

Between Christmas and New Year's we and several of our friends made a visit to the farmers at Winnebago Rapids. We went by way of the military road, as it was then called, up to the Stockbridge settlement, on the east side of Lake Winnebago, and there crossed over to the west shore, then coming down a little north to the farm house. This road was made by a detachment of soldiers, accompanied by an officer. Each detachment worked a week in turn. Capt. Martin Scott, with his men, made twelve miles of the road, which was as straight as an arrow, and at the time was considered a great feat.

We found our friends well, and delighted to see us. Every preparation possible was made to make our stay pleasant. Maj. Robert Irwin's house was, from its extreme neatness, a curiosity. The farm houses were sealed inside. There was no plastering, and many of the floors were bare. At Mrs. Irwin's all was scoured—floors, partitions, and doors; all that was wooden, looked new. The kitchen floor was sanded. This was not the case with the other homes, as they all had poor domestic help.

We remained at Winnebago Rapids long enough to spend a day at each friend's home. We visited in turn, all of us, at Major Irwin's, Mr. Perry's, and Mr. Baird's.

In the winter of 1836, Mr. Baird had a business call to the East. It was necessary that he should go some time during the following summer. As my health had begun to fail, my husband thought the change would prove beneficial, and it was decided that I should accompany him.

It was remarkable the interest my friends took in my plans for this then long and arduous journey, and strange the different opinions they expressed on the subject. Some wished me to go; others thought that I ought not. My good friend Mrs. Emmeline S. Whitney was delighted to have me take the journey. Could we have followed her advice we should have made a long trip of it, so many places did she desire us to visit. Mrs. Randolph B. Marcy (mother of Mrs. Gen. George B. McClellan) felt greatly elated that I was to visit the land she loved so well. Poor