several persons were killed and two women and three children taken captives, to wit, Miss Roper and Mrs. Eubanks and children (a girl, three years old and a boy one year and her nephew six years old). Of Miss Rolper's history, I know but little, she doubtless suffered severely during her short captivity. She was released at Denver during the autumn of 1864, as also Mrs. Eubanks' little girl who died shortly after her release. Among the murdered at Eubanks ranch was the husband and eight others of f Mrs. Eubanks relatives. After captivity, she was forcibly outraged by the entire band on savages, then in an almost lifeless condition was laden and strapped upon a mule and taken to Arkansas River where she was sold to the Sioux from whom she received similar cruel treatment, they keeping her as property to be bartered from one to another, each forcing worse than slavish obedience by blows and torture, when these failed they would inhumanely beat her child and threaten its life by horrid gestures (it has a scar from a thrown tomahawk). Thus she compelled to stay with, follow and drudge for them, slave like, through wearied marches of hundreds of miles, enduring inhumane treatment from savages, and almost insupportable deprivations of food & clothing (she used her clothing to save the life of her child or as much of it as the savages did not take from her) through all the long winter with tattered garments and shivering limbs, she was compelled to carry water to quench the thirst, and cut and carry fuel to warm the skins of "the poor Indian". Early in May 1865, "Two-Face", a Sioux Chief (her would be owner) conceived the idea of taking her to Fort Laramie and selling her to the Post Commander for a large sum, (they had received \$1,000 for Mrs. Morton)

consequently in company with a few warriors of his band, he set out from their camp on the Niebara River with Mrs. Eubanks and child as human chattels, for the Government mart. Arriving at the Platte and finding the river at swimming stage, they tied together two small pieces of timber, put them afloat, then tied the child on and Mrs. Eubanks to the small raft, then by means of a lariat attached, swam and drew the precious cargo after them. When the opposite shore was attained, Mrs. Eubanks was strangled and nearly drowned, but recovering, was taken to the Post in a state of almost entire nudity - she having on no apparel but a piece of buffalo skin, in which condition "Two-Face" exhibited her and child and offered them for sale to Major Mackey, asserting at the time, "Me very good Indian", when by the evidence of Mrs. Eubanks, he frequently exhibited horses stolen and scalps taken by him from the numerous whites he had murdered. I need not tell you how Mrs. Eubanks and child were disposed of, but hanging n irons near Fort Laramie is "Two-Face" who confessed that he had killed white men and said he would again if he could. One year since Two-Face was considered the best Indian on the Plains and was at the time perhaps the worse, as he was remarkably shrewd & very hypocritical.

I had the honor of escorting, in June, where she, in company with General Heath, left on the down coach, June 22, 1865. She is now in civilization with her friends in the state of Illinois (Mound Station).

A number of similar cases could be cited, but enough has been said to illustrate Indian character and Indian barbarism, while we denounce their cruel barbarity, we would not retaliate upon their defenseless "squaws and papooses" and thus practice ourselves that which we condemn in the wild savage.

In the Wiseman massacre, I have the parents own verbal statement. In that of Mrs. Morton & Eubanks, I received it from them in substance. I received particulars from Lieut. Triggs they having communicated them freely to Mrs. Triggs. They also gave their confidence freely to Maj. Mackey 11th Ohio Cav., he being an aged and venerable gentleman.

Mrs. Eubanks is enceinte by an Indian. Her address is Mound Station, Illinois. Hoping that the statements above given may be of interest and use, I subscribe myself.

Very Truly & Respectfully

Your Obt. Servt.

John Wilcox

Capt. Co.. B 7th Iowa Cav.

INDIAN BARBARITIES (P.S.)

In the month of November 1865, a white boy some ten years of age, dressed in Indian costume and speaking the Indian dialect escaped from the Sioux on the Solomon River & came to Mound Station on South Platte D.T. November 27, 1865.

He is apparently transformed to an Indian - having all their peculiarities of motion and gesture. he states that his parents were killed by Indians in the Minnesota Massacre - he does not recall where, how long since nor what were their names. He had for a long time sought an opportunity of escaping to his own race, and accomplished it finally by running a fast pony, till it fell exhausted beneath him, then made the last tedious miles on foot - by careful skulking marches by day & building fires around him at night to keep off the wolves. He reports two white women captives with the Indians that they persuaded him to escape etc. with hopes of being themselves rescued by their own race.

LETTER TO A BEREAVED MOTHER

Mrs. Laurretta Blanchard

Des Moines, Iowa

Respected Madam;

It became my painful duty to inform you that your son Horace was sent by Gen.. Heath, in company with citizen Robert Williams, on a two days scout, October 27th, 1865, with instructions to report to the General at Alkali, N.T. Neither your son, nor Williams the scout have been heard from and the worst fears are entertained for their safety, the lapse of over two weeks instead of two days in which they were ordered to report, and they not yet returned or heard from, renders it morally certain that they have fallen into the hands of savages. I hope in the Providence of Heaven it may be otherwise.

In condolence for your painful suspense, if not hopeless bereavement

I am, Dear Madam,

Very Truly & Respectfully

Your Friend & Obt. Servt.

John Wilcox

Capt. Co.. B 7th Iowa Cav.

(Mrs. Blanchard is a widow & Horace her only son)

SKULL FOUND

A human skull, with brains still in, and smelling badly, was accidentally found by cattle herders between the Plattes a few miles east of north of Alkali Station N.T. on the last of February 1866. On examination the skull was recognized by members of Co. B 7th Iowa Cavalry (by certain peculiarities of the teeth) as being that of their late comrade - Horace Blanchard, who had been ordered on a scout by General Heath, Oct. 27, 1865 in company with Robert Williams - citizen employee. The skull was buried by his fellow soldiers in the cemetery near O'Fallons Bluff N.T. on the 2nd day of March 1866 with the due honors of war. There were no other bones or indications near where the skull was found, it had doubtless been carried there by wolves, who had devoured the body. Blanchard & Williams had evidently been returning from their scout up Birdwood Creek north of the Platte, whither they had been sent, and were returning to report to Genl. Heath at Alkali as directed, but when within a few miles of the place, they were evidently murdered by hostile Indians who crossed the Platte in force near Alkali the last of October 1865 and attacked & burned a train killing several men - tying one of them to a wagon & burning him alive with bacon piled around him as fuel. These Indians went south & were pursued by Gen. Heath to White Mans Fork of the Republican River. Williams has not been heard from but of his fate there is no doubt. Company B 7th Iowa will go in search of him & for the remaining bones of their comrade & if possible give them a Christian burial.

SCOUTS ORDERED TO SOLOMON RIVER

HeadQuarters Post O'Fallons Bluffs, N.T.

December 13, 1864

Lieut.

Your communication of 9th Int., in which I am instructed to send a detachment of my command on a scout to penetrate as far South as Solomon River is received. In reply I have the honor to say that as soon as I can procure clothing to possibly protect the lives of my men from freezing, I will comply with the requirements at once. The weather is very cold and inclement and there is not a pair of socks to every twenty men of my command. Some are barefooted and bare headed, with their posteriors sticking through theinexpressables of their trousers. To send men 150 miles over a sterile, timberless region in such a plight, would imperil their lives. I have done my utmost to procure clothing for my men, ever since September, but as yet have not received it. I know you would not order men on such a tour if you knew how poorly they are clad, unless some great emergency required it. My horses are in good condition & well shod; my equipments are repaired & my arms in good condition. As soon as we get clothing and ammunition, we can start anywhere at an hor's notice. My ammunition is on the road from Omaha somewhere. I received the invoices long since but the ammunition has not arrived. I have been expecting our clothing daily for the last month, but it is not here yet. We will certainly receive it soon, perhaps by the time I can find a guide. I have given you a plain statement of the conbdition of my company's clothing etc. I give it, not that I refuse to send my man in such a plight, but I give it, believing that you will not require such services of soldiers as poorly clad as mine are. For this plight of clothing for my company I earnestly plead "not guilty", and every officer at Cottonwood will bear me testimony that I have done my utmost to procure suitable clothing. I keep & have kept scout, south daily - going and returning the same day, I will send scouts to Solomon River as soon as they have clothing - or will send them as they are, if you require it - even to the going of myself and alone. It is 70 miles to the nearest point of the Republican and 60 miles to the nearest timber - a long distance for men poorly clad to shiver over, then only one fourth the tour made. Hoping that this will meet with your favourable approbation, I am Very Respectfully

Your Obt. Servt.

Lieut. F.A. McDonald

John Wilcox

A.A.G. East Sub Dis Neb

Capt. Co. B 7th Iowa Cav.

(Clothing received Dec. 14th & scouts started on the 15th)

REPORT OF SCOUT
Headquarters Post O'Fallons Bluff N.T.
Dec. 21, 1864

Lieut:

I have the honor to report that my scouts who started for Soloman River on the 15th inst., returned last night at ten o'clock P.M. They report that they struck the head of Willoc Creek 40 miles south of this post and followed the creek down to its junction with the Republican 100 miles from here. The creek runs S.S.E. and is finely watered by numerous springs & tributaries, and is well timbered with elm, and hackberry. In places there are bodies of timber one half mile through. Small game is numerous, in the timbered bottoms large flocks of wild turkeys abound. The creek is a continuous chain of beaver dams and is not frozen over anywhere. My man scouted from the mouth of Willow Creek for ten miles up the Republican - saw no Indians and no recent signs but of small parties of Indian Scouts or hunters. They would have gone to the Solomon River, but for a severe snow storm on the 18th which rendered any farther adventure of a small squad ver dangerous, as if their trail should be discovered by Indian Scouts in their rear, their fate would be sealed.

They report the country very rugged & hilly, no practicable route for horsemen except down the creek - no Indian trails anywhere else & by this route wagons could barely pass. My clothing and ammunition have been received, hence forward we are ready for any adventure, or to do any order. I keep man scouting 20 miles south daily - will not send man to Solomon while the snow continues except by your further direction. With Col. Livingston's permission I would like to send a scouting party north to Loup Fork, distant 80 miles.

I have an ample supply of clothing, subsistence, forage and fuel for winter & have disgarged all pressed or hired teams.

Very Respectfully
Your Obt. Servt.
John Wilcox
Capt. Comdg. Post

Lieut. F.A. McDonald
A.A.A. Genl. E.S.D. Neb.

REPORT OF SERVICES FOR TELEGRAPH COMPANY

O'Fallons Bluffs N.T.

September 22, 1865

Lieut:

In compliance with your request of date September 9th 1865, and special orders No. 63, C.S. Headquarters Dist. of the Plains. I have the honor to report that in compliance with orders received from Col. Livingston, Commanding East Sub. Dist. of Nebraska, I left Julesburg C.T. enroute to Mud Springs N.T. February 8th 1865, in command of four commissioned officers and 110 enlisted men, with instructions to dig holes in the frozen earth, for the purpose of repairing the telegraph line, which was reported destroyed bgy the recent Indian raid, I found 27 ½ miles of the ine entirely destroyed, between the places above named, the poles cut down & burned, and the wire cut and drug off, or tankged, in almost inextricable coils. After digging all the holes to Mud Springs, I cut two hundred poles on Spring Creek, and hauled them to the telegraph line - distant ten miles. By this time (Feb. 13) Capt. Weatherwax, 1st Neb., Rect., Vol. Cav. arrived with an equal command, hauling and setting poles, putting up wire etc. Completing the line onthe 14th, our commands started for Julesburg on the 15th, where we arrived on the 17th day of February 1865. I nor any of my command have done no other repairs on the telegraph line, except the occasional putting up a pole, fastening an ensulator, or connecting a broken wire. From February to May 8th, 1865, I furnished occasional mounted escorts (or when ever required) for the Overland Coaches, since then thrity enlisted menhave been constantly on dut as __ circular No. 2, C.S. Hd. Qrs. East Sub Dist. of the Plains, twenty four of whom have rode an aggregate of twelve miles each every day.

The overland Stage company have sustained no losses in horses or property from Indian raids, nor otherwise to any knowledge within the limits of my command.

Very Truly & Respectfully

Your Obt. Servt.

John Wilcox

Capt. Co. B 7th Iowa Cav.

Lieut. Wm. R. Bowen

A.A.A. Genl. E.S.B. of the Plains

WAGON TRAIN ATTACKED

O'Fallons Bluffs, N.T.

October 1, 1865

Lieut:

I have the honor to report that a Government train of two army wagons, eight men & one woman, in charge of James H. Temple & pertaining to the Q.M. Dept at Junction C.T. was attacked by Indians, seven miles above this station, at ten o'clock last night. J.H. Temple was killed, two teamsters dangerously wounded and twelve mules stampeded and stolen. At 11:30 P.M., receiving intelligence from an escaped amn of the train, I dispatched Lieuts. Parker & Akin, with fifteen enlisted men (all I could mount and arm) to the scene of action, with instructions to re-encounter; ascertain numbers etc. and if equal to contest with the savages, to fight them & take no prisoners. But if the odds should be largely against them, to return immediately. In the mean time, supposing that a large force might be flying from Genl. Connor & crossing the Platte somewhere, or at different points. I dispatched couriers to Cottonwood & Alkali. Lieut. Parker & detachment returned this afternoon. The Lieut. reports that when he reached the train, the Indians had fled, that he conveyed the dead and wounded to Baker's Ranch and made the best possible arrangements for the comfort of the wounded sufferers. The night being dark after the moon set, he lingered in the vicinity till morning, then with an experienced guide (Farlee) searched for the Indian trail, but true to Indian sagacity, they had made trails to the south to delude pursuit to the north (their true direction). The real trail was not found till nearly ten A.M. The trail crossed North Platte, opposite Williams' Ranch & indicated numbers superior to Lieut. Parker's detachment. The Indians having several hours the start & with fears of an ambush by larger superior numbers, & not being supplied with rations the detachment returned this P.M.

From a scout, myself, a week since up Birdwood Creek, I think there is a considerable force of Indians at no great distance from the North Platte.

Very Truly & Respectfully

Your Obt. Servt.

John Wilcox

Capt. Comdy. Station

A.A.A.G.E.S.D.

of the Plains, Through Int. Comds.

Lieut. Wm. R. Bowen

INCIDENTS AND ADVENTURES IN INDIAN WARFARE

On the 22nd day of October 1865, midway between Alkali and Sandhill Stations N.T., an Ox-train laden with provisions and supplies for the gold mines, was attacked by Indians, the drivers all killed, scalped & mutilated, except a few who were fortunate in escaping under the cover of night & darkness, in which the Indian savages generally perpetrate their fiendish massacre by treachery & stealth, among the fortunate in the tragic adventure was N.S. Witeker, now resident of Eddyville Iowa. After the general massacre, the train was plundered of all that the savages considered of value to them, then the oxen ran off, or had their hamstrings cut in the wagon corral, & after piling bacon round a live white captive, tied to a wagon, the entire train was set on fire & consumed, captive & all, with hamstrung oxen roasting alive.

While the train was yet smoldering in embers (the next day), Capt. Donovan, Dist. Inspector, with a small Cavalry escort, in passing down the road, was assailed by an overwhelming force of Indians near the ruins of the late wagon train. The Capt. & party being closely pressed & flanked, after discharging their pieces among the red assailants, fled toward Alkali, then might have been seen one of the best "Gilsin races" on record, between the assailed and assailants, but the "Pale faces" steeds came out "first best" with numerous arrows sticking in & protruding from their rumps, the uniforms of the gallant riders were perforated with bullets & arrows, but "as fortune would have it", their skins were whole & their hair still remaining on their heads.

The next day after Capt. Donovan's adventure, an officer of the 7th Iowa Cavalry came near losing his scalp not far from the same fatal spot.

The circumstances of his adventure being as follows: he being on leave at Julesburg C.T. and wishing to rejoin his command at O'Fallons Bluffs N.T. distant 75 miles, and the down travel on the Overland coaches at that time being great, it was impossible to procure a passage to O'Fallons Bluffs, consequently he borrowed a horse of a brother Officer and joined a small cavalcade to Beauvan's Station, from thence he procured transportation & escort, to Sandhill Station, at which place he, being unable to procure either transportation or an escort, and being armed with a Spencer Carbine & a brace of revolvers set out late in the afternoon of a drizzling foggy day, on foot and alone to Alkali - distant twelve miles. When about half the distance made, three mounted warriors, painted & plumed, dashed from the adjacent hills into the road some two hundred yards before him, halted wheeled to the left, raised the war whoop & charged at full speed toward him with bows strung, etc. Finding that "pale face" didn't run worth a cent but instead, stood his ground with carbine raised ready to fire, they, after coming

a little over half the distance, wheeled suddenly about and retreated some three hundred yards when "pale face" resumed his journey as though nothing had occurred. After a short consultation they raised the yell and charged a second time a little nearer than at first, but finding "pale face" prepared as before to "welcome them with bloody hands", they wheeled suddenly to the right, made a circuit and closed in the rear at a distance of some three hundred yards. At this juncture, three others made their appearance at about the same distance in the road before our adventurer and a number were seen at a short distance to the left crossing the Platte toward him, At that crisis his hair probably felt more loose upon his head than at any previous or subsequent periods of his eventful life - in his own language, Belmont, Fort Donelson & Shiloh were nothing compared to the inevitable fate that then appeared to stare him in the face, he afterward said that he would have given all he possessed to have been astride of "Serrell", but how wonderful are the ways of Providence & to Providence through His delivering angels does he now attribute his almost miraculous deliverances.

But we have digressed, & to return to when we left our adventurer surrounded by ruthless savages, exulting in the certainty of dancing that night over the scalp of another "white chief", but he sees just before him a deep draw or depression from the hills extending across the road & sees that night fall is near at hand & that the fog setting in the depression across the road & extending into the rugged sand hills will hide him from their view for a few moments in which they will look for him to emerge from the other side of the road. Indians are great in strategy & think "white men great fools". But "necessity is the mother of invention" & in this case our adventurer was an apt student; for when he entered the foggy vale, instead of emerging from it as the "reds" had evidently supposed, he ran with all his might up the hollow and dodged rapidly from one depression in the hills to another, still keeping under the cover of fog & hill shadows until night set in - the darkest he ever saw & for once "covet darkness rather than light". After the reds found themselves outgeneraled by the pale face chief & seeing the ruse, they lost no time in trying to ferret out the whereabouts of their escaped victim, their ponies hoofs were heard clattering along the deep ravines & they could be seen until dark night set in clambering or riding over the higher ground on hills when they chanced to come near him, he would lie flat upon the ground, once they fired at an object they probably supposed to be him & at a distance of not more than a hundred yards from him. Being once secure in a favorable hiding place he lay quiet until all was dark & still as death except the occasional bark or howl of a wolf or coyote, they by means of superior organs of locality,