

Crow a Cheyenne chief and several other Indians.

When we departed, I could hear them shout Brave Whe Ho, for miles and miles, but we kept our horses on the run for fear they might at any moment decide to recapture me.

That evening we arrived at the Arappahoe village where we stopped for the night. The Arappahoes would not molest us as the traders had stopped there the previous evening and one of my escorts was an Arappahoe.

Here Mr. Coffey procured for me more clothing, for I would have perished before I could have reached the Fort. The following morning just at sun rise we again pursued our journey. We traveled all day and until mid-night when we stopped in a valley out of the cold bleak wind, which was blowing like it would sweep us from the earth. We were dreadfully fatigued for we had not had a taste of food since we left the Arappahoe village, so we dismounted and Mr. Coffey immediately scraped the snow off a small portion of the sod, to build a fire, and make some coffee. But no sooner was the fire blazing when the old familiar war whoop was distinctly heard, upon the surrounding hills, Mr. Coffey at once scraped the snow over the fire and we concealed ourselves until the Indians had passed by. Mr. Coffey deemed it unprofitable to undertake to try to build another fire, as the Indians might observe the blaze and be upon us before we could have any chance of escape.

We traveled on for if we should stop for one minute to rest a recapture would have been the result, as the Indians were all the time in pursuit of us. To keep up my courage was almost an impossibility, for I was so near frozen, I could no longer guide my horse, and was almost perished for food.