

1863
of 1864.

We were now adrift in the world, with simply the clothes we wore. Every house and home was being deserted. A large number of us, under the guard of soldiers, were taken to a little town ^{MARYSVILLE} about 15 miles distant. It was now winter, and we had but three quilts which were given to us, and one blanket that I usually wore as an overcoat.

We left the town the next morning for Fannin County, where we rented land and managed to live in a very hard way, until the war closed.

My family now wished to move back to the place we had lived in Cook County. We returned to our old place. The County had been made desolate by the Indians, but now, (in 1865) settlers were straggling back to their old homes; but in the fall several outrages were committed by the Indians, which much alarmed and finally compelled the settlers to "Fort up," by building a number of cabins very close to each other. In the spring of 1866, we nitched a crop, and during the crop season, my son who had been in the army, married, and very soon thereafter sickness came upon us, and we were all helpless, and the stock destroyed the crop after it was mature. It was now the fall of the year, and my son/who had remained in Missouri came to see us.

ALBERT HOUSTON McNABB, 6.1837

As the Indians were still troublesome, he advised me to sell and remove to Missouri.

in 1867

On our way to Missouri, whilst passing through the Indian Nation an incident occurred, which wrung our hearts with the deepest distress. While in camp on a high (bluff) my oldest son with my two youngest girls went some distance to a steep declivity for some water. On returning up the bank, the elder girl slipped, and was carried in a gently rolling manner down the hill some distance. To avoid the preceding accident, she thought she would go some distance round but