

had known Colonel Chivington previous to my capture and knew him to be an upright man, and swore him free. The Indians had captured one of his relatives and I knew it, and when I was called upon the stand, I asked the Judge what if he had been placed in the same position as Colonel Chivington. He spent several moments in meditation then ordered the Colonel set free.

The next day I bade my new friends adieu, and took the stage enroute for Nebraska City. The militia went from Fort Kearny to Omaha and Mrs. Bullock continued her journey to her mother's home in Pennsylvania, and Major Underhill returned to Fort Laramie.

The stage did not stop day or night until arriving at Nebraska City. When I arrived at Nebraska City, I stopped at the Morton Hotel. They were related to my husband and had given us a fine reception, the evening before we started on our last trip to Denver. I did not let myself be known for I was so fatigued, I knew I could never talk to them that evening for I knew they would want me to probably give an account of the massacre and to relate this tragic event, seemed to me that my voice would fail me and to suppress my emotions was more than I could overcome.

The following morning I took the stage at Nebraska City and all went favorable until I came to the Missouri River, which I was to cross before I could reach home. The ice was floating down the river with great rapidity and the ferry boat, could not wend it's way across the river, as they were afraid the boat would be dashed to pieces.

I was so anxious to get home and was so accustomed to facing danger I resolved to make a desperate undertaking, and cross the river in a skiff, and a boatman who had also faced danger until