

in her wilderness home. The priest never gave her any trouble. We carried with us a large tent under which the family found ample protection from the storm. Before the door of our tent we built large fires, which afforded us both comfort and light by night, as well as facilities for cooking, etc. We camped several days on the Little Wabash, very near the place where the village of Maysville now stands. This was in what is now, Clay County, Illinois. Here my father milled and jerked venison enough for our journey. The common practice of jerking venison and beef in those days was carried on by cutting the meat into thin slices, and exposing it to a moderate heat until it became perfectly dry. It then might be put away and kept for a long time without the use of salt. While camping in the Wabash, my father killed a young buffalo, the first one I had ever seen running wild. The tenderloin of this young animal was very delicious. I went to the little river that ran close to our camp to assist my father in washing the wild meat which he had brought in and I was astonished at the quantities of fish that inhabited those waters. When we threw the offal into the river the hungry fish fairly made the water boil in struggling after it.

We were about four weeks, altogether, on our journey and to me they were four happy weeks. My experiences were the richest of my boyhood life. In the neighborhood of the Missouri River I had my first experience in eating persimmons. We were all delighted with our new home. I especially was pleased to find game and wild fruit so abundant and so easily obtained. Our table was rarely without venison, turkey and fish of the choicest kind. The most delicious honey was obtained, not only in the forest, but also in the prairie grass. The glades afforded strawberries in their season, and along the streams I found the fox grape, and the summer grape, and a large white grape, more delicious than anything of the wild grape kind I have ever known. Indeed, the white grape of the Missouri riverbank would rival in sweetness our best cultivated varieties. We had gooseberries in abundance and no thorn upon the fruit or bush.

The lands were very fertile and produced as fine a crop of grain as any. Frederick **Bates**, afterwards governor of Missouri, bought this place of my father, and lived and died upon it. I have always regretted that sale and longed to possess that home, around which so many youthful associations cluster.

By industry and frugality, my father, in a short time, had a farm tolerably well improved, with a large peach orchard and comfortable buildings upon it and we were quite well to do for those times in a temporal point of view. But for that godly woman, our souls would have been in total darkness...we were all christened in the river. I never had the opportunity of attending school but three months in my life, but at the end of those months I could read and write and cipher to the