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The indians were well armed, some with the latest patent inventions of fire arms, and seemed to be well supplied with ammunition, and were splendidly mounted, much better than our troops. I noticed one squad of about one hundred, who drilled with the bugle; their calls were different from ours, yet the indians understood them. The guides assert that they were the Cheyenne "Dog Soldiers". The Northern Arapahoes were there also. A half breed recognized one and talked with him. When we renewed our march, the indians retired in every direction, until we were within 6 miles of the North fork of the Canadian river, here they attacked the rear guards, but were handsomely repulsed, with considerable loss. We arrived at, and crossed the Canadian, where we camped for the night. About 2 o'clock a.m. on the 12th ulto; a party of indians tried to surprise our stock, by opening a fire upon us, for some time, but we repulsed their attack, with no loss on our side.

At 6 o'clock a.m., on the 12th instant, we broke camp, and after marching 12 miles, we met a large body of indians at "Trout Creek," (So named on the map) but properly Wolf Creek; who were waiting for us, determined to resist with force our progress. I dismounted 8 troops of the 7th Cavalry, under Major Elliott, and with the Company of the 3rd Infantry, Under Major Page, we advanced, and after a skirmish which lasted about 2 hours, with loss to the indians of at least 12 killed and wounded, we succeeded in driving them in every direction. We continued our march, 15 miles further, down the North fork of the Canadian and camped for the night.

On the morning of the 13th, we broke camp and marched towards Middle River, the indians keeping up a heavy skirmish with the rear guard, after marching a distance of 23 miles, we reached that stream.

For some time the lodge trails became very much confused; I knew the indians had three days to get their families out of the way, and I became convinced that, they were making blind trails for me, by attaching lodge poles to their ponies, and dragging them in different directions. At this point, I was convinced of this, for fresh trails led into a succession of sand hills, where no one the least acquainted