

no time to sign for what was out of each, but brought their wants within the limits of their supplies. They had no plank, but laid their floors with rough puncheons. Instead of the large windows of the present day, they had a square opening in one side or end of the cabin, which they covered with paper, or muslin, which they then oiled, so as to make it translucent. The people had very little money then, and they needed but little. He was satisfied who had enough to pay for his salt and leather, and at the end of the year, to pay his taxes. They were often without either salt or leather, and without enough money to buy with. In such cases, I have known clean hickory ashes to be used for salt and buckskin moccasins instead of leather shoes. As a rule, the children went shoeless until they were large enough to engage in profitable outdoor labor. For some time after we settled in Clark County we had no school near; and while we remained in the county, I do not remember of having heard of a religious meeting or meeting house. Our first school was taught in the neighborhood of Gatesville, by a young Mr. **Stewart**, in the year 1799.

In the year 1799, a pamphlet fell into my father's hands which gave a glowing description of New Spain, or Upper Louisiana, now called Missouri. It set forth the great fertility of the soil, the rare beauty of the county, the abundance of game, and the vast extent of range for stock, besides the gift of 640 acres of land to every bona fide settler. All this was too much for my father, who, by this time had contracted a great fondness for border life. Accordingly, in company with a Mr. **Bradley**, of Clark County, he mounted his favorite horse, and with rifle on his shoulder, faced the boundless wilderness. They crossed the Ohio at the Falls, took the Indian trail to O'Post, now called Vincennes, on the Wabash River - the oldest settlement in the West, I believe. Then they passed through to Paincourt, now St. Louis.....

In the month of September, 1801, we loaded eight packhorses with such things as were most useful and started for our home in New Spain. I, being the eldest child, had to walk and carry a rifle and help to drive the cattle over the entire route.

My father advised my mother to leave her Bible with her friends in Kentucky, as the country whither we were going was under the control of the Catholic Church, which prohibited the use of it among the common people; and the discovery of her Bible might involve the family in trouble. She would not listen to such counsel, however, but determined at every hazard to carry her Bible with her, saying she could not think of rearing her children without it, and would not be willing to live in any country where she could not have the benefit of the Word of God. To avoid the vigilant eye of the priest, she sewed it in a feather bed and carried safely through and found it, indeed, a "lamp to her feet and a light to her path"