

For five days of continual travel since I last viewed the Indian village on Powder River had I tasted any food, except a piece of raw buffalo tongue, which I ate as we traveled along. And that was such a scant piece of meat as the buffalo tongue was divided among seven. At the close of the fifth day I crossed the Platte Bridge, and the Indians were in sight, and their thrilling war whoops could be distinctly heard, but as soon as I crossed the bridge, one great hope was accomplished, for the Fort Clear Creek was only a short distance from the bridge and with all the joy I ever experience came to me as the soldiers took me into the Fort, where I was treated with great hospitality.

The captain of the Fort was Rhandheart, and the Lieutenant was Britton, but I was obliged to leave this Fort in the night as the Fort was so small, the Indians could have easily re-captured me. Fearing they might make an assault the next day, I accompanied by the traders left this Fort about midnight so we might not be observed by the Indians for it is very seldom they make an assault before daybreak.

Our next hope was to reach Deer Creek Fort without the Indians overtaking us. But the traders knew Indian treachery so perfectly, that they kept our horses in the run all the way. Several horses had lost their lives on this terrible expedition, but we would mount another horse and leave the dying one by the roadside. When we were in sight of Fort Deer Creek, Mr. Coffey fastened the reins about my wrists as my hands were so frozen I was unable to use them any more. Mr. Coffey told me to guide my horse the best I could by the aid of my arms, and not to look back