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Clinton Indiana.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

SERENA J. WASHBURN

My Dear Children:-

Sixty-eight years ago I was laid in the arms of a beautiful mother, yes, she was beautiful, for those who knew her said "she was the fairest in all the country around".

My first home was in a log cabin on the banks of Norton's Creek, where nature held undisturbed sway. Sixty-eight years ago the red man often visited our section of country. The wild game was abundant. The woodman's ax had not leveled the giant trees of the forest, cultivation had not trampled down the lovely wild flowers or stilled the voice of the doves or banished the many birds that filled the air with melody. This cosy home is still sweet to memory. The china closet, with its delicate pink and white china, the door admitting the sunshine from the south, the window shaded by the large tree where the birds sang so sweetly, form a beautiful picture.

When the snow came, I remember how the great fire-place, with its massive dog-irons, was filled with its great heap of blazing logs. I watched the flitting shadows on the bare white floor and wondered what they were or my attention was claimed by the circling sparks in their flight up the chimney. One time I cried to go with Grandfather Wright, and I even tried to follow him. The yellow dog, Tray, tried

quarter barrel of peach butter was made and spice fruit by the quantity, and never less than a barrel of cucumber pickles.

In early days the people visited more than they do now. Often they made quiltings and sewing bees, when all the guests would go early in the morning and visit all day, leaving the woman of the house a nice lot of work. While this was the custom, my mother would never let anyone work for her that way, but she was always ready to help others. Our neighborhood was quite gay for those days. We did not dance, but had nice social times. There were usually a great many sleighing parties, spelling schools, arithmetic schools, and singing schools, all full of enjoyment for the young people. There were apple cuttings and wool pickings, but I did not indulge in either. Lumber wagons were the usual family caryall, but the young folks generally traveled on horseback. Every home had one or two side saddles and, if necessary, the girls often threw the stirrup of a man's saddle over on one side and rode it with ease.

I loved and enjoyed the children. I was six years older than any of them. Often I would saddle old Coally, take one child in my lap and one on behind me, and ride in a lope. We girl's were perfectly at home on horseback. In these present days of thoughtfulness, I wonder that I was not killed. Father would work a long time to get a colt up to the block for me to mount. As soon as it was near enough, I would jump and away we would go, all the happier, if anything, for the dangerous spirit of the horse.

We lived three miles from Clinton, and mother and father always

laid in groceries by the quantity, but once in a long time the little things would give out. We had no baking powder in those days, and sometimes the saleratus would give out. I remember when quite a small child picking clean cobs and clean hickory chips for mother to burn, and she used the ashes in place of saleratus in making biscuit, and they were the best biscuit I ever tasted. We had no matches, and a big stump was usually kept burning in warm weather in the field, so that we could get coals of fire to kindle a fire to cook with. If the log-heap went out, we would go to the neighbors to borrow fire. I have often gone a mile to get a shovel full of coals.

Father and Uncle George Wright were traveling over the country in a covered wagon, just to see the country. While out in Iowa they lost their flint. Father went into a store to purchase one and the merchant showed him a new invention called matches, and showed him how to use them by striking them on some solid substance. The next morning Uncle tried to start a fire with them and called to father that they were no good. Father said he knew they were if struck on something hard. So he took them and tried them all on a frosty wagon-tire, but not one lighted and they were prouounced no good. In later years father always delighted in telling of his first experience with matches.

In those early days there were small distilleries along the creeks that made whiskey from corn, but it was not so poisonous as the vile stuff of today, but a great deal of it would intoxicate a person. The country was new and farmers generally served whiskey at

all gatherings, like harvesting, house raisings, log rollings, choppings, or huskings. I was six years old, and I can see father now as he came into the house and said, "Naomi, you will have to have another girl through harvest." Mother replied, "No, Fanny and I can do the cooking." Father said, "you know all the neighbors serve whiskey in the harvest field, but I have made up my mind I will never have it again, so we will have to take a hot lunch to the field at ten o'clock and at three o'clock, or the men will not work." How well I remember the great clothesbasket that mother and Fanny carried to the field. It was filled with meat, bread and pies, and fried crulls, plenty for a big picnic. Then there was the hot coffee. How proud I was to carry a little bucket of cream. This substitute was so satisfactory that mother always served lunches till the coming of machinery made the work easier. One by one the neighbors adopted this plan. In those days all of the wheat was cut with the sickle. All the neighbors would go together at the home where the grain was ripest and assist in cutting it. Others gathered in the sheaves with rakes, while other men bound them, and still another set of men placed the wheat in shocks. Later, the farmer would haul it to a barn. If he had none large enough, ~~they~~ he would take it to a neighbor's. After the floor of the great room was swept clean, the sheaves of grain were laid on it in a circle and several horses were led or ridden round and round, first one way then the other. The next invention was the cradle, and men marvelled at the wide swath one man could cut with it.

About this time a young couple from Boston came to Clinton to

make their home and gain a fortune. The Bostonians had brought all the modern conveniences known in the far East to their western home. Mr. Ray was a tailor, but he found business dull in this land of home-spun jeans and linsey-woolsey, where almost every house-wife spun, wove, and made the garments for the household. They were not made after the Boston style, but served their purpose. In three months, homesick and discouraged, they made a public sale and left their home on the banks of the Wabash. Father bought their cookstove. It was a large, heavy stove, requiring several men to carry it. There was the hearth, then the fire-box and two holes, then a raise of six inches and two more holes, then another raise and two more holes. The lids could be removed and vessels placed down on the fire. It was a three-story stove. It was a great puzzle to know where to place it. It must not be put in the fire place, for they were sure they would still have to cook many things by the fireplace, especially the bread in the dutch oven. So it was arranged to put the stove on one side of the fireplace, near enough for the pipe to lead up the chimney. There were no stoves any place around, not even in Terre Haute, so this one was a great curiosity and people came from all the country, far and near, to see it. One day a neighbor brought his wife and two grown children over and Mr. Sargent said, "Well, Nebeker, we have all come over to see the new-fangled thing you have to cook on." After a little visit, father left the room and built a quick fire in the stove and put on the tea-kettle. Presently he returned, all smiles, and said, "now I am ready. Walk out and see the stove." They all stood in a straight

row before the wonderful stove, gazing in open-eyed astonishment when the tea-kettle began to boil. Mr. Sargent stretched out his long arms in front of his family and pushed them back against the wall, saying, "stand back, stand back"; then turning to father, he said excitedly, "Nebeker, you will have your family killed. That thing will blow up, it will blow up." Mother's girl was an old maid, very slow, but extremely neat. Each day after dinner, she would take up the ashes and wash out the ash box, and one day she was washing out the fire-box when mother said, "Betsy, I hardly think that is necessary." She turned up her homely face and in her slow, coarse voice, said, "Naomi, I'm going to keep this thing clean."

In those days our houses were lighted with candles, homemade. A candlewick was placed over a stick, a row of them, and then dipped in hot tallow again and again, till they were of the required size. One of these furnished sufficient light to read or sew by. Everybody had good, strong eyes in those days. Later came the tin moulds, when we could make a dozen candles at a time by filling them with tallow. A wonderful saving of labor and better candles. This was considered a great step in advance. Now we turn the button, and electricity floods everything with light.

New Orleans was the only market, and after harvest was over the farmers would come together and build a flatboat and load it with their grain and everything they had to sell. They would hire a captain, a cook, and deckhands to propel the boat by long poles, and a merchantman. Father was always given the last-named position. He would dis-

pose of his load and sell the boat. Then he brought back on some steamer hogsheads of sugar and molasses, barrels of rice, sacks of coffee and boxes of tea, and bolts of calico and muslin. These were often brought in wagons from Vincennes. Then they were divided according to the amount of grain sent. Father has hauled goods from Vincennes to Chicago, and often to Lafayette from Vincennes.

Our next school house was a very large one, built of hewed logs with many windows. This seemed like a mansion. Father Nebeker taught here two years, and I attended school here for several years. The teacher that meant the most to me was Miss Maria Warren, sent out from Connecticut. She changed all our ways. There had been classes in reading and grammar, but in mathematics everyone was by himself, going just as fast as he could. He never recited, but if he came to a problem he could not work, the teacher would explain it, if she had time. Our geography was often sung. Miss Warren ordered new text books and classified the school, introduced music, and conducted her school on the latest eastern model. She began teaching in April and taught us a pretty song for our May Day, the first verse is

"Hark to the merry, merry, merry May,
Then hasten to the woods away,
Among the flowers so bright and gay.
Then away to hail the merry, merry May,
The merry month of May."

During her school we learned much of the Clinton school, as her intimate friend taught there. They came up to visit us in fine style and felt a little above us, and showed it. At the close of our school

we invited them to attend our exhibition. Another girl and myself composed a song and Miss Warren gave us a place on the programme to sing it. Father thought then it was not proper, and I am sure now it was not polite, but I still feel they needed a little taking down. Here is the first verse, tune Old Dan Tucker.

"There was a school in the town below
Thought they made quite a show,
But when they came to show their skill,
We let them know they must be still."

Chorus: "Hurrah and read your composition,
Hurrah and read your composition,
Hurrah and read your composition,
This is the night of our Exhibition."

The teacher who followed Miss Warren was a fine young man, Mr. Robert Carmack. He permitted the large scholars to run the school and they still followed Miss Warren's plans. Mr. Pritchard taught the Clinton school and Henry Dana Washburn taught in Helt's Prairie. The Clinton school paid us a visit. They came in carriages and wore fine clothes. We had a spelling school, and we beat them. The Helt's Prairie school made us a visit and examined different classes. Then we visited the Prairie school. Then Clinton sent a polite invitation for both schools to visit the town school. When the day arrived, it was fine sleighing. Both schools met at our school house. There was a band to lead the procession, followed by twenty-five sleighs, one or two being small ones, all the rest large, and drawn by four horses, except the last one, which was drawn by six horses. It was a boat and was filled with the big boys. When they reached Clinton, they worked

hard at their oars and sang "Jingle, jingle, let the sleighbells ring
And our hearts keep time
To the merry, merry chime."

It was a merry time, for all the horses to the twenty-five sleighs had bells on. The first thing was the picnic dinner spread in the school room, and we did full justice to the tempting display.

Then came examinations of classes from each school. The judges said young Washburn was the best teacher, that he knew how to draw out his scholars, but that Mr. Carmack had the brightest scholars. After this decision, Mr. Washburn invited both the schools to visit him at Salem Church, time to be set by the city school. The winter passed and the day had not been set, and we thought they were not coming, but finally a note came saying they would meet us the next day at Salem. We were all excitement. We knew the town school would come in carriages and there was not even one in our neighborhood. The Prairie school could walk, but what were we to do! The big boys got an idea and interested some of their fathers, and the next morning when we gathered at the school our conveyance awaited us. First, there was a heavy log wagon, with a flag pole as high as it could be and not turn the wagon over. From the top the Stars and Stripes floated out on the breeze of that beautiful spring morning. Joined to this heavy wagon came four lumber wagons, one after the other and all joined together. The scholars were to ride in these. They were all drawn by twenty-two oxen. It was a novel sight even for those days. Taylor Vanest and Orval White spent the night in breaking oxen to drive. Fences had to be laid down, as such a long team could not turn the corners. We

drove right across the fields to the lanes. We met at dear old Salem Church. Another merry dinner, then came the examinations of classes and singing. Then the merry home-going. All had a happy time and parted best of friends.

This was near the close of the year and that ended my schooldays in the country. We had many spelling schools, arithmetic contests, singing schools, and grand exhibitions. Our schools were large and far in advance of the rest of the country. The county library was kept at father's, and it was a fine collection of books. Laura and Thirza usually read aloud so that all could join in the pleasure, but sometimes Thirza would select her book and retire to the spare room, locate herself under the bed, and, buried in her book, was deaf to all calls and secure from interruption under the folds of the curtain.

In my sixteenth year I was soundly converted in the old Methodist church at Salem on Helt's Prairie. My conversion was so powerful, so clear, so beautiful, that in all these years of more than a half century I have never for one moment doubted the reality of that pardoning grace that came to my soul. And in life's journey the darkest days have been cheered by the memory of that hour. For six months I lived as happy as anyone ever can in this life,

"Jesus all the day long,
Was my joy and my song."

Sometimes I would waken in the night praising the Lord, I was so happy. At the end of that time I was sent from home to school at the Edgar Academy in Paris, Illinois. Having always lived a quiet life on the

farm, everything seemed strange to me and I was lonesome, homesick. In my loneliness I welcomed the Sabbath day and hastened to church, expecting the cloud to be lifted. But there was not a familiar face nor kindly smiles, nor friendly hand-shakes, not one word to welcome me, a stranger in a strange land. My faith did not waver, but I lost that intense joy never to regain it, for in all the years since I have never been so free from care.

After leaving the Academy I had a great desire to be independent. I wished to teach school. Rather an unusual thing for a country girl in those days, as housework, spinning and sewing at seventy-five cents a week was about all the employment considered womanly and proper. They only employed elderly girls, and that only for a little while in the summer, to teach the small children. I did not enjoy the touch of the greasy wool or being in the hot kitchen, and had too much life to sit and sew, and I found my school on the beautiful, grand prairie of Illinois. It was a small schoolhouse with forty-five pupils, all ages from five to twenty-four years old.

I began my school every day by reading a chapter from the Bible and prayer. I endeavored to gain the respect and love of my scholars and keep order. One day some small boys were talking. I requested them to "stand on the floor". They replied, "then Paul and Jimmy must too, for they were talking." "If that is true," I said, "young men, step out and take your places." Two tall, strong young men rose and took their punishment like men. I was always grateful to them for complying with the rules so cheerfully. What could I have done had

to coax me back and the black cat mewed, but on I went till I spoiled my new red slippers in the mud and my cries brought my beautiful mother. When the flowers came I played in the deep cool shade of the sycamore that stretched its long white arms heavenward. I saw the shining hackberries and the red thorn apple and gathered the plump fruit of the paw-paw. Spring came again, and I followed the winding path through the shadowy wood to the creek, watched the graceful minnows gliding through the sparkling water, built sand houses, and gathered the shining pebbles. Then I would retrace my steps among the wild flowers and gather the bluebells, lovely bluebells, that nestled by the water's brink, and the wondrous lady slipper, the indian pink, and other beautiful flowers, till my chubby hands were lost in their wealth of beauty, and I carried them all to my mother.

One day a baby brother came to our home, a darling little fellow. Another day he was laid in a little bed and taken away. They told me he was in heaven, but when I looked into the blue sky to see him, he was not there. I thought the stars would show him to me, but I never found him.

One day all of our household furniture was piled high on wagons and we moved away from my first home. I was four years old, and I have told all I remember about it, but these pictures are hanging in memory's hall as bright as if they were placed there yesterday.

Our new home was on a fine piece of cleared land that extended but a short distance on two sides till it reached the tall sycamore where the bluebells grew along the bank of the creek. On the other

they refused? Force usually ruled in those days. I loved my pupils and was delighted with my work and everything went merrily on till one of my patrons heard that I was to receive twelve dollars a month and I pay my board out of that. He was very angry and said, "Why, that is almost enough for a man! We have never paid a woman more than six dollars and she pay for her own board." When the trustees refused to lower my princely salary, he took his two children out of the school. But this was the only jar in a happy term of school. The trustee offered me twenty dollars a month if I would teach the next year, but my teaching days were short, as month's before I had learned the true value of the young teacher at Helt's Prairie, and on December 28th, 1854, Henry D. Washburn and I were married at the farm home on the hill where my happy girlhood days were spent. The Rev. Arthur Badley performed the ceremony.

Our new home was in Newport, Indiana, where my husband had entered the practice of law. Four little ones came to bless us in our home there, and the care and anxiety they brought with them was only a pleasure to our loving hearts, we were so happy. Mother Washburn came to make her home with us here.

When the dark war cloud of rebellion arose and scattered anxiety and sorrow all over our beautiful land, our dear home felt the shadow. My companion, with many of his neighbors, enlisted and went to the front. He was a successful soldier and his men all loved him. He went out as captain of his company, but came home at the end of four years commissioned major-general for meritorious work. The awful anx-

iety of those days and weeks and months and years can never be expressed. While many of our friends and neighbors fell in battle, my husband returned safely home, respected and loved by his men, who presented him with a beautiful sword, case, and accoutrements as a token of their esteem. His health was sadly broken by exposure, but he had the same energetic, loving spirit that made friends for him everywhere.

After the battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas, Mr. Washburn sent a small Indian pony from the battlefield. It was supposed to have belonged to an Indian soldier, as some were killed there. She was very poor and gentle as could be, a great pet for the children, who took turns in riding from the little two-year old up. But in time Pocahontas became very fat and fine looking and a new spirit was manifested. One day I was returning from the post office three miles away. There had been a shower and there were pools of water in the road. Poca decided I must get off, and three times she sent me over her head, and always in the middle of a mud puddle. She bucked, and I did the rest. It seemed to be fun for her, but it was provoking for me. I was not hurt, and she always waited for me to wade out and mount again. When I reached home my sister Thirza was dressed in clean laundered clothes and waiting to ride to a neighbors. I insisted on her not riding the pony and she insisted on having my reason. I was the first victim and did not want it known that the pony had thrown me, but I told her and cautioned her not to tell it. She only laughed and mounted the pony. As the road was a straight lane to the creek, I watched them going along peaceably till they came to the creek. The pony wished a drink and

walked along slowly, drinking all the time, till she came to the deep water, then she tossed Thirza over her head into the water and walked out, waiting for her to wade out and get on. Thirza's wet skirts wrapped around the little thing's legs and frightened her and she fairly flew home. "Twas my turn to laugh, but Thirza did not. She was provoked. From that time on no one knew when they would be able to ride that pony, but Aquila is the only one that wears a scar caused by her meanness. She never seemed to tire. If she was willing, they could drive cattle all day and not tire her, but she only carried people when she wanted to do so.

At the close of the war, before he reached home, my husband was nominated for Congress from the Eighth district. These were stirring times at the Capital,- such exciting debates on the reconstruction. He took the entire family with him to Washington. During those four years we enjoyed the friendship of the most noted men in our country, and the children were so enthusiastic over the beauties of the city. Mr. Washburn's health was rapidly failing, so he refused the nomination for a third term in Congress, and President Grant appointed him Surveyor General of Montana Territory. At a reception at Secretary McCullough's, I met Mrs. Governor Fish of New York. She was rather a plain looking woman, but elegantly attired. She wore a brown satin dress with a wreath of diamond stars on her head, the center more than an inch in diameter, and diamond bracelets with diamond cross pendants. She made quite a brilliant display in the gaslight.

At one of the receptions at Vice President Colfax's, General Nel-

son introduced me to Mrs. Mollie Gains, who had recently won a law-suit which gave her possession of the greater part of New Orleans. Her claim had been in the courts for thirty-seven years. She was a pretty blonde with many curls across her forehead. Her dress was pearl colored satin, with a profusion of elegant lace. Her exquisite collar was fastened with a beautiful diamond pin. Her satin bonnet was covered with lace and diamonds. A beautiful costume, rich but not showy. The president's receptions were largely attended by the military officers. Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Scott, Col. John Parker, the full blooded Cherokee on Gen. Grant's staff, were familiar figures. One evening Lelia, a child of twelve years, went with her father to the reception. She looked quite pretty in her pink silk dress and when she was introduced to the President he kissed her and later on General Phil Sheridan lifted her up and kissed her. The next morning when her father told Zoua the president had kissed Lelia, she looked quite sober for a moment, then replied, "if I could not be kissed by a better president than Andy Johnson, I would not be kissed at all."

General Butler eclipsed everything in the magnificence of his reception. He reserved his reception till the close of the season, then spared neither time nor expense to make his large home a perfect bower of loveliness. The night was cold and rainy, which made it seem like entering fairy land as we passed up the carpeted stairway to the entrance. The General and his wife and a beautiful daughter received on the second floor. As I was passing into another room, I asked my friend, Mrs. Perry Fuller of New York, to come with me. She replied,

"How can I?" I glanced down and noticed that three gentlemen were standing on the train of her elegant four hundred dollar dress. There always was a jam at these receptions. I never dressed extravagantly, my best costing only ninety-six dollars.

We often saw Dr. Mary Walker in her green silk bloomers. Vinnie Ream looked so beautiful. She was with Mr. D. W. Voorhees. Her studio was a favorite place with our children. They delighted to play with her doves. The public buildings were very attractive to all of us, especially the Patent Office and Smithsonian Institution, as well as the Congressional Library. We were present at Grant's inauguration.

After our last enjoyable winter in the city, we returned to Clinton and prepared for our western journey to Helena, Montana, as President Grant had made Mr. Washburn Surveyor General of that Territory. One memorable morning in May, 1869, our party, consisting of Mr. Washburn and wife and two children, Mr. N. C. Anderson and wife, my brother, Seymour Nebeker, and Palmer Crab, went down to the bank of the Wabash and stepped aboard the steamer Comet, and sailed down the river to Terre Haute, there taking the train for St. Louis. We remained in St. Louis several days, taking in the sights of the city and waiting for the boat. At last Submarine No. 14 was ready and we went on board with our piano and new household goods purchased in St. Louis. Captain Syms was a large, portly man and very kind. Whenever the boat struck a snag or went aground on the sand bars, he would rush to the bar, take a dram, then sit on the deck and give orders and get exceedingly red. We never heard an oath while on the boat, and surely the

Missouri was a very trying stream to navigate. The channel was never in the same place a week at a time, or I might say a day at a time. We saw a house or two remaining where was once a thriving village. It did not require much time for the river to take a fertile farm from one side of the river and move it to the other.

We left St. Louis the 26th of May, 1869. The city, with its busy wharves and great buildings, was a beautiful sight as we left it behind and, viewed through the smoke and fog, seemed like a dream city. We soon covered twenty miles and found ourselves entering the mouth of the Missouri, whose boiling, whirling, turbulent waters were to rock us to sleep on its bosom for so many weeks. Even as far down as St. Louis, twenty-one miles, the Missouri with its muddy waters does not mingle with the waters of the Mississippi. We passed many towns nestling near the river's brink. We visited Fort Leavenworth and Omaha, and had our first sight of the Indians as they came straggling in past the white tents of the soldiers. The second day, while enjoying our dinner, a thunderstorm came suddenly upon us, shattered a tree on the bank near our boat, knocked two of our men down, and blew down our large smokestack. The captain rushed in to quell our fears, saying excitedly, "General, don't be alarmed. Heat is a non-conductor." I never knew a boat to be struck by lightning." We passed White Cloud and other Indians, Storms and hurricanes and sand-storms served to enliven our nights as well as days. One day we were enjoying ourselves on deck watching Arion Rock in the rear, then on to Albany up the stream. The view was inspiring, the sun played its changing light on

clouds and landscape. When suddenly, without warning, a black cloud overspread the sky, the wind gathered up the sand from the neighboring bank and showered it upon us, almost choking us, and we were swept into a whirlpool. The rocking and creaking of the boat in its circling race, the roaring of the storm, the falling rigging, the engine blowing off steam, men hurrying and racing to obey the mate's orders, all made a deep impression upon us. The idea was to get a man ashore with a cable before we were swept down the whirlpool and on to the bank. We came near enough to the shore, several deck hands leaped from the boat and carried the cable around a good-sized tree, but the momentum of the boat by this time was sufficient to act as a lever and pull the tree over. Everything seemed confusion, but the men made their way to another tree and by a desperate effort made the boat fast and we escaped with nothing more serious than a broken pilot wheel. Our first Sabbath out the Captain asked my husband to have a game of chess, but he declined to play on the Sabbath. About the only thing to mark the day was the general housecleaning of the Steward. Lelia has changed her dress and Nelse has shaved, and Nature, that has been so fitful and stormy, bathes everything today in bright sunshine,and refreshing breezes bear us on our way. At Sioux City the Captain is changing freight. We took a walk up on a high hill and had a fine view of the city and river. On the edge of the deep forest we could see the white-topped wagons of movers, camped for rest and to replenish their stores before pushing westward. We attended Sabbath school and found them singing the popular song we first heard in Washington City and again

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in St. Louis, "Hold the fort, for I am coming". From this on, our journey is well punctuated with stops on sand-bars. We broke our rudder twice the first day out, then broke our pilot wheel, stopped to mend it and hunt channel and chop some wood. How the chips flew! There were very few opportunities now to buy wood. Once we wooded where the Indians had wintered. We used the poles for wood from which the ponies had gnawed the bark during the winter.

We wooded one day where only a few years before had been a happy home. While the parents were away for supplies, the Indians entered and killed all their five children. The grief-stricken mother soon joined her little ones and the father said he only lived to shoot the red man.

We had time to visit Yankton. The weather was beautiful and everything was going smoothly when we struck a sandbar and were detained on it twenty-four hours. June 12, we left the sandbar with the aid of the spar and "monkey" and passed Yankton Agency. June 14th, the War Eagle boat passed us in the morning. Laid by on account of a high wind. Walked to the top of a high hill and had a beautiful view of the country, with not a living thing in view as far as the eye could reach. The river is low and crooked and we cannot run of nights. At Pokahontas Island we heard rumors of the Indians being on the war path. Passed the "Crow" settlement. June 16, cold and windy. Passed old Fort George, wooded and stuck on a sandbar all night. June 17. Passed old Fort Sully and Fort Rice, the oldest forts on the river. June 18. Passed Cheyenne Agency, quite a village of Indian

tepes, fine ponies, hand-painted, many dogs and children, and fifteen hundred Indians were here. June 19. Laid by on account of rain and fog. Our boys went to hunt antelope. June 20. While on a sandbar all night, waiting for the river to rise, it fell six inches. Sent the yawl to hunt channel, then used the spar and was on our way once more. Fine herds of antelope in sight. June 21. Bright and clear. Took on wood. While we were doing so, the Indians came up to the rear of the house and drove away sixty-one head of horses. Seven white men started after the Indians and their horses. A herd of twenty-two beautiful antelope are in sight. June 22nd is a lovely morning, but we are fast on a bar. After trying for two days to get off, we took off half our load and went up the river and took off the rest of the load, then returned for what we had left behind. Our boys killed an antelope. It was fine meat.

June 23. Two hours on a bar. Two boats pass us on the home trip. Pilot houses and windows all boarded up with heavy timbers. They told us the Indians were on the war path. There were four hundred warrior seeking bloodshed. Immediately preparations were made to meet them. Our boat was loaded with sacks of shelled corn for the government. These sacks were brought up and a complete wall built around the deck. The women and children were told to stay in the saloon and get behind the trunks for safety. When we arrived at the place where we expected to find the Indians, there were none in sight. A white man who furnished cattle to boats said they were on the war path and had passed his place only about an hour before we arrived.

son introduced me to Mrs. Mollie Gains, who had recently won a law-suit which gave her possession of the greater part of New Orleans. Her claim had been in the courts for thirty-seven years. She was a pretty blonde with many curls across her forehead. Her dress was pearl colored satin, with a profusion of elegant lace. Her exquisite collar was fastened with a beautiful diamond pin. Her satin bonnet was covered with lace and diamonds. A beautiful costume, rich but not showy. The president's receptions were largely attended by the military officers. Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Scott, Col. John Parker, the full blooded Cherokee on Gen. Grant's staff, were familiar figures. One evening Lelia, a child of twelve years, went with her father to the reception. She looked quite pretty in her pink silk dress and when she was introduced to the President he kissed her and later on General Phil Sheridan lifted her up and kissed her. The next morning when her father told Zoua the president had kissed Lelia, she looked quite sober for a moment, then replied, "if I could not be kissed by a better president than Andy Johnson, I would not be kissed at all."

General Butler eclipsed everything in the magnificence of his reception. He reserved his reception till the close of the season, then spared neither time nor expense to make his large home a perfect bower of loveliness. The night was cold and rainy, which made it seem like entering fairy land as we passed up the carpeted stairway to the entrance. The General and his wife and a beautiful daughter received on the second floor. As I was passing into another room, I asked my friend, Mrs. Perry Fuller of New York, to come with me. She replied,

sides the fields reached back to a thick forest of dark woods. Among my earliest memories, I see my self on the brow of the hill and looking around the horizon, feeling that I saw the end of the world. On the hill was a fine grove of sugar trees and oaks. The house was in a beautiful, restful spot on the side of a much-traveled road. There is nothing left now to mark the place but an old mulberry tree at the foot of the hill.

"How often, O how often,
In the days that have gone by,
I've gathered the rich black fruit
From the leafy boughs on high.

Our new house had four rooms. One was placed some ten feet away from the main building. It had a large fire place, windows and door, and contained two beds. Here the farm hands slept, and on rainy days played fox and geese and other games on home-made boards, with corn and buttons for men. The other three rooms were built in a straight row. Two of them were very large. The kitchen had an immense fireplace. Two men would roll a large back-log in with hand-spikes, and it would burn for days. The andirons were placed against this log and a big fore-stick placed on them, then smaller wood was piled on and soon there was a roaring fire. There was the ever-present crane in the chimney, on which was hung the teakettle and boiling-pot. There was the reflector to place before the fire to bake biscuit, and the dutch oven for light bread and corn pones. Then there was the large griddle, about two feet across, on which the corn and griddle cakes were fried.

June 24. Bought wood of the Indians. The squaws cut and cord the wood, the braves sell it. We usually have to stop about three hours a day now to cut wood. Cottonwood is the only tree that grows in these valleys. We have to tie up every night on account of snags and bars. It seems rather slow traveling in these muddy waters. While they were chopping wood the other day, some of our party found a spring of clear crystal water and brought a pitcherful to the boat for us to enjoy, but we had become so accustomed to the flavor of the muddy water of the Missouri that the clear water tasted insipid. At Fort Rice we met Lieut. Hough, of Terre Haute, Indiana, who spent the evening with us and was delighted to see some one from the civilized country.

June 25. Stopped twice in a beautiful country to cut wood. Took advantage of the work of the beavers. Some of the trees they had cut down were eighteen inches in diameter. They cut these trees into four foot lengths and made a dam across a part of the river. Cannonball River was interesting as one bluff on its bank was filled with stones about the size of cannonballs, looking as if they had been shot into the hill. The Utah passed us on her return trip. She kindly pulled us over a bar and saved us the trouble of unloading. June 28, met the Lacon of the same line of steamers. At Fort Buford, the passengers on the Submarine and part of the freight were transferred to the Lacon, as it was impossible for the large boat to get any further. The good-byes were said to our good friends on the boat and we started again on our journey to Helena.

July 4th. Cold, and everybody with their wraps on, shiwering around a big fire in the cabin. We are in Montana Territory and talking of the Fourths we have enjoyed in the States. While taking wood, Mr. Allen brought us some ripe wild gooseberries, the only fruit we have found with the exception of the tart bullberry. July 5. Too warm to be comfortable. July 6. Cold and a storm raging and the boat tied up. Such a climate! I am afraid that the boat will blow to pieces. July 7, the boat St. Johns passed us and said to be on the lookout for Indians who had captured two man from the boat Huntsville. July 8. Came up with freight left by two boats. Two men were left to guard it in this lonely place. The boats are double tripping it to Fort Peck, ten miles away. We learned more about the lost men. One, an old man going to his son's in Montana, went off with his gun and was never seen or heard of again. The boat waited three days to search for him. The other was a young man from Philadelphia, traveling for pleasure. He saw a fawn, tried to catch it. Just as he put his hand on it, a white man and two big Indians seized him, took off his clothing and arms. While they were quarreling over his money and gold watch and chain, he made his escape, more crazy than sane. He ran back to the river, plunged right in, climbed over the side of boat, then ran right through the parlor where the ladies were.

July 9. No water, and had to unload freight and double-trip it. Run, or rather sparred, three miles against a stiff breeze, then had to lay by for half a day. Saw a large drove of buffalo. Our boys killed two. Cannot say the steaks are very delicious. July 10. Going

back after the freight we left yesterday, we had to use the spars most of the way. What would we do without that "nigger". July 11. Strong wind fastened us on a bar. Beavers thick in the water and even on the land they are not afraid of us. They are numerous here in the seventeen bends. The river here bends just as fast as it can for seventeen times. The men brought a beaver on board for us to take a good look at him. July 13. The Farragut and our boat were together and both were stuck fast on a bar. Both boats unloaded. We had seven miles of bad river. We visited with the ladies on the other boat and compared notes on a trip up the river in low water. While waiting, the boys went hunting. Thirza, Lelia, Aquila and I joined in the chase. Palmer Crabb and Mr. Allen hid in the brush and both men fired at once and only an expert huntsman knew who killed the buffalo. Mr. Allen knew that a buffalo cannot be killed except he is shot just behind the fore leg, to hit the heart. The fur and skin are so thick that even a large ball will glance off and not penetrate the hide. One morning a herd of these grand old fellows was swimming the river. Our boat had to tie up for them. Some one shot one of the herd, but it only shook its head and swam on to the other shore. Nothing will stop or turn the course of a frightened herd of buffalo.

July 14. Another herd of buffalo crossed the river in front of our boat. We tried our hand at fishing while the boat stopped to cut wood. The finny tribe knew nothing of the trials of civilization and seized the hooks as fast as they were dropped in the water, only a few minutes being required to fill a washtub. There is a great var-

iety of fish and we have them till we are tired of them. It was interesting to watch the Indians fishing. When the boat was some distance from them they looked like so many posts out in the river. When they catch a fish they rend the air with their whoops and swing the unlucky fellow round and round their heads. We went out riding in the skiff at eight o'clock this evening. The days are very long here. The twilight lasts so long that we can read on deck at ten o'clock and day breaks about two o'clock in the morning. While looking at the beautiful country, we made great prophecies of what fifty years would do for this country. (I have seen more than my fancy painted come to pass in the thirty-five years I have lived since then.) We are one hundred and seventy miles beyond Milk River.

July 15. What hallooing and rejoicing as we moved off the bar on which we had been sticking for thirty-six hours. Here we are fast again at one o'clock. Men are out in the yawl sounding for the channel. They return saying that in places there is only two feet three inches of water. The Captain is in a deep study. We remain here for three days on the east side of the river by the tall cottonwood trees. It looks as though the Indians had wintered here. There are many poles from which the ponies have gnawed the bark and soft wood. While looking through the woods, we discovered a number of bodies of departed Indians wrapped in red blankets or buffalo robes, and tied high up in the tallest trees, some as high as seventy feet. The wonder to me is how they could ever get them there. We had already passed several burying grounds. They place four posts in the ground, ten feet high,

then cover with poles and place the body on them. There is always a taller pole standing at the head with a sack of provisions and medicine for the spirit to feed on during the six months it remains on probation, then it is permitted to enter the happy hunting grounds, where there are no palefaces. Their ponies and dogs are killed and buried under the scaffold, so they will be ready for their master's use.

A consultation is held over our situation. The Captain says we must return, for we cannot go any farther. We have been in Montana Territory for three weeks and on the river eleven weeks, and we had expected to make the entire trip to Fort Benton in six weeks. From that point we had intended to go by ox-wagon three hundred miles over the mountains to Helena, where General Washburn was to take charge of the office of Surveyor General. We were only two hundred miles from Musselshell River where we had thought we might take an ox-train to our destination, but there is no possible way of getting there. Then only a few days before there had been a battle with the Indians there who had been defeated with great loss and were so enraged that they were now on the warpath all over that part of the country, making travel very uncertain. What is to become of us? We cannot fight, for we have nothing with which to fight. The government does not allow boats above Fort Berthold without taking on guns, and good ones too, but our Captain was careless and permitted the passengers to hunt and use the amunition, and now there were not a dozen loads left.

Once more the Farragut came up with us and we tried to get pas-

sage on her, but the Captain said, "No. We have one hundred and fifty passengers, many of them women and children, and our provisions are almost gone. We simply cannot take anyone." So we turn our faces homeward and try to sing "Homeward bound", but there is not much joy in the song. The water is falling every minute and we are four hundred miles from Fort Buford, the nearest point where we can obtain any provisions.

July 16. The Huntsville is trying to get up stream. She had twenty-two young men from Philadelphia aboard, traveling for pleasure. We are aground again, unload and work hard all day and at night are just where we were in the morning. July 18. Afloat again, running the seven bends (17?). We see a very large herd of buffalo and an immense American eagle and a drove of large elk. Mr. Allen killed a deer. We have had no meat for some time except as we killed it. For three weeks we have been dependent upon our huntsmen. July 19. Thirza and I counted the sacks of flour in the store room and the steward said there were just enough to last nine days, and very little dried fruit. What will we do! Our party had breakfasted and the second table were eating, when a loud crash was heard and an unusually great jar that knocked several from their seats. I was standing holding my state-room door and talking to Thirza who was sitting on my trunk. I was thrown almost to the floor, my sister was pitched headlong into my berth, but this did not seriously alarm us, as we were accustomed to hard knocks on bars and snags. But there was a rush and bustle outside and soon the cry reached us that the boat was sinking. But we did not realize

our danger, even then, till my companion opened the door and said, "Come quickly, the boat is sinking." We rushed out on the deck, the boat trembled like a leaf suddenly struck, then with a gurgle sank to the bottom of the river and turned partly on its side. Fortunately it had sunk in shallow water and the upper deck and our staterooms were dry. How much was done in the next five minutes, men flying in every direction from pilot house to cabin then down to the lower deck. Such a gathering of trunks and haversacks and valuables. One man who could not swim threw his goods overboard and stood ready to jump. The great fear was that the boat would turn entirely over on her side, bringing destruction to everything.

But good fortune stood with us, for the water was only ten feet deep and the bed of the river comparatively level. So the boat did not turn over and we had no explosion. Thus far we were safe. The boat was loaded with sacks of shelled corn that had been shipped to Fort Benton for the horses of the United States soldiers. The deck hands would dive into the hull and throw them into the river in front of the hole in the boat to break the current and lighten the load so that we could see what would be the prospect of raising the boat. Captain Tincher, a very large man, handsome Jack, and the mate plunged into the water to make a thorough examination of our damage, and see if it would be possible to raise the boat and mend it. A snag, a part of a tree, had broken entirely through the hull, making a hole nine feet in length by three feet wide. This great hole was the cause of the boat going down so quickly.

There was no way out of it, our boat must be mended. We were six hundred miles from Fort Benton up the river, and two hundred miles from Fort Peck down the stream and the latter place was only a deserted fort where hunters make a stopping place. Our provisions are almost gone, and here we are in the wilderness with savage Indians all about us. Our Knabe piano and household goods are all in the water. The previous winter a great deal of complaint had been made about the great waste of money in providing for the redmen, and Congress had cut down their supplies and this had greatly angered the Indians and sent so many of them out on the warpath in the summer of 1869. We were twenty-six hundred miles from St. Louis. The crookedness of the stream gives it this distance. We often see great stalwart Indians take their new red blankets and tear them into strips three inches wide, tie one end to their belts, then run and look back at the flying strips with great satisfaction. They often braid the tails of wild animals in their hair and paint to look grotesque.

Inside the wall made by the sacks of corn, the men went to work to raise the boat. They stretched a heavy tarpaulin over the hole on the inside of the boat, then brought blue clay from a bank near, in the yawl, and pounded it hard against the canvas. By three o'clock the leak from the outside was stopped. A sick man in his bunk directed the rigging up of a siphon pump and the steam pumps were put in readiness, hand pumps, kegs, buckets, and pans were used by the deckhands, officers and passengers, all working for dear life. Sister and I ran a pump till we blistered our hands. The mate, who had a voice almost

like thunder, said "Work hard for ten minutes and we can tell if we can raise the boat." Splash, splash, went the water, but not a word was spoken, and there was not even a smile to lighten the gloom. Then the mate came again saying to heave away, the water was lowering. Then the glorious shout that went up from the broken boat seemed enough to raise it half way to the clouds. The anxious faces now grew cheerful and the jolly joke went round. Captain Bailey called out, "Where are we now?" The mate seemed to be everywhere at once, encouraging and cheering every one to do his best. Now dipping water here then off to another place, his energy was contagious and parties worked the faster for his visit. Every now and then he would say "All hands together, the water is lowering, the boat will soon be afloat. Pitch it lively, she is raising. Hurrah, hurrah!"

At seven o'clock in the evening the boat was afloat after a day's hard work. It was thought by running the steam pumps all the time it would float till morning. The Captain ordered supper, dinner had been out of the question. The tired men and passengers ate a hearty meal and many of them retired at once. At sunset I wandered out on the bow of the boat alone to see where we were and what were our surroundings. My husband soon joined me there, then my brother Seymour and my sister. We were facing the north, to my right was a range of mountains some distance from the shore. The river was wide and shallow, and to my left was a long sandbar reaching far into the river. Next to this was a willow thicket and beyond this a cottonwood forest, and a little south of this was a range of barren mountains. The gravity of the

situation made us look in silence, nothing heard but the plashing of the water against the boat. Suddenly a hideous cry broke the silence, and we saw two large wolves come out of the willow thicket and down to the river for water. Two of our party had gone over there to hunt. I said, "Our boys will be eaten up." My husband replied that they would return soon. Just then we heard shots and some deer ran from the willows and at the same time a drove of buffalo without fear came to the river's brink, while a herd of large elk came half-way down the mountain and stopped, frightened by the unusual scene of the broken boat, while upon the top-most crag of the mountains could be seen the Indian sentry who was keeping a watch over our movements.

Sunset, wolves, deer, elk and Indians, & Buffaloes a broken boat, no help in sight, is there any wonder, then, that I shuddered when the hungry cry of the wolves rent the air? There was great fear that our boat would break in two and we would have to go ashore and take our chances with the wild beasts and Indians. It had been seriously considered of sending the women and children down to Fort Buford, three hundred miles, in the yawl with two men to manage it, with the hope of floating past the Indians during the nighttime. We went to our beds, but not to rest. The wolves howled all night and I expected the Indians to be upon us at any moment. I never before appreciated the full meaning of that old hymn, "This earth's a howling wilderness."

At two o'clock in the morning, all hands were called to work, as the water was rapidly gaining on the steam pump. Every one seemed tired and disheartened, but after several hours' work they lowered the

The coals were drawn out on to the hearth and the griddle placed on them, and cakes enough baked at one time for a family of three or four persons. There was a three-cornered cupboard in one corner, a poplar kitchen table, always white as scouring could make it, and a large fall-leaf cherry dining table in this room, besides other pieces of furniture.

The best room had the ever-present fireplace, that was filled with the blazing logs in winter and green boughs in summer time. Two beds stood in the room with curtains reaching from the ceiling to the floor, making a complete tent of the bed. The curtains were made of fine cotton, a dark background with boquets of bright flowers. A cherry bureau, table and chairs, and a large wooden clock completed the furniture. This clock ticked seconds and was made entirely of wood, the works as well as the case. One of my pleasures was to watch a middle aged man oil this clock. Every winter he went through the neighborhood cleaning and oiling the clocks. I never knew our clock to stop, but he always attended to it. We children had to crack butternuts and squeeze out the oil, as he would never use anything else on a clock. He was a good talker and father enjoyed him, so he always arranged to come Saturday and spend the Sabbath. He always charged for his work, but was never called upon for a board bill.

Yes, there was my little red chair and a sugar trough I used for a cradle for my rag dolls. The school teacher always boarded at father's and slept in one of the curtained beds. I slept in the small room, and so did the "hired girl".

There were trees at the back of the house and a row of bee-hives.

water sufficiently to get up steam and run the boat a few yards across the river and with the spar raise the broken side out of the water, so they could go to work in earnest to mend the rent. July 21. All hands are at work taking out the temporary filling preparatory to putting in one more substantial. Some passengers are looking on, others are fishing, when suddenly we are startled by the clatter of hoofs and a war party of Indians were upon us. They jumped from their ponies and the ticket seemed full of them as they lined up and placed their arrows in their bows. A few had heavy rifles. On they came, a cloud of dark, red faces. Captains, officers, and everyone, hurriedly came aboard the boat. The fishing party joined in the rush, all except Lelia. She had just caught a large catfish and was so excited that she did not notice the Indians, and when Seymour went to find her and wanted to help her up at the stern of the boat, she thought there must be another sandstorm coming. She gave him her fish, then turned and ran right into the midst of the Indians. Then, for once in her life, she was swift-footed. She had heavy hair hanging down her back and it had been a great attraction to the Indians. They had often motioned from the shore that they wanted her scalp and this fact increased her speed.

Captain Sedan was a timid man, as we had learned before. He came to my husband and said, "General, what are we to do with these fellows?" Mr. Washburn replied, "Order every man on board on deck with a gun," (it really took a man with a gun to drive the deck hands out of the hold to hold a gun, they were so frightened,) "and wait and see what

the Indians are going to do." The Indians saw such a company of men and such a supply of guns, but they did not know they were empty, for we had used all the amunition before this time. It was thought best to make overtures of peace. The steward sent out a large clothes basket full of our meager supplies. These were placed before them and Captain Bailey of our party went out to smoke the pipe of peace with them. He smoked the long-handled pipe awhile and handed it to the chief, who stood a little in advance of his men, but the chief took no notice of the pipe or of Captain Bailey. I noticed that on his arm hung six scalps and one of them was light hair. I knew not how soon our locks might be added to the list. Captain Bailey smoked three times, and still no notice was given his offer of peace. Then the chief reached out his hand and took the pipe and smoked it a long time. Again we felt another crisis had passed. The Indians stayed around half a day, trying in every way to come aboard, but Mr. Washburn said they must not be permitted to do so.

There was so much excitement while they were around that no work could be done on the boat and no dinner was prepared. And when they mounted their ponies and rode away, we were more alarmed than ever, for we feared they had gone for reinforcements. Now everybody who could lend a hand to the work did so. We had been told by passing boats that there were no other boats to come down the river. Imagine our great joy, late in the afternoon, to see the smoke of a vessel and the Ida Stockdale came to meet us. Mr. Washburn hailed her and asked the Captain to take our party. "No sir! I am already loaded too heavily

for the low water and may be caught at any time and we have but little provision." After much talk, my husband saying he must, and backing this assertion with a liberal cash offer, he consented to take six of our party, but no more. He said the young men could fight their way through someway. Our family and Nelse and Thirza came to the new boat, but with heavy hearts, as brother Seymour had to be left on the broken boat with the rest of our party. Although the water was low, we found it much faster coming with the stream. We arrived at Fort Peck and learned that our Indian visitors were a war party of Crows going to fight the Sioux. There had been another fight at Musselshell and no freight or passengers would venture on the road.

July 22. We had become somewhat reconciled to leaving brother Seymour and our friends on the broken boat and were trying to cheer up, when the cry of fire was heard on the hurricane deck. Fortunately it was extinguished without much trouble or damage. Our piano had been placed near the engine to dry and had taken fire. July 29. Passed the Sully's freight. They had left the watchmen five days' provisions, and had been gone fifteen days. Our Captain gave them some flour. The men had placed a number of paddies around their camp to make it look as if there were many men.

The Indians will follow the boat all day, sometimes, hoping it will land. And when it does tie up they rush from every direction, running or riding, often three children on one pony carrying their dogs. They come in blankets and buffalo robes and a few of them in their bare skins, a motley, dirty throng. It is difficult to see in

them the noble red man. At Fort Buford the Captain hung out the small-pox flag to keep them from the boat. The Indians, hundreds of them, came no closer than a quarter of a mile. As we neared the mouth of the Yellowstone River, a strange procession met us. A large party of Grovon Indians had been up the river hunting and laying in their winter's supply of meat. They had had a successful hunt, and were returning with their boats laden down to the water's brink. Their boats were made by bending willow poles, making a round basket about ten feet in diameter, this being covered with buffalo robes, skin side out, and perfectly water-proof. Several of these are tied together. A squaw sits in the front of the first one and propels the boat with a single paddle. There were two hundred boats in this fleet. The braves kill the wild game, but the squaws dress the meat and cure it, then pack it into the boats. They have their pappooses with them and they sit on the meat and relish a piece of raw fat buffalo meat while the mother works.

These boats were protected by two hundred mounted warriors on each side of the river. This was absolutely necessary, as they were passing through the country belonging to another tribe, and they are constantly warring with one another. A chief wanted to come on the boat for the rest of his journey. The Captain was afraid to refuse, so the squaw unloaded their boats and the two braves, the squaw and pappoose came on board, paying three buffalo robes for the short trip. It was thought each one of their boats contained about a thousand pounds of meat. The little pappoose was three hundred days old. They kept its age by cutting a notch in a stick each day. It had not been browned

by exposure and looked very pretty and sweet. As they neared the fort the brave went to the highest part of the boat and chanted the story of their successful hunt. A more doleful, disheartening piece of music cannot be conceived. At least so it seemed to the white folks.

August 1. Very warm. Wooded at St. John's Agency and bought a cow, which was brought on board to be killed for beef. The prairie was on fire. At night all the valley and waves of hills are a blaze of light, a sea of fire. August 2. Passed Yankton, Dakota, a town of half a dozen houses, the last signs of civilization on the river. The steward bought some potatoes. It had been weeks since we had tasted any. August 3. Passed some cattle, up to their necks in mud, just their heads above the water. Three men and a woman were trying to rescue them. August 4. Landed in Sioux City, where most of the passengers left the boat. Our boat took on a good supply of provisions. This was a pleasant sight to us. However, with all our mishaps, we had never been starving hungry, but it was often very difficult to eat what was served. We purchased the daily papers here, the first we had seen in weeks. We passed several wrecks, as there are many boats lost on this turbulent, crooked river.

August 6. Arrived at Omaha and Mr. Washburn took the train on the Pacific to , thence five hundred miles by stage to Helena, Montana Territory. This was the only possibly way of reaching his destination. He goes alone. It is sad. After the four years of terrible separation during the war and part of the time while he was in Congress, we had decided never to be separated again. But I am too

frail to take the trip overland, so must return to Clinton, Indiana. But if he gains his health, we will feel rejoiced and repaid for this sacrifice. Nelse Anderson and wife return with us.

August 5. The eclipse is here, but the day is dark and cloudy and we do not have the fine view we had wished for. Still, it is wonderful, the beautiful shadow and the small silver rim. So strange to see our daylight turned to shade. We are just a few miles from Leavenworth City. We landed here and went out to the fort. The grasshoppers are thick, devouring everything green. August 7. Laid at Parksville last night. We had a delightful serenade. It sounded heavenly after our long sojourn in the wilderness. We sang with great earnestness, "Aint you glad we're out of the wilderness?"

During the summer of 1870, Mr. Washburn organized a party to explore the Yellowstone River. They lost one of their men and remained three days to look for him. A heavy snowstorm came upon them and he contracted a cold from which he never recovered. He returned home in December, and after an illness of six weeks passed quietly from earth to heaven. A record of his life and work has been purposely omitted from this little volume, as it is the plan to write a complete history of the man, soldier, congressman and explorer. When these two are bound together, this booklet will become a book and I trust will be interesting to the boys and girls of our family.

In November, 1871, I moved to Greencastle, Indiana, to place my children in school,- Indiana Asbury University. Sister Myrtle and brothers Henry and Byrd also entered college, staying with us while

in school. I found a congenial circle of kind Christian people here and my children and relatives did well in their studies, bearing off part of the honors given in the University.

In 1886, I had a slight attack of Kansas fever. While visiting my sister Thirza, a letter was handed me stating that three friends were starting to Garden City to enter timber claims. It was almost train time. I jumped up, saying, "I am going to Kansas." I asked sister to pack my grip while I made myself ready for the journey. In a few minutes I left the door with my collar in my mouth and putting on my cuffs, and I was soon on the train to join the western party, consisting of Prof. J. B. DeMotte, Mr. Stanton, Miss Clara Florer and myself. We reached Garden City the second morning, about three o'clock, very tired, to find it cold and rainy. On going to the hotel, we were told everything was full, and they could not take us, but our old friend, Mr. J. H. Priest, interceded for us and the landlord sent a boy across the street to prepare for the gentlemen. They slept in a storeroom with a large glass front and no window screens. We ladies were taken over later, just as the men were disrobing for bed. Tableau! We were taken to an upstairs room. Clara was ready for bed first. She said, "O Aunt Serena, the bed is so soiled." I replied, "Hush right up and get in." Then she exclaimed, "Oh, the bed is warm, some one has just left it." But we slept soundly and sweetly till morning. Then we found our bed was not dirty, but the sheets were of unbleached muslin and the room was very neat and clean. That day was spent in prospecting. We thoroughly enjoyed riding over the beauti-

ful country. At one home we were served the most delicious watermelon I ever tasted, though the bachelor had nothing but an old tin teaspoon with which to serve it. We selected our claims and returned to our rooms at the Buffalo House. After retiring, a man across the hall was called to get up and give up his bed to some new arrivals, but refused, and the landlord came and said, "You must get up. You slept half of last night, and those women leave at one o'clock and you can have their bed." I write this to show what a rush there was to Kansas. There really were not beds enough to accommodate the people. I entered a timber claim and also took a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres, getting four years' credit on ^ for my husband's war service. We re-

turned to Greencastle at once, but six months later I was in a neat little frame house on my claim in Kansas. My nephew, Warren Florer, a lad of sixteen, was with me. The country was so level that we could count several houses from my door. Warren remained till obliged to return to college, then Miss Blanche Donnohue came from Greencastle to stay with me. We had a fine neighborhood. Sabbath school was held at Mr. Porter's each Sunday, and preaching once a month. Every Thursday evening prayer meeting was held at some one of the different homes. I hung a lantern outside the door so they could see where to come, as there were no roads and the thick buffalo grass covered every place. As I stood in the door, I could see the lights starting out in every direction and circling up to one common center. These meetings were fine. I have never heard more fervent prayers or more spiritual singing. The people were in earnest, trying to plant the church of

God in that far away beautiful land.

The neighbors were very sociable, often dropping in to see us and dine with us. One day three of my friends said they were coming over to spend the day, so I made a nice cake, boiled my ham, baked beans and light bread, pickled the eggs, and made potato salad and other preparations the day before. The morning came, and with it the fog that shuts down over the prairie like a blanket, so dense you cannot see a foot from the door. My girl said there would be no one here today, and I agreed with her. The fog lifted very slowly, and about ten o'clock we heard a wagon, but it was almost at the door before we could see it. One of the gentlemen had to sit on the edge of the wagon and watch closely to see if they were following the tracks on the grass. Soon another wagon arrived. Mr. Parsons had been to Kendall on Saturday and found a crate of Old Mexican grapes brother Byrd had sent me from El Paso. It was too late when he reached home to come over, so he brought them this morning, and all of his family, six in number, to spend the day. And the friends continued to come, till we had twenty-two persons for dinner. I only baked my favorite brown bread and made coffee, all the rest was ready. Our desert was cake and peaches with cream, watermelons, and grapes from Mexico. This house in which I entertained my friends was twelve feet square, with cellar and attic. The fuel was kept in the cellar to keep it from blowing away. The bed was in the Northeast corner, with a trunk at its foot. A book-case was on west. Next to the door was a good cupboard made of goods-boxes, next a wardrobe. On the south was the cook stove and table. In the east a

a window and sitting room. Plenty of room here for all of our guests, if we managed everything properly.

June 20, 1887, Miss Donnohue and myself left Sunny Farm, near Hartland, Kansas, and made a trip to Manitou Springs, Colorado. Quickly we passed along on the Cannon Ball express, hardly being able to see the numerous villages dotted over the prairies, beautiful if one does not forget the beautiful trees. The prairie flowers are so abundant and beautiful. We passed many large horse ranches and cattle ranches, with their conspicuous cow-boys. Hundreds of cattle are raised and fattened for market without anything more than the rich buffalo grass. We took our breakfast at La Junta. When we reached Pueblo, Pike's Peak was visible, with its snow-capped head towering above the clouds. The scenery was beautiful among the mountains. At Colorado Springs, we stopped at the Antler's Hotel, a fine dark red sandstone building, ornamented with pink sandstone. The house is elegantly furnished, and from windows and large porch is seen the grandest mountain scenery. For the first time in my life, I saw it raining while abowe the clouds the sun shone clear and beautiful on the mountain peaks. In the afternoon we took train for Manitou, just a tiny car on a narrow guage railroad. The ride was delightful among a wealth of beautiful scenery. The mountains closed in about us, nearer and nearer, till they seemed to meet before us in the great sentinel Pike's Peak. We had been watching it for so long and now it seemed within a stone's throw, but we were told it was still twelve miles away. As I had been living some months on Sunny Farm I selected Sunny Side Hotel for my home while

On the south was a fine garden spot. The front yard was filled with beautiful trees and wild flowers covered the hillside. The well was on the north. Father said it was the best water in the world, and I thought it was. We drew the water with a "moss-covered bucket" fastened on to a large sweep. My play-house was near the tree that stood at the foot of the sweep. The sweep was a large sapling some twelve inches in diameter at the base, with a stone fastened to it heavy enough to raise a bucket of water from the well, with my little help. A small wooden trough extended from the well to the barn lot, some twenty feet away, to a big trough. The cows and horses drank here, and father had some fine stock. A large span of black mares were father's pride. He called them Coally and Polly, and always drove them together. The horses made a great fuss if they were separated even for a little while.

Grandfather Nebeker came to live with us here. When I was six years old, brother Jasper came to bless our home. He lived to be twenty years old and died while in the service of his country during the war of 1861.

When five years old, I attended my first school. It was taught in a neighbor's house, a mile distant from our home. The teacher, Mr. William Porter, boarded at our house and he would take me by the hand and carefully lead me to school. He carried the little tin dinner pail. We passed through cornfields, then through the deep woods. The turns and windings of that path linger in memory yet, around a large stump, over an old decayed fallen log, around the bend in the creek and

in Manitou. It was a short distance up the side of the mountain and overlooked the little village nestling at the mountain's base. On either side of the hotel was a noisy mountain stream of clear cold water, tumbling over the rocks in haste to reach the valley below. From my window I could see the lofty, snow covered mountains around Pike's Peak, Cameron's Cone, nearer the Ragged Mountain, Red Mountain, and deep canons and rugged cliffs, and the vine-clad cottages of the village where the streets were gay with pleasure seekers, those in quest of health, and the money makers. I tarried long at my window and drank in the beauties I had so longed to see and enjoy for myself. After an early breakfast, we took a carriage drive along Buena Vista drive to the Garden of the Gods. We entered through the postern gate. To our right is a wall of time- and storm-worn rock, covered with their friends, the hardy evergreen who always seems to be stretching protecting arms over the bare sides of the rocks. To our left is the great Balance Rock, resting its hundreds of tons of weight on the contracted base of a few feet.

Many of these monoliths are tubular in form and are two and three hundred feet high. Two of the loftiest columns form the gateway to the Garden. The coloring is most striking. The stones glow with intense red standing outlined against a clear blue sky, with the bright light of the sun flashing on them with the splendor of a chamelion. All these fantastic shapes are named. Here is the Statue of Liberty, Cathedral Tower, Dolphin, Bear, Lion, Seal, and the Woman of the Garden, and Lot's Wife in stone instead of salt. There is the Amercan Eagle,

and too many other pieces to mention here. We pass from the solitude and grandeur of this place and enter Glen Eyrie, a beautiful little place on the top of a mountain, surrounded on all sides by mountains of different colors, the red, the gray, and the white gypsum. We pass the Major Domo, a bright red column placed like a statue in the glen, we pass a sparkling mountain stream, and see the wild flowers of rare beauty on its banks, and see the lovely vines clinging to the mountain side. This little paradise will ever remain a beautiful picture for my enjoyment in the years to come.

But why attempt to describe the wondrous grandeur all about us! We visited the usual places of interest. I must, however, mention our visit to the Seven Falls in South Cheyenne Canon. We ascended the mountain by a narrow footpath that followed the windings of a swift mountain stream that every now and then seemed to leap for joy over a great rock and punctuate its course with a beautiful waterfall. As the great ganite walls seemed to rise higher and higher, until their summits pierced the clouds, the stream and path made a sharp turn and we saw the object of our search. The sunlight never reaches the place where we were standing, except for a few minutes at high noon. My friends passed on, but I stood and lingered behind. I placed my hand on the bare granite walls, saying: This is God's thought in stone. Looking up several hundred feet, I saw the sunlight gilding the mountain top. I saw the sparkling of the mica, the many tints of the granite, and here and there clinging vines added beauty to the scene. The sunlight of nature had warmed the cold granite with blossom and

clothed the earth in living beauty. The bare dark stone at my feet was the same wall whose head was crowned with verdure. The thought came to me, What will be our transformation when we have ascended the mountain of life and are forever in the sunlight of God's love. Looking upward, a large sheet of water seemed to fall from the very clouds to a rocky shelf near the mountain top, then again it leaped into the air and fell to another rock below, this being repeated seven times, until at last it reaches the bed of the stream and joins in the grand race to the valley. It would be mocking for me to attempt a description of the sublimity and grandeur of this scene. It must be seen to be appreciated. Reluctantly, we leave the place and ascend a wooden stairway up, up the dizzy height, and at last reach a well-worn footpath which leads to the grave of Helen Hunt Jackson, one of Nature's sweetest, truest writers. She had done much of her writing here and requested to be laid here to rest, several thousand feet above the level of the sea. The giant trees are her sentinels, and the stars her tapers, the music of the dashing waters of the Seven Falls her eternal requiem. Tender Mother Earth nourishes the red man's favorite vine and covers her grave with the evergreen [illegible], a vine she always loved for the beauty of its evergreen foliage and its red berries, but most of all for its traditional solace to the red man.

We thoroughly enjoyed all the beauties around us and do not wonder that the Indians were so loathe to leave this charmed spot, His early mountain home. We visited the grand cavern and ascended Pike's Peak. The government has a signal service station here among the

barren rocks, inaccessible eight months of the year. A desolate place for a home.

With feelings of regret we left all the beauties and scenes of grandeur of these mountains and returned to Sunny Farm, enriched by the trip, for memory has added more sweet pictures for our enjoyment in future days. After proving up my claim, I made a trip to El Paso, Texas, to visit my youngest brother, Byrd Nebeker, and had a delightful visit, being especially interested in the strange customs and manner of living in Old Mexico.

I returned home to Greencastle, Indiana, built two houses on Vine street. June 28th, 18 , Mrs. Martin, of Tuscola, Illinois, and I started on a western trip, stopping at Hartland, Kansas, to make final proof on my timber claim. We passed the next day in La Junta. We found ourselves in the hands of the Pullman strikers and were obliged to sit up in the car all night. We spent two weeks of most delightful visiting, in Denver and points of interest near there. I was especially interested at Plume City to see them washing out the gold in wash pans. That brought the old song to mind, "I'm going to California with my wash-pan on my knee." On account of the strike, we could not get transportation any farther west, so we returned to Manitou. There we received a telegram calling us home, but we arrived too late. Our dear Mollie had already taken the journey to the Land that is fairer than day.

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about my father's people, only that Grandfather Johnson was a slave-holder in the South. They were educated, cultured people. My mother married Aquila Nebeker and he was always a kind, true father to me, loving and loved.

There were six children in our home, Lelia, the eldest, living in Greencastle, Indiana. Seymour, our oldest boy was our joy for only two months. Dr. Aquila A. Washburn lives in Clinton. Lula Grace, the babe of beauty, lived less than a year. Her father was in the army and never saw her. Zona, our brightest, our joy and pride for eight years, called for her grandmother to come to her bedside, then asked for all of her money, put it in her hand and said, "Give it to the missionary, it may help send someone to tell the poor heathen children about Jesus." The golden gates flew open and our darling was gone. Three of my children died when my husband was not at home. Eighteen months later, January, 1870, my husband said "I am trusting in Jesus", smiled and passed away. For thirty-three years I have had my two children, Lelia and Aquila, near me, ever ready to cheer and help me.

Yes, I have been storm-tossed and tempest-driven on life's ocean, giving up my companion and four children early in life, but my hope is still anchored within the veil. Life holds too much that is dear in this beautiful world, and there is too much work to be done to be eager to depart, but I know we shall all meet in the Sweet By and By.

across the riverbottom, among the great white sycamore trees, the paw-paw, the red haw, the dogwood, and the lovely bluebells that cluster around my childhood days. We climbed a tall stake and rider rail fence, passed through another cornfield, and were at our journey's end. The house was on the State road. The school was in an up-stairs room of this large house.

I remember nothing of the methods, but can even now see the locust trees that made such nice shade to play in and the orchard north of the house. I was a very timid child, and the smallest cloud filled my little life with anxiety for fear of a storm coming before I could reach home. That one mile seemed longer in those days than thousands do now. I did not like to go to school, but my chief delight was in coming back to my mother with my little hands full of wild flowers, which God scattered so lavishly in field and meadow, in woodland, by the dusty roadside, and in the shady dell. Everywhere grew sweet wild-wood flowers, but I did not know how to sing then "I gathered them all for you, sweet wild-wood flowers".

The windows were on the sides. The stove was in the center of the room. A wide board was placed along two sides of the room, on which the older pupils ciphered. A portion was reserved for wraps. The bench on which the pupils sat was so high they could not possibly touch the floor with their feet. The water pail and dipper stood behind the door, ever beckoning some one to pass the water. The main part of the room was furnished with low puncheon seats.

That fall the neighbors came together and selected buckeye trees,

cut them and hewed them into square logs, and built a school house that was the pride of all the country. The logs were so white and pretty. I attended school here several terms. Dorcas Andrus taught here three summers and boarded at father's. This was known as the "Buckeye School-house".

There was a thick-wooded grove along the side hill where the scholars went to play. Many wild grape vines grew here and furnished our greatest amusement. There was not a pocket knife in school, but we would bite the vines in two with our teeth. One Katherine had such large white teeth and was quite an expert, so that she was in great demand when a new swing was to be made. When the vine was severed, then the fun began. We would seize the vine hanging from the tree-tops, pull it back, and then run and, holding on to the vine with our hands, swing out over the hill side and drop into the valley below, then rush back for another venture. The teacher learned of our sport and had all the vines cut off so high that no one could reach them. The scholars all loved their teacher, but this was too much, and an indignation meeting was held in the hollow; with no damage, however, more than a great explosion of words which never reached the teacher's ears. At one point the hill was so steep that when one started down he could not stop, but must go on to the bottom. So this was the pleasure we sought after the vines were cut. We would start at the top of the hill and run madly down, walk back and be ready for another run in an incredibly short time. In thinking of those times, I wonder the children escaped breaking their limbs or even their necks, but they seemed like rubber

balls, falling, bouncing every place, but always rebounding, ready for another venture. Providence certainly watches over the children.

When I was ten years old father built a new frame house on the hill. The road ran from the creek straight to the bottom of the hill, then turned westward. We had a beautiful view down the lane from our broad southern porch. Our home was very nice for those days. It was surrounded by large forest trees, mostly oak and sugar, wild cherry and linn. Just beyond the garden, on the east, was a grove of black haws, wild plums, grape vines, blackberries, and raspberries. The wild fruit was perfect and delicious in those early days. The rooms were large and well lighted, and had the good old fireplaces where the wood made such a cheerful glow. The dining room was the children's joy. In the long winter evenings, here the corn was popped, apples were roasted, nuts cracked and the games played, stories told, and merry laughter and clapping of hands were the accompaniments of this joy. Sister Laura was the queen of the evening.

Father had a large sugar camp, well equipped for the business with a comfortable house in it and a large furnace. He used stone crocks to catch the sugar water. In war times, when there was but little sugar made in the South, he sold maple molasses for two dollars a gallon. In a good season father made as much as ~~four~~ Eight hundred dollars. He tapped as high as two thousand trees. Any time through the year when friends came, the kettle went on the stove and maple wax was made, to the great satisfaction of every one. It was one of the standing refreshments in the dear old house. During the sugar season

many people came to the camp and father always "stirred off" for them. His sugar eggs were the delight of every child who could get one. He always was fond of the children and long after he left the farm, in the last years of his life, it was his delight to invite in the children and "stir off" for them. Such sweet memories cling to those days!

In time, father added more acres to the farm and the young fruit trees bore delicious fruit. There were four orchards on the five hundred acres. We gathered fine large peaches by the wagon load, and apples by the hundred bushels. Bellflowers, rambos, winter pippins, sheep-nose, black-apples, and Rhode Island Greenings, and other old varieties were put in a pen until time to store in the cellar. Such a storehouse! A great big, deep cellar, where apples, potatoes, squashes, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, cabbage, and all other vegetables, kept nice and fresh in the dark.

Much of the fruit was prepared for winter before it went into the cellar. Father always made a large barrel of apple butter. He boiled down the cider, sweetened it with maple sugar, and thickened it with apples cooked and mashed fine. Father cooked it in a large copper kettle, stirring it constantly till strong enough to stand all year in a barrel and keep perfectly sweet. This much was needed for eight children had to have a piece twice a day. Sister Maria, the eldest, would take a loaf of saltrising bread and march at the head of her army to the apple butter barrel, cut a slice clear across the big loaf, and spread on the apple butter for Liss, Henry, Myrtle, Byrd, Zoua, Quill, and Lelia, before she could serve herself. A three-