

book afterwards, I could not recognize them, for he had dressed them up in new language, or changed their meaning entirely.

Well, I've been over about every one of the States, and Territories, which, let me tell you, is a good deal of country, and I hope, before I die, to travel over some of it again; especially that portion between here and York State. I was born in Albany County, N. Y., and of a good family. My father kept me at school, until I had obtained what was then called a good English education, and it being my parent's desire that I should follow a profession, he placed me in the office of a prominent lawyer, in my native town, where I studied law, with the assistance of the lawyer and his large law library. But, after remaining in the lawyer's office about two years, I caught the emigration fever, a disease that prevailed pretty generally, at that time, and a company being about to start for Texas, I took advantage of the circumstance to satisfy my desire for travel, and cast my lot with them. Bidding my folks a long farewell—(long, for I've never seen them since)—we departed to seek adventure in the Far West. And we got our share, I tell you! This was more than forty years ago, and the country west of the Alleghany Mountains was new. Few and far between were the white settlements, while the country was filled with tribes of Indians, who hunted the deer, bear, elk, and other game that afforded food or fur.

Our course lead through the State to Buffalo, where we took boat to Cleveland, thence south through the State of Ohio to Cincinnati, where we embarked on flat-boats, and floated down the Ohio River into the Mississippi, which we went down as far as Natchez. At Natchez we stopped to sell the flat-boats. The inhabitants were French, Spaniards and creoles. The boats were sold to an old half-breed trader named Le Blanc, for some horses, a covered wagon and a team of mules. Before leaving Natchez, one of our party was seized with the yellow fever and died. After burying our comrade, and completing our outfit, we were ferried over to the west side of the Mississippi into Louisiana, by the old trader, who charged an exor-