

Eubank before the Indian troubles; met her at her home in the spring of 1861, just after she had moved from Ohio to brave the dangers of a pioneer life and to do the cooking for stage coach passengers on the old Ben Holliday line. She was a fine looking woman, full of youth, beauty, and strength; but a short time married, with bright prospects for the future. I remember, too, that her log cabin was unlike anything else I had seen on the road west. The dirt roof supported by heavy timbers was hid by cotton cloth, which gave to the interior of the cabin a clean, tidy look; the rough board floor was covered with a plain carpet, real china dishes, not greasy tin pans and cups, appeared on the table. That, with a fine dinner, made an indelible impression upon my mind. As I stood at the smoking ruins of her home in August, 1864, knowing that her body could not be found and wondering if she were a captive among the Indians, I thought then: Would I ever see her again alive? A few weeks after her rescue from the Indians, I met her again at Fort Laramie. The bright eyed woman appeared to me to be twenty years older; her hair was streaked with gray. Her face gave evidence of painful suffering and her back, as shown to Gen. Conner and myself, was one mass of raw sores from her neck to her waist where she had been whipped by Two Face's squaws. The sores had not been permitted to heal, and were a sight most sickening to behold. The poor woman was crushed in spirit and almost a maniac. I sent an escort with her and her companion, Miss Laura Roper, with an ambulance to Julesburg, where they were placed upon a coach and returned to the East. Miss Roper lived and married in Beatrice, Nebraska, Mrs. Eubank went back to her friends in Ohio and I have never heard from her since.

Moonlight's raid after the Indians was a failure. Through the grossest mismanagement he allowed his command to be ambushed, his horses captured, and several men killed -- retreating to Fort Laramie in time to receive an order from Gen. Conner to report to the commanding officer at Fort Kearney, Nebraska, for muster out of service.

My company was ordered upon the plains in February, 1865. Left Fort Riley on the 16th. After experiencing a most fearful snow storm and blizzard the command, about six hundred strong, reached Fort Kearney, Nebraska, on the third day of March, 1865, and in a few days pushed on to Lodge Pole creek and camped near the present town of Sidney, where they went into winter quarters, remaining there, however, only a few weeks; then they were ordered to Mud Springs, where they again attempted to build winter quarters; from there to Laramie, Platte Bridge, and Fort Halleck; then they were strung out on the overland stage route with some twenty-five hundred men in all, guarding the through mail line. I had returned to Fort Leavenworth from Fort Kearney on detached service, and in June, 1865, was ordered to report to Gen. Conner; found him at the old California crossing on the Platte.

Gen. Conner had with him two companies, L and M, of the Second California cavalry, and a detachment of the Eleventh Ohio under command of Capt. Humphreyville and Capt. O'Brien with his company of the Seventh Iowa cavalry and two mountain howitzers, manned by Capt. O'Brien's men and commanded by him. The command were delayed several hours trying to cross the Platte, which was receiving snow water from the mountains and was even with the bank. The crossing was made by swimming the stock and floating over the stores, wagons, etc., in wagon boxes covered with tarpaulins. The men were also crossed on rafts. We camped on the Lodge Pole. In the afternoon after the first day's march from the Platte, the men indulged in fishing in Lodge Pole creek. Trout and pike were hauled out by the bushel with gunny sack seines. While we were cooking our fish, forty mules that had made themselves useful drawing headquarters' wagons and ambulances, etc., feeding on the opposite bank of the creek, about 100 yards from headquarters, were frightened by a jack rabbit. One of the mules leading the band was feeding close to a monstrous jack rabbit sitting behind a bunch of sage brush. Lieut.