

THE FOLLOWING AUTOBIOGRAPHY I DEDICATE TO MY CHILDREN.

First, I would give some account of my ancestry. My father was Robert Ramsay. He was born in York County Pennsylvania, on the 2nd of October 1795, and died November 25th. 186. My mother's name was Jane Whiteford. She was born on April 29th 1800, and died March 25th. 1876.

My father's father's name was John Ramsay: born in Ireland, emigrated to America. He married Elizabeth Cooper, widow of Thomas Cooper, by whom she had four children: three sons and one daughter. Sons: Archibald, William and Thomas: daughter: Polly, who afterwards married Archibald Major.

My grandmother's maiden name, on my father's side was Neal. My grandfather Ramsay died, when father was an infant of only 15 years of age: leaving his mother a widow, who gave birth to a child after his death, whom she named Elizabeth, and who afterwards married Henry Amrine.

My mother's father's name was Hugh Whiteford, of a numerous family of that name, who were natives of England.

The name of my grandmother, on my mother's side, was Elizabeth Ross: whom my grandfather married, after the death of his former wife, whose name was Mary Sample, by her he had two children, a son and a daughter, the name of the son was Cunningham Whiteford, who was the father of five children, four daughters and a son. He died in his 30th year, and his children have all followed him, except his son, whose name is Hugh or Polk Whiteford, as they call him, and he occupies, and is the owner of the old homestead where mother was born: his daughter's name, by his first wife, was Anna, who married Robert Kerr, to whom were born two children: a daughter and a son: the son William, deceased, and the daughter, who is now Mrs Mary Little, a widow.

My grandmother, his second wife, had two children, my mother Jane and her sister Eliza Whiteford: the latter married Hugh Whiteford, by whom there are still surviving of children, five, three sons and two daughters.

My grandmother Whiteford was one of three children of her parents. Her father's name was Joseph Ross, her mother's name was Jane Graham, daughter of William Graham, all of Scotch descent. They became possessors of the old farm at Delta, then called Lancaster County, which then included York County.

After Grandfather Whiteford's death, his widow, and two daughters became possessors of a farm in Hartford County, Maryland, which James Ross, her brother, purchased for her. She had two brothers, Jacob and Hugh. James procured his education in Western Pennsylvania, under Dr. McMillen, in Washington County: and contrary to his mother's wishes, he chose the Law instead of Divinity: for she was a very pious woman. He became very prominent in his profession: was one of the principle lawyers of that region of the United States. He was elected to the United States Senate. He was an unsuccessful candidate of the Federal Party for governor of the state of Pennsylvania. His brother was very talented, and went to him to study law, but about the time he had finished his studies, he had hemorrhage and died of consumption.



Whilst grandmother Whiteford was living on the farm, which James Ross purchased for her, mother and father were married; and there I was born on the 9th of April 1822. Father and mother remained living with grandmother and her other daughter, until the latter's marriage, which took place about the year 1826, at which time grandmother Whiteford made a division of her property: for she was also possessor of the old Ross farm at Delta: giving the farm on which she lived to Aunt Whiteford: and the old Ross farm to father and mother.

Three children were born, brothers John and Hugh, after myself, before we moved. In the spring of 1827 father and mother moved from the farm in Hartford County to the farm in Delta. I can remember the day of the moving: many of the neighbors assisted with quite a caravan of teams.

From the time that grandmother married grandfather Whiteford, what is now the Delta farm, was let out to renters; and the whole place, the fences, and buildings, were allowed to fall into decay: so that when father first went, the neighbors asked him, if he had come there to starve? And truly it was a wretched, forlorn looking place. But determination and industry combined: enabled him to surmount the difficulties. He commenced to improve the place: and year after year he continued to improve it: until it began to look like a habitation fit to dwell in. It was so poor, however, that grain could not be raised in quantity enough to support his family, without putting on lime and manure. In order to get something to raise grain, to subsist; he was obliged to cut down timber, and thus soon cleared the woodland, to make clearings: whilst the old farm was so poor that people said whippoorwills could hardly live there. About that time, that his condition seemed hopelessly poor: there was an act passed in the legislature to build a canal, called the Tide-Water Canal, on the west bank of the Susquehanna. That brought lime almost to our doors. Limestone and lime could be brought down to Peach Bottom, on the canal: and could be procured with less expense, than formerly: so that father built a lime-kiln: and paid for limestone with wood. Brother John and I cut the wood, hauling it down to Peach Bottom: hauling down a load of wood: then bringing back a load of limestone: burning limestone and spreading the lime on the land: by which means it was restored to the state of fertility, and became quite a valuable farm.

I might as well state here, that we were a family of nine children: eight sons and one daughter: of whom, I am the oldest, John deceased, second: Hugh third: William, fourth: Robert, fifth: Joseph, sixth: Sister Sarah, seventh: Cooper, eighth: Samuel, (died in infancy), ninth.

Grandmother lived with Aunt Eliza, but often visited mother: the distance being but five miles apart. Grandmother was a remarkable woman. She had an endless fund of anecdotes. Her memory was excellent: and she was capable of entertaining the most refined. She was also a devoted christian. I remember many of the instructions which she gave me when visiting at our home. She pointed out to me interesting histories in the Bible. She was also an active christian worker, was not content simply with going to church, as a christian, but she went into destitute places, where the people were in ignorance, and there instituted Sabbath Schools. She went alone into wild rough country to teach Sunday School. In her 68th year, she fell a victim to carbuncles. I shall never forget the last interview I had with her. It was on the Sabbath day, she knew her end was approaching; our minister Mr Park, was there. Father and



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brother John and I were there. We spent most of the Sabbath  
there. When we were about leaving, she inquired for us, and we  
were brought into her room. She took each of us by the hand, and  
told us she was going to Heaven. We wept, for we loved her so  
dearly. Said she "Do not cry children, love Jesus, and meet me in  
Heaven". Then we shook hands, kissed her and bade her good bye. On  
the Monday night following, about midnight, a messenger was sent for  
father and mother, but they got there just in time to receive her  
parting blessing, and see her close her eyes in death.

My father and mother, from the very start, when I was not more  
than five years old, had an ardent desire to give me an education.  
They even sent me to school, before we left the old Hartford Coun-  
ty farm, but I took no interest in school then at all, I was too  
young. After our arrival at the Delta home, they tried to force  
me to attend school, at a Latin School, taught by a man named Jos-  
eph Park, nephew of Samuel Park. This was at the Slate Ridge  
Session House, and many elder youths went to school with myself,  
both male and female, who were all very tantalizing, so that they  
disgusted me, instead of encouraging me, so that I felt homesick  
continually. I plead with mother not to send me to school: I told  
her I would churn for her: carry in wood and water for her: I would  
do anything for her, if she would not send me to school. But she  
would not listen to me, she kept a switch and drove me away to  
school. Moreover, there were some boys that I had to accompany  
who were very profane and vulgar, and taught me many bad habits,  
so that my going to that school did not amount to much.

But there was another school near, that was called the Old  
Quarry Town School-house, near what is now Slateville. The teach-  
er's name was Samuel Weeper. Father took me away from the Latin  
School, and sent me to that school, with brother John. That, be-  
ing of a different character, and not being plagued so much, I  
began to turn my attention somewhat to study. There, I learned to  
spell, and to read: and commenced to learn to write: and also to  
do a little in Arithmetic: but I was remarkably dull in Arithmetic.  
When I got to Division, I was perfectly stumped: and had no more  
idea how things were done, than how things are transacted in the  
moon. I had to depend on others to show me how things were done.  
But one day, a new inspiration struck me with regard to Division,  
something I had never thought of before. I thought I saw some  
system in it, but it was a mistake: instead of setting down the  
number of times it was divided in, for the dividend, I set down  
the remainders, and carried them. At that time, we had no book,  
and the teacher set down the numbers: and whenever I had them  
solved, I took them up to him: so, I took that one up to him and  
my face was all in a gleam. "What kind of a way is this?" said he  
"This is wrong. Sit down! and do this right!! Set down the number  
of times, and carry the remainders!" That was my first inspiration  
that was the first bright dawn that came upon me. The first time,  
I did not right it, but the second trial brought it out all right.  
My future school course, after that, was one in which I was gen-  
erally the foremost in Arithmetic: and I had to teach the whole  
school, as well as myself, because all were around me as thick as  
bees, to get me to show them how to do it.

I experienced the teaching of quite a variety of school teach-  
ers, in my life-time. The first one's name was Torbit: that was  
when we lived on the Hartford County farm: learned nothing from  
him. One day, he told me to stay at the school house, till he  
could go to one of the neighbors, but as soon as he was out of



sight, I struck for home, as hard as I could run. I do not know whether I learned even the Alphabet, when I went to the Slate Ridge School House: because I had nothing to do, but to be called nicknames, or to have some tricks played on me: or to be laughed at by grown-up young men and young women: and then, to have to put up with all the vulgarity: and to have boys throw me down, and strike me, call me names, and take everything away from me, on the way home.

I commenced to learn with Neeper. By the way Neeper turned out to be a suicide. He lived many years, after I ceased going to school to him: but his mind became deranged, in some way, and he committed suicide by hanging himself in his own house. He was a beautiful writer, had quite a very large school and taught several years in that same Old Quarry Town School House.

The next school I went to, was at the Slate Ridge Session House, not the Latin School: but a Common School, started by John Moore Livingston. Among the pupils that attended that school, was his youngest sister Martha: one they used to plague me about, before I knew her: and I hated the very name of her, before we became schoolmates: but, after I got somewhat acquainted with her I loved her, and pursued on: after a long separation, that flame was renewed again, in after years, and she became my wife. After I had stopped going to that school of John Moore Livingston: soon after, the Livingstons moved away to Ohio, and I did not see the sister for eight years.

The next teacher I went to, was Archibald Cooper, at the Old Gordon School House, which stood, not where the old building now stands, but below it. John and I went there and back again, near two miles and a half, every day that winter. Father was administrator of Uncle Cunningham Whiteford's estate, and he scarcely was ever home in the evenings to do the chores: so that after our return from school, for it was always about dark, we had all the chores to do. One had to chop the wood, and the other to do the feeding of the cattle. Whilst attending this school, we had quite an eventful "barring out" scene. A girl named Sarah Ann Thompson and I were the principal actors. And if it hadn't been for some of the pupils being cowards, and letting in the teacher, we would have kept him out. So that we didn't gain anything by our "barring out."

The next teacher, whose school I attended, was that of John Fulton, who again had the old Slate Ridge School House. He was very fond of ciphering and spelling. He was a remarkable looking man, and had a hair lip. He had several favorite expressions which he used, when trying to command order among the students. One was: "If you dont mind, I'll come over your backs, until I fairly make you jump again". Another: "If you dont mind, I'll come over along side of your ear, until I make you fairly tingle phagain." He took a great delight in Arithmetic, - "Ciphering", he called it. But he wouldn't give the pupils any insight at all, but would tell us to work it out ourselves. In those days we had old time Arithmetic. Our teacher did not drill us on the rules, at all, but would tell us to work it out ourselves Pike, Bennett and Jess were the names of the authors. When we began the study of Arithmetic, telling us to work ourselves, he would add "It will do no good for me to show you." Sometimes I have worked on a problem for a whole day, and not be able to solve it then. And, when I would go up and say I could not solve it, he would say, "Sit down and study into the nater of it." And if one would work the



problem, and not take the most expeditious way of working it. he would say "What way of doing the question is this? You are going way around, instead of going straight through." He was not very much inclined to praise his pupils. He had a bow made by twisting several switches together: and he would keep this by him, and watch the scholars: and when they would begin to act mischievously, when he thought they were not watching, he would throw it, hitting one, and make the culprit bring it back to him. Then he would make the boy hold one foot in one hand, and stand on the other foot, and hold the switch in his other hand, and in his mouth, and stand there for a half hour at a time, as punishment. I studied Arithmetic with him, I think, for two winters, and dug through it without any assistance. The praise I received was, "Ross you are amazing slow." Oh but that hurt me the worst kind, after all I had been trying to do: that he should come around and tell me that I was "amazing slow".

Soon after I had attended Fulton's school two winters, they built the new school house at Delta on Father's farm. The first teacher that taught in the school, was William Watson, an old Quaker. He was a splendid teacher, but was intemperate. He was just the opposite of Mr Fulton, in every way. Not only would he help us in our studies, but would even volunteer aid to us. Under him, I completed the study of Arithmetic. Even when he was intoxicated, he was jovial, and made fun for the pupils. He never uttered an oath. But his great delight was to give us questions to solve, and laugh at us for failing to work them. Once, I was successful in solving one of his problems: and when I showed it to him the next day, he was much pleased, and said "That he had not expected that thee would be able to work it, but was very happy that I had been successful." It was under his tuition, that I first conceived the idea of obtaining a liberal education. No sooner had I finished Arithmetic, than he proposed that I should take up Mensuration, Trigonometry, and Surveying. He sent to Baltimore, for a box of instruments for plotting, and a set of Surveying tools. He was a fine penman, and taught me how to make plottings, and how to print letters by hand. And many, the pleasant hours, I spent, in writing down, and giving the diagrams of difficult problems in Trigonometry and Surveying. Also I commenced the study of English Grammar with him. He boarded at Father's, and he talked with him at night. He volunteered to teach me at night. Brother John commenced, at the same time, but he bought a violin about that time: and so he became a violinist: while I became a grammarian.

About the close of the second winter I attended Mr Watson's school, I met with a terrible accident, just when I was within four days of being sixteen years old. I was thrown from a horse and my mouth hit a stone, and knocked out eleven teeth, besides breaking my jaw. I was confined for about six weeks, to my room, and when I emerged out into the world, people did not know me. My appearance was very much changed. But through all that affliction and all that weakness and pain, my mother nursed me, with the tenderest care. Mr Watson left the neighborhood after that and went out to Broad Creek.

The next winter I was under the instructions of Alexander McCurdy, as teacher. He taught at his own house, down at what is now called Slate Hill. But as I had studied more Mathematics than he knew, I gave my whole time to the practice of penmanship.

On the next winter I was taken out to board for the first time down at Mr. Watson's, at what is called McCoy's School House. I



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boarded at the same house with Mr Watson; again being instructed by the teacher at nights. That was my last schooling with Mr Watson. He went down into Maryland, and was teaching there, when he died of Paralysis. After I had gone that winter to Mr Watson, I went to John Watkins, who taught the Delta School. He was also a very fine teacher, and under him I obtained a better knowledge of Geography, than I ever had before.

About that time, I had made up my mind to study for the Ministry, and in August of 1842, I left home, and went up to Chancesford to study Latin. My teacher, was Andrew D Mitchell, who had just graduated from Jefferson. I boarded at a place called "Frosty Hill", two miles from the church. A man named John Manifold was owner of the place, where I boarded. I was then in my 21st. year, but I went at it, with a vim, and mastered Ross's Latin Grammar, in three weeks, and commenced to translate. But I became dreadfully homesick, and became discouraged, and fancied I was making no progress. So I went home, one Saturday, with the full determination not to continue the studies. Father was working at the lime-kiln, and I told him about it. He laughed at me, and said I was very eager to begin studying, and why should I stop now? I told him I didn't believe I could accomplish anything at it, and that I was making an extra expense, and all to no purpose. He told me I need not mind the expense, as he would see to that. But it was only because I had tried to do too much, and I went to Dr. Martin, and he examined me, and told me that I had done splendidly, and I had only done too much. I had read nearly all of Aesop's Fables. So I continued to recite to Andrew Mitchell, for three months, until his school stopped.

The next school I attended was at the York County Academy, of which, Rev. Stephen Boyer was Principal, and Daniel Kirkwood, Assistant. The class was just commencing Caesar, and I was anxious to read with them, but I had not read more than half of Jacob's Reader, so the teachers told me I could read up the rest of the Reader privately, and go on with the class. Daniel Kirkwood boarded at the same place I did, at Rev. Boyer's; and one of the other boarders was John Gibson, of York, now a Judge. Daniel Kirkwood was very kind to me, and rendered me great assistance, as we studied together. Soon after I began studying at York, I commenced other studies beside Latin: commencing Greek Grammar and Algebra. I went along in these studies, quite satisfactorily to myself. The encouragement that I received, after being there about two months, was, in my being placed in the better division of the class when a division of the class was made. The class was ten in number and some of the members were becoming rather careless, so one day, Mr Boyer told Mr Kirkwood to choose five of the best of the class, and leave the rest to him; and I was chosen among the first division. That was in the winter of 1842-43. Besides these other studies we formed a Literary Society, and met to discuss questions and read Essays and declaim. I spent one year at the Academy.

During the summer I took up Virgil: continued my study of Greek and also Geometry. At the close of the fall term of 1843 I left the Academy, and went home to the old Delta home, and taught school six months. In the mean time, I studied Horace, also Greek and Mathematics, with the expectation of entering Jefferson College, Sophomore, half-advance, in the Spring.

In April 1844, I started for college. No rail roads were then in operation. I travelled by canal boat by way of Harrisburg and



Pittsburgh. And reaching Canonsburg, I presented myself before the Professors as a candidate for the Sophomore class, half-advanced. The Professors told me it would be far better to enter Freshman class, half-advanced; but I and my friends insisted that I enter Sophomore, as I was so advanced in years. And many times since have I regretted it. On my way to Canonsburg, I stopped and visited my Grand-Uncle James Ross. I pursued my studies with the class, until the Fall Vacation took place in October. I also united with the Franklin Literary Society, and was an active member until the end of my course at Canonsburg. During the vacation, I went to visit my uncle Amrine's, where I also saw the Majors, who lived in Ohio. Whilst spending my vacation in Ohio, I took a trip to Wayne County, to visit the Livingstones. And there, I renewed my acquaintance with Martha, who afterwards became my wife. At the close of the vacation, I again returned to the college. I continued to pursue my studies, without interruption, and without anything remarkable happening. I graduated in the Fall of 1846, I was only four years in finishing my course, including six months of teaching school, which was evidently too short a time. But although I did not take honors, I was punctual, and did not miss recitations, and was always at my place both in class and in Society. While I was there, I was under three Presidents: Dr Mathew Brown, Robert Breckenridge and Alexander Brown. The Professors were as follows: Professor of Greek: William Smith; Professor of Mathematics: Henry Snyder; Professor of Latin: Robert Orr; Professor of Natural Science: Samuel R. Williams.

Immediately, on leaving college, in 1846, I entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, and pursued the full course of three years. The Professors were: Archibald Alexander, D.D. Samuel Miller, D.D. Charles Hodge, D.D. Joseph Addison Alexander, D.D. and Henry Green, teacher of Hebrew. During one vacation, I taught school at Delta. Another I spent visiting my lady love. The Theological professors were remarkable men; and it has been a great source of comfort to me, to know that I studied under such great men. The two older men, Alexander and Miller, were very different from one another; as much as two great and good men could be. The former, at first sight, was anything but prepossessing. He was a man of scarcely any neck, and had a squeaky voice; whilst Dr. Miller was the most erect and dignified man imaginable, with a strong stentorian voice. But acquaintance with the former only increased my respect and veneration; it did not decrease my respect for the latter; but, I discovered, that Dr. Alexander was the greater man. Their manners towards the students were very different. On visiting Dr. Alexander, and ringing the bell: he would say in a falsetto voice, "Come in", and on entering the room you would find him sitting in an armed rocking chair, with the paper and ink fastened beside him on the chair. He would not even rise and salute you; but would hold out his hand and say "good evening sir, please be seated". Then he would fold his hands, as much as to say, "What next, what do you want?" In visiting him, I never went unprepared, but had my subject well thought out, before I went there; and open the subject to him. As soon as he learned what you wanted: he would commence; it made no difference, what the subject, or what part of the earth you wanted information on; he was posted on every thing. And if he had finished his explanation: he would say, "What next? Anything more?" But he gave such perfect explanations that there was no need of asking questions. His explanations could have been understood by a child. It is related that he went to a place to preach; and it was told everywhere that Dr Alexander was about to preach; and a woman went to hear him, who was not very well versed; and when a little short-necked man preached; she said that

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she had not heard Dr Alexander preach: and when told that the preacher was Dr Alexander: she said: "that it could not have been, for she understood every word that he said." He was very concise in his announcements. He was not formal. There was no regularity in his explanations of the scriptures. They might be long, or short: as it suited his fancy. He loved to read the Bible: and, when he lead in worship at the Seminary, in the Oratory, he received the earnest attention of all. One of the students always led in the morning, and one of the professors in the evening. One of my classmates remarked that Dr Alexander was as fond of the Bible, as a cow is of a bundle of fodder. At times, he would comment for some time on a portion of the scripture: so that we students were sorry when he stopped: so interesting were his explanations. At other times, he would read a chapter full of exhortations, and shut up the Bible, and say to the students; "Mind that."

But Dr Miller was a man that might be called diffuse in style. He was exceedingly urbane: and it was said in Princeton, that he would not be outdone in politeness by a negro. There was a saying among the students, that when Dr Miller met a Negro, named "Old Bungy", with a basket of pretzels: the negro took off his hat and bowed to the Doctor: and the Doctor took off his hat and bowed to the negro: and they kept this up until they were both so tired, that they had to stop. He was our professor of Ecclesiastical History: and he had quite a fund of anecdote: but they were all old. He had no new ones. One day I went to his house on business I rang the bell, and there was no answer. But soon I heard a light step coming: and the Doctor came and opened the door: and put out both his hands and said "Good Morning Sir" "Give me your hat and coat." Then he escorted me into his study: and would hardly let me seat myself. Then he began a course of familiar conversation, and asked all about my health, and my happiness, and I had to break off this conversation and introduce my business, which he attended to at once. The difference between Dr Alexander and Dr. Miller was that the former was very informal, and Dr Miller was just the opposite. Dr Alexander was very concise in his scriptural announcements, while Dr Miller made as much ceremony out of his announcements as possible. For instance, Dr Alexander would say: "We will read the 5th Chapter of First Corinthians". While Dr Miller would say: "We will read a portion of the word of God as it is contained in the 5th Chapter of the First Epistle of Paul, the Apostle, to the Corinthians."

Dr. Hodge was a most profound thinker. His department was the Exegesis of the New Testament and Didactic Theology. He delivered lectures to us, and then left us a list of questions on the Lectures: which we were expected to answer at the next Lecture. All his Lectures and Sermons were linked together, and close attention made them very interesting: but if one failed at any time to give close attention, the Lectures lost all connection and became senseless. He was such a great Greek Scholar that he had a dog, which the students called "Ya". He was a great man to explain what "Ya" meant. His conversations in the "Oratory" were extemporaneous, and were most interesting. But I never heard him preach a sermon without a manuscript.

Dr. Joseph Alexander was a perfect lion in intellect. He was a very sensitive man: apt to take offence, where no offence was intended. He was afraid of the women. It is said that when a lady was visiting his sister, he got out of the window, rather than meet the lady, in passing through the house. And yet he was the fondest man of little boys and girls. That was in Princeton.



He would invent plays, and then invite half a dozen boys and girls to his study; and enjoy their company very much. He lectured on the Old Testament Scriptures.

Dr Green was a very profound Hebrew scholar. He was a very young man, younger than some of us students.

During my course at the Theological Seminary, my mind was directed to the Foreign Missions. Walter Lowry spoke on the subject, and my mind was drawn somewhat toward the subject by his lecture. Also John Leighton Wilson, who had been a missionary to Africa, lectured on the subject. My mind was drawn toward the subject, together with two other young men: Simpson and Mackey: and we all decided to go to Africa. I prayed, and read all I could on the subject. But my affianced was shocked at going to Africa: and though she said she would go, yet she thought it hard, that we should have to go so far from home. So after reading the experience of the missionaries in Africa, I came to the conclusion that Africa must be evangelized by Africans. And as my mind was then directed toward the Indians, I decided to go to them: and had the Board change my station to the Koweta Mission. I finished my course at Princeton Seminary, and in May 1840 received my Diploma, with the rest of the class.

You have noticed I have given an account of educational opportunities, that are for the most part in early years, during the winter season. I owe very much to father's industrious habits, that I also adopted the same habits. Ever since I can remember, I have been accustomed to engage in useful labor: and soon became so much accustomed to it; that it was like a second nature, to be engaged in work: was my normal state: and not to be engaged, was the exception. Father had the faculty of interesting us in our work, so that we felt that it was for our own interest to work. All operations on the farm, seemed a part of our subsistence: and we took as much interest in it, as he did, and saw that every thing was done at the proper time and in the right manner. Early and late, it was no hardship, but it was a pleasure to engage in all the work of attending the farm, and the stock, preparing fences, cultivating fields: so that from April to November, every day, with the exception of a holiday occasionally, was employed in keeping the farm in perfect order: plowing, planting, hoeing, mowing, cradling, gathering in the grain, husking, thrashing: we looked forward to it, as if it was our daily occupation. I can remember that when eight years old, I hoed corn. The first day I hoed, I hoed ten rows across the field. And at that age, I was accustomed with my brothers, to gather stones off the clover fields, to prepare them for mowing. At that age, I learned to drive oxen: to haul wood: to go to the mill: to haul lime: and haul stones. When I was a very small boy I worked in the harvest field, carried water to the reapers; in the days when they used sickles instead of cradles: and spent the balance of the time in gathering sheaves in piles, for shocking. Also in scattering hay, after the mowers. I was very small, when I learned to build loads of hay on the wagons, and pitch it off on the stacks. And, when very young, commenced to plow, and to harrow, and chop, and saw. So that nine months of the year were generally spent upon the farm. When sixteen years of age, I commenced to make a hand in mowing, with the scythe, keeping up with the men in mowing. And in harvesting, I took a great delight. Assisted in preparing material, hauling timbers and rock, and attending masons in building the old homestead house. Helped cut the timber and saw the logs for the barn: a large barn that was built

on the old homestead. This work I continued until my 21st year when I left home to commence pursuing my classical course of education.

Recreation days were only occasional. And when father expected to give us them, to encourage us to our work, he would say, "Boys if you work well until next Saturday week, I will let you go fishing." Trout fishing was quite agreeable sport, and we looked forward to that day, with a great deal of fond anticipation. And when the morning of the day came we were up before the sun, got the bait, and all things ready, so full of the pleasure anticipated, that we could not eat our breakfast. And then away we ran to the brook and cast in our hooks, our hearts were beating, and we felt great joy when the speckled trout seized our hook, and we would pull him out on the bank; so anxious to put our lines in again, that we could hardly take him off the hook.

It was also a holiday generally once a year, to go to the Military Training called the Battalion: where we would hear the drums beating, the fifes playing, and men in uniform being drilled, and marching and drilling, inspiring our hearts with patriotism. And father encouraged us to this, because he himself had been a soldier, and risked his life for the sake of his country.

It was also a great recreation, when I was a boy, to go with father to Baltimore, when he took his marketing there in a wagon; to see the wonderful city, and all the fine stores, and multitudes of people.

It was also a pleasure to go with him, when he went, for our supply of fish, to the herring fishery, at Have-de-Grace: where we would see the drawing in of hauls of fish, seines two miles long, bringing in many wagon loads of fish at one haul.

But of all the privileges and happiness I have enjoyed, I appreciate my religious opportunities more than any others. It has been ever a happy thought to me, that I have descended from a long line of pious ancestors. Mother was one of the most pious women. From my earliest recollection, she was a most devoted christian. As long as I can remember, when I was a little child, she taught me how to pray. She caused me to kneel down: she knelt down with me, and said the words, and told me to say them after her, thus teaching me to lip the Savior's name, as soon as I could speak. She was also very prompt to teach me God's holy law: such as truthfulness: honesty: reverence for the Sabbath: chastity.

When I was very young, so that I did not know, hardly, right from wrong, just when I had commenced to talk a little, I can remember it, just vaguely remember it, she told me one day, I had been out playing with a little African boy, who was a little older than me, and who had learned to swear: and hearing him use that language, when I returned from that play, I was using the same kind of language: without any further ado, she went and broke a peach-tree switch: and I believe that is one reason why I have always abhorred profanity from that day till this. It has always appeared most disgusting to me, and also desperately wicked.

When Sabbath came, it was observed. Every Sabbath was observed as entirely distinct from other days: no work that could possibly be avoided, was done. My parents taught me from infancy to remember the Sabbath. Father and mother sent us to Sabbath School, when we were very young. There we learned much of the Scriptures, committed much of the Scriptures to memory: sometimes recited as many as 96 verses at a time: and that was the most I ever recited at one time. And the Shorter Catechism, when I was nine years old, I knew it by heart. Generally we went to church on Sabbath: but if anything prevented us from going to church, like stormy weather: father would say to us boys: "Study your catechism"



"today for you have to recite it to-night!" then in the evening, he would call us all in, and seat us down in a row: and commence at one end to ask questions: going round and round and round: asking in rotation until the whole catechism was recited. By this means I became quite proficient in my knowledge of the Shorter Catechism. One day, when in Sabbath School, the Rev. Mr Park came into the school: and told the school, that he would give eleven penny bit (12½¢) (That was the kind of money in those days) to every scholar, that could recite all of the catechism: that was: so they did not miss more than five words: and when he came to try us: I was one of those who earned the prize. But he gave me a book instead of the money.

An incident occurred once, of a mistake I made with regard to the Sabbath. I had gone to Sabbath School and brother John with me. That Sabbath, father and mother were not at church: and when the Sabbath School was over: instead of going directly home: I thought of a plan by which to economise time: mother had employed a shoemaker to make her a pair of shoes: he lived, so that his home was so situated, that we would have to go about a mile farther by going by his place, than by going directly home. I knew that mother very much needed her shoes: so I asked John to go with me and we would go round to Morrison's, that was the shoemaker's name, and we would get mother's shoes and take them home. So we went and got the shoes: coming home in great spirits: thinking that mother would be very much pleased to get her shoes. What was our great surprise and fright, that mother, instead of being pleased, showed her great displeasure, and said it was a great sin in going to get the shoes, instead of coming straight home on the Sabbath Day: and, it was only by making the most humble supplications and promises, that we escaped getting a whipping.

Mother gave me many wholesome instructions. One was, "Whenever you feel inclined to pray, let nothing hinder you. Break away and go and pray". She was pre-eminently a woman of prayer herself. Her Sabbaths, all the time that she could get from her domestic work, was occupied in study of the Bible and singing God's praises and in prayer. She was one of the sweetest singers I ever heard sing: and often, when I have been solitarily passing through the wilderness, those same tunes and hymns that I used to hear her sing, came to my mind, and I sang them, and I felt my soul give emotions of happiness. Her mother, my grandmother, was of the same spirit. She spent her life in serving God. And her mother, my grandmother's mother: although I never saw her, yet the account that mother gave of her was such, that showed she was pre-eminently a pious woman. The old Bible that she used, is still in the family: it is now 150 years old: and all full of marks, passages that she had marked: and often my heart has been cheered when thinking of these ancestors: that these three, mother, grandmother and great-grandmother are all together in that home, to which their souls aspired: and, that when the time comes, I shall meet them, and abide with them forever.

I do not know the time when I was entirely indifferent to religion. I believe I prayed more or less, when I was six years old, and always anticipated being a christian: but for some years was comparatively careless. There was one relative, a first cousin of grandmother, Sally Ross. She was a great beauty, and a great belle. Had many suitors, but rejected them all: never married until she was about fifty years of age. But she was a devoted christian, and had a great desire to see young men become ministers. She frequently visited at our home, and it afforded us great pleasure.

ure to see cousin Sally coming. When I was very young she suggested to me that I should become a minister; of course mother encouraged her in it; but at that time my mind inclined differently. I had made my mind to become a carpenter; but she tried to dissuade me from it; but I did not agree with her, and insisted on learning a trade. Finally, decided on becoming a wagon-maker. Went so far, that father went to engage a place with the man, with whom I should learn the trade; but the man was not at home: so that he did not make any particular arrangement. Thus Providence interfered to turn me aside from learning a trade. Not long after that I was attacked with severe sickness, and brought very near to death. And then God seemed to reach my conscience: then prompted me to give myself up more unreservedly to God's service. I commenced a course of self-examination, and finally consecrated myself to God's service. I wrote out a covenant, from one, that I got out of Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion to The Soul, which book had been a great help to me in my course of reading and deciding my christian course of life. Having made this covenant to be a follower of Jesus Christ, I met with the Session of the Presbyterian Church in Chanceford, and there was examined by the pastor Rev. Dr. Martin, and the Session: and in my nineteenth year became a member of the church. As I had united with the church, and desired to work for Jesus Christ the thought came to me that I ought to prepare for the ministry. Accordingly with that view, in my 21st year, I commenced a course of classical training. During my classical course of study although I did not thrust myself forward: yet when the opportunity afforded, I engaged in teaching Sabbath School. I taught Sabbath school when in the Academy at York: also when at Cannonsburg at college. I acted as Superintendent of Sabbath School in one of the churches in the vicinity of Cannonsburg, when in college there, Professor Orr's church, the Center Church, in company with two or three other students, walked out there in the morning, taught Sabbath School, listened to Professor Orr preach: and then returned back to college, in the evening. I was also a member of the Synagogue Evangelical Society, which was established, or founded, whilst I was a student there, for the purpose of promoting the missionary spirit. I also participated in the meetings of the Society of Inquiry for religious knowledge, and whilst a member of it, wrote and delivered an Essay, which was much appreciated.

While at Jefferson College, a student came, whose name was John Lyon. He was from a rural district, and very unsophisticated. One of the most pious men that I ever knew. He seemed to know nothing but Christ and him crucified. But about etiquette and the wisdom of this world, he knew nothing. The consequence was that the students soon began to make game of him. He came in company with another student named Robert Bell, who was also a christian, and was the tried friend of John Lyon. Bell also had a young sister, who came with him. When Lyon came, he was afoot. When he arrived at Cannonsburg, he was afoot, and he complained of sore feet: occasioned by corns on his feet, he called them. The mischievous students when they heard him speak of his sore feet, and corns, pretended that they were very much concerned and tried to persuade him to show them his corns--the corns on his feet. Unsuspecting that they meant mischief, he complied, and took off his shoes, and showed his corns. He also was imprudent enough to speak considerably of Bell's sister. These two things then, the students took hold of: Lyon's corns: and Robert Bell's sister. Bell made application to unite with Franklin Society and was received. John Lyon also made application, but was immediately rejected: on the ground of having showed his corns, and for talking



AUTOBIOGRAPHY ----- 15 ----- JAMES ROSS RAMSAY.  
So much about Robert Bell's sister; also on account of having allowed himself to be made a fool of, by certain members of the Philo Society: who pretended that they were a committee appointed by the faculty to examine Lyon, to see whether he was fit to be received into the college: and he, poor unsuspecting man, tried to answer their questions. This coming to the knowledge of the members of the Franklin Society, they refused to receive him, because he was so green. Therefore, poor Lyon was discarded by both the Literary Societies for a time; but, in the mean time the Faculty had discovered his worth, green as he was, and they cited those members of the Philo Society, that had held this mock examination: and gave them a sound lecture. Dr. Brown (the President) told the members who examined him, that it was a shame, and that Lyons had more piety, than the whole of Philo Society, and half of Franklin Society, put together: and more-over, informed them that if they did not receive John Lyon in their Society, they should be expelled from college, for imposing upon an unsophisticated student. So John Lyon was received into Philo Society, after all their game making; they were obliged to take him in. Then he began to be appreciated. All pious students: whether they were Philos or Franklins, entertained the highest respect for John Lyon: and many a time I have gone to his room, just for the purpose of getting my religious feelings revived. I can well remember the conversations, and the prayers, that we held together in John Lyon's room. We were fellow members of the Brainard Evangelical Society, and we were both founders of it, also.

The first time I ever lead in public prayer, was in the house of a good Methodist brother, Mr. Merriman; he called on me to lead in worship. I was visiting at his house, and I did not feel that I should decline. At funerals, I was sometimes invited to go and conduct religious services: when they were sitting up, during what is called wake-night. When at college, I often went to attend prayer meetings, in connection with other christian students, and conducted religious services: read, exhorted. On graduating, in 1846, I united with the Presbytery of Donegal, now Westminster, and was examined on Experimental Religion: on Latin and Greek.

I proceeded to pursue my Theological course in Princeton Theological Seminary. While at Princeton, I pursued the same course I had pursued at College, of attending religious meetings. I can not refrain from mentioning one season of experimental happiness in religion, that I experienced while there. It was on Communion Sabbath: one of the students preached: Dr. A. Alexander administered the Elements: and the Lord was present: and whilst at the Communion Table, my soul was permitted to enjoy communion with the Lord, causing exceeding great joy. It was one of my most happy experiences, in religion, lasting for days: being in a state of ecstasy: so that living, I seemed to live above the world, wondering if I could ever get down to the same plane that I lived before.

At the Fall Meeting of Presbytery, at Waynesburg, Pennsylvania, I was examined by the Presbytery, on Theology, Church History, The Sciences, Hebrew, Read my Clerical Exercise, and preached my Trial Sermon, from Romans III. 31: also delivered a Lecture, subject assigned by the Presbytery, Read my Latin Exegesis, prior to trial sermon: and was licensed by Presbytery to preach, October 1848: cannot remember the day. After licensure, I had many opportunities to preach, during my last year at the Seminary. I never refused to preach when called upon.

The winter of 1848, I was invited home to Delta, to witness

the marriage of my brother John: who was married in December 1848, to Miss Mary Jane Wilson. Because Oxford, Chester County, Penna. was on my route home, and by invitation of its pastor, Rev. Samuel Dickey, I preached. Both John was two and a half years, my junior. He was a very active, athletic young man. He was also a great favorite in society. He, being the next in age, we were more together, than any of my brothers. We went to school together, and we worked together. During our sojourn together, he seemed to be very indifferent towards religion: in fact, many a time, when I impressed it on his mind, he turned it into ridicule: but he was a child of the covenant, and when God claimed him as his own, he obeyed. In two or three years, after his marriage he became an invalid, and, although he had the attention of the best physicians, that could be procured, the disease grew worse. By their advise, father took him to Saratoga, to drink of the mineral waters there; and, also to bathe at Cape May: but that affected nothing: and when he came home, he was no better than when he left. The disease was Diabetes. His appetite was ravenous. His thirst unquenchable, but he was reduced almost to a skeleton physically. He was attacked with Pneumonia, and died in his 28th year. But before he died, he wrote me a letter: I was at Kowatah Mission, telling me that no doubt I remembered, how foolish and how careless, he seemed to be, when I talked to him; but he said he was thinking more than I thought, about what I told him. Now, he said I have given myself away to the Lord, and I expect to serve him to the end of my days: and although I am very weak, so that we may never meet each other's faces in this world: I have the hope, that we shall meet in Heaven, if we do not meet in this world again. And it turned out so: I never saw him again in the flesh, when I again visited my old home, I visited his grave. He was moderately tall, about as tall as brother William. He had a dark complexion, black hair, blue eyes. Before he was diseased, he was quite robust: so that he feared the face of no man. He was very active. Had a very cheerful disposition. Was the life of the company wherever he was. Made everybody laugh, wherever he was, but laughed very little himself.

On leaving the Theological Seminary, at Princeton, New Jersey, in May 1849: I went immediately to Ohio, and met my intended, and we were married, on the 29th of May, which was her birth-day. She was the youngest daughter of John and Jane Livingston: and our engagement had lasted for four years and a half. Andrew D. Mitchell and his cousin Kate Mitchell, who were both of them cousins of my wife, acted as groomsman and bridesmaid at our marriage. On the evening after our marriage, we started East. Our first stop was in Belmont County, Ohio. We visited her, and my friends there, who were the Amrines: and the Majors: and her Uncle Rev. Mitchell, who had married her mother's sister, they were both Dissenters. From Ohio, we proceeded on to Baltimore. We took a steamer to Havre-de-Gras, on the Bay, when I became quite seasick. In Baltimore we had stopped and visited our friends there, the Ramsays and the Mullins. We also went to see the curiosities there. Among them the Museum and Cemetery. Arriving at Havre-de-Gras, we took passage on a canal-boat for Peach Bottom. Here, we stayed one night at the house of Henry McConkey. It took a whole day to go twenty miles on the canal. On the next day, Brother Hugh came down in a carriage, and took us up to Delta; or Slate Dale as it was then called. We spent the month of June in the old Slate Dale neighborhood, visiting relatives and neighbors, both her's and mine. We also visited in Charleford, at Dr. Livingston's, her brother and at Squire Ross's home. In the mean time Presbytery had appointed a synodical meeting for the purpose of ordaining me as an



Evangelist. The Presbytery met on the 21st of July 1840, at the New Harmony Church. After my ordination, we made preparations to start on our missionary journey. Father took us in the carriage to Havre-de-Gras. He and mother, both expressed a great deal of affectionate regard for us; and our parting with them was very sorrowful. Having taken leave of father, at Havre-de-Gras, we took the cars for Baltimore. Here we remained for a short time, having our Ambrotypes taken. From Baltimore we went back to Ohio. We spent a few days here, among Martha's family, and afterwards we went to Belmont County, where we again bade farewell to our friends. Then visiting the Rev. J. W. Scott, D.D. at Wheeling, who was also a cousin of my wife. From his home we took passage in the stage coach for Columbus, Ohio. From here, we went to Cincinnati. Before we left home, we heard that Cholera was raging in Cincinnati, and that hundreds were dying every day. But in answer to a letter from me, inquiring whether it would be advisable for us to pass through such a contagious district; Mr Lowery answered, that we should go on, and the Lord would take care of his own. On arriving at Cincinnati, we were agreeably surprised to find that the Cholera had almost entirely disappeared. Here we put up at the National Hotel. I went and engaged passage on a steamer that expected to run to New Orleans. The captain told me that there was no need of our paying for extra hotel board, as we could occupy our berth and it would cost us nothing. On that day, I had the pleasure of seeing the notable statesman, Henry Clay. I accepted the captain's offer, and we took up our quarters on the steamer. But we regretted it, on the next morning our faces were all spotted by the bites of the mosquitos, who had literally feasted on us the night before. As there was no immediate prospect of the steamer starting, we went back again to our old quarters. In those days, there was no means of travel, except by steamers and stages. No railroads had been built west of Cincinnati. Finally, we started down the Ohio. And then we began to see something of the world. We began to see how on the highways, the Sabbath was desecrated. There was a family travelling with us named Gaines. They were from Covington, Kentucky, and their destination was Fort Smith, where Mr Gaines had been appointed Paymaster of the Garrison stationed at that point. He had quite a numerous family. There was a wife, six daughters, and two female slaves. We passed on down the Ohio river, and entered the Mississippi; and then passing on down the great "Father of Waters" towards the mouth of the Arkansas. As we were passing along, we saw what were called "sawers," which were trees whose limbs were fastened in the sand and their roots stuck up in the air, and looked like the saw in the mill. They were the constant terror of the boatmen. Many a boat had been wrecked by striking on one of these "sawers". But we escaped any serious accident, and reached the town of Napoleon, at the mouth of the Arkansas River. Here we put up at the only hotel in the place; waiting for the boat which was to take us up the river. We were obliged to wait several days, and when we did get a boat to take us up the river, we had to pay extra fare in chartering the boat ourselves. One night, while staying at the Arkansas Hotel, we experienced a great fright. The doors had no locks, and every thing was rough; and we did not know at what hour we might not be attacked by thieves and murderers. The only way we could secure ourselves against surprise, was to pile up all our trunks, and chairs against the doors. Major Gaines and his wife occupied a room on the lower story, while his family occupied one on the second story, opposite the one we occupied. We had our door barricaded with trunks, and so had Major Gaines's family. There was the most terrible scream I ever heard. Then all the daughters

screamed. In the night there was quite a noise, and men came up into the second story. They passed along by our door, and when they were opposite the room of Major Gaines's family, there was this scream. I jumped up and had a chair ready to knock down the first man that came in. Just then Major Gaines appeared on the scene, with a revolver, and angrily asked, what they wanted, and threatened to shoot the first man who moved. The men were astonished and asked what he meant. He replied, he would let them know pretty quick, what he meant, if they didn't explain themselves. He told them that his family was in that room, and that he would shoot the first man that dared to touch them. The men then proved themselves to be harmless, and it afterwards turned out, that one of Major Gaines's daughters was in the habit of walking in her sleep, and on that night she had been walking around in the room, and had knocked down the barricade, just as the men were passing the door, and the noise awakened her, and she thought the men were kicking down the door, and screamed in fright.

We found travelling on the Arkansas River quite different from travelling on the Mississippi. At the time we were travelling, there had been quite a freshet, and both streams were very muddy; but in the Mississippi, we had ice-water to drink, so that we were able to drink even the river water. But when we ascended the Arkansas, the river was red, and we had no ice, and the fare was poor, so our progress up the Arkansas river was very slow. When we arrived at Little Rock on Sunday evening, the boat stopped. We inquired for the Presbyterian Minister, whose name we found to be Rev. Green; and he and his wife received us very cordially. We accompanied him to his church, and there had an opportunity to speak on Foreign Missions in general; and on our proposed work among the Indians. We stayed at his house during the night, but on Monday morning we bade them farewell, and continued our journey up the river to Fort Smith. Major Gaines and his family then left us, and took up their quarters at the Garrison, while we stayed at the Rogers hotel. At that time Fort Smith was a resort of drunken Indians, who came from the Indian Territory to obtain whiskey. The town was full of saloons, and almost every store was a saloon. We stayed there a week, and every morning a murder was reported as having taken place the night before. We could see the drunken Indians going about the streets through the day, and at night we could hear their hideous songs. And Martha remarked one day, with a great deal of terror, whether that was the kind of people we were going among. But I told her that they were the worst specimens we should probably meet with. Although there was a fine stage of water in the Arkansas river, and had been all summer; we were compelled to wait a whole week at Fort Smith, before a boat came that was going up to Fort Gibson. So little merchandise was transported to Fort Gibson, that it made no inducement to boats, to ascend higher up the river than Fort Gibson. I had despaired of getting passage higher up the river by boat, so I engaged passage on a stage, or wagon, through the country; and it would have cost a great deal of money, and been very disagreeable besides. But as Providence would have it, the very evening, before we were to start on the wagon, a steamer came in sight, called the Moneda. So we gave up our engagement of our passage up the country, and took passage on the Moneda. We spent Sabbath in Fort Smith, and I preached once. In starting from Fort Smith I got in company with the first Creek Indian that I had ever met. His name was James McHenry. Then he found that I was going to the Creek country to teach, he became very sociable. He talked very good English, and said that he was a Methodist Minister. He was very friendly, and had a great deal to say from there on up to Fort



Gibson. But when we arrived at Fort Gibson, a great change over him. He was able to obtain whiskey here, and soon he was a hideous object to behold. The boat merely made a short stop at Fort Gibson, and then descended the Grand River to the Arkansas River and up this river to the mouth of the Verdigris River. It ascended this river, until it arrived at a place called Virdegris Landing, three miles from its mouth. There we disembarked, and our trunks and baggage were taken off. There was no house there, but there was a man with a team, which we engaged to take us to the Tallahassee Mission. It had been a long tedious journey. We left Wheeling, on the 24th of July, and arrived at Tallahassee on the evening of August 17th. It was very refreshing to meet with christian friends, as we did on arriving at Tallahassee Mission. Rev. R. N. Loughridge was Superintendent of the Mission. He received us most kindly, and welcomed us most cordially to the work in which we were to be co-laborers. His wife was an invalid, and was then on her sick couch, from which she was never to arise. An old lady was there in attendance, named Miss Thompson. Also I then met there Mr William Robertson, who had arrived but a month previous. They were just commencing their meetings for Communion Service, when I arrived, and at the meeting, we had a meeting of the session, and several native Creeks were received into the church.

Among them was David Winslett, who afterwards became a native minister. At that time the Tallahassee Mission had not been finished, and the session met in a room that had no floor. As I went into the room, I noticed a negro, who was very surly, and kicked dogs fiercely. And as the session was about to meet, Mr Loughridge said to him: "Jerry where is Celia?" Jerry answered, that he had told Celia not to come: "Foh we werent goin' to have a fair shake no how." Said Mr Loughridge: "How that Jerry?" Jerry said that the white folks and the red folks have a great many more privileges than the colored folks do. "But, said Mr Loughridge, "you have been living with Celia in an unlawful manner" Jerry said he thought he had a right to have Celia. "But you have another wife Jerry" "Yes, but I am a poor slave, and only get to see her once in a while: and even when I do get over the river, I dont always get to see her. So I think I have a right to have Celia: and I told her not to come, as we wernt going to have a fair shake no how" Mr Loughridge told him he was wrong, and that in his present course, he was on the broad way to destruction. That he should have to give up Celia and make his confession to the church. Jerry still insisted that that he had a right to her, and that he wouldnt go to Hell, either, for he had been converted once, and he believed if a man had been converted once, he would go to heaven, no matter what he did. So Mr Loughridge suspended him from the church. But he afterwards made his confession to the church, and was again received, some years afterward. Jerry was a slave and had been sold, but he was hiding. A woman took pity on him and brought him provisions. It is said that she once told Jerry that her husband had a sick horse, and that he was about to hire a horse doctor to come and doctor it. Jerry told her not to do that, but let him pray for the horse, and it would get well. And it was said afterwards that he did pray and the horse was saved. It was said that when Jerry was teaming, if one of his oxen gave out, he would at once fall down on his knees and pray the Lord to cure his ox; and it was said, that he never lost an ox. I was once told that when there had been a great freshet, and all the rivers were as one, That Jerry gave another exhibition of his faith. He was then owned by a man named Shaw, who lived out in the country, and who permitted Jerry to go to Fort Gibson every Saturday and see his wife, who lived there. But on the morning after the freshet, his master said to him: "Jerry you cant

go this time". But Jerry went on preparing his boat and said he would trust the Lord to land him safe on the other side: and soon was making his way through the woods, in his canoe. Then out of sight, he saw a steamer and hailed her, and was taken on board, and taken to Fort Gibson. When he came back the next week: he said, "that's what comes of trusting in the Lord". Jerry was very excitable, and once, while Mr Loughbridge was preaching, he became very happy, and wanted to shout: but shouting was not permitted, so he ran out of the church and into the yard, and fell down, and the dogs nearly tore him to pieces, before they could be driven away. Mr Loughbridge was afraid that he was going crazy, and proposed that he shave off the hair on Jerry's head. Jerry agreed, and so had his head shaved. There was an instant cure. Once, when I was preaching at Tellehassee Mission: Jerry became very happy, and crammed a handkerchief in his mouth, and ran out of the church; and Dr Junkin thought he had a fit; and ran out after him: and Jerry kept motioning for him not to come on. So much for Jerry.

We arrived at Tellehassee Mission on Friday afternoon, and on Saturday morning, Rev. Hamilton Balentine arrived, from Koweta Mission. He was appointed to the same Mission to which we were appointed. He arrived early in the morning, after travelling all night, on account of the flies. They were very troublesome that season. He was another christian friend that I was very glad to meet. I had known him when in the Theological Seminary at Princeton. He had been sent out to the Koweta Mission, one year before me. So we had a very cordial meeting. He had come down to assist in the Communion Services. On Sabbath morning, I preached my first sermon in the Indian Territory, at which Judge Stidham was my interpreter. We remained at Tellehassee Mission until Monday evening. Late in the evening, we started for Koweta Mission; quite a company of us. There were, Brother Balentine: Nancy Ferriman, an Indian girl: Louis Mc Intosh, and Indian man; and Martha and I. And after night, we arrived at the Koweta Mission. We were met and welcomed by Mrs Balentine. She was a Cherokee. Her maiden name was Jane Hoyt. Arrived at our field of labor: Brother Balentine and I consulted about our respective departments of work. It was then vacation of the school. Kowetah school consisted of forty scholars. There were twenty boys and twenty girls. We decided that Mr and Mrs Balentine should take care of the girls, while we took charge of the boys.

The surroundings of the Kowetah Mission were very beautiful. On the south, was quite an extent of forest. A mile below the Mission was the Arkansas River. On the north, east and west, there was an unbounded stretch of prairie. So that as far as the eye could see: there was a waving sea of grass. And, as a prairie was a novelty to me then: many a time I went out, and took a view of that prairie. It was the fruit season, and there was a very fine orchard of peaches: and the peaches were very abundant that year. Also it was the season for watermelons. They were very plenty. So that we spent the remainder of the time of vacation, very agreeably.

I preached at the Koweta School House, part of the time: and Brother Balentine part. We also had other appointments. One of them was on the other side of the river: and we were compelled to ford the river each time we preached there. The place was called Eeunchata Town. It was the time of Hay Harvest. Two colored men were engaged in cutting hay. Their names were, Robin Foster, now called Robert Johnson: and Daniel Carr. They were both slaves. Their wages were paid to their owners, for five days in the week: while they received their wages for one day in the week. They were



hauling in the hay: and so Bother Salentine and I thought we would show them how to build a real Pennsylvania hay stack. We commenced with a small bottom: and made it broader and broader, until we came to the "bulge", when we began to draw in on the sides. But Prairie hay does not stick together like Timothy: and, all at once, it fell apart, and I, who was on the top of the stack, was thrown on the ground, away from the stack. The colored men set up a "Ha, Ha!"; and we never said anything more about Pennsylvania hay stacks.

Early in September, I united with the Presbytery of the Creek Nation: which consisted of three members: Loughbridge, Salentine, and Eakins. Eakins went, it was supposed to Texas: and we could not hear what had become of him. I was appointed to go in search of him: and, in company with John Bemo, started first for the Seminole Mission. We visited the Creek Council on our way, which met at what is called The High Spring, in the Creek Nation. It was the first time I had seen the Indians in council. We remained two nights and one day. One night, I preached in the Council House: became acquainted with a number of the Creek Chiefs. The name of the principal of the Creek Chiefs then, was Roly McIntosh. From the Creek Council, we started to the Seminole Mission: travelling over a great extent of prairie: and as the sun was setting, we reached a store on the Wewoka, which was kept by a white man, by the name of Fredrich Cummings. who treated us very hospitably; and after lodging with him over night, we started the next morning for the Seminole Mission, which was twenty miles distant. On our way next morning, from Cummings to the Wewoka Mission, I saw the first rattlesnake that I had ever seen; lying in the road, in the path. Bemo saw it in time to stop his horse: letting me hold his horse, while he went and got a stick and killed the snake. It was a large snake with eight rattles on him: which we took from him, after killing him, as trophies. We reached the Mission just before noon. It was called the Oak Ridge Mission. The Missionaries were Mr John Lilley and his wife, and five children, three daughters and two sons: the youngest of which was an infant. And I performed the ordinance of Baptism, for the first time, in baptising him, Walter Lowery.

I remained with them a week: and I was received very cordially by the Missionaries. They had built a log house for the Mission. It was not finished then. I preached at the Mission, where I administered the Lord's Supper: as Mr Lilley was only a layman at that time. And I also preached at the neighboring houses. One place, where I preached was called Rocky Mountain, where an old African, named Uncle Warren and his wife Aunt Sue lived. Mr Lilley had an interpreter named Willis: a half African and half Indian. One night, during the week I stayed there, John Bemo and I and Mr Lilley's two oldest daughters, went to a meeting at Rocky Mountain, on horseback. One girl rode behind him and one behind me: little girls; eight and ten years old. The name of the oldest was Eliza, a very pleasant little girl with black eyes, and she rode behind me to meeting: and little did I anticipate then, that she would some day become my wife. We had a very pleasant meeting. Africans and Indians made the house full. Mr Bemo remarked if I had given each of those people ten dollars apiece, I could not have pleased them as well, as by giving them the sermon which I gave.

Another place that I visited and preached was at Mr Edward's, a white man, who lived on the bank of the Little River. The first time that I preached there, it was a very pleasant meeting. The attendance was good and very attentive, and good order prevailed: and at the close of the meeting, the master of the house

Mr Edwards, expressed himself, so well pleased with the meeting, that he wished me to make another appointment while I was there, to preach for them. I complied, and made the appointment, and Mr Lilley accompanied me to the meeting; but what was our grief, when we arrived at the place to find that the master of the house had a man there with a bottle of whiskey; and both of them drunk. When I perceived that, I thought that it was best not to attempt preaching; but the master of the house although he was drunk, appeared to be very anxious to have me preach, nevertheless; and after counsel with Mr Lilley, I concluded to make the attempt and preach. As we expected Indians to the meeting, the man told me that his man, Sambo, would interpret for me. The white man who was there with him, was named William Duvall. His brother was then the U. S. Indian Agent. I commenced preaching: but before I had preached five minutes: he began to criticize our preaching, this Duvall did, saying that if Sambo and I were exponents of the christian religion; he would give up. I told him to be quiet, and so did Mr Edwards: but being drunk, he had no sense, and kept on jawing all the time we tried to preach. But before long we heard a great noise and whooping out in the woods and with the advice of Mr Lilley, who was better acquainted with the Indians, we concluded to adjourn the meeting: and go home; because we thought there was another crowd coming, and we would have a fight. Poor Duvall continued his drunkenness after that, and went down to Fort Smith, and died in the woods, I heard.

We could hear nothing of Mr Perkins. Mr Lilley had only been there, at that Mission, one year. The Seminoles, at that time, were in a deplorable wretched state, and whilst there Mr Lilley took me around to see some of the Indian houses. I could see some drunken people, at nearly every house: and their condition was that of extremest poverty.

After spending a week at the Seminole Mission, which is about a hundred miles from Koweta Mission, Mr Demo and I started back first for the Telahasssee Mission. We proceeded homewards, without anything remarkable happening: for as Mr Demo knew the road, he guided me, and piloted me across the rivers, which we had to ford: Three rivers: The North Fork, the Deep Fork: and the Arkansas. It was late in the evening, when I arrived at the Telahasssee Mission. Mrs Loughridge was very ill: and Mr Loughridge wished me to converse with her, and pray: as I did. After eating a lunch I started for the Kowetah Mission, having been absent nearly two weeks. Mr Loughridge insisted on my remaining all night, but I thought I had been absent such a long time, I had better try to get home. I travelled on, and it grew dark, and commenced to drizzle and rain, and soon I could see no road. It was nothing but one vast expanse of prairie: my head was turned, I thought I was going East when I was going West. I was inclined at first to turn the horse that way: but I thought again, that a horse that knows the road, can see in the dark: so I gave him the rein. His name was Wellington, a pretty dark sorrel horse. He went on and on, over ravines, up hills, and down valleys: but I knew that Kowetah was his home, and he would be able to take me there. So we went on, and on, finally, away in the distance, I saw a light gleaming, and went towards it, on and on, and finally brought me up to our yard gate. Oh but I thought he was a good horse. I always had a great affection for him after that. I was very thankful to find Martha and all the Mission well.

The Missionaries that had preceded me, Mr Loughridge, and Mr Salentine: had been trying to do evangelical work, and a small church had been organized at the Kowetah Mission. And



when I first arrived there, there seemed to be quite an interest in religion. Two men who were prominent in the Creek Council had become interested; and one of them had applied for admission to the church. And when I first entered upon my work, he was then interpreter at the Mission. But at the same time there was a hindrance which used every means in their power to hinder us from our work. The Baptist Preacher, Buckner, forced a discussion in the presence of these two men, and by his cunning, out-did Mr. Loughridge in their estimation; and soon had the men under the water. These two men then turned against us. That Denomination has always been my hindrance, throughout my work, no matter where I went. They have followed me and taken my members from me, by fair means or not, and made Baptists of them. In this country they make too much of their custom, of Baptism, which I think not essential.

After Louis McIntosh left us and joined the Baptists, we had to look out for another interpreter, for neither of us understood the language. Robert Foster, an African, was then hired at the Mission. He was also a member of our church. We hired him of his master, a man by the name of Foster, at eight dollars a month, and paid his wages to his master. But Robin had the privilege of working for himself on Saturdays, as all slaves in those days had. So we concluded to try and train Robin for an interpreter. He was unable to read, and of course at that time was very ignorant. When he first began, he made a great many mistakes, and as a part of the congregation understood both English and Creek, they would laugh at his mistakes: so that he grew discouraged; and it was only after much praise on our part, that he was induced to persevere; and after a few months, he became a very efficient interpreter. We paid him for interpreting and he received the money himself.

In October of that year, the school commenced. There were 20 boys and 20 girls. They were all boarders. Some of them are still surviving; but the great majority of them have passed away. Many of the children were disposed to run away, and many were the rides that Robin and I took, in search of the run away children. The work went on without interruption through the term. The school was kept full. There was preaching at the Mission every Sabbath, and we kept up several regular appointments. We had many consultations about the best way to carry on our work in the most successful manner; and we worked together very harmoniously throughout all of that term.

In the middle of the winter, Mrs Loughridge died, and her remains were brought to the Kowetah Mission to be deposited beside those of his former wife. Rev Samuel Worcester preached the funeral sermon.

On the 29th of March, 1850, our little daughter, Jane Olivia, was born. She was a very beautiful child; but as we were so far from any medical aid at that time, her mother suffered greatly, and about a week after her birth, she was taken with Puerperal Fever, and this proved nearly fatal. The only aid that we had was the assistance of Mr Loughridge, who came and helped prescribe for her. And though she recovered, yet she was never in perfect health afterwards. Another thing that operated against her, was that we were unable to obtain a nurse; and so she was compelled to do her work, when she was really unable. But we managed to keep the school going, until the close in July. In the vacation, we sometimes went to visit at Tallahassee Mission

and while there we had a most enjoyable time. During the school term Mr W. R. Robertson had married the daughter of Mr Worcester Miss Anna Eliza. And during one of these visits, I accompanied her on a visit to her father's, at Park Hill, in the Cherokee Nation. While there I went out one visit to see John Ross, who was then the Chief of the Cherokees. On the way returning home we put Jane Olivia down in a big bunch of flowers, and drove on, and when we returned after a little while, she was sitting there, reaching out her hands to the flowers. She was much attached to flowers.

One of the many hindrances to our work, at that time, was the drunkenness so prevalent at that time. One day, as Robin and I were returning from Skumate Town, we passed an Indian house, and the noise that we could hear, indicated that there was drunkenness. We hurried past as rapidly as possible, so as not to attract attention, if possible. But we had not gone half a mile, before we heard an Indian whooping behind us, an Indian without any hat on, and his long hair streaming behind him. He came up and accosted me with "what are you a white man doing here?" "I am an Indian, and I want to fight, and if you dont hit me; I will hit you!" He went so far as to catch hold of my bridle rein, and became very offensive, talking in the most offensive manner. Of course I could not understand a word that he said, as I had not learned the language. But Robin said that the man evidently had some desire to make trouble for me; and that he would stay there and talk to him, and that I should watch until the Indian was talking to him; and then put the whip to my horse, and he would detain him until I got out of reach. I told him that I was afraid that he would be killed; but he said that he thought he could take care of himself; so I did as he told me: when I had gone a little way, I met a man, and asked him to go with me and help me rescue Robin; but we met Robin about half way; and he said that after I left, he went and picked up half of a fence rail, and told the Indian that if he wanted to fight, he should come on. But the Indian only laughed, and went back to his house, whooping. That was the only time I was ever attacked, and whiskey was the cause of it. For when the Indian becomes sober, and Robin mentioned the subject to him; he was very much ashamed; and said he would not have done it, if he had not been drunk.

During the summer I formed out of some inquirers, a catechumen class, and taught them at stated times. We expected to give them an opportunity to unite with our church: as soon as they had been sufficiently taught. But our former interpreter, who had become a Baptist Preacher, went and told another Baptist Preacher about these people: and the first thing I heard: every one of them was under the water. So our prospect was blighted again. The wife of this man McIntosh, was a member of our church, and her husband and Buckner never gave her any peace, until they put her under the water. They baptised her in a muddy hole, and when she came out of the water, her hair was all streaked with water and mud, and it made her very angry.

During that vacation of 1850, Brother Valentine was transferred to the Spencer Academy, in the Choctaw Nation. We were very sorry to see them go, as we had worked together so harmoniously. In his place the Board appointed Rev. William Templeton, who arrived in the Fall of 1850. We decided that he should take the superintendence of the school, and that I should teach. As Mr. Templeton was unmarried, a teacher was sent us from Tallahassee Mission. Her name was Miss Green; and she was of a peculiar disposition. If she was friendly, she was oppressively so; and if



she was offended, she was exceedingly spiteful. She was very irritable, and took offence at things, that no body else thought of. This was very annoying to Martha: as she was the only lady besides herself at Kowetah. Her conduct toward Mr Templeton was not at all agreeable to him. She offered to accompany him on his trips to the neighboring houses, where he held meetings, and showed in every possible way, a desire for a closer relation, than he himself really desired. And when she discovered that he was unwilling to second her plan: she turned bitterly against him. She countermanded orders that he had given as Superintendent of the school: and went so far as to read our letters: and when asked to explain herself: she said that she believed all letters sent to the Mission, were meant for them all. The result was that she was finally called back to her home in Long Island, New York.

About the time that Mr Templeton came, Robin Foster's master came and took him away. So we were again left without an interpreter. One of our pupils, named Charles Barnett was the furthest advanced in his studies: and our thought centered on him, as one that might become an interpreter. So we had him interpret at the Mission, and at our appointments. He became quite skillful. At that time people were accustomed to bury their dead without coffins. A woman had just died in the neighborhood, and so Charles and I took some logs, and started for the place. They had no lumber, so we had to split logs: and saw them to the proper thickness: but at last we had the box ready: and placed the body in it: and lowered it into the grave. Then we preached, and had quite a large congregation of Fullbloods. At place of preaching also, there, we were disappointed in our hopes. A Methodist came and gathered in all that we had expected to have there. The same occurred at Ekuncata: a Methodist Preacher, Daniel Asbury, came and told all that wished to become christians, to kneel down in front of him: and a large number came: and while they were kneeling, he baptised them, and they were Methodists. So that ended our hopes in that direction.

At the close of the school term, we met with a very sad dispensation of Providence. Very suddenly, our dear little daughter, who was then only sixteen months old, was attacked with inflammation of the Brain: and notwithstanding we used every means in our power to save her: she was taken away from us by death. It occurred just at the close of the session of school. The people had been invited to come and attend the Examination of the school but instead of attending the Examination, they attended the funeral of our dear little Olivia. She was buried in the Cemetery at Kowetah Mission.

The school commenced in the Autumn of 1851, and progressed as usual. Charles Barnett had been acting as Interpreter, and was very moral in his behavior, but he had never professed to be a christian. He said that he did not think he was converted, because he had never felt himself to be a sinner. One day he was lying sick in his room: I went in to give him medicine. I asked him if he would like to read some good book, as he was lying there: and when he said he wished to read some: I put Dodridge's Rise and Progress, in his hand: and told him to read it carefully. In the course of a few hours I came to see him: and looking up at me, he asked me if I thought all that was in that book was true. I told him I thought it was: well says he: "I feel that I am a sinner" I told him that was what I wanted him to feel. Now, says I, you can begin to seek the salvation of your soul: and he said

he would do so. Well said he, that being such a great sinner, as he felt himself, what ought he to do? I told him he ought to pray. But it was a good while after that before he found peace. Day after day, when I asked him how he felt, he said that he felt miserable; but he said he was determined not to give up. I told him to continue and he would certainly obtain it. I shall never forget one Sabbath afternoon, after I had been preaching, he came in from the woods, where he had been in private prayer. His face was all aglow. Without asking him, he said "Mr Ramsay I have found it now. I have found the Savior. I feel my sins are forgiven." It was a happy time for him and me, both. He soon united with the church, and purposed preparing himself for the Ministry; and we were all very much built up in him: for he would be such a useful man, but God had detined it otherwise: that is as far as his becoming a Minister was concerned: for soon signs of Pulmonary affection appeared. He began to cough before long: had hemorrhage of the lungs and soon he began to sink, so that he was not able to interpret any more: soon had to leave school and go to his home. His home was near the Mission. He lived with his sister, Mrs Gregory. Mr and Mrs Gregory were members of the church. He continued to sink daily: but always expressed a lively hope. He appeared to be drawing near his end, and requested that we should bring all the scholars down to his house to bid him goodbye. And we did so, and in bidding them goodbye, he gave them a very earnest charge that they should love Jesus Christ, and prepare to meet him in Heaven. Some of them promised to do so. It was not long after, that we laid Charles in the grave. But many of the scholars remembered what he had told them: and we had a revival of religion at the school. The greater part of the larger scholars became interested in religion: and a number united with the church.

There was on girl in school, named, Kisia, Anderson, who although she was a well behaved girl, yet she was extremely dull in study, so much so, that we were discouraged, and had thought of advising her father to take her out of school. But she was one of the subjects of grace during that revival. Soon, she showed a great change in her, she would retire by herself and read her Bible. She wrote a letter to her father saying "it seemed so strange that the Bible that I used to have no love for, is now a delightful book". She used to have good preaching she said, but I didnot seem to understand any of it, but now every word I hear seems to do me good". From being one of the dullest scholars in school, she became one of the brightest. She became a christian, left school, married, a white man named Haynes, raised a family, and died as she had lived, in hope of eternal life. Here we were again out of an interpreter, after Charles' death, and we tried to get Robin Foster back and succeeded in getting him back as an interpreter.

But Martha's health continued to fail. She had attack after attack of fever: and every one left her weaker: and finally there were indications of consumption: and she had hemorrhage of the lungs. We had a doctor there, Dr. Junkin, stationed at Tel-lahassee. We called him to prescribe for her, but notwithstanding her disease grew worse. On the 2nd of October, 1851, she gave birth to a son she named John Livingston, who made our home cheerful once more: but the disease had taken fast hold of her, so that we did not know whether she would survive through the winter: but she did survive: and in the spring, after counseling together, it was the opinion of the Doctor and the Missionaries that we should ask the Board to allow us to retire for the time



AUTOBIOGRAPHY ----- 25 ----- JAMES ROSS RAMSAY.  
and go East. So that in May 1852, we took passage on the Steam-  
boat for the East. It was a very trying voyage, we were obliged  
to feed the baby on milk: and as we had to procure it from so  
many different sources, it did not agree with him; causing him a  
great deal of Diarrhea. Whenever the steamboat would stop, I was  
obliged to jump ashore, and go and hunt milk: sometimes, I could  
find it: sometimes, I could not. The weather was so hot, that if  
we did get it: it would soon be spoiled: and unfit for use. And  
when we got to Louisville, Kentucky, he was so sick, we were obli-  
ged to stop in the city, and call in medical aid: a christian  
physician, prescribed for him. He was very kind and sympathising,  
and his medicine relieved him. He said he was a Presbyterian El-  
der, and would not chagrin anything to the Missionaries. So we  
were permitted to pursue our journey still, on up to Cincinnati,  
where we stopped a few days. Whilst there, I preached for one  
of my old Seminary acquaintances, now Dr. Logan, in the 7th Church.  
Whilst there, we purchased tombstones for little Olivia's grave,  
and ordered them sent to Indian Territory.

From Cincinnati, we travelled by rail and stopped at a place  
called Bolivar: where we took a hack and drove through to Living-  
ston's, in Ashland County, Ohio. The night was dark, and the roads  
stumpy: and part of the way I was obliged to get out of the ve-  
hicle, and choose the road for the driver: lest he should run a-  
gainst stumps and break the vehicle. On arriving at Livingston's  
and telling them who I was, for it was late in the night, Martha's  
old mother came running out and cried, "Is Martha with you?" and on  
hearing that she was alive and in the buggy, she lifted her hands  
with joy, that she was permitted to see her beloved child once  
more. Then thanked God for bringing her back alive. But John  
was still sick with his old disease, for weeks, after our arrival  
there: and he was attended by Drs. Firestone and Moore, and their  
prescriptions did him good, and he recovered finally. We remain-  
ed in Ohio, until September, then bade them farewell, took John  
with us; and also his Aunt Janet Livingston accompanied us.

We started for my Pennsylvania home: first visiting on our  
way from Ohio, her brother Dr Livingston, in York: then proceed-  
ing to my old Delta home. The welcome home, by father and mother,  
and all the friends, was very cheering. Dr. J. G. Bryan, was the  
family physician, and was called in to prescribe for Martha: and  
though her case looked very doubtful to us, the old Doctor gave  
us every assurance, that she was in a fair way to get well: and  
believed that she would recover. In the following winter, I  
taught the school at Delta, and also taught singing school. En-  
couraged by Dr. Bryan, I brought myself to think that Martha would  
get well: and we would be able to return to the Missionary work.  
And old Walter Lowrie, then Secretary of the Foreign Board sent a  
request to us to go and fill a vacancy among the Omaha Indians.  
But in the latter part of April, Martha gave birth to another son,  
whom we named Robert James Crawford. All the friends congratulat-  
ed her, and we expected that she would soon be well, and able to  
engage in her duties. But we were doomed to disappointment. After  
the birth of the child, about two weeks, her brother and his wife  
came to visit her. His wife was the daughter of my old pastor,  
under whom I joined the church, Dr Martin: an excellent woman. I  
had been teaching school that day, and on coming home in the even-  
ing, I found the Doctor and his wife there, and was very glad to see  
them. After we had talked a little while, the doctor asked me to  
take a walk with him: and asked me after we had got of hearing of  
anybody: what I thought of Martha? I told him I thought she was  
doing very well: though she was still bed, and could not get up:

but we hoped she would soon be well. "But" said he, "she will never get out of that bed". That went like an arrow to my heart. Why, says I, Dr Bryan has been assuring us all the time, that she would get well. But Dr Livingston said he was astonished at Dr. Bryan, that he should make such a mistake: if he really did make such a mistake. And it turned out as Dr Livingston had said. She took then what was called the Rapid Consumption: and all hopes for her recovery were taken away. But it was a happy thing to see that as her physical strength decreased her spiritual strength increased. Formerly she had been a very timid and retiring lady: but now she was a bold preacher of the gospel. She exhorted every one that visited her: or that came to talk to her, "to believe on Jesus Christ". I shall never forget one morning: while we were lying on the sick-bed: that a woman came into the room to see her: who had been a very careless woman: never went to church: but she had four children: and when she went to speak to Martha and shake hands with her: Martha held her hand: in hers, and asked her if she loved Jesus Christ? and the woman stood astonished: had never thought of such a thing, I believe. But she looked her right in the face, and with all the earnestness that could be expressed, urged her not only for the sake of her own soul, but for her children, to begin now to love Jesus Christ: and the woman cried, and promised she would. Dr Bryan still attended her and I shall never forget one evening, that he came in the room and asked her how she was? She said: "Doctor I am going to die. I have long wished to go and leave this world to be with my Savior." The Doctor sat in his chair, he just shook his head over, and went like a child, and told me afterwards, that he just wept with gratitude, because he saw the reality of religion, in that lovely woman, who was about to die: for such a bright and glorious hope of Eternal life. The day before she died: she told me that her Missionary work was done: but says she "yours is not done yet, after I am gone, you must go back to the Creeks, and preach the Gospel to them, and teach the children". Finally, her hour for departure came. There were a great number of people there, when she died. Some saints and some sinners. But there was not a struggle: it was all peaceful: and while she could speak at all, she kept saying: "Come Lord Jesus, Come Lord Jesus, I want to be there, I want to be there: and when she could not speak audibly, we could hear her whisper it: when we could not hear her whisper it, we could see her lips move: no doubt she was uttering the same sentences. While she was breathing her last: All in the house were heard to remark: "Oh if I could die such a death as that!" That was just four years and one day after our marriage.

Her funeral was very largely attended: and Rev. Crawford preached to a very attentive and weeping audience. I was left with John and a little infant, but one month old. Before her death she told mother, she wanted her to take care of the baby, but to send John to her mother's home. A few weeks after her death I had the solemn duty of standing up alone, with that baby in my arms, in the Flatville Church to give him away in Baptism to the Lord. I finished my school, and then in company with Nancy Livingston started to Ohio taking John. The grandmother received the little boy again, although she was never to see his own mother. After remaining there a few days, I left him in the charge of his mother's friends and returned East, visiting friends in Belmont County, Ohio, on my way.

I remained, after my return at father's, and preached occasionally, in the vacant congregations, until October, 1851. An Academy had been built at Chestnut Level, Lancaster Co. Penna



and, without making any application, I was invited by the Trustees, to come and take charge of it; which I accepted, taking from York County, some students over with me; among them, Jessie Crawford; brother Joseph; John Dinmore; Jackson Bryan and William Ross. It was quite an undertaking. If the students had all been beginners: it would not have been such a great effort: but, there was one student, that the President of the Board, Rev. Utter said he wished I would take in, because he wanted the patronage of his father, who was a man of wealth in that neighborhood. His son was preparing to enter the Sophomore class in Lafayette College: and of course, he was reading the most difficult Classical Greek and Latin, and studying the Higher Mathematics. Determined not to be intimidated by any scholar, that might be there I consented to take him in; and to teach him. I had to prepare his recitations in advance, as well as those of the other pupils. The school was large, about forty scholars. We from York County, boarded at the Hotel, and slept in the second story of the Academy, which was then the Dormitory. In the Academy, was a small recitation room, with a stove in it. There, when other people were hurried in sleep, I consumed midnight oil: for I studied every branch of every study, before attempting to hear them recite: he did that special work for young Hopkins: who was preparing to enter a higher class in College.

It was an interesting school. We had also a literary Society. But of course we had some students that gave trouble. Among them was Jackson Bryan, who was addicted to drunkenness, and in consequence was expelled.

In January, 1854; the Scarlet Fever broke out in the neighborhood of Delta. Little Robert had been given into the charge of Mrs Ann Norris, to nurse him; and he became a victim of Scarlet Fever, and died. I went home of course to attend the funeral laying him beside his mother in Slateville Cemetery, at eight months of age when he died.

I continued the school, which still kept increasing until the end of the session, which occurred in April; closing with a very interesting exhibition.

During the Vacation of the Spring of 1854, in company with sister Sarah, I made a visit to Ohio: where I had the pleasure of again seeing my son John. On returning East, we took our way by Columbus, spending a day there, visiting an old acquaintance, Dr. Silver and his wife: who had gone there from Hartford County, Maryland. During the day, we visited the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, the Lunatic Asylum, also visited the Penitentiary: all of which were great curiosities. From Columbus, we went again to Belmont County: visiting in Wheeling at the house of Dr Thoburn, who had married Kate Mitchell, the daughter of Rev. Benj. Mitchell. Our cousin Margaret Amine, accompanied us, when we started for Pennsylvania: that is your Aunt Maggie now. The night we left Wheeling, there was a very heavy shower of rain: and in going from the friend's house to the depot, I got wet; and by that means contracted a cold, but it was not severe at first.

When I returned, it was time for my school to commence, and I went to Chestnut Level and opened the school: but my cold grew worse: and in a few days it was so violent, that I was obliged to discontinue the school and go home to Delta. It turned into pneumonia: and I was then placed under the care of Dr. Hilgore, whose

treatment in the course of time relieved me. Also mother's tender care, I shall never forget. On recovering I reopened the school at Chestnut Level: and it was during that summer, that the discussion on the "Grammar Question" took its rise at Chestnut Level.

There was a school teacher living in the neighborhood named Erastus Reynolds, whom it seems from the very start, envied my position: when I was chosen to be Principal of the Academy: and I was told that he wished to occupy that place himself. Sometime during the summer, the Superintendent of Schools, named Wickersham, had appointed a day at Chestnut Level to examine teachers for the Public Schools. And in the morning of the day of the examination, Erastus Reynolds brought Mr Wickersham into the Academy: and while they were visiting the Academy, I was hearing the English Grammar Class. A sentence was to be parsed in which was the word "both". "Now, both the Chief Priests and Pharisees had given a commandment". When the student came to the word "both" he hesitated a moment, and then said it was a conjunction. I told him, he was right, and the class proceeded with its recitation, and I dismissed them. After sitting a few moments, the gentlemen went out. There was one scholar in my school, named James Welch. Before the Academy started, he had been a student in the Public School, taught by Erastus Reynolds: and was on very good terms with him. He began to rally Reynolds, and tell him he expected he would not get a Certificate: but Reynolds replied to him, that that would not be very remarkable: that any person was liable to make mistakes. I heard the Principal make a mistake today, in hearing the class recite in English Grammar. "Ah says Welch did he make a mistake?" "Yes". "why what was it?" says Welch. "why he called the word BOTH a conjunction." "why, says Welch, I thought it was so." And Welch informed me of it before night: and I told Welch it was a conjunction, and I could prove it to be one. So Welch told Reynolds what I said: and that I was prepared to prove it to be one: and Reynolds said he would see about it some day.

During the Winter Session, Wickersham, School Superintendent of the County came around to examine the schools. Reynolds knew he was coming to examine his school: so he wrote the sentence: "Now both the Chief Priests and Pharisees had given a commandment" on the blackboard: and asked Wickersham what part of speech the word BOTH was in that sentence? Wickersham replied that it was an Adjective. As soon as the scholars in the school under Reynolds heard that, they were jubilant: that the County Superintendent had decided in favor of Reynolds, and against me. And it was not long after school was dismissed, until the thing was abroad, all through the town. Wickersham whilst there boarded at the Hotel, the same place that I did: and at the supper table, I asked him on what grounds he said the word was an Adjective? But he would not say, but it was an adjective, he said. Says I, will you debate it with me? No, I wont, says he. But you can debate with Reynolds if you want to. I told him it was no honor to debate with Reynolds. I went out and told Welch and Jimmy Boyd that Wickersham was afraid to debate it with me, refused, and referred me to Reynolds as an opponent. Reynolds, meanwhile, was getting exceedingly noisy about it: and they the students urged me to discuss it. So after some time, I sent Reynolds a challenge to debate, or discuss it. And it was published, and the time appointed. And one night, at the Academy, when it came off, I believe the whole town was there. But before the discussion came off, I consulted many of our best Linguists and Professors in Colleges. I consulted Prof. Smith, John N. Dick, and Mr Crawford. I consulted also, Daniel Kirkwood, he at first said it was an Adjective, but when I referred him to the



translation, he said he was in error, and that it was a Conjunction. So I knew I had him good. So the time for the discussion came: and we had a half an hour apiece. Jimmy Boyd wrote the sentence on the Blackboard in letters about six inches long. "NOW BOTH THE CHIEF PRIESTS AND PHARISEES HAD GIVEN A COMMANDMENT." I first parsed the sentence: and then I told the audience that I could prove it by the best Authors, and the best Writers, who used it frequently. That it was not contrary to the idiom of our language, and that I could prove that it was a translation from the Greek, and that the Greek was, "KAI-KAI" which meant "BOTH AND." But Reynolds wanted to prove that it was an Adjective, because Webster had said it was an Adjective: and he was very positive in assuring us, that he was one of the very best Lexicographers: and of course he knew it all. I had him there again. I told him that Lexicographers were not Gramscarians: that they simply recorded the meaning of words. The word "IF" for example; no one would think of it being a Verb; but Webster gives it as a verb. Kirkeham, in his grammar says, that IF is derived from Anglo Saxon, "GIFFAN" which means, "GRANT THAT SUCH A THING IS TRUE, AND SUCH A THING WILL FOLLOW". So that if he would parse BOTH in that other sentence according to the derivation given by Webster: then we would have to parse IF as a verb, because he gives it as a verb: and I would like to have him parse IF as a verb! He wanted to transpose the sentence, but I would not allow him. It was a legible sentence: and I produced examples from various Speakers and others as Webster and Adams, to prove that just similar expressions were used by them. Then he wanted to change it to NOW BOTH CLASSES, Chief Priests and Pharisees gave a commandment: But I held that the sentence was proper the way it was. Gradually, he cooled down towards the last. He had very little to say: and my students were well satisfied, that I had gained the decision. And, I had no more trouble thereafter with Erastus Reynolds.

The people of Chestnut Level and vicinity wished me to continue my work there: and I was making some money too. But during the last year that I spent there, there came messages from Indian Territory, from the Missionaries: from the Indians themselves: and from the Board of Foreign Missions: asking me to return to my Mission work. That, in connection with the dying request of Martha, that I should return to my work: decided me that I should resign my position in the Academy, and return to my Mission work. Brother Robert attended the school, the last term I taught. The people in that vicinity made my abode there very pleasant. And many a time, I spent pleasant hours, by invitation in certain places through the neighborhood.

So in the Autumn of 1855, I resigned, and accepted the appointment of the Board to Missionary work amongst the Indians. In November of 1855, brother Robert and I, started out West together. He wished to visit friends, and see some of the West: while I wished to invest some of the funds that I had earned in teaching, in land. We visited through Ohio, visiting our friends in Belmont County. From there, we went further West, to Dubuque, Iowa. From there, we went out into Buchanan County, in a stage. Here, we stopped at a place called Quasqueton, at the home of our cousin, whose name was William Cooper. While we were there it became very cold. One's breath would freeze on his beard. After being there some days, I left Robert at our friends, and went on further West, in search of land. I travelled on foot: and stayed at hotels at night. One night, I stayed at the home of a minister, in the town of Independence. On the next night, I stopped at Mount Union. It

was Saturday night, and on Sabbath, I attended the meetings, and preached in the evening. From there, I went still further north, into Chickasaw County. I was carrying \$600.00 in gold with me; and my constant care was to keep myself from being robbed. I was stopping among entire strangers; and some of them appeared to be very wild and unprincipled; so that I was in constant danger of being robbed. One night, I had to sleep in a room, in which, perhaps fifty persons were sleeping. I was very much afraid that I would lose my money; but I succeeded in keeping it. I had it in a belt around my waist. Two nights afterwards, I lost my way on the prairie; and a good deal of snow had fallen. I could not find a road. It was extremely cold, and my stock of provision had become exhausted. Finally, after much search, I found a wagon road; and was then in a quandry, as to which direction I should take; and I finally started in one direction. I travelled on and on, and became very tired, and would lie down for a little while; but did not dare to lie down long, for fear that I should go to sleep, never to wake again. I thought I would surely have to give up, but just as I was about to give up, I came to a lane, and on following it, I came to a house, at which there were some very fierce dogs, which I had great difficulty in keeping from biting me. At length, I succeeded in awakening the people by my shouts; and a lady came and opened the door; and after quieting the dogs; asked me to come in; and I then found that it was a place, where I had stopped some time ago; and had travelled the road in the wrong direction. It was after midnight, when I arrived at the house. The house was full; and there were no beds to spare; so I asked her to let me sleep on the big arm-chair; I was so glad to reach a place of safety, that I cried like a child. The lady insisted on getting me some supper; and told me to rest myself, while she prepared it for me. She made a bed for me on the floor, and I had a good rest. And, in the morning, she asked me about myself, and I told her of my purposed work; and when I asked her for my bill she said that it was nothing; as she was glad to have been of service to such a man. But I drew out a gold dollar, which I insisted on her taking, and went on my journey. I continued on in Chickasaw County, but it became colder than ever, so that I felt that I was unable to proceed any further. My bones even, ached with the cold. So when I arrived at the next town, I left my money in the hands of a man who promised to invest it to the best of his ability; and then I started back to Quasqueton. Here I arrived, none the worse, except that my feet were very sore. After remaining there a few days, I started back to Ohio, to pay a last visit to the friends there, and to bid farewell to my son John. I travelled on a stage, in company with a Wisconsinian, who was wrapped in shawls, and yet he complained of the cold nearly all the time. He and I sat close together, in order to warm each other as much as possible, by our mutual animal heat. I arrived at Sandusky, Ohio, on Saturday evening, and I preached at the church of Rev. Kennedy, on Sabbath. From there, I went to Ashland, where I visited Rev. Robinson; I also preached at his church on Sabbath. From there, I went on to bid farewell to the Livingstone.

From there I went to St. Louis. The railroad from St. Louis to Jefferson City, had not been entirely completed, and no regular travelling had commenced; but people sometimes travelled by trucks; a not very handy mode of travel. I adopted this means, and we were often compelled to carry our trunks from one side of a river to the other. Here we could proceed on another train. There was a man with us from St. Louis, who had a son John, which he hugged as if it were a baby. He said he could not bear the thought of



losing the whiskey. He succeeded in carrying it across the river for a good while; but at last he let it drop, and it broke. He then poured the whiskey in a water bucket, and then the men helped themselves to it. There was a young man on the train, who traveled in company with me. We took quite a fancy to each other. We helped each other to carry our trunks from one side of the stream to the other. But he saw that I did not take any whiskey. After a while, he asked me if I thought it would hurt him to take a dram out of that bucket? I told him that he could do as he pleased, but as for me, I should not take any. I told him that whiskey, while it warmed up one's stomach, drew all the heat away from the extremities. He was quiet for awhile, but at last went and took a drink out of the bucket. When within five miles of Jefferson City, we had to foot the rest of the distance, as the railroad had not been completed any further. We placed our trunks in a house, and started. Soon after we started, the young man complained that his ears felt queer; and when I touched them, I found they were frozen. I told him, that what I had told him, had come true; and he said he would never drink another drop, as long as he lived. Soon afterwards, we arrived at the city; and he and I roomed together. On Sabbath, he and I went to attend church together. On Monday, I left him, telling him to remember his promise; and I have never seen him since. I took a stage from Jefferson City to Springfield. It had snowed a great deal. In the night we lost the road several times, on account of the depth of the snow. As I was the only passenger, and there were four horses attached to the stage, we had no difficulty in that direction. At night, we arrived at a house, where we stopped all night; and on the next morning we resumed our journey, arriving at Springfield, Missouri, in the evening. We had to wait some days, before we could get a stage from there to Fayetteville, Arkansas; but at length we arrived. From this place, I engaged a man to take me across the country in a light buggy, to Park Hill, in the Cherokee Nation. By this time, the snow had begun to melt, so that the streams were swollen; and we became wet several times, in fording them. Before we reached Park Hill, his light buggy broke down; and we finished the trip in a heavy wagon. I was welcomed by Rev Worcester and his family.

From there, I was piloted to the Verdigris River, by Mr Foreman. I left my trunk at a house on the way. An Indian conveyed me across the river, in his canoe. Then, on the other side, I made my way to the Tallahassee Mission, where I was made very welcome. Mr Loughridge supposed that I had been drowned; I had not written to him for some time; and he had read of the wrecking of two steamers, on the Mississippi River; and supposed that I had been drowned on one of them. He had written to father, asking if he knew anything of me, and whether I was dead or alive. It was a great comfort to arrive among Missionary friends, once more at Tallahassee. At that time, there were at the mission, Mr and Mrs Loughridge; Mr and Mrs Robertson; old Miss Thompson; Miss Lizzie and Naomi Dismant; and Mr Wentz. Also, I found Miss Maggie Lilley at the Mission; and she had just returned from Stubenville, where she had graduated. I remained some weeks at the Tallahassee Mission, and also visited the old Towatah Mission. Mr Templeton was still there.

But now a message came, telling me that I was appointed to the Seminole Mission. So, on receiving that word, in company with Joe Perryman, I started for the Old Oak Ridge Mission. I made this journey in safety. That was early in the spring of 1856. I found that Mr Lilley had anticipated my coming; and had built a log house for me. Mr and Mrs Lilley were very kind; but the most attractive

AUTOBIOGRAPHY ----- 32 ----- JAMES ROSS RAMSAY.  
object, that I found there was their daughter, Miss Eliza. She had graduated at Stubenville Seminary, the year before. I had not seen her since she was a little girl, before she went to school. I remained at Oak Ridge some weeks: preaching there and elsewhere. Once, I came out here, in the Wewoka neighborhood: and preached at the house of Daniel McGirt. Once, while at the Mission, I had what was called the stiff neck. My neck became so stiff, that I was unable to move it. Miss Eliza bathed my head with cologne: and the sensation caused by her fingers, as they passed through my hair, was most singular. She had most beautiful, soft, sparkling black eyes: cheeks like blooming roses: lips like cherries: and a very pleasant voice. I soon found she could sing: and we sang together, a great deal. We rode together, a great deal. One ride, I remember in particular: we were riding along, and I saw a very beautiful Cactus flower: and I asked her if she liked them: and, upon her saying she did: I alighted, and plucked it to my sorrow: as I had on nothing but linen gloves. I could never wear the glove afterwards, as it was so full of prickles. Before leaving again for Tallahassee, I concluded to propose to Miss Eliza: and did so: and she accepted me. I had procured a horse, which I was using: but was obliged to return him after a time. So I started for Tallahassee: on the way, I met Mr Lilley, who had gone to Tallahassee: and we stayed together at North Fork Town, where we had met: It was near what is now called Bufala. I informed him of our engagement, and he was satisfied. As I needed a horse, I bought one at North Fork Town. So we parted, he going one to Oak Ridge, and I, on to Tallahassee. It was well that I had procured another horse: for when I arrived at the Arkansas River, I plunged into the Ferry Crossing, instead of the Ford: and the first thing I knew, my horse was in swimming water. Fortunately, I was riding the horse I had just bought: for the other horse could not swim at all. However, I managed to keep his head above water, by pulling on the rope: and thus brought him over. I arrived at the Tallahassee Mission, dripping wet, after night. It seemed that that horse was intended to save my life, for not two months after I had bought him, he took sick and died.

While at the Tallahassee Mission I met a man named Carruth, who had come to this country as a school teacher. He was a very artful man: and very insinuating: and tried to appear to be a friend: while in reality, he was trying to injure. He tried to work a very fine game on me, in regard to some of these ladies. He had proposed marriage to Miss Price, the very day I arrived there from the East: and she had accepted him. He thought he would try to get me to propose to her, in order that I might get the mitten. So, soon after I had come back to Tallahassee, he asked me if I did not think Miss Price was a very nice lady: and I answered that I thought she was: he said, that I had better propose to her at once. "Then you think she is a very fine young lady, do you?" I said. He replied, that he thought she would favor me: and said that he had heard there was a Miss Lilley out at Oak Ridge: and that she was very beautiful. "Well" I said "Tempus omnia probabit." They had a picnic there at Tallahassee while I was there: and Carruth could not attend: but I accepted the invitation offered me: and accompanied Miss Price, nearly all day: riding to and from the place where we had the picnic: but there was not a word about a proposal that crossed my lips. So Mr Carruth found himself barking up the wrong tree. He and Miss Price were married some time after Eliza and I were: but it was a wretched life she lived with him. Then I returned to Oak Ridge Mission, I went in company with an Indian, whose name was Billy Kanyan: who was a member of the church.



at Oak Ridge. He brought sad news, that Eliza had fallen off of a horse, and been hurt, though not seriously he thought. I took my books and trunks in Billy's wagon: and arranged my Library in the new house that had been built for me.

At that time, I was the only pastor of the church at Oak Ridge. The church had been established, whilst I was East teaching in the Academy. Although Mr Lilley was only a Layman, yet he was allowed to read the Scriptures, and exhort, and through his instrumentality, and though his preaching, many of the people became interested on the subject of religion: and quite a number had been converted, so that a church had been organized, of which he was the Elder. The schoolhouse had been erected at the Mission, in that, they met for preaching, and for Sunday School. We were again, perplexed in regard to interpreters. Mr Lilley's old interpreter, Willis, had died. He had endeavored to get an interpreter, but had failed to secure one permanently. Daniel McInt, the Methodist, was employed for a time. But being a Methodist, he was called for by his own church, very often, so that in the mean time he disappointed us. There was an old colored man, named Uncle Fay, Mr Lilley sometimes got to interpret for him: but he understood both languages imperfectly. And seeing how difficult it was to obtain interpreters: how we had been baffled on that account: we determined Mr Lilley as well as myself, to use our own brains to acquire the language: so that we might speak to the people without an interpreter. Mr Lilley's children had learned to talk the Myscogee language: and sometimes we tried to persuade his daughters to interpret for us. And, on one occasion, in performing the marriage ceremony, Maggie, now Mrs Washburn, interpreted for me, in marrying two natives. Thus we moved along for some months through the summer. Mr Lilley preached at an African town over on the Nevoke, called Uncle Charles Town. The colored people professed to have a great deal of confidence in Mr Lilley. They got him to do all their writing for them: and said that they loved to hear him preach. But about that time, Mr Bemo, who had been a professed Presbyterian, and who had gone to assist Mr Lilley in building that Mission: turned over to the Baptists: and his reason for it was, because the Presbyterians would not allow him to preach: but his real reason was because he was too lazy to study. The Baptists had told him that if he would join them and preach for them, that would support him. He did not fully decide what he would do, until Mr Buckner, the old Baptist preacher and leader, came out to that neighborhood, and talked with Mr Bemo a whole day. It is said, and persuaded him to be immersed: and then gave him the power to be a preacher forthwith. So Mr Bemo was a regularly appointed Baptist preacher. Although he pretended that he could read the fact was he could not: except such portions of the Scripture as he had committed to memory. But he had a great facility of interesting Colored people: and he became our great opponent in that field of labor. Wherever we went preaching, he went also and immersed the Colored people. And Mr Lilley supposed that he had got all the people of Charles Town to be willing to be Presbyterians: and went over there one day for the purpose of trying to organize them into a church. He was not yet a Minister, but I was there to act as one, when called on, but he found when he got there, that Bemo had been there, and had got them all persuaded to go under the water, and that they were Baptists.

The time was drawing near, when I expected to be married to his daughter. The summer passed away very pleasantly. We had pleasant fishing parties: for recreation: and often we took rides in

the prairie. In the meantime Mr Lilley had been assigned his exercises, as parts of trial by Presbytery, preparatory to preaching as a minister. About the middle of the month of July, he and I, started down to the meeting of Presbytery at Tallahassee. At which time he was examined. Stood his examination, and was licensed to preach the Gospel. My marriage was to take place in the latter part of July. There was a minister at Tallahassee, assisting in the school, named Vantz; and when we returned to the Seminole Mission, by our invitation, he accompanied us, to perform the ceremony. I believe it was on the 24th day of July we were married. Soon after that, we had a campmeeting; Mr Vantz stayed, and assisted us in the meeting. He was quite a musician; had a flute and played it. And it looked as if he was making love to Maggie Lilley but whatever might have been the intention, it did not come to anything. After he had remained with us a week or two, he returned to his field.

The great concern of Mr Lilley and me, now, was how we might carry on the work. We had a great desire to learn the language; and were learning it; but of course, our knowledge of it was still imperfect. So our minds turned to Robin Foster, who was still living near Tallahassee Mission; and who had married since he was our interpreter at Kowetah, his present wife, Elizabeth Hawkins. So we asked his master to let us have Robin, to come and work for us. And he and his wife moved out to the Mission. Then we supposed that we were fixed; that we were prepared for more efficient work. Besides keeping up religious exercises, and preaching at the Mission; we had other places that we preached at, in those days. The way was open to preach at many places; and we would go in companies, to hold meetings. Sometimes, there would be a number of the natives, who would accompany us. Those that would most generally accompany us, besides Robin; were James Mc Kane; Short Billy; and Big Jim; who were the principle speakers in the church. For while we had no regular interpreter, we often called on those members, that could speak, to address the congregation. One of the places, that we went to hold meetings was in an Indian neighborhood, some twenty miles from the Mission. We started on Saturday morning. There were a number of persons, who through the preaching had begun to inquire the way to salvation. We arrived there about noon. Tied our horses out to grass. And after supper, we had meeting. There was quite a goodly number of people in attendance. Again, we had meeting on Sabbath morning. And after the preaching, an opportunity was given for any who wished to unite with the church, to present themselves; and eight persons presented themselves; made application, and united with the church. Of whom, I know of two who are still remaining, surviving, our brothers Selecha and Chitafokeeko. That was a very encouraging meeting. We preached again at night. The next morning, having partaken of their hospitality; we saddled our horses and returned home, quite jubilant. There were a great many attractions to keep us at home; but we had to be about our Master's business.

The Mission was a very rude building of logs; but as there was affection and good will prevailing among the inmates, it was as happy as if we had been living in a palace. Soon after our marriage, we took a wedding tour down to the Tallahassee Mission. Went horseback. We were received very courteously and treated sumptuously at the Mission. One occurrence took place that was very unpleasant. Carruth was still thrusting himself in at the Mission. And Miss Price was there. The Misses Diment had left and gone East. One afternoon, Carruth proposed that we should take a ride out to the lake, which is three miles distant from the Tallahassee



Mission. He and Miss Price, and Eliza and I, rode out to the lake and then took a ride on the lake in a boat, and enjoyed gathering pond lillies. After enjoying ourselves awhile on the lake, we again mounted our ponies, and again returned to the Mission. We had gone to our room to change our clothes; but hardly had we entered our room, before we heard a great noise in the story above: angry words, and then quarreling and fighting; and found that it was Carruth and Wentz had a fight at the Mission. Carruth had struck Wentz, but they did not pursue it any farther than to have one knock down. They stopped but Wentz brought charges against Carruth and we had the case to investigate. Messrs Loughridge, Robertson, and I were the three persons chosen to investigate the case. Five charges had been brought by Wentz against Carruth: and he proved three of them, so Mr Loughridge was deputized to give Mr Carruth his discharge from the Mission: stating that he had intruded himself into the Mission: and was trying to disturb the peace of the Mission: and so he forbade him any further hospitality of the Mission. Another occurrence that took place that was pleasant, was, one evening, two of the Missionary Ladies, Miss Turner and Miss Mills, serenaded us with a beautiful duett song. During our visit at Tallahassee we attended and assisted in a campmeeting at Choska. After which, we returned to the Seminole Mission.

In October, we started to go and attend the meeting of Synod of Arkansas: taking in on our route, the Chickasaw Mission. But on arriving at the Chickasaw Mission, we found that some of the horses were not fit to go any farther. The company that started, were Mr Lilley, his son Douglas Lilley; Maggie Lilley; Eliza and myself. But after staying one night's lodging at the Mission, it was decided that all the rest of the company would return: and would not go any farther: all except myself, would return to the Seminole Mission: and I should go alone to attend the meeting of Synod. It was a very lonely road and long journey for one to travel alone. And some of the places that I stopped at were not very agreeable. One night I stopped at a hotel, where I was almost eaten up with bed bugs. No matter where I would go: whether I slept on the bed, or on the floor: they always found me: and I passed a sleepless night. And the next day I pursued on my journey, and as night was coming on, I reached a Mission Station, called Pine Ridge, where I had the pleasure of again meeting with my old associate Brother Balentine and his wife, who were located at that time there. I remained with them over the Sabbath, which proved to be a very rainy day: and Brother Balentine and I went to church, and one preached to the other: as we were the only ones there. But it was nevertheless a very profitable day to us, for Brother Balentine was one of the most pious men. No person could be with him without being profited by his conversation. On the next day, I started still farther East, towards the state of Arkansas. Travelled all day through the Choctaw Country, crossing rivers, some of them deep, where they had to be ferried. Some places the country was rocky, with Limestone rocks. Many places there were Pine forests. Passing along, I could see the banks of the Red River, but I never crossed it. And at night, reached one of the Mission Stations, occupied by the Rev. Cyrus Byington, who was one of the pioneer Missionaries among the Choctaws, a very good and a very holy man. As there were some native Choctaws expecting to go to the meeting of Synod, I remained with him a day waiting on them to accompany me: and after their arrival, we proceeded together into the State of Arkansas, and lodged one night at a hotel. And from there we proceeded on to the town of Washington, the town where the Synod was to meet. The evening of that day the Synod met, and continued in

session for about three days. I had an opportunity then of meet-

ing with and becoming acquainted with nearly all the Choctaw

missionaries; and also with some of the native preachers and El-

ders. The meeting of the Synod was very interesting, and very

interesting. One thing that impressed me very powerfully was the

missionaries interpreting for the native Elders, when

they spoke in English. Brothers, Livingston and Copeland especially

were good interpreters; and when a native minister, or elder,

spoke: they interpreted for them just as easily as if

they were speaking their own native language. This impressed me

with the idea that they must have a great power for doing good, by

their knowledge of the language; and I then made up my mind, to

use my best efforts to acquire the Choctaw language. Upon the

Sabbath, we had communion first for the whites in the morning; and

for the Africans in the evening. Both of them were very impres-

sive. In the latter there was something new for me to witness, in

the manner of the Africans: so exulting; so inclined to shout;

that the minister who was speaking to them, when he had them up to

a high pitch, and they were just about to shout: he would stop,

until they got quiet; then he would begin in a low tone, that rose

until he got them worked up to a high pitch, just about to shout

and then he would stop. I was sitting near the altar where they

went out, after they had partaken of the Lord's Supper, when one

old colored woman reached out her hand and said: "I'll shake hands

with you any day as if you would take the privilege anyhow." At

night I attended services at the Methodist church and preached

there. And after the session the Methodist preacher exhorted the

congregation, who were all Africans, to give full vent to their

feelings. So they took him of his word; and they just came in

crowds, falling down on one another, until the whole state was

lilled; on top of each other, like a flock of sheep, clapping

their hands and shouting; and he encouraged them, saying, "that's

right, give full vent to your feelings. The Lord doesn't want you

to keep still. You must cry out." Which shows the difference be-

tween the manner of the Presbyterians and Methodists in conducting

worship. After the adjournment of Synod I returned in company

some of the natives. Among them was the Rev. Allen Wright, an in-

dian, who had been educated at Union College; and studied theol-

ogy in the Union Theological Seminary; and had come back to his

home to preach. It was encouraging, to see a full blood Indian

educated and so well cultivated for doing good, as he.

We proceeded on, and passed through the State of Arkansas,

part of it, and back into the Choctaw country; and when I arriv-

ed at Brother Copeland's station, it was Saturday night, late; and

on the next morning, I preached at his church, through an inter-

preter, a Choctaw, named Gulson. Also, in my route towards home,

visited Spencer Academy, and there saw my old Seminary class, the

Rev. Alexander Reed, who was superintendent of the Spencer Acad-

emy at that time. And, from there, I proceeded on to the Chickasaw

Mission, where I found James McNamee, who had come to pilot me back

to the Seminary Mission. The next morning, we started, travelled

all day, and arrived at the Seminary Mission, just about dark. Of

course I received a very agreeable welcome, after I got back, after

the long absence; and told them all the things through which I had

passed.

There was a town in the neighborhood of the Oak Ridge Mis-

sion, called Ochs's Town; and the principal part of the members of

the church, belonged to that town. But a portion of the town was

still heathen; and much of our missionary effort was given to

this people; endeavoring to win them for Christ. So, that every



Sabbath evenings held a meeting at one of their houses. And the Lord smiled on our efforts: and our hearts were cheered, by seeing one after another, from time to time, come out on the side of the Lord. There were two brothers, who were very prominent men in that town. One was named Chofulwa, and the other Yaha. They were among these, who had formerly been careless: and now became interested on the subject of religion: and many were the instructions, that we endeavored to impart to them. And, when they had fully resolved to be christians: and gave satisfaction of their knowledge and faith, they were received as members of the church. It was remarkable, that amongst these people, the men were more ready to receive the gospel than the women. So that these two men, when they wished to become christians, were opposed by their wives. But they passed through their trials, and held out faithfully; and after a time, their wives also followed them.

There was a Methodist neighborhood about eight miles from the Mission, that were on very friendly terms with us: that was Miko-hutke. They often invited us to come to preach to them. It was pleasant to exercise brotherly love towards those of another Denomination.

After my return from the meeting of Synod, I entered upon the study of the language, with more alacrity than ever before. The first thing that I did, was to make a Dictionary. Writing down the most common words in the English language, alphabetically. Then calling the interpreter, I would read out the words: ask him to give me their equivalent in the Muscogee. This was very interesting to me, but it was very dull to the interpreter. And, many a time I would ask Robin the word: and then I would look around and see him nodding. I had put him to sleep: but I persevered: and as I could wake him up, and get him at it, from time to time. I finally got through, and learned the verbs, nearly as fast as I wrote them down. And after I had made the dictionary, with the English arranged alphabetically, to write by. I turned around, and took the Indian words, writing them down alphabetically: and writing the English words down beside them, correspondingly: to speak by. I anticipated a great deal of assistance from my wife: for she had learned to speak the language from childhood: but it was so common to her, that she was rather jealous of my devoting so much time to the Indian language. And, many nights I consumed midnight oil writing: and starting up again before daylight, through the winter of 1856 and 1857. I loved her very ardently: but somehow my mind was impressed, that I must study the Indian language, or, I could not get along at all. During the winter I learned the greater part of the words in the Indian language. There were a number of Verbs that I had not learned, when I had finished making the Dictionary: about 150. I had been teaching school. I was teaching school through that winter: but one day I was sick in the morning, and did not teach school: but after awhile, I got up: and I felt some what better: and took up my book, in which were the verbs. I went to work with a will, and before night, I knew them all. After making the Dictionary, and learning the words: there was another thing to do: to learn the grammatical construction, before I could speak it. But there had been no Grammar prepared: and the construction had to be learned, as best I could get the material: asking different persons, how sentences were constructed. In order to understand the different inflections of the Verb, I thought I should conjugate a number of verbs: about ten: learning them through all parts: nouns: tenses: of both active and passive voices: and to assist me, I borrowed my little sister-in-law, who is now Mrs Brown.

borrowed her from her mother: for she was the most correct speaker of the Indian language of the family, having been born in the Indian Territory: and having learned Indian, just as she had learned English. She had never studied Grammar however, and she looked astonished, when I asked her the different inflections of the verbs: but she told me nevertheless: and so I tired out her patience in working out about ten different verbs. By this means I obtained a tolerable knowledge of the construction of the verbs. The next thing was to attempt translating: taking a simple lesson in the First Reader: McGuffey's, or some other Reader; and then, translating it the best I could into the Muscogee language: sentence after sentence: and having finished it: reading it to Robin. Reading the English to him, and then the Indian: and asking how near it came to the right translation. And, if I made mistakes, he would correct them. Also, we had some portions of the New Testament, that had been translated, and Indian Hymns: and I would read these: and endeavor to read them grammatically.

In the Spring of 1857, Eliza was attacked with fever, a most violent attack: three attacks in one day: and the symptoms were most alarming. We had no physician within a hundred miles. I wrote a description of her symptoms, and sent a messenger to Dr. Brown, who was living at the Creek Agency, a hundred miles distant. We in the mean time were doing all we could for her, in order to try to cure her. The messenger returned, after about five days, with a letter from Dr. Brown saying: that if the symptoms were as I had stated: there was no use for him to come: she would be dead before he could get there. She seemed for awhile to have got better: but she had another relapse. It looked like what is called Congestive Chills. Then we thought we must send anyhow. I told the Doctor to come anyhow, and if she was dead before he got there: we would feel we had done all we could to save her. So the Doctor came. We had in the mean time done all we could for her: and she was better when the Doctor arrived. When he saw her, he expressed his great admiration of her beauty. He called her the Ox-eyed June, on account of her large lustrous eyes. He remained with us a week: and prescribed for her: and pronounced her convalescent. Gave us his bill One Hundred Dollars, and started back for his home. She recovered.

In my Missionary life, I have always had a fondness for gardening. I had a good garden at Kowtah: and in Oak Ridge I also followed it: and by this means, we had an abundance of wholesome vegetables on our table. Fishing, was a recreation. I always took a pleasure in: and many pleasant fishing excursions I have enjoyed along creeks in the neighborhood of the Oak Ridge Mission: and often was quite successful and would bring home large strings of fine fish, which would also be a luxury on the table.

In August 1857, Eliza's first child was born: a girl whom we named Mary Jane. Mr Lilley had another daughter named Cornelia, whom he took away to school at Fort Smith: so that she was not long at the Mission while I was there. The little child that I baptised, when I was first at the Mission, died in his infancy, Walter Lowry: also two other little children: one named Nancy Thompson: and the other named Elenor. All of which were buried near the Mission. Two sons were living at the Mission: the elder, Douglas: and the younger, John. There was also another daughter, named Hattie, the youngest daughter. Douglas was a great companion of his father. He had a pony that he took great delight in riding: and accompanied his father, wherever he went: and he was a very expert rider too. Both of the boys spoke the Indian language perfectly. Mr Lilley was considerable of a doctor, and his



**MEDICAL SKILL** was a great aid to him in his Missionary work. Sometimes he was called to perform surgical operations, such as Bleeding and Cupping. And I saw him extract an arrow from a man's rib. Also, he extracted teeth. In those days, we were all obliged to be our own physicians, in a great measure, for medical aid was beyond our reach. Fever was prevalent: has always been prevalent in the country, since I have come to it; and many days have I suffered great pain with the aching of the head, and the pains and burning fever.

At Oak Ridge, our mail facilities were very poor. The nearest Post Office was at North Fork Town, sixty miles distant, and there was no regular carrier from there to the mission. We were dependent on travellers and teamsters to bring out mail; and to carry it out. Many times, our News Papers laid there, for more than a month at a time: and during all that time we had no papers to read. When it did come, we had a whole sackful of it, and had not the time to read it. Also the roads to Fort Smith, where we got our supplies, were very bad. Many mountains and rocky hills intervening. Of course the cost of transportation was great.

During the winter of 1857-8 the then Seminole Chief, John Jumper, commenced attending our meetings. He had a friend of his named Yahafeksko, became very much interested in the subject of Religion: and attended our meetings at the Mission, very regularly. After a time they became inquirers. As they became interested in religion, they also conceived the idea of learning to read. I gave them lessons. They were apt scholars. And it was a race between them who would learn to read first. They told me, many a night, they did not sleep, spending the whole night in study. After having learned to read: they both professed a desire to become Christians and united with our church. Soon after they united with the church they went to Florida to try to induce Billy Bowlegs and his Band of Seminoles to come West. While they were absent on their errand I endeavored to keep up a correspondence with them in their language. They had not learned to write script: but they could make printed letters: and in corresponding with them, I could not write script to them, but was obliged to print it. So I had an opportunity of calling into practice the Muscogee language that I had learned, in writing to these men. They returned after some months, bringing Billy Bowlegs and a goodly part of his people with them. Some of whom are still living and some have died. John Chupco and Kowe Hache were among those that were brought. While they were gone however, Yahafeksko took sick and died in New Orleans and never returned. After Jumper returned, he learned to write, taking lessons of me. And for a time he seemed to be a very apt student of the Bible. I took great delight in instructing him. His family also, and his wife, united with our church. But the hopes we had formed of his becoming a pillar of our church were destined to be blasted, and that, by our continual hinderers, the Baptists, who by their continual efforts disturbed his mind. And my heart was racked, when the news was conveyed to me, that he had decided to be a Baptist. But he did not join them immediately, and we had hopes that he might be induced to remain a Presbyterian: and did not relax our efforts in endeavoring to instruct him.

About this time Foster, the owner of Robin Foster threatened to take him from us: but at the suggestion of Jumper, Mr Lilley and I in connection with the other Missionaries of the Creek Nation and the Tallahassee Mission, decided to buy Robin. And entered into an agreement with Foster to buy Robin for \$500.00: and borrowed most of the money to pay for him, in gold, from Jumper. Purposing

that Robin should receive good wages for his services, and unfortunately when his wages had amounted to what we had paid for him, to set him free.

In the winter of 1857-8, Henry Washburn, the brother of the United States Indian Agent Washburn, visited at the Mission with his brother. Then commenced the courtship between him and Maggie Lilley, which in the Autumn of 1858 was consummated in their marriage at the Mission. I united them in marriage. After their marriage, Maggie still continued to be a member of the Mission: but Henry Washburn did not join the Mission: but taught school at a national school of the Creeks: but made his headquarters at the Mission. He was a good scholar and a beautiful writer, and a good speaker: but a man of uncontrollable passion. During the time that he taught in the Creek Nation and made his headquarters at the Mission I was a good deal in his company. He was very fond of sport, such as playing marbles, fishing and hunting. Many fishing excursions he and I engaged in together. We went out fishing frequently to what is called Simon's Creek: the name which has the rocks, you all know where that is. Douglas Lilley also was a great fisherman: he accompanied us occasionally. Mr Lilley would accompany us, but he had no taste for fishing at all. Said he would rather fish with a silver hook, than with a steel hook. So little interest did he take in it, that although the fish were biting very freely at our hooks, he would neglect to put his hook in: but instead, would take out the Missionary Chronicle, while the rest were fishing: and when he got sleepy, he would take off his clothes and jump into the water and take a bath. One day when we were fishing, a moccasin snake that was very hungry chased me, as I was carrying a stick of fish: but Henry Washburn had a revolver and he shot the snake. One Saturday afternoon, when Henry Washburn, Douglas Lilley and myself were on a fishing excursion, met with a mishap. We had been to the creek, and each had caught a good string of fish. Had been very successful: and had started to return home to the Mission. But on the way, we came to another creek, where we thought there were fish in the creek: and being very eager to catch fish: we got off our horses: and as we had thrown away our bait: we commenced trying to catch little frogs for bait. So eager to catch the frogs, that we forgot all about our horses that we had left standing: and the first thing we knew: the horses had departed, going at a pretty rapid rate. All except Douglas's pony, he had his pony still. Douglas pursued after them but all to no purpose. He chased them clear home to the Mission, as he could not catch them. In the mean time night had come on, there Henry and I were out in that wild desolate place, without any means of conveyance to go home. Hunger was coming on us. We had plenty of fish, and we had some matches to make a fire to cook our with: but we had no salt. So we made a fire and cooked some of the fish, and ate them without salt. At that time the country was in terror on account of a notorious murderer, who was running at large: and was said to make that creek his place of rendezvous. The people were all afraid of coming up on him: as he was being pursued, lest he turn on them and shoot them. So we were afraid to keep a fire, lest it would attract him: and he would come upon us and shoot us in the dark. So having made as good a supper as we could on the saltless fish, that we had roasted: we put out the fire. Made up our minds to remain there until morning, as it was too far for us to walk. Henry had a sore foot, also deciding us. But we had not laid down yet, before we heard a noise: but we did not know whether the persons that were making the noise were friends or foes. But they kept coming nearer, and nearer: and when they were tolerable near to us, we discovered it was Douglas and his



them. They had come out with the horses to see if they could find us, and take us home. We were very glad to find it was them; and we accompanied them home: but Sabbath had commenced before we got home. It was after midnight. After Henry had remained teaching about a year, making the Mission his headquarters, he moved his family down to Norristown, in the State of Arkansas.

In those days we had no mowers. Had to cut our grass by hand with scythes. Very few people in that region knew how to mow. A few colored people knew; but none of the Indians. And it was almost impossible to get a sufficiency of grass mowed. To my knowledge of farming was brought into requisition. I purchased some scythes, and undertook to teach some of our Seminole Indians how to mow. They were, Ghoifulowa; Yaha; Litka; and Lena. We ground the scythes; and fastened them to their anathas. We went out to the prairie, where there was some apparently nice clean grass: to let them try their hands at mowing. About the first stroke Lena made, he broke his scythe right in two: but I did not discourage him: but told him that accidents would happen to the best of people. We got another scythe: and then we all went out to the prairie again. They did not know how to whet their scythes. They did not know how to cut with a scythe. I would have to show them how: and then mow a little piece: and then let them take the scythes: and show them how to hold the scythes: and how to bring it around in the grass. By degrees, they learned: and those men that I taught to mow: got our crop or supply of hay for us. And after that they knew how to work and by that means, they got work to do, which brought them in money that other people could not get.

In the meantime Mr Lilley was still pursuing his preparations with a view to his ordination to the full work of the ministry: and in the summer of 1858, he attended the meeting of Presbytery at Tahachassee: and was there still further examined and ordained by the Presbytery to the full work of the ministry.

He and I continued still our evangelistic work, endeavoring to carry the gospel into the neighborhoods where it had not been preached. There was one neighborhood called Pasakeyahola's Town. He had expressed a desire that we should come and preach and teach at his home. And in compliance, Robin and I went there one Saturday afternoon. It was a town, in which the people were more rude and more uncivilized in their ways than any I had ever seen amongst the Seminoles. The young men, many of them, wore no pants. Had nothing but a shirt on. But a great many came to the meeting. Before night I had quite a number of learners to teach. They were around me as thick as bees. They wanted to learn the book. And continued on, after night. Would have stayed all night: but I told them we would have to have some sleep. If they would go now and get a sleep: when the sun got up in the morning: if they would come I would teach them again. So they went away, and we retired: but in the morning, pretty near as soon as we could see: they were there again, to learn the book. It was very encouraging, and I took great delight in endeavoring to impart instruction to these ignorant people, who had never studied before. After teaching them awhile in the morning: having had breakfast: we had them stop, and I preached and Robin interpreted. Then we taught again, after preaching was over: And, after dinner, all afternoon. We preached at night. A great many people attended: and Pasakeyahola himself, was one of the most eager listeners: and one of the most eager students. Also his son-in-law, who now succeeds chief of the Nation, Malpatus, was one of the most eager listeners. So we went back on Monday morning, quite encouraged with the new opening that we

had obtained for preaching; and leaving an appointment for another meeting. But before the time that we had appointed for the next meeting arrived: we heard that the Baptists, Buckner - had gone there and persuaded the people to be Baptists. So our expectations were down again. But after some weeks, Pasakayahola visited us at the Mission: and told us that he wished us to come and preach and teach them again. He said it was true that Buckner had come there, and preached, and got a good many people to follow him: but he had quit coming: and they wanted us to come again. So we went and preached and taught: but the people's minds had been divided. But Pasakayahola stood firm by us: and finally he and his wife united with our church. We still had appointments to preach at his place, although some twenty miles distant from Oak Ridge Mission.

One Sabbath, we were doomed to see the work of the Baptists carried out to our sorrow. We had gone there on Saturday evening and had preached: and on Sunday morning we had preaching again: but whilst we were preaching: Buckner and his interpreter took some of our hearers and immersed them: taking them away right before our eyes. He was not satisfied at having beaten me at that: but wrote articles to the Baptist papers, in which he dubbed me with the honorable title of "Gorilla". So you can see what a lovable character Dr. Buckner was: and how much it required of christian character to bid him Godspeed, as we must do all ministers.

I felt so much the importance of being independent in preaching: that I conceived the idea of writing a number of sermons in the Muscogee language. I wrote eight as best I could, with the knowledge I had of the language. Rev. David Finslett had been out to Oak Ridge on a visit, and I showed him my sermons. He examined them, and said they needed some correction: but encouraged me in the effort. But asked me to accompany him to his home at Kowetah, my first mission station, where he lived: and he would review them with me, and help me correct them. He had been ordained by the Presbytery in 1858 at Oak Ridge. On our way from Oak Ridge to Kowetah, he gave me great encouragement. He told me that I would be the first "White Missionary" that ever preached in the Muscogee language. We arrived at Kowetah, and I was very hospitably received and entertained by him and his wife: and remained with them until we had reviewed those sermons. We also reviewed a portion of the Book of Genesis, that I had attempted to translate at the time. After having the sermons corrected, I had them sewed up into the form of a book: and carried them with me, to use in case I should be disappointed by an interpreter. Then I would read one of these sermons. But that book of sermons was destroyed, among other things in the conflagration that took place during the war.

U. S. Agent Washburn had succeeded in forming a treaty with the U. S. Government, by which the Seminoles were granted a portion of land, west of Oak Ridge, about forty miles. We then called it the New Seminole Country. Jumper and many of the Seminoles moved to that country. It was expected that they would all move there, in the course of a few months. At the meeting of Presbytery that met at Oak Ridge in 1859: it was carried that I should go and select a home, and place for a Mission Station in the New Country. And in the summer of that year Mr Lilley and I made a tour through part of the New Seminole Country: and selected a place for the site of the Mission. We chose a place near a creek called Pond Creek, as the site of the Mission.

In the spring of 1859, our little daughter Mary was attacked



with Inflammation of the Brain; and we were in great suspense for some days: whether she would die or not. But my former experience in the case of little Olivia, who had died of the same disease, caused me to take precautions promptly, to check the disease. We succeeded by the help of God in checking it: and she recovered, after we had given up all hopes of her recovery. The Indians tried hard to persuade us to employ Indian Doctors: as there was no Physician near: but we put our trust in God: and did what we thought was best in the case, and succeeded.

In the Summer of 1859 our second child was born, whom we named Sarah Martha. She was a very intelligent little child.

In the meantime, the Missionaries had consulted together about revising and enlarging our Muscogee Hymn Book: and it was increased from a book containing only about a hundred hymns, to one containing nearly two hundred: of which different Missionaries, Native Christians, Teachers and Preachers contributed. Eight of the Indian Hymns, I contributed.

In the Fall of 1859, a number of our christian Seminoles and Mr Lilley and myself decided to take a hunt in the New Seminole Country, which then abounded in deer. Quite a company in all, perhaps twelve, left the Mission on horseback. Of the Mission family, there was Mr Lilley and his son Douglas, and Robin and I: with some eight or ten of our Seminole Christian Brethren. We took a mule along, to pack our tent, for we expected to camp out, and took a tent along and blankets, besides some provisions. The first day, we rode some fifteen miles, and just as the sun was going down, we killed one deer. It was a small one: and as our company was pretty large, we ate it up, in two meals: at our supper and breakfast meals. James McKane shot it. As we had been so fortunate as to kill a deer within fifteen miles of the Mission; we thought we would find plenty of them. So after breakfast, we mounted our horses, and started on towards the Seminole Country. The leader in the hunt was Big Jim. He maintained that whenever the hunters stopped to camp, if they wished to be successful in the hunt, they must not light the fire with matches: but make new fire, by rubbing two sticks together until they struck fire. So we rode along: and some would go out into the country and try to scare up a deer: but we only saw some prairie chickens, which we tried to get: but we travelled on and on, but could not kill any deer. Saw one at a distance, but could not get near enough to kill it. So at night, we were pretty nearly out of provision. But we had taken some provisions from home: and we managed to make a kind of hominy out of some pounded corn: so that we did not particularly suffer with hunger that night. But late in the evening a skunk had been killed: and that was all the game that we could get that day. So that when the Indians knew that Mr Lilley and I did not eat skunks: yet as that was all the game they had taken, they thought it would be too bad to throw it away. They asked us if we would have any objections to their dressing and eating the skunk: and we gave our consent for them to eat it. So the next morning they cooked the skunk: and asked me if I would not eat some of it. I told them that I had never eaten any skunk, and was afraid it would have the peculiar odor still. But they said I would think it was good, if I would only eat it. I was quite hungry, and as they insisted so much, and said it would be good, I did take a mouthful of the skunk meat: but it tasted of the skunk still. But just as I had taken a mouthful of the skunk meat, I lifted up my eyes, and saw Big Jim with a big

turkey gobbler, that he had killed that morning: and so they could not persuade me to take any more of that skunk meat. By this time we had got into the Seminole Country: and we had not gone far in the country, that morning after breakfast, when we succeeded in killing a large deer. Then after that, we went and hunted a place to camp. We set up our tent, and the Indians put their blankets in it: and then they made a scaffold to barbecue the meat, by driving short forks in the ground and laying poles across them: Then, they skinned the deer: cut off the hams: and saved them to take home to sell: then they cut off the meat, off the bones as close as they could: and laid the bones on the scaffold: and put fire under it: and some salt on it: and roasted the bones of the deer. At that, the hunters took their guns, and went out in different directions to hunt deer. Mr Lilley and I staid at the tent that day and did not go out, as some person had to stay at the tent to watch the venison. But we heard the reports of the guns: and during the day three more deer were brought in. Men carrying them on their shoulders. As soon as he would come in with his deer, he would throw it down: and then he would go to the scaffold, and take a bone and some hominy. Then he would take his knife and cut off venison from the bone, and eat of the hominy until he was satisfied. Then he would go to work and skin the deer. He would cut off the hams: and all the pieces of meat that he could cut off the bones: and then lay the bones on the scaffold, stirring up the fire, so as to barbecue them for pleasant eating. Then, as there was a prospect of plenty of meat: they prepared a tree for drying it. They cut off the ends of the limbs of the tree. It was full of little branches. And on every branch: on every little twig, they hung a piece of meat: and soon had the little tree all covered with little pieces of meat hanging on the ends of branches. Then the hunter had disposed of his meat: and hung the hide out of reach of wolves and dogs: he shouldered his rifle: and started out again. So, one after another, they would come in: some with deer: some with none. But they would all be hungry: and would satisfy their hunger with the bones on the scaffold: and then they would start again. At night fall, they would all come in. They had a big fire kindled. It was somewhat cold and frosty. It was in October. When all had come in, we had a jovial time. First we had worship: and had the singing of hymns and prayers: and then after that was over, they commenced, some of them, to tell stories: and among other things for amusement: it was proposed: as Mr Lilley and I were now hunters: that we be given Warrior Names. I made no objection: but Mr Lilley rather objected to be named. So they called me Ocheese Chupco: "The Tall Ocheese" Ocheese was the name of their town. They called Mr Lilley: "Ponhacokocukue" "Short Crazy Turkey." But he was not pleased with the name at all. He told them he did not like the name: and would rather have them call him "Mahaya", "Teacher" that was enough for him. He showed a great deal of feeling about it: as if he was rather displeased: but the more he showed his displeasure at it: the more they insisted on giving it: and the more that he showed that he was rather crusty: and vexed: the more they laughed at him. The morning when Big Jim had brought in the turkey gobbler. He had saved the tail feathers to make a fan out of them. And had brought it to the camp and kept it very carefully. But after they gave him the name of Short Crazy Turkey, he threw it away: and told Robin and me, that he would have no more to do with it: as they had called him such a name as this. And to this day, they talk about it, some of them that are living: how Mr Lilley did not like the name: and they also laugh about my having eaten some skunk. And they have many a merry laugh over it to this day. After we had spent an hour or



two in jovial conversation: each one prepared his blanket around the camp fire to sleep. We, Mr. Lilley, Douglas and I slept under the tent: but the rest of them just spread their blankets down on the grass, with their feet towards the fire: and wrapped themselves up: and laid there like a bundle of wool, in the morning. I saw them in the morning, and it looked so uncommon to see each one wrapped up in his blanket. .

After two days, we left that camp, and went to another. Formed another camp. Never stayed more than two days in one place. At the second camp Mr Lilley was attacked with Diarrhoea: and suffered a good deal for about a day. That was the effect of eating so much fresh venison. The third and last place we camped at, was on the bank of the Canadian River. We had killed during the hunt, eleven deer: a few turkeys; a few geese, and a few skunks. It was Saturday evening, when we camped on the bank of the Canadian. There was a man living not far from there, named Chepans: and some of our men had seen him sometime during the hunt: and had asked if we might hold a meeting at his house on Sunday. And he consented. And on Sunday morning after breakfast, Robin and I and some more of the men went to Chepans's to hold the meeting. But soon after we got there, I began to experience a great deal of headache: and when the time of preaching came, I was unable to preach: and had to ask the brethren that were with me to carry on the meeting, without my help. And I returned to our camp with a very hot fever: and it continued through the night. The next morning, Monday morning, I was still unwell: but able to get on the horse. So Mr Lilley and Douglas and I determined to start back to Oak Ridge. As Mr Lilley and I were neither of us well, and I was quite sick. So we mounted our horses and drove the packmule with us: and started to go back to the Mission. But I soon found I was unable to ride, so sick was I, that I felt just like falling off the horse. When we got down some ten or fifteen miles, I was so sick, that I thought I could not go any farther. And seeing some Indian houses not far from the road: I rode up to one of them: and asked the people if I might stop and lie down. But they were afraid to let me stay I looked so terribly miserable: but told me that further on, where some white people lived: there we could go. So we had to start on our way. But we had not gone far till I fainted away. It just seemed that I was going out of this world: and Mr Lilley seeing how I was; got down and helped me off of my horse: and laid me down on the grass. How long I lay insensible, I do not know: but after awhile I awoke and felt a little better. And, having rested awhile, we got on our horses again: jogged on, being about 25 miles yet to go; thinking that when we got to Aird's store, on the Little River, that I could stop there: as that was the White Settlement that the Indians driven us to. But by the time we got there, I felt I could go on home, as it was only six miles farther. When we got there it was just about dark. I was a great deal better, and found them all well at the Mission. So that was the end of the hunt.

On the 24th of January, accompanied by Robin, Big Jim and Short Billy: also two wagons: I left the Old Oak Ridge Mission, and started to commence a new Missionary Station in the New Seminole Country. After travelling about two days, we arrived at the place that had been chosen on Pond Creek. I selected the place, where the cabins were to be built: and set Robin and Big Jim to work, building them: and then in company with Short Billy, I returned to Oak Ridge Mission. In February, I again visited that country, and while there, I preached at Jumper's. Jumper had moved up there, sometime before this: and lived about six miles from the new Mission.

on Pond Creek. The workmen had built one cabin out of logs. So I at once returned to Oak Ridge, and early in the month of April, I started for the new Mission with my family. By this time several families had moved out into that neighborhood, and had settled down. I built a meat-house: and was making preparation for a garden and a field. There was one old Seminoles who was a celebrated rail maker, and his hair was as long as a woman's. When out in the woods making rails, he would strip himself, and go stark naked. He was very particular that his rails should be in such a position, that they would be easy to count. As soon as he had split a rail, he would pick it up, and lay it down beside another, so that it would be easy to count. He was a perfect heathen: and knew nothing about Sunday. I told him that I did not allow him to work on Sunday: and he asked me to print the alphabet, so that he could learn them on Sunday, and thus keep himself from working on Sunday. I did so: and he learned to spell and read some. As I was commencing a new place, I had a great many kinds of work to do that summer. When we first went out there the weather was quite cool, and the Spring, from which we had our supply of water, seemed to be good. But, as the summer advanced, and it became warmer, the spring became full of "wiggles tails", so that we were not even able to use it for cooking. So we were compelled to dig a well, and after digging about twelve feet, I found water. With the assistance of Robin, I walled and curbed the well, and also made a house over it.

About this time, there was a great stir among the Seminoles, about the Negroes. Slavery was then allowed. One woman, in particular, was the owner of a great many slaves. Her name was "Long Eliza". But the Greeks, encouraged by the Seminole Agent, tried to rob them. All that could make any claim to their negroes, took them off, and sold them. And those that were free, they robbed, with the excuse, that they had aided the slaves to hide from them. The negroes had come in possession of a good many horses: and they delighted to steal as many of them as possible. So while we were opening up our new Mission, quite a number of these slaves and others came into that country, hiding out, with horses. We named our Mission "Prairie Mission". I hired some of these slaves to build another house: and haul rails, and build a fence around my field: which consisted of ten acres. I had all of the field plowed, and planted it mostly in corn: and the rest of it in sweet potatoes. The corn came up, and for a time seemed to be growing well: but that year happened to be very drouthy: and so it happened that neither the corn, nor the sweet potatoes, came to anything. Robin had moved his family up to Pond Creek, and had built a house near mine.

We had selected a site, where we intened to have a fine Mission built. According to the instructions of the Presbytery, I had organized a church, called the Prairie Mission Church. I held services here and elsewhere: and as the people were coming in, and settling down pretty fast, I hoped soon to have a church started. I made various trips down to where Mr Lilley was still laboring, at the Oak Ridge Mission. But in the meantime, Jumper had been associating with the Baptists: and finally sent me a letter, telling me that the same feeling which had troubled him sometime ago, was still troubling him: and he had made up his mind to join the Baptists. Robin and I went and visited him: and tried to reason the case with him: but all to no avail, as he said that he felt that he must be a Baptist, and join them: but that he would never oppose me. So I expected to hear of his immersion every day.



About the middle of that summer, there came a man into that neighborhood, named Luke, and he was visiting Robin. He had a woman with him, who was some sort of kin of Robin: and he said that she was his wife. They stayed sometime at Pond Creek: and one day in company with Robin, Luke came to my house. He told me that he was on his way to Fort Hill, with the permission of his master, to gather hay: But he had forgotten to get a written pass, before he left home. But he was lying: and he simply made up that story, in order to get the pass, as he was a runaway. He imposed on both Robin and me. For Robin asked me to write him the pass. I had written passes before, without the master's presence: and simply took the negroe's word. So I thought there would be no harm in writing for this man. So I wrote the pass for him: stating that he had come to the Fort to work, with the full permission of his master. I did not sign my name to it, however. The man and woman soon left, after that: and I heard no more of them for some time.

In the latter part of August, I obtained permission from the Board to go and visit in the East. They allowed me to take my family with me, and to be absent about three months. Accordingly, I left Pond Creek with my family, and went down to Oak Ridge Mission first. Having expressed for the journey, I started, intending to go on to Fort Smith first, in a wagon. Lena, an Indian, one of our neighbors, drove for us. We started on the 2nd of September. There was Eliza and myself, and our two children, Mary and Sarah. One of the horses, with which we started, was false: and after we had gone some twenty miles, we were compelled to stop, and wait, until he could be exchanged for a mule. With this team we proceeded on, until we arrived at North Fork Town, which is near Eufaula. When we arrived within a mile of Eufaula, we met a couple of white men in a buggy: and they asked me if my name was not Mr. Ramsay: and when I answered in the affirmative, they told me that there was trouble awaiting me. When I asked them what it was, they said that a runaway slave and murderer had been caught, and a pass written by me found on his dead body. That when word came to the Fort, that he was a runaway and murderer, they had arrested him, and set him on a horse: and on the way, he had pulled out a knife, and had cut his own throat, from ear to ear. And when the surgeon came and sewed up his throat, in order to save his life: he had torn it open again, and had thus bled to death. In his pocket they had found a pass: but as there was no name signed to it, they threatened the woman with instant death, if she did not tell who wrote the pass: and she said that it was I. That word to this effect had been sent immediately to the Creek Chief: and he had called a Council at once: and they were talking as if it would go pretty hard with me. I disclaimed any intention of having any thing to do with helping him to run away: and before I left North Fork Town, I wrote a letter to the Chief telling him this: and telling him also that I did not believe that Robin had any intention of helping the man run away: and that the man had imposed on us both. We remained in North Fork Town, until about four o'clock in the afternoon: and then commenced our journey, intending to go to Fort Smith. After proceeding about a half a mile, as Providence would have it, we inadvertently left the right road, and took a by-road. And this road took us to a crossing of the Canadian River, where it was boggy: and we were bogged in the mud and quicksand. We were compelled to carry Eliza and the children on our backs, across the river: and also our trunks. So that Lena and I became very wet. The bank on the other side was so steep, that I was compelled to go and hire a team to help pull us out. I found a man working in the field, and hired him to bring his yoke of oxen, and

came and pulled our wagon up the bank. When we had crossed over, and gone a short distance, we found a suitable camping place: and stopped for the night. Here we dried our wet clothes. We little knew the great danger we had escaped. For afterwards, I was informed, that a band of Creek men, painted and whooping, had started in pursuit of me: in less than a hour after I had left North Fork Town. When they were told that I had left the town: and was but a short distance on my way to Fort Smith: they said they would soon catch me, and had hurried after me. But "Man ordereth his way, and the Lord directeth his steps." We had taken what seemed to be the wrong road: but it was the right road for our safety. The pursuers went on and on, and returned without their prize. They no doubt intended to have maltreated me: and perhaps, to have killed me. I have always regarded that, as an especial act of Providence to deliver me out of the hands of the destroyer. Those men who pursued after me, have long since passed away: while I am still alive. Our intention after we left the Mission, had been to go by way of Fort Smith: but after the intelligence which we received at North Fork Town, we decided to give Fort Smith a wide berth as possible: for fear that we might meet with trouble, after arrival there. Although we were unacquainted with the road we were travelling, yet we were guided Providentially, and at length arrived at Morrissetown, where Henry Washburn and his mother lived. We remained and visited them for about one week. We were there over one Sabbath, and on Sabbath, I preached. After that we bade them farewell: and that was the last time I ever saw Henry Washburn. We took our journey across the country, to the White River, as the Arkansas was so low, that no steamers could come up it. We camped out at night, and were obliged to procure our provisions along the road, as best we could. But it was a very unfavorable time for persons to travel: and it was almost impossible to buy provisions.

At that time, there was a great excitement in all the Southern States, caused by Abolitionists in Texas: who the Southern people said, had persuaded the negroes to poison the wells, that the people might die. And we were travelling in a direction opposite to that of Texas: the people suspected that we were Abolitionists, trying to run away from Justice. We had seen one Abolitionist in Schulleysville, in the Choctaw Nation, who was an old preacher, who was being brought back to Texas: where they intended to execute him, as soon as they had him in the boundaries of Texas. This feeling was so strong at that time, that when any supposed Abolitionist was seen travelling along the road, and tried to buy provisions: they would tell him they had nothing to sell. When we were travelling through: the country abounded in corn, and fruit: and it looked as if there had been a very fruitful season. One day, we had travelled all day: and had not succeeded in buying any provisions. Towards night, we came to a house beside the road: and I went in and asked the man if he had any flour, or corn meal to sell. He looked at me very sharply, and said he had not. "Well then I suppose my family must starve, as they have had nothing to eat all day" said I. Then he asked me where I was from, and I told him I was from Indian Territory: and that I was a Missionary, and was on my way to Pennsylvania, to visit my relatives. At this, he changed his mind, and said to his wife, "Sallie, look in that flour chest and see if there is any meal there." It was there in abundance. I paid him 25 cents for a bucketful: and went to another house and had it cooked into corn pone. That was all the food we had that day. We were then drawing near Des Arc: where we intended to take a steamer. We found a steamer nearly ready to start, when we arrived at Des Arc. So we



arranged our passage, got our trunks aboard; and after buying sufficient provisions for Lena, we started him home again. From Des Arc, we proceeded down the White River to its junction with the Mississippi; and then up this river to its junction with the Ohio, at Cairo, Illinois. Here we disembarked, and took the cars to Cincinnati, and made a short stay there; and then proceeded on up to Stuebenville, Ohio, where we found Cornelia and Mary Lilley; and they accompanied us to Ashland County, to visit the Livingstons. There I met my son John again. His grandmother had died; and he was living with his Uncle Hugh and his Aunt Catherine. After remaining there a week or two: during which time we enjoyed a very pleasant visit: we proceeded Eastward, toward our relatives in Pennsylvania. We took with us Cornelia, and little John, and his Aunt Catherine, and leaving Mary. On arriving at Delta, we received a very fond welcome from father and mother: and visited many relatives and friends.

Then we left the Mission, we expected to return in three months: but before we had used up our time, the election occurred, in which Abraham Lincoln was elected. And as soon as that was proven, the Southern States began to secede: and it was not long until the whole South left the Union: and all modes of travel were blocked up. And when we told the Secretary of the Board that we were ready to go back to our Missionary Station, he wrote back saying, that it was impossible. That it was unwise to go back in such a state of affairs: and that it was impossible anyhow. So we were obliged to remain in the West.

Then we found that we could not return to our work, we took things more leisurely. During the winter, we went to Philadelphia: where we visited Eliza's Grand-Aunt and her husband Fabron. And while there, had the pleasure of meeting the Uncle of Eliza, whose name was Dr. Vinley; also his family. We also had the pleasure while there, of meeting with Dr. Breed, who was the pastor under whom Eliza united with the church, while at Stuebenville. We visited at his home, and while there, I addressed a Missionary Meeting. After that we returned again to Delta. Soon afterwards, Catherine Livingston, Cornelia and my son John, returned to Ohio: and I accompanied them as far as Harrisburg. Eliza and the two children and I remained at father's. We were there when the terrible news of the beginning of the war came. We had heard the rumbling of it for months, before it came. Rev Crawford invited me to accompany him, to hold a prayer meeting in Harford County, Maryland: and the house where the meeting was held, was occupied by rank secessionists. And when we arrived at the house, we had to sit and listen to the most hateful talk I believe I ever heard. They said that the Union could not hold out any longer: and that such and such a State would soon be out of the Union: and that the whole thing would be smashed up. With sad hearts we listened to their talk: and said as little as possible. And having conducted the meeting, we again set our faces toward Mason and Dixon's Line: and when we had crossed it, we breathed easier, and could talk freely, and express our sentiments. We concluded that the only way to crush the Rebellion, would be to have an army that would reach from the Mississippi to the Atlantic. And Sherman's March from the Mississippi to the Ocean, was, what crushed out the Rebellion. I remember the first Sabbath after Lincoln had ordered out the first 75,000 men: and they had been met by roughs in Baltimore: and some of them had been massacred. And we thought we could almost hear the cannons roar, when the Capitol was threatened: and it seemed that we had seen the last day of peace.

On the 13th of April our daughter Maggie was born, at the old

home in Pennsylvania. She was very little, only weighing six pounds; but Dr. Kilgore told me that she was well put up. Her cousin Mary Ramsay was born the day before she was; and Dr Kilgore told me while she was a larger child, she was not nearly so healthy, or strong. We remained at the old home until after the first battle of Bull Run, which occurred about the 21st of July.

We owned two tracts of land: one in Iowa: and one in Kansas. It behooved us therefore to try and make a home for ourselves, somewhere. And after corresponding with persons living near our land in both states, we decided to go to Kansas. So packing up what little effects we had, I started with the mother and three little children: first to Ohio; and after arriving there, we took with us Douglas and Cornelia Lilley; and then started for Kansas. On arriving at Quincy, our trunks were searched for contraband; and as they found none, they allowed us to pass on. We crossed the State of Missouri; and though a great many lives had been lost by the burning of the bridges, by the Rebels: yet we arrived in St. Joe in safety. I regard this as another instance of the work of Providence: for on the very next day, the train was thrown down an embankment; and thirty lives were lost. At St. Joe, a boat was ready to ascend the river, and we took passage. We ascended as far as White Cloud; and from there on to Rulo. Here we went to a hotel to spend the night. Knowing that we would have to build a house on our place in Kansas, I engaged a carpenter, Hugh Boyd, by name. The house where we lodged, was not finished. Douglas and I were sent to sleep in a room on the second story. While Eliza and Cornelia and the children, were to sleep on the lower story. In the night, I heard the children crying; and appearing to be in great distress. Being anxious to know what was the matter; I got up and started to go down stairs; and fell down a whole flight of stairs. And when I fell, I bruised one of my feet; and thought I had also broken some ribs. But the doctor that I had called, told me that I had broken none. In the morning, we started first for Mile's Ranch. Stephen B. Miles was an old schoolmate who had moved out West, and had a very fine farm on the Nemaha, in Nebraska. We had met Mr Miles at Rulo, and he had invited us to come and spend the night with him. By the next morning, by bathing my foot, I was able to put on my boot. When we arrived at the ranch, Mr Miles took me all over his farm, and showed me his improvements; so that my foot hurt me some.

The next day I started for our home at Rock Creek in Kansas. But as there was no house on the farm; we were obliged to seek quarters somewhere else until the house could be built. So Mr Mershead took us in. He was an old acquaintance of my brothers, who had formerly owned that land. In order that we might build a house, it was necessary for me to do a great deal of walking. The two places were a half a mile apart. The timber had to be hewed. The team was to be bought and the lumber for the house was to be procured. So, I bought a yoke of oxen; and an old wagon, for which I paid one hundred dollars. I bought lumber at a sawmill, at a place about ten miles distant. So Douglas drove the yoke of oxen, and hauled the lumber. I had engaged shingles at St. Joe, to cover the house with; but they had been seized by the Rebels; and resealed by the Union Troops; but as yet I had not received any word from them. So I gave Douglas enough money to buy them with, and he went down to Rulo; and expected to buy some more. But just as he arrived, he saw a steamer coming; and when it stopped and unloaded its cargo; my shingles were there. So Douglas brought them home. But the incessant use of my foot, had caused it to in-



flame, and there was danger of inflammation and lockjaw. My leg was swelled to twice its natural size. It was most painful. There was a man there, whose name was Aaron Wells; and he told me that his father could make a salve, that would cure that bruise. I told him to go and have some made for me. I did not know whether I would live until he would return, or not; but in the evening he came back; and I put on some of this salve; and in less than an hour, I began to feel relief. In the morning I was able to put my foot on the floor. In a week, I was perfectly well.

As Mr Morehead was becoming rather crabbed, we moved into our house before it was half completed. We felt it was better to have a home, whether it was complete or not. On the next day it was raining; and a man named Archer came, who was a neighbor to Morehead. He was the most comfortably situated, of all the people in that neighborhood. He asked me if I wanted to take care of some buckwheat on the shares. He said he had a patch; and that his son had cut a part of it; and had left for the army. He said that he could not cut it himself; and he did not know what to do with it. He said that if I would cut it for him, I could have half of it. I agreed; and so as soon as it cleared up, Douglas and I went down there and borrowed the cradle and rake; and I cradled it, and Douglas raked. Then I returned the cradle, he was surprised that I had finished so quickly. So Douglas and I threshed it out; and there were twelve bushels of it. So I gained six bushels of buckwheat by the operation. Hugh Boyd soon finished the house; and I paid him; and he went away.

There was limestone on the farm and I burnt some. I also built some stone steps in front of the house. Potatoes were cheap; and I bought from Mr Hazeltine. During this time, we lived on corn and potatoes, and a little beef. I worked by the day's work; and Mr Morehead and Archer were my employers. I bought a hog of Mr Morehead, for which I paid him eight dollars; and the pork lasted us all winter. I bought a cow of Mr Archer; and when I came after her, she was rather contrary; and Mr Archer said "God Bless the cow". Mr Morehead always laughed at that; and said, that Mr Archer was a good man, as he blessed the cow. We tried to persuade Douglas to remain; but he was determined; and as soon as we were comfortably fixed in our new house, he left. As the Fall came on, I cut some hay; but had no money; and everything that I bought, I had to pay it back in work. If I had haymade, I had to work to pay for the mowing. Cornelia helped me get the hay in. When threshing time came on, I was enabled to get work, through my knowledge of that work. I could do a full hand's work in threshing. I did not profess to be a carpenter; but Mr Morehead thought I could do that kind of work; and so he had me make some bins to put his grain in. I determined to do the best I could for him.

Our supply of funds was limited. And in getting the house built and in getting clothes; and in buying a team; it was exhausted. And when I wrote for some funds, father informed me that he had no more funds. So I was obliged to do the best I could, to obtain more. The box containing our principal bed clothing was delayed. Winter was approaching; and our house was not inclosed perfectly. Therefore we were obliged to buy clothing, in order to keep us from suffering with the cold. Clothing of the cheapest kind; and, in order to pay for it, I was obliged to do day's work for the neighboring farmers. My clothing at that time, had not a very imposing appearance. I wore a cheap cap; the cheapest kind of boots; and other clothing to correspond. I also made a mistake in buying grain of an enlisted soldier. The grain was in the stacks, which were a mile distant from

our place, enclosed in a shanghai fence. I agreed to pay him a certain amount for the grain; and was also to have the use of his team of horses, for feeding and taking care of them. I had earned some corn, by working by the day for Mr Archer: at three bushels of corn per day, helping him to gather in his corn. But we had no fences, no outhouses, no cribs on our farm. There was some timber on the farm, but I was very careful of it; not to cut any of it, that I could help; trying to save it. Some dead trees had fallen; and I went to work to chop them and split them into rails; so as to make a pen to put our corn in. With an ax, and maul and wedge, I hammered away at those logs; blistering my hands, but still consoling myself, that before long, I would have enough rails made to build a pen. And I would haul the corn home and put it in it. But one day, while I was working in the woods, a message was brought to me that Morehead's herd of about a hundred head of cattle had made their way over to the stacks, and had thrown down the shanghai fence; and were in there helping themselves to the wheat and oats. I hastened to the house, bridled the old mare (Levi Joy's mare), as I had no saddle, hurried on as fast as I could; and found even as I had been told; that the cattle were all around the stacks, trying to tear them all down. Then I wished I had never bought the grain; but as I had bought it, I thought that it was my duty to try and take care of it. I drove them away from the stacks. Went back home. Got some nails and a hammer; and went to the stacks, and tried to mend up the shanghai fence; worked about it until it was almost night; and about the time I was leaving the stacks, Cornelia Lilley came out to know whether I needed any help; but as it was coming on night, we started to go back home in the prairie. The night came on, and it was cloudy, and raining a little; and soon we lost our way; did not know in what direction we were going; and after walking about in the prairie, for perhaps two hours, we saw a light in the distance, and went towards it; and when we reached the place, it was a house beyond the stacks, in the opposite direction from our house. Then we were nearly two miles away from home. So the man of the house volunteered to pilot us to our home, with his lantern. Those at home were considerably frightened, not knowing what had become of us. That was one time I had to leave my work, and drive away those cattle; and fix the fence around those stacks. But the cattle had got a taste of the grain; and I suppose I had to make similar trips, out to those stacks, fifty times, before I could get that grain threshed. If they could manage to get there before I did, the fence was nothing to them; and the great steers could throw it down; and they would all be in there horning and tossing the stacks, and tearing them all down. And when at last the grain was threshed, it turned out so badly; that I found that I had paid a very high price for the grain. More than it was worth, if I had not even had any trouble to save it.

In the midwinter, after we had given up all hopes of receiving our clothes from the East, the box came; and we were agreeably surprised in getting what we supposed was lost. Towards spring, I enclosed about an acre of ground, and planted it, when the season came, with vegetables.

Rock Creek was by no means a pious neighborhood. Making money was the main object of the people; but with no fear of God in their eyes. Sabbath was almost ignored. But we endeavored to do what we could, under the circumstances. I appointed times of preaching, on the Sabbath, in the Rock Creek School House. Also organized a Sunday School; and gave notice out among the neigh-



were to attend. A few of them attended. And we continued the meetings and the Sunday school during all our stay in Rock Creek.

In the spring, of 1862, Mr Morehead lent me ten acres of land in his field, to plant with corn. It was  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a mile distant from our house. I had bought a plow, and plowed the ground with the team of oxen, that I owned. Furrowed out the rows with the old mare. And when I planted the corn, the only assistant I had was my wife. Leaving the children in the charge of Cornelia Litley: we would start out after breakfast, on the old mare, she riding, and I walking. Taking our lunch with us, and the corn to plant. I furrowed out the rows, and she dropped the corn, and I covered it with the plow. I cultivated the ten acres, that summer. When the corn was ripe, we gathered it, my wife and I. She helping me to gather it, as she had helped me to plant it. Giving a half to Morehead, and taking a half for our share.

In the timber, close to our house, was a plum thicket: and that summer there was a great crop of plums. Our little children, Mary and Sarah would go to the plum thicket, with little buckets, and gather plums: and often I could see them going back to the house, so happy, with the plums.

Sarah was just beginning to talk. She was a very interesting child, with large blue eyes. Her mother was trying to teach her, her alphabet. I remember that she called "H" "Winney" because it looked, or had the resemblance to the sash of a window. During that summer, Cornelia Litley taught school in the Rock Creek School House. There was a family, whose children attended the school, named Wyatt. Cornelia was very intimate with the family. But while her school was still in session, Diphtheria broke out in the neighborhood. Wyatt's children were the first that were attacked. Cornelia went there, some nights to sit up and attend to the sick. Three of the family died. I shall never forget the Sabbath that I was there to officiate at the funeral: and two children were lying corpses in the house: and when we went to the graveyard, we buried them both, in the same grave. It was sorrowful for that family: but there were to experience sorrow. For almost immediately after that funeral, our own family was attacked. Our two children, Mary and Sarah, and myself, were all attacked at one time. In my own case, I succeeded in checking it in two days, by smoking a cob, putting a quill in a cob, and smoking and swallowing the smoke. But during those two days, I suffered more than I ever did in that length of time. I was more ematiated than ever I was from a long attack of sickness. At first, when the children were attacked, we did not suspect that it was the diphtheria: and Mary recovered from it in a little while. But Sarah continued to be very fretful. And I began to suspect the cause of her fretfulness: and told them to examine her throat, to see whether she was not attacked with Diphtheria. By doing so, we found that she was very severely attacked. We called in Dr Brooks, and he prescribed for her, but her disease was obstinate, and she did not recover, but became worse and she lost her appetite, and finally the disease suppurated in her throat. The Doctor told me that it was coming to a point: that it was going to suppurate: and if it should come to a point, for me to lance it: but I was afraid of cutting her throat, and causing her to bleed to death. One day I was absent at the Smith shop on Honey Creek, and when I returned in the evening, her mother told me that Sarah seemed much better. That she had eaten more that day, than she had the whole week previously. I was very glad to hear the news. During her sickness she slept with me, the rest of the family sleeping up stairs, and I slept down stairs with her.

After we laid down, I noticed that her hands and feet felt cold. I rubbed the, took them in my hands, and rubbed them, trying to restore warmth; but it was to no purpose: they grew more and more cold. I soon perceived that death had commenced his work. I called the rest of the family: and went to Mr Hazeltine; and he and his wife came just in time to see little Sarah breathe her last. That was a sad night to us: and on the next day we called the neighbors to attend the funeral. Rev. Mr Peart, the Congregational Minister at Albany, was called to officiate at the funeral. We followed and deposited her dear little remains in the cemetery at Rock Creek. The sorrow was so great, that for a time after her death, I was almost inconsolable: but the beneficent Creator has so ordered, that by degrees the oppressive feeling disappears, and we become reconciled. Little Maggie soon seemed to take her place.

The war still raged. It became necessary for us to try to procure a livelihood, by whatever honest means we could obtain. Mr Morehead lent part of his field to sow in wheat. And when at the opening of the District School in the Fall, I obtained the position of teacher, in the Rock Creek School House; the salary was small, but it helped us to obtain some of the necessities of life. It was a very severe winter, and required industry to weather it through chores, besides teaching school.

The section of country where we lived was near the Missouri line. There was a certain class of men living in that part of Kansas, really Freebooters. They called themselves Jayhawkers. They pretended to be friends of the Union, but really they were robbers. The leader of the gang was David Markram. He and his followers frequently made raids into the State of Missouri, and robbed people, that they called "Secesh": by so doing, they frequently obtained considerable quantities of booty, which they never returned to the Government, but divided, appropriating it to themselves. This conduct was calculated to cause retaliation. And we who lived in that part of Kansas, were threatened with invasion by the Missourians, who were called "Bushwhackers": who were really the Rebel party. Markram had made several raids, in which he had been successful, but he made one raid too many. About the midst of the winter, he went over into Missouri: and the people laid in wait for him: and when he and his men came within distance, they fired on them, and wounded Markram, so that he could not get away. The women used axes and hatchets, after they had riddled his body with bullets: the women hacked his skull open with the axes and hatchets: and after they had killed him, they threw his body into a ravine: and there it lay in the snow and was frozen. His friends living near to Rock Creek, on Pony Creek, heard of his death: and went over and brought his remains home, on a sled. Mr Morehead asked me to go with him to see the funeral: and remarked to me, that it was one of the most fortunate things that had happened to that section of the country. His remains were a terrible sight to behold. His body was full of bullets: his face and skull all chopped with axes and hatchets: his arms were spread out: and his legs: so that it required a coffin three feet wide to put his remains in. His father and mother seemed inconsolable with sorrow: knowing what kind of a man he had been: and meeting his death in such a work. They asked me to preach his funeral. It was a very uphill business: but I had to do the best I could. After they had got the coffin made: and taken him to his grave: the old people set up a pitiful cry: and the old man, his father, said to me: "Put up one more prayer for poor David", but his wife checked him, and said: "John it is not right to pray for the dead. David is gone, but



We can not do any more good. Mr Ramsay can't pray for the dead." I told her it was all true. All we could do was to put him in the hands of God; and for us to take warning from his sad fate. With the death of Markram, Jayhawking ceased.

On the 9th of February, 1863, my daughter, Cornelia Adeliza was born. As I was coming home from school, in the evening, Mrs. Archer, who had been with her mother, met me, and told me that I had a very fine young daughter. So I went home with lively expectations, and found the wee thing. She was healthy and pretty.

I continued to teach school until April: when by the solicitations of friends, who were living in Albany. I was induced to take charge of a school, which was taught in the church in that place. It was made up of rather intelligent children. Albany, and the vicinity, was inhabited by Yankees, who had come from New York and New England mostly, Congregationalists in their religion. It was about three miles distant from our Rock Creek home. I had never ventured on such extravagance, as to buy a saddle. I did a good deal of riding, to preach at several places: but always rode on a blanket, fastened on with a girth: and as I had no support for my feet, it sometimes seemed, as if I would break my thighbones: and I would have to change my position. Sit on one side, and when that got tired, turn over and sit on the other side. I took my dinners near the school house, at the houses of the children that attended school. Some of the people were named Whitenall; Samonds; Slosson; Graham: who were very courteous pleasant company. Old Mr Beart, the Congregational minister, lived in the parsonage, close to the church: and often invited me to step in, and take a cup of tea. They were English people. Besides teaching school, I attended my truck patch, which I had enlarged somewhat, then containing about two acres. In it, I cultivated, potatoes, corn, cabbage, watermelons, and other vegetables: which I did on Saturdays, when I did not have school. Towards the close of my term of teaching at Albany Mr Samonds offered me a saddle. I told him that I had nothing to pay for it. He told me to take it, and pay for it whenever I got able. Three dollars was all that he asked for it. And that was the first saddle that I had, whilst I was on Rock Creek.

Before the term closed, Miss Lizzie Dismant, now Mrs Cannady, visited in the Rock Creek neighborhood: and amongst others, visited us: as she had formerly been acquainted with us in the Indian Territory. She was then living in Highland, Kansas. The President, and teachers of the University of Highland, had then given their resignations: and the University was about to be vacant. And Miss Dismant, who was our friend, had recommended us as suitable persons to take charge of it. Recommended me as the President. And after her visit, the Rev. Samuel Irwin, D.D., the old Missionary of the Iowa and Sacs, at the Iowa Mission, near Highland, paid us a visit. And proposed, as he had a great deal of influence in that University, that I should accept the Presidency of that Institution. I told him, that I would consider the matter, without giving him a definite answer.

During that summer: as in the time of harvest I worked as a harvest hand. I worked as I had done the previous summer. About the middle of harvest, or the beginning of oats harvest, I was afflicted with a very sore boil on my ankle. And should have rested while it was at its worst. But I had become quite an expert harvester. Had learned how to rake off the reaper, as they had no binders, they were not even self-rakers then. And Moorehead, who had a very

large harvest, was depending on me to do the raking of his oats for his machine. And, not wishing to disappoint him, I worked at raking the heavy oats off the machine, when my ankle was at its worst. The consequence was, that it soon began to inflame; and to pain me; and instead of healing, it burst out into Erysipelas. I had used every remedy that I could hear of, for healing it up; but it did not get well. There was an old friend of mine, an old school mate in Pennsylvania, named Downy Ramsay, who had been out in that country before I was; and was still living in the vicinity; or rather in Nebraska. Whilst I was afflicted with the Erysipelas, he visited us; and making inquiry of my trouble, what it was, and examining it, he recommended a cure, which he had seen prove successful, in the case of a man who was similarly afflicted in Pennsylvania. The prescription was to take three cabbage leaves: cut out the rough part of the leaf; and lay them on the sore; change it twice a day, washing the sore with castile soap. I followed his prescription, and soon found it was accomplishing the cure. But before it got well enough for me to wear a shoe on my foot: the time had come for the meeting of the Trustees at Highland.

But Eliza and I, carrying the baby, went down to Highland, horse-back. We had no other conveyance. It was a slow tedious ride, but we accomplished it. And I met the Trustees of the University, and they unanimously elected me as President of the University. So we returned home, as we had come. In my agreeable condition; it made us very tired when we got home; having carried the baby all that distance. But while we were in Highland, we found that in order to take charge respectably: so as to command the respect of such a community, in such a position; I should have to furnish our rooms in a very costly manner. And that I should have to have hay put up. But where to get the money, was the difficulty. Mr Irwin suggested that I should borrow the money, and give a mortgage on my place. That went very much against the grain with me: because I always felt, that giving a mortgage, was the next thing to breaking up. But he had so highly recommended the institution, and the advantage that I would obtain pecuniarily, by teaching it that I would be no loser, but would be a great gainer by it. And I allowed myself to be persuaded, against my better judgement, in that matter: to anticipate borrowing the money; and giving security on my farm at Rock Creek. But I had not yet done it. I had even gone as far as to engage a man to cut the hay, in the lot near the University, and put it up for me. But before I had gone any further, there was a gentleman who had been living in Highland, named Margrave, he visited us. When he became acquainted with the fact that we were expecting to go to Highland; and to give up our home at Rock Creek, and go to Highland. He gave me some information about Highland, that opened my eyes. Stating that they never had a Professor or President, conducting that University, that had not broken up. And that there had never been one there, that had not found more enemies than friends, on account of which, he soon had to resign his charge; and left always at a great sacrifice. As he was a christian man, a Presbyterian, I could not doubt his word. And I began to have doubts about the propriety of making the change. It had an effect on the people of Rock Creek, to show their appreciation of my worth. I had been preaching to them all the time, from the time I first came there; and they had never offered to give me any remuneration; but when they found that I was likely to leave them and go to Highland; they at once proposed to get up a subscription, to pay me for my preaching; and Mr Moorehead headed it with ten dollars, and others gave: so that when the subscription closed, I had One Hundred Dollars subscribed. They offered to give me a school with an increased salary the next winter. So after



consulting together, Eliza and I concluded that we would send in my resignation of the position at Highland, to which we had been chosen. Which, the trustees were very loath to accept, but did.

In the summer of 1863, Mary Lilley graduated in the Female Seminary at Steubenville, Ohio. And, as there was no possible means for her to get to her parents, on account of the war; our place was the only home that she could come to. And we invited her to do so. She arrived, and we were very glad to receive her. She was a great singer, and very popular with all the people. Different applications were made for her to teach school; and she accepted of one, at a place called America, in Nemaha County, Kansas. And while I was teaching my second term at Rock Creek, she was teaching her first, and only term at America City. There was a young man there named Whistle, that made overtures to her, and was accepted; but circumstances arose afterwards that caused her to break it.

During the winter of 1863 & 4, Douglas Lilley, who had been a soldier, came home to Rock Creek. The regiment to which he had belonged had been ordered to Tennessee, in the summer of 1863. And he had been drinking water that disagreed with him; And exposure, as he was a teamster; and had been detailed to drive a team. He was attacked with Diarrhea, from which he never recovered. He wrote letters to us, telling of his affliction; and intimating that he would like to come home. But it was difficult at that time to address the Officers down in that region; way down in Tennessee. He had made application for a discharge; but had been refused; although he was then an invalid in the hospital. And probably would have died there, before we had found out how he really was; had it not been for the wife of one of the Officers. She in passing thru. the hospital, had noticed him, a very young man, but in so emaciated a condition; that she took pity on him; and made inquiries, whether he had any friends to whom he could go. He told her how he was situated; that his parents were in Indian Territory, to whom he was not able to go; but that he had a sister and brother-in-law in Kansas, to whom he could go. She interceded in his behalf; and through her he got an honorable discharge from his regiment; and started for home. One Sunday morning, the snow was a foot deep on the ground. I went out to the well to draw a bucket of water. As I was drawing the bucket of water at the well, a sled drove up; it belonged to one of the neighbors, who was driving it. A young man got out, dressed in a soldier's uniform; and came towards me. But I would not have known him, from a man in the moon; he was so changed in his appearance. He noticed that I did not recognize him; and as he came towards me, he said, "Do you know me?" I said: "No" and he said: "I am Douglas Lilley". I was surprised to see one who had left us in the bloom of health, return so emaciated, that he looked like a ghost, more than like a living person. So we had a joyful meeting; and Douglas lived with us through the winter, but he was still an invalid. We called in medical aid. He would take medicine and for a time it would seem to benefit him; he would gain flesh, and some color in his face. But the disease caused a ravenous appetite; and he was always craving more to eat; although he knew it would be the death of him. Yet the temptation was so great, that before he was aware, he would gratify it; and ate an enormous amount. The next thing he was thrown into violent diarrhea, that ran him down to just the lowest degree of weakness again. Then he would begin to take medicine, and for weeks he would abstain, but it was always as if he was starving himself to death almost. The next time he would gratify his appetite again, and be reduced to the same weak state again. Many a time I would say to him: Douglas,

we do not begrudge you the food; but I knew it will hurt you. He would say: "I know it. I know it. I will try and not eat". He would say. His bowels had lost all their tone; just sluffed off; and when he would eat anything; it would just run right through him. Did not do any good at all; and he was reduced to almost a skeleton. But if he would abstain for a month or so; there would be a coating formed on his bowels again. The lactils would begin to take up again, and he would begin to gain in strength. It was Chronic Diarrhea. But he was very kind; and so willing to do errands; and when he was feeling better, he would do the chores for me; go to the mill; and we lived together very pleasantly.

During the summer of 1863 I had made preparations for farming in a larger portion of land. And, during odd times, Saturdays, I would dig post holes; and set in posts, and got ready to enclose fifteen acres. Douglas had the hope still of recovering from his affliction. And we made our calculations that we would help each other to farm that fifteen acres. It had been broken before I bought the land. The prairie had been broken, but never fenced in, save the two acres, that I had taken in before.

During all these years, since the war had begun, we had never had any communication from Mr Lilley. Neither did we know when the war would terminate. But one day, one morning in February of 1864, a messenger came to the school house, and informed me that Mr Lilley had come, and wanted to see me. So I dismissed the school, and started for home; wondering how it was, that he got there, without informing me about it. On arriving, I found that they were all there; but had not gone to the house; the reason was; that they had the Smallpox. Hattie Lilley had the smallpox then...if The little children had not been vaccinated; and they wanted to see if they could camp down in the woods; until they got well of the smallpox. Of course we gave our consent; sorry that they were prevented from coming and living in the house with us. Those that came were; Mr and Mrs Lilley; Mrs Washburn, and her little daughter Daisy; a little Indian girl, named Ida; that Mrs Lilley had raised, a little colored girl named Marietta; John Lilley and Hattie Lilley. After consulting together it was decided that they should stay by their tent, down in the woods; and remain there; at least those who had been affected with it; until they recovered entirely from the smallpox. They had got the smallpox at Ft. Gibson, Indian Territory.

I with my family, had fortunately escaped from the Territory, before the war broke out. But Mr Lilley and his family were not so fortunate. And remained at the Mission; and lived in the midst of alarms; during all that time, from the outbreak of the war, until the winter of 1863 & 4. Finally a detachment of soldiers was sent from Ft. Gibson to the Oak Ridge Mission and vicinity, to take out two men and deliver them from the Rebels. Those two men were Mr Lilley and John Bemo. Henry Washburn, who had joined the Rebel army under Jumper, was then at the Mission, on a furlough, on the sick list. By the way; Jumper had joined the Baptists, after I left, taking with him a large portion of our church membership. He also joined the Rebel army, taking them all with him into rebellion. He had been promoted, under Jeff Davis, to the rank of Colonel. And Henry Washburn was a Lieutenant in one of his companies composing the regiment of rebels. It so happened that while he was at the Mission on a furlough, that this detachment of soldiers came to the Mission. He also was a marked man; and it was to kill him if they found him. The morning that the soldiers, or a portion of them arrived at the Mission; Robin Johnson, who accompanied them, had gone



with another portion to take Mr Lane. And I have often heard him say that he thought that if he had been along that morning, he could have saved Henry Washburn. But the detachment, headed by John Chupacknew no mercy; and although Henry threw up his hands; he ordered him to be shot. I understood they shot him in the eye, and he fell dead in the yard. Then they robbed Mrs Washburn, and she did not have a dress left, that was decent. They told Mr Lilley, that they wished him to tell them, what were his most valuable effects; and being thus informed; they loaded his wagon with what he considered most valuable; harnessed his mules to the wagon; and told him to follow on, as they were in danger of being attacked by a superior force of Rebels, who were in the neighborhood. After they had left; and Mr Lilley found that the coast was clear, he called down young Thompson, the nephew of Henry Washburn, who was there at the time; and who was hiding up in the collar beams of the house, lying on a broad board. And they helped each other in carrying Henry Washburn's body, into the house; into the room that I used to occupy, and laid it on the feather bed. Young Thompson started for the South alone. Mr Lilley got all his family in the wagon; and then set fire to the house, and started to follow the soldiers. They tried to overtake them; but the load being heavy, and the soldiers going fast; they failed in their attempt. They were in constant danger of being overhauled by the rebels; and one time some men met them. They thought they were rebels, and probably they would have killed them, if it had not been for an Indian woman, who was riding with them, she used her influence; and probably told them what was not true; and they let them past. They went on into the night to the Wewoka; but they could not get the team up the bank; so they had to get out and unload the wagon, and draw the wagon up; and then carry up the things afterwards and reload. On the second day they overtook the soldiers at Hilloughby Town; where they stopped and encamped. And from Hilloughby Town they had an escort of soldiers to Ft Gibson, which was the Headquarters of the Union army, in that region. They had to remain there some weeks; before there was a provision train going north to Lawrence. It was while they were waiting for the train to go north, and accompany them, that they got the smallpox. When the train went, they accompanied it to Lawrence; and from there hired a conveyance to haul them and their effects up to Rock Creek.

Just here let me mention that Robin, after the war broke out; and the Missionaries were scattered; it was found impossible to hire him; so as to let him work out what was paid for him. So some of those who still remained in the Territory, went and turned him over to Jumper in lieu of the \$700.00 that he had advanced. So Robin was sold back into slavery. Jumper took him wherever he went, as waiting boy. But while going in that capacity; his wife was living at Mr Lilley's at the Mission, cooking for them. Robin got a furlough from Jumper to come down and visit his wife, at the Mission. Jumper gave him a furlough, thinking that he would return again; but when Robin got to the Mission, he determined that he would never go back; that was his time to strike for freedom. So in the morning, he called Mrs Lilley out into the yard, to the well and told her that he intended now to strike for the federal troops and she pled with him not to do it; because it was certain death for him. But he persisted, and told her he was bound to make the effort, live or die. So they parted. Shook hands and bade each other good bye. Robert got on his horse and started towards the Arkansas River. He stopped at Timmy Barnett's awhile in the evening; where there were a lot of rebels making their boasts what they would do. He said nothing, but pretended he was going to stay

there himself. He waited until they all got quiet and asleep; and then went out and saddled his horse; and started for the Creek Agency. Went on and on, and got there after night. Tied his horse in a corn field near the Creek Agency. Went to his mother-in-law's, Big Sarah, they called her; and tried to sleep: she promised to wake him as soon as it was the peep of day. So he laid down and slept awhile, and then the old woman says "Bob, now is your time, or never" so he jumped up, put on his clothes, went and got his horse saddled it, and started for the Arkansas River, which was only about a mile distant. Arriving at the bank, he plunged in, pushing his horse with all his might; and looking to see if any body was coming after him. When he saw plenty of Union soldiers across the river: the bottom was full of them when he got to the other shore. When he got there, he took off his hat. Whirled it round and round, and said: "Hurrah! hurrah!! HURRAH!!! He was in the land of freedom. When he made this noise, the soldiers came and said "You are alright now old man". He went and enlisted in the army as a Union soldier, that very day. And as he was a first rate interpreter, he was employed by the Officers to interpret for the Union Creek and Seminole soldiers, during the remainder of the war. He was one of the detachment that had been sent out from Ft Gibson to deliver Mr Lilley from the rebels. He remained with the Seminoles at the close of the war; and when they were brought out to the Wewoka by Mr E. J. Brown, who was Commissary, Robin accompanied them. He built a house, and has remained there ever since. When Jumper and his men found that Robin had gone, they pursued him in hot haste: but it was all in vain, as they never caught him.

Mr Lilley and his family had encamped in the timber near the house on Rock Creek. It was a remarkable manner of holding conversation, that some of the family had with each other. Although Cornelia and Mary and Douglas Lilley had been vaccinated, they did not have full confidence in its virtue: and were afraid to go near the sister that had the smallpox, lest they might catch it. And if they did, our children would take it of them. But Eliza had had the smallpox, when she was a child, so that she was perfectly safe. She could go down to the tent, and converse freely with them, whilst the others would stand on a bank, and talk to them with a considerable distance intervening. I also went to the camp. Engaged in conversation: telling of the events that we had passed through, since we had parted, sitting around the camp fire. Finally, Hattie got well of the smallpox; and Eliza washed the clothes that she had worn; and everything was perfectly cleansed of the smallpox; and the family all went to the house. As the house was small, it was quite a crowded dwelling for awhile. Mr Lilley and I made application for our losses, made by the war, but were not successful in obtaining anything.

We succeeded, among us, in getting a field planted. But Mr Lilley was anxious to get a home of his own. He had been fortunate in getting what money he had saved, converted into gold, while in the Territory; and when he came to Kansas, the premium on gold was over 100%. After looking around some time, he and Douglas decided to buy a farm near Salem, Nebraska, from a man named Ogden. And early in the summer, they moved to that farm. He had one horse, and I had one horse; and in order to do our farming and hauling, we had to join teams; and lived ten miles apart. But the farm did not amount to much that summer. Moore-heads hogs destroyed the most of our potatoes; and the corn was not planted soon enough, and did not make a good crop.



When Presbytery met at Highland; Mr Lilley and I joined it. Mr Lilley wished that I had accepted of the Presidency of Highland University; but it was too late then. Mr Lilley made application to Mr Irwin, and got his two daughters in, as teachers among the Iowa Indians.

I had been preaching at different points, besides preaching at Rock Creek. I preached at Sebetha, Mr Hargraves, on Easy Creek, and at Salem. So that there was not a Sabbath, that I was not engaged in preaching, unless prevented by sickness of myself, or of any of my family. I was also called to officiate at many funerals around the country. Many persons called on me to perform the marriage ceremony for them; some of which I refused to do; because I did not think that they had a right to marry.

In the month of August, 1864, I was very suddenly called out, with a portion of the Kansas militia, to pursue after Sioux Indians, who had made raids on the trains, that were hauling goods up to Denver. I went as cavalryman; for during the preceding months I had belonged to the cavalry company, that had been formed at Albany; and had learned some of the cavalry drill. It was about dusk in the evening, when the Lieutenant of the company, came to me, as I was mending the fence, to keep Moorehead's cattle out of the corn. Lieutenant Robert Williamson, telling me, that the company was to meet that night in Albany, at seven o'clock, expecting to start the next morning, in pursuit of the Indians. So I was obliged to hasten to the house; tell Eliza of what was before me; get a hasty supper; and repair to Albany. There, the Officers were, Captain Vasser, and Lieutenants Vasser and Williamson; and about thirty of the company. We there received our orders, and selected our arms, which were all good for nothing, old worn out arms. But I had only one horse, and she had a colt; and as such was not fit to go into the military service. So the company pressed a horse into service for me, to ride. But after making arrangements, we were dismissed, and ordered to return to our homes, and repair to Albany, at six o'clock, the next morning. I went home; tried to sleep; the next morning we were up and stirring, at the break of day; taking a view of all the things on the place; and all the little ones; as I was going as a soldier; and I did not know whether I would ever return again. Eliza accompanied me the next morning to Albany; and with a parting kiss, we bade each other good bye, and she returned home. The company organized; got every thing ready; and we started for Seneca, the County seat. When we arrived there, it was Saturday evening, about sundown. We camped, out in a laid-out street, that was not much travelled. Sunday morning rose on us; and we were ordered to breakfast in the hotel in Seneca. After breakfast; we were ordered to mount, and form, and then marched on towards what we supposed to be the scene of war. During that Sabbath, I witnessed scenes, that I had never witnessed on the Sabbath. It seemed to me that every one tried to see how vulgar and profane, he could be. Men that I thought were devout christians, on that day, manifested the greatest recklessness. Their conversation was the farthest removed from christian, that I could conceive of. And the careless sinners among them, tried even to out-do themselves, in their wickedness. I thought that it was a dreadful condition for men to be in, who were perhaps hastening on to their death. About five o'clock we stopped, made a halt, and went into camp. We tied our horses, so that we could find them in an instant; if there should be a sudden call for them; so as to march. I had one blanket, and a saddle; using the saddle for a pillow, and my blanket to wrap myself in. About midnight, there was a call

to prepare to march. And in the dark, we had to arise, saddle our horses, and start. A messenger had come, telling us to hasten on. We went on, and came to the town of Marysville; where we expected to get our breakfast; but they manifested no signs of friendliness, and we had to pass on without our breakfast. After we had got out to some distance from the town, we were ordered to halt and took a lunch. After that, we travelled on through farms, and found them all deserted; went through grain fields; fences were all down; went by houses, with wagons standing near, with loads of hay on them. Went on, and in the evening came to a place, where we stopped for the night, at a farm. It had been deserted; but there were plenty of oats in the stack; grain in the field; chickens and turkeys in the yard; and some cattle. We butchered a steer, and helped ourselves. The next morning we pursued our journey again; about noon, we came up with the balance of the command; about three hundred Militia Horsemen. But they were just ready to start, when we arrived. And we were obliged to stop and cook our dinner, before we could proceed further. After we had eaten our dinner, we started, but it was growing late; and besides the clouds had darkened the sky; and it was threatening to storm. And as night came on, we were lost in the prairie; had lost the trail entirely. I was detailed among others, that night, to guard. It was dark as midnight and a drizzling rain was falling. I had only a thin coat; but Lieutenant Vasser had a soldier's coat; and he very kindly offered to exchange with me. So I had to walk the ground, not knowing what moment, the wild Indians might make an attack on us; as they might be in the immediate neighborhood. The time that pickets were to be on guard, was assigned to two hours; but our Corporal, who was to awaken the exchange, failed to do it; either he did not understand, or want to sleep; and we had to stand on guard three hours. We had no tents, and when I got off guard, the only shelter from the rain was, to wrap myself up in a blanket, under one of the wagons, that hauled provisions; and I shook all over with chill. The next morning, when we were about ready to start, there was a messenger come from the front, to pilot us to the rest of the command. We followed on, and towards noon reached what was called Rose Creek in Nebraska. There we stopped the remainder of the day; and were ordered to clean our guns; and in the evening of that afternoon, we had dress parade. I was feeling unwell, when we first arrived there, and had to take some medicine from the Physician, which relieved me. We had men on the lookout, on the hilltops during the day, to see if there were any enemies in sight. About dusk, there was a false alarm made: just as it was getting dark, to try us. The report was, that the enemy was right close at hand. Such scrambling, I never saw. It seemed to me, that I could never get hold of my gun. It seemed to me that I could not do anything, if the enemy had come; although I had determined to do the best I could. But we soon discovered that it was a false alarm. So we went into quarters for the night. And the next morning, we started still farther west. We came into a country that was interspersed with hills and valleys. The region of the Republican river. As we approached that river, we came into the buffalo country. We could see them in great herds, some distance in advance of us. Some of the soldiers obtained permission from the Officers, to go and start them up. And so they started them; and they had their tracks in which they travelled. They started in trails, several hundred in a trail. We could see them, right in advance of us, in the valleys, within two or three hundred yards of us; the bulls and cows and calves. The cows pushing the calves on, with their horns. It looked like a railroad train. We killed two of them before we got to the river; taking the hams, and leaving the rest of the meat for the wolves. At noon, we



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came on the bank of the Republican river. Our grub, or provision was, slap jacks, coffee, and buffalo steak fried. On our way we captured an iron kettle, in a town named Washington; and in that we made our coffee: a kettle which would hold perhaps thirty or forty gallons, was made full of coffee. Each man had a quart cup, and generally I drank a quart of coffee. The fresh meat and coffee which we used, had quite an aperient effect. Many of the soldiers were attacked with the diarrhoea. Some of them would be attacked so bad, that they could not ride; then would have to go in the wag-  
ons, and the rest would laugh at them. But it would not be long before they too, would be in the same predicament; and they would be laughed at, themselves. By the time we had arrived at the Re-  
publican river, I was in the same fix myself; and although we had good buffalo meat, I could not eat it, because I knew its effect. The water was no good, we staid there that afternoon; and it was a lively afternoon of hunting buffalo. Several were killed in the afternoon. I was again on guard, on that night; but we only had to guard two hours that night; and that was the last time I was detailed as a guard. We saw no Indians, but plenty of buffalo. Reports, however, said that the Indians were within a short distance and that if we would only go there; in less than half a day, we would find plenty of them. Some of our men appeared to be eager for the fight; others of us said nothing. We said if the Officers wished us to go on, we would do whatever the Officers told us to do. We were the ones that would have had to have borne the brunt of the battle, if there had been one. But those eager fellows would have gone on the run. The next morning, it was decided, as our provision had run out, we would return. So we mounted, and commenced to retreat eastward. So we returned by the same way that we had come. After a military career of ten days, we disbanded and went to our homes. Hazeltime and I travelled on all night, from Seneca, and got home towards day. I was happy indeed and thankful to find that all were well; and was welcomed home, after coming home, from the war.

After my return from the military excursion: I had an invitation, to accept a school in Fall City, Nebraska. And in the Fall, in the month of October, I think, 1864, I commenced teaching in Fall City. Left my family on Rock Creek. I boarded at Mr Anderson Miller's in Fall City. It was a subscription school; and the people subscribed liberally; and I made a little money, by teaching that school that winter. I went home every two weeks. Going home, got up as far as Mr Lilley's, who lived on the way; on Friday evening; and on Saturday morning I would go home. On Sunday, I would come back to Mr Lilley's, and preach at Salem; and be back in Fall City, in time for school, on Monday morning. The people in Fall City, seemed to appreciate my services; and decided to build a new and larger school house. The one I was teaching in, was too crowded. I had a very intimate friend in the person of Mrs Cook and her son Newton, who were Presbyterians. In fact, Mrs Cook was the first one to invite me to go to Fall City; and during my stay there: I often visited at her home; and found it a very pleasant resort. So encouraging were the prospects of Fall City, that during the winter of 1864 and 65, I made arrangements to move my family there, in the spring. I had bought a little house and two lots from a man named Snyder; and rented the farm on Rock Creek to him and another man; so that when we moved from there to Fall City, they moved to our home on Rock Creek. We had quite a nice little stock of cattle, near to perhaps a dozen head. We drove them down to Fall City; and during the summer, had hay prepared to winter them through.

Early in the Fall, there had been a meeting of Presbytery in Fall City, in which Mr Lilley was chosen Moderator. In connection with it were had a series of meetings. During that year, I organized two Presbyterian Churches: one in Fall City; the other in Salem with the assistance of Mr Lilley. Our school had become very large in Fall City; after the new school was built: so large that I could not do justice to myself; and Eliza had to help me. But she had her little ones to take care of; and it was inconvenient for her to leave the house, to go to the school. So, after consulting together, we decided to ask Mary Lilley to resign her position in the Sac Mission: and to come and assist us: and we would in that way be enabled to carry on the school, without so much inconvenience.

Besides teaching school, I had been appointed by the Board of Home Missions, as a Home Missionary, my field was, Fall City, Buddy Creek, and Rock Creek. The salary was Three Hundred Dollars per year. Mr Lilley was occupying Salem as his place of preaching. My Elder, at Fall City, was a Mr Volley: and Mr Lilley's Elder was a Mr McCullagh. While in charge of the school at Fall City, I went to my appointment at Rock Creek, and I went home with Mr Moorehead to dinner. He had a very large crop of wheat to harvest; and he proposed to me, to come and rake off the machine; and he would give me Two Dollars and fifty cents per day. But I thanked him, and said that I could make as much teaching school, and did not accept his offer.

In the spring of 1865, on April 19th, there was a little baby boy born, named Hugh Ross: but he only lived for a few weeks; and sickened and died; and is buried in Fall City Cemetery. The tombstone is there, at his grave.

In the Spring of 1865 Douglas Lilley grew worse. In one of his old complaints, his joints became affected, so that he could with difficulty walk and use his hands. When the church was organized at Salem, he made profession of religion, and joined. And when his end drew nigh, he was prepared. He used to love to sing the hymn "I am going home to die no more". So one day a messenger came to Fall City, informing me that Douglas was a great deal worse and asking me to come up and see him. We got there in time see him die. His was a peaceful death. He said it was all right.

In the spring of 1866, we closed our school with a very interesting exhibition. After that I taught no more in Fall City, but resigned in favor of Mary Lilley. But in the mean time I had made arrangements with Mr Lilley to farm his place. On the 18th. of March, 1866, a son was born to us, whom we named Hamilton Irvin. Mr Lilley and I accompanied by Mr McCullagh as Elder, attended the meeting of Presbytery in Highland, in April. After our return from Presbytery, I made arrangements for farming Mr Lilley's farm. Leaving the school in the hands of Mary Lilley; and leaving my family in Fall City; I commenced preparing for farming Mr Lilley's place; using his team. It was an experiment which did not result satisfactorily to myself. For, whilst I was attempting to farm: I was still continuing my ministerial work. Working in the hot sun, through the week, did not prepare for effective preaching on the Sabbath. The expectation of preaching on the Sabbath caused me some thought, thus dividing my attention, so that neither of the works was efficiently performed. I grew quite thin and emaciated. Concluded that I would have to give up preaching. I decided to move back to the farm on Rock Creek, Kansas. Bought my renter Maxfield's share of the crop; assisted him in harvesting it. Soon after harvest, moved with my family back to my farm. I thought it



would be a smart man that could induce me to leave my farm again, for any other purpose. But we had scarcely got settled on our farm again; when I received a letter from the Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, Walter Lowry; informing me, that at the request of the Indian brethren in Indian Territory, the Board had decided to commence Missionary work amongst them again. The Indians desired that their old Missionaries should be sent back to them: that is, Mr Lilley and myself. The board asked me to return if I desired to do so. Eliza and I consulted together, and decided to ask Divine guidance. We appointed a day to ask Divine direction concerning the matter; after which we felt disposed to accept of the appointment: and so wrote the Board. The Creeks had also made a similar request of Mr Robertson and his family, who were then residing at the Iowa Mission. The Board decided to send him and me: but thought they would defer sending Mr Lilley, until some future time.

Having accepted of the appointment, I disposed of my house and lots in Fall City; selling them to a man named Reavhs. I bought a light wagon and a horse, in addition to the horse that I then had. I leased my farm to William Margrave. Leaving my cattle in his charge. Our agreement was that he should farm the place, and break forty acres of land and fence it in: also pay the taxes: for doing which, I was to give him my stock of cattle. Having made all our preparations, we left our home to go to Highland. There to meet with Mr Robertson, and from there to go together with our teams to Indian Territory. Besides our family; Mrs Washburn and her daughter Daisy; and a colored girl named Marietta; accompanied us. We reached Highland; at which time; there was a called meeting of Presbytery there, which ordained Mr Robertson, as an Evangelist.

It was on a very cold, dark morning in November, that we left Highland. We all started from the Iowa Mission. Mr Irvin was present when we started. We had our team and wagon well equipped. But Mr Robertson had no bows on his wagon. It was full of trunks, and Mrs Robertson had two little boy twins. I shall never forget her appearance that morning, when we left Highland; sitting in that open wagon, which was crowded with trunks: and those two babes at her breasts: and the cold wind blowing and threatening to snow. When Mr Irvin came to bid us good bye: as we were starting up our wagon, he remarked, "You look quite comfortable here, but I pity Mrs Robertson." We had hired Will Margrave to haul our things with his wagon. Mr Robertson had hired a man by the name of Case to haul his things. His family consisted of his wife and two daughters Alice and Grace, and his son Samuel, and the twins. And as they intended to take Miss Thompson with them, who was then stopping at Atchison: we had to make a detour, at the very start. On the second day, we reached Atchison, and remained there till nearly night: during which time we made several purchases of provisions for the journey. Mr Robertson got his wagon bows. Taking Miss Thompson with us, we drove out to a camping place, a short distance from Atchison. And then taking the road leading to Lawrence, we wended our way slowly along. I saw by the way Margrave drove; he took the lead; that at the rate Margrave drove, it would take us some months to reach the Indian Territory. He was hired by the day. So I changed the order of our caravan: and in the morning, told the company that I would take the lead; and that they could follow on. It was a long tedious journey, in which there was a good deal of exposure to wet and cold. On the Sabbath, before we reached Lawrence, we camped. Camped on Saturday afternoon, nearly mid-day. Set up our tents; cut wood, and tried to make ourselves comfortable, for it was raining. We had

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divine service there in the prairie, in one of the tents.

Arriving at Lawrence, we bought another supply of provisions, principally bakers' bread. We had one break-down after we left Lawrence, which detained us a day and a half, to get Mr Robertson's Teamster's wagon wheel repaired. Some parts of the road were very bad. Some places, where the wagons went in so deep, that they came clear up to the axles. But as I was leader, I was obliged to select the road. The rest of the teams were very slow: so before night, when the sun was still high, I would select a place for camping; and have everything in readiness for the rest, when they arrived. Some nights, they would not arrive, until way after dark. Thus we pursued our journey, until we arrived at Fort Scott. We arrived there on the second Saturday; camping in the bottom of the Cimarron River, which is the stream that runs through Ft. Scott. Having gone into camp; and soon after all were comfortably fixed, I left them in the charge of Mr Robertson; and with one of the drivers went over into town, which was on the other side of the creek. That was on Sabbath morning; inquired for the Presbyterian church, and went to it, and listened to the minister, keeping myself incognito. It was communion Sabbath; after the services were over, I introduced myself to the minister, Rev Mr Irwin. He was very cordial, and invited me and the whole company to come over into town on Monday morning; which we did. And none too soon, for we had hardly struck our camp, when it commenced to pour down rain. We crossed the Cimarron, and went up into town, into quarters. During that day I walked the streets of Ft. Scott, until I was really fatigued. It poured down rain all day and raised that creek, so that it could not have been crossed. We were told in Ft. Scott, that between there and Ft. Gibson, there was no provision to be had; and therefore, in order to pursue the remainder of our journey, without suffering from hunger; it was necessary for us to hire another team, and load it with provisions. So what with hiring another team, and purchasing provisions, I spent nearly the whole day, on the streets, under a pouring rain; for Mr Robertson was unwell. Against Tuesday afternoon, we had procured the team, and a supply of provisions. The teamster had a team of mules.

We started a caravan of five teams. The new teamster taking the lead, as he knew the road, and we did not. It was a very wild country. It was but recently the scene of warfare; and along the road, we could see the signs of war. We saw the remains of demolished houses. We saw where wagons had been destroyed; and we saw human skulls lying in the road. But we travelled on without any particular mishap, until we reached the Neosho river, in the Cherokee Nation; the stream was swollen, and there was a ferry boat there; and the ferrymen, Indians, would have ferried us across, if we had employed them. But our new Teamster, Mr Armstrong, said that he had traveled the road often. He tried the depth of the river; and said he would attempt the river. The teams could draw it across; and that there was no use of going to the expense of paying to ferry across. So he plunged in with his team; but when he got into the middle of the stream; it was evident for a time that his mules could not touch bottom; and his wagon for awhile seemed to be floating down the stream; and we stood in suspense, not knowing what would be the result; fearing that he would be lost; but he was courageous, and drove his mules and soon the leaders struck bottom, and drew the wagon out; but not before it had been submerged, and our flour that was in the wagon was under water. But the difficulties that he incurred in crossing, detained us from attempting to ford the river. So we employed the ferrymen to ferry us across. Three of the teams went across all right in the ferry-boat; and there was one left which was Mr Robertson's wagon, in



which he and his family were sitting. They entered the boat, but that trip the boat soon became unmanageable; the ferrymen seemed as if they had no control over it; and we soon saw that it was going down the river. There was Mr Robertson and his family on the boat, and his team, floating down the swollen stream. We on the other side, called to them to throw us a rope. We went down the bank of the stream, and got ahold of it, and all pulled; and between the ferrymen working in the boat; and we on the shore: we drew the boat to the other bank, down below the landing. Then we helped them to get out. That was on Saturday, about noon, we were in the Neosho bottom. So we went into camp, until Monday. Overhauled Mr Armstrong's load. Got out the flour. Laid it in the sun, and every thing that was wet. The bread got wet. And every thing that we had was wet; and we had to lay it out to dry as best we could. There in the wood we spent the Sabbath day, having Divine service twice, during the day, and again at night. There was quite a congregation of us, in all twenty one souls.

On Monday morning, we had rested, and felt somewhat refreshed, and continued our journey towards Ft. Gibson. Nothing remarkable happened, and on the following Wednesday forenoon, we reached Ft. Gibson, which was on the 6th. of December 1866. We had left Highland on the 15th. of November. We found some friends and acquaintances, principally, Dr. Hitchcock, who welcomed and entertained us, courteously; but his house was small, and Mr Robertson's family alone could be entertained in his house; and we were obliged to charter another house to lodge in, for the time. After remaining in these quarters, for one night; leaving our families in charge of the two teamsters: that is Murgrove and Case. For Armstrong had been paid his One Hundred Dollars, which was what he charged for the trip, and had gone back. Mr Robertson and I mounted our horses: and started to reconnoiter Tellahassee Mission. We were obliged to ford the Neosho and Verdugres river, in order to reach Tellahassee. Finally the old Mission hove in sight: but when we entered the building, and saw the ruin; the wanton ruin and destruction, we were filled with grief. For, from the attic to the cellar, there had been wanton destruction of the windows, the doors, the floors; whilst even the dining room, had been made into a stable. There was hardly a door left: and nearly all the floor had been removed. As Nehemiah wept over the desolations of Jerusalem, when he returned there: so we wept over the desolations of Tellahassee. After we had viewed the ruins, we again mounted our horses: and started for Choeks, ten miles distant. We arrived there just before night: and found some of our old people, the Perrimans, Joe Perriman, and Sanford Perriman, Josiah Perriman; and their wives: who had been pupils in our schools. And I had the pleasure of preaching to them once more: and they entertained us cordially: so glad to see us back again in their midst.

After breakfast, the next morning, Joe Perriman accompanied us as a guide: and we started for the Creek Agency: and on arriving there, were introduced to Major Dunn, who was then U. S. Indian Agent for the Creeks. His family were Presbyterians. They welcomed us, and after dinner, Mr Robertson started back for Ft Gibson, but at the suggestion of Major Dunn, I remained over the next day, which was Sabbath and preached, at the Baptist African Church, at the Agency: and after spending Sabbath night, very pleasantly at Major Dunn's, on Monday morning, I also started for Ft. Gibson.

Had hired one wagon, owned by a colored man, named Simon Brown, to assist in hauling us from Ft Gibson to Tellahassee. So on the Tuesday following, we loaded up our effects, and started for Telle-

hassas Mission, with our families, arriving there in the evening. It was perfect desolation; and although it was a large building, we had some difficulty in finding any comfortable place to lodge for the night. We had to hang up some sheets and quilts and blankets; to make any door to protect us from the wild beasts. All the fences had been destroyed; and the wolves were howling in the yard. But we tried to make ourselves comfortable; and found some of the old cast-away stoves; and although greatly disturbed by the smoke, we succeeded in cooking our supper. Then the next move was to make some repairs, so as to enclose a room for each of us. It was mid-winter, and all the house was open. I went across the Arkansas river, forded it with a wagon; and bought a cook-stove at the Creek Agency. Mr Robertson, accompanied by Simon Brown, as an interpreter; scoured the country, searching for stolen doors, the windows and flooring of the Mission; and succeeded in getting wagon loads of them. By this means, he succeeded in closing up the rooms: one for him and one for us; tolerably, comfortably.

The next thing was to clean out the well. It was a deep well, some seventy feet deep; but it was filled up with one trash and another, almost to the surface. We had some hired help, colored men, to clean out the well; and while it was shallow, before it got deep, they did well. But when we descended deep, so it was dark, their superstition caused them to be afraid; and it devolved upon me to go down. It was dark as night there; and there was every thing that you could name, in the well. There was wood, plows, hoes, axes, bones, and cowhides. The well was literally filled full of tools and trash. This had been done by the soldiers, who had quartered there, during the war. For awhile it was occupied by the Rebels. When the Union troops came, the Rebels fled; but before they left, they filled up the well, so as to prevent the Union Troops from obtaining water. For three days, we remained working in that well, until we got it cleared out. It was snowing, causing those outside, to experience the cold; but I was quite warm, down in the well. We succeeded in getting it cleared out; and in getting an abundance of good water.

When Mr Robertson and I were each appointed to the Missionary work, we supposed that we would occupy the same Mission, that was Tellahassee. He as principal teacher, and I as superintendant. At that time the two parties of the Creeks; the Union and the Rebel; had not come together. And we had come down in the Territory, by the invitation of the Union party; and Sands was the Chief of that party, at the time; while Checote, was the Chief of the Rebel party. Soon after our arrival at Tellahassee, there was a council of the Union party, held in the Creek Agency. Mr Robertson and I were invited to attend it, to counsel with the Chiefs, with respect to the opening of the Tellahassee school. It was Saturday afternoon, that we forded the Arkansas, foring it with the wagon; and met with the Chiefs in council. They welcomed us, and gave us great encouragement that the Mission school would soon be reopened.

On returning to the Mission, in the evening; we took in a colored woman, whom we had employed to cook, Aunt Rose, was her name; and she was staying at the Creek Agency; and we had all her traps, you might call them; that is, all her household furniture, pots and beds also in the wagon. When we started to ford the Arkansas, on returning; the horses were thirsty, and stopped to drink; but there was quicksand in the river; and as they were drinking, the wagon settled down in the quicksand; so that when we attempted to start them, they could not pull it out; and in the scuffle to pull it out,



broke the tongue of the wagon. Night was coming on, there we were in the river; the tongue of the wagon was broken out. We decided that I should take the horses; having unhitched them from the wagon; and go back towards the Creek Agency, to a man who lived in the bottom; and try to borrow his wagon; and take out things out of our wagon, and take them across to the Mission. I succeeded in borrowing the wagon, and coming up close to our broken tongued wagon; took out the things from the wagon; and took them across the river; and late at night arrived at the Mission; leaving our wagon in the Arkansas river. Next morning, which was Sabbath, I recrossed the Arkansas to fill an appointment, that I had made to preach for the colored people at the Baptist church on Sabbath. When I came down to the bank of the Arkansas, I saw an ox team drawing my wagon out of the river; which I thought was very kind; but when I asked the man the price he charged for drawing it out, he said it was seven dollars; and Simon Brown, who was leader of the Baptist church, there, reproved him for his greed; and made him reduce his rate.

The two families continued at the Tellahasssee Mission, until about the middle of January. In the mean time Mr Robertson and I preached at different places; Chaska, the Tellahasssee region, and wherever there was an opening, every Sabbath. But I received a letter from some of the Seminoles, who were living at Wewoka, asking me to come out and preach for them. Before coming out however, I took Mrs Washburn and her daughter, down to the point, where the steamboats stopped; that is at the junction of the Neosho and Arkansas river; and saw her safely aboard of the steamboat, to take her down to Morrissetown, Arkansas. Mr Robertson and I made trips to Ft Gibson, bought our supplies of flour and groceries there.

In the latter part of January, I started for Wewoka, in the Seminole country, on horseback. The Seminole Agent, Major Reynolds, had been at Major Dunn's, the Creek Agent; and I was to meet him there; and we were to come out together; but I was somewhat late, as I had a river to cross; and he got in a hurry; and said as he left the Creek Agency, that I could overtake him; but though I looked anxiously ahead, I never overtook him. So I made my journey out here to Wewoka, alone, stopping two nights on the way. On arriving in the neighborhood of the Wewoka, I heard singing at a distance; and thinking that perhaps the christians were holding a meeting, I went towards where I heard the singing; and on arriving there; found that it was Chief Chupco's house; and that the christian people had met there, and were holding a meeting. Chupco was sick, and in his room, in which I first entered, on arriving there; and on being informed who I was, he expressed himself as being very glad to see me, and told me that the rest were singing in the other room. Soon, a person came from the other room, to invite me, saying, "that there was an empty seat waiting me there". When I entered the room, there was a general expression of joy, and a general shaking of hands. I spoke a few words, expressing my happiness to have met them once more; and after the meeting was over, one of them piloted me to Robert Johnson's house, which I made my headquarters, during my stay at Wewoka, at that time. I continued some days, preaching every night to the Indians, who met at Daniel McGeert's house. Major Reynolds was very friendly; and so was Mr Brown, who was the merchant then at Wewoka; who invited me to eat roast turkey with him, which I accepted, Uncle Jimmie being cook. Before leaving the Wewoka, I left an appointment with the brethren, that I would come out, at a certain time in February, and reorganize the church.

One of my former pupils had come down from Jumper's neighbor-

head, who lived in the old Seminole country, which is in the Pottawatomie country; and I accompanied him who was my guide, to Jumper's, and all that company of people whom I had not seen since, before the outbreking of the war. On my arrival there, Jumper treated me with a great deal of friendship: taking me by both my hands: and by both of his: and shaking my hands a long while: expressing a great deal of joy in meeting me once more. I staid with them about three days, visiting different families, that had formerly belonged to our church; but who were now Baptists. Saw my old home, at Pond Creek. Visited also Dr. Brown's who was living in the Seminole Agency. On returning from Jumper's neighborhood, I went to the old Seminole Mission, at Oak Ridge, and there viewed the old ruins. And from there started in the direction of the Creek Agency.

Staid all night at Timmie Barnett's, who lived at what is now Wetumka. From there started for the Arkansas river, intending to stay all night at the Old Creek Council grounds. It was four o'clock when I arrived there. I went to a house, but I did not like the manner of the people, felt that I might be maltreated: so I concluded to go on towards the Creek Agency: but the distance was too great to get there before night. It was almost continual prairie; and when night came on, it was cloudy. There were no stars, or moon. Finally, I lost the road amongst raining. The pony went to eating grass. There I was in the prairie: far from any habitation: but I determined to try and find the road: and by feeling for it with my hands, I finally found it: and then, continued following on, and on, and on: but failed to take the road that led to the Agency. Kept on the road that led me towards Ft. Gibson: and it was after midnight, when I discovered where I was: and I had to take the road back, leading from Ft. Gibson to the Creek Agency. Having stopped for the remainder of the night, at the house of Simon Brown: the next morning, I crossed the Arkansas river, and reached Tellehassee.

Early in February, there was an appointment made for the two parties of the Creek Nation to meet together at Deep Fork: and make peace: and to co-operate together as one Nation. And Mr Robertson and I were invited to attend the Council. Nearly the whole Nation was there. We remained there until the close of the Council: and had many opportunities of preaching. The Council adjourned on Saturday. Checote invited me to accompany him to his home: and to preach for him on the Sabbath day at his church: which I did, he interpreting for me.

Soon after our return from the Council to Tellehassee, I started to fulfill my appointment amongst the Seminoles at Wewoka, for organising the church. It was very disagreeable weather. The prairie had all been burned off. One night I arrived at a creek, a branch of Crane Creek; where there were a few trees. It was bracing cold. I kindled a fire and tied my pony. I had one loaf of bread: and as the pony had no grass to eat: all burnt off: I divided my loaf with the horse. Then lying down, tried to sleep by the fire: but it was too cold and windy. The next morning, I arose before day, and started on towards Deep Fork; and travelled on and on, and reached the North Fork, and stopped all night at a store, near the North Fork. The next day, sometime in the afternoon, arrived at Wewoka: making my headquarters, as formerly at Robert Johnson's. Next Sabbath was the time appointed for organising of the church. That was February 1867. It proved to be a stormy day, snowing rapidly. So many people were present, that there was not room for them to sit in the house: so they made seats out in the yard. Built a large fire of logs. Robert Johnson interpreted for me and I p



preached; each of us with our heads tied up with handkerchiefs, to keep the snow from our heads. But the people were very interested and we had a very pleasant meeting. I organized the church, with sixty-six members; three Elders; administered the Communion; and baptised twenty-six persons. That was a day of good things. It has always been a comfort to remember. After the organization, I returned to Tallahassee to bring my family out. It was a trial for Mr Robertson and me to separate. But believing that it was providentially so ordered: we bade each other God-speed in our fields of labor: he remaining at Tallahassee: and I going to the Seminole country.

We had two snow storms on the way: but we succeeded in reaching the Newoka, without any serious accident or mishap. Stopping a few days at Robert Johnson's; and preparing an old Indian log cabin to live in, which was standing near Robert's house, perhaps a half mile distant. It was a house 14 x 14. Seven members of the family lived in that house. It was real pioneer life. But affection fully compensated for the inconveniency of the habitation. Had a little garden. But my principal work was to preach. The congregations that summer were very large. A great part of the Seminoles lived in the immediate neighborhood: and the majority of them were members of our church. There was a great deal of zeal manifested by the members. There were many inquirers after the Savior. Sabbath after Sabbath, there were additions to the church. So that in the course of one year our church had increased from sixty-six to over one hundred members. Daniel McGert interpreted for me. The Methodists and Presbyterians were on very good terms. In the Fall, we had a campmeeting; in which, the Methodists and Presbyterians united; and a great many people attended it. Among them, Mr Robertson came from Tallahassee to visit us, and attend campmeeting: also Sanford Perriman.

Jumper also invited me to attend his campmeeting. He and all his people at that time, treated me very cordially. I went and attended it with my family. But what was my surprise, when I reached it, to find Buckner there, who had been a rank Rebel, during the war: and had now come back to commence his work amongst the Indians. I also met Mr Murrow there, who had been the Seminole U. S. Agent, under Jeff Davis: but endeavored to forget all former contentions; tried to regard all as brethren in the Lord. We all preached, and the meeting was a very happy one. As the meeting was about to close, standing with Mr Buckner, I felt so happy, that I suggested to him, that we should now commence a new course of trying to help one another; instead of hindering one another, as in former days: but was suddenly disappointed in his reply, which was: "That although I regard you as a good man, and expect to meet you in Heaven; yet I cannot regard you as a member of the church, as I am a Landmark Baptist": which was a damper to all my warm feelings of love.

It was during that summer that the Cholera broke out among the Indians in the neighborhood of Newoka. Many persons were attacked. Some died. There was quite a panic among the people. Major Reynolds became alarmed, and left his home very suddenly, with his family: Asking me to come and take charge of his house, which was a great deal larger, and had a great many more conveniences, than the little cabin, in which I was living. So the day he left us; as he moved out, I moved in. I cannot refrain from mentioning one scene that I witnessed, while the Cholera was prevailing. I was informed that one woman had died of the Cholera; and as I was the minister, I was invited to come to the funeral. I went, not knowing whether

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I would be attacked, or not; there were just four of us at that funeral. Daniel McGert, Elder Yaha, Caesar Bowlegs, and myself. As I went past the store, Mr Brown gave me a piece of Asafetida, to take in my mouth, between the teeth and the upper lip; and he gave a piece to each of the other men. Whilst we were preparing to bury the dead, whose corpse was lying in the yard: her mother was writhing in the agonies of death, of the same disease: and her brother was lying in the cabin, with the same disease. The old woman died, and the young man got well. He is still alive, his name is Ahelakuce. But by a kind providence, we were not attacked by the Cholera. But Dr. Hitchcock at Ft Gibson was attacked, and died of it that summer.

During that summer, by the advice of the Agent, Major Reynolds, two new school houses were built; one at Wewoka; and one at Nobletown. After they were built, I took charge of the one at Nobletown at the Agent's suggestion to teach for eight months at \$100.00 a month. The Agent, having been informed that Mary Lilley was a teacher, wrote her to come and take charge of the one at Wewoka, for which she received similar wages.

Mr Lilley was very desirous of coming to labor; and we often had letters from him expressing his desire to come back to his old field of labor amongst the Seminoles: but his coming, was deferred from year to year; the Board expressing their opinion, that the Seminoles, being a small tribe; they could not afford to support two missionary families in the Seminole Nation.

During that year and the next, there was a company of colored soldiers stationed at Wewoka, who were commanded by white Officers. But they were very worldly people; and although they were friendly and sociable with us; yet we did not think that they were any advantage to us spiritually. Mr (E.J.) Brown was still here at Wewoka, keeping store; and he had Mr. David Robb for his clerk. They were both very sociable, pleasant gentlemen: often visited our house. Mr Brown soon became quite attentive to Mary Lilley; and the attachment was formed between them, which finally matured in their marriage. Mr Robb formed a very warm attachment for our little son Irwin: and often took him out riding on Horseback with him. The colored girl, Marietta proved to be very popular with the colored soldiers: and one of them proposed marriage; but her relatives prevented it, by taking her away on the other side of the Canadian; and marrying her to a colored man, named, Culley, the son of Mr. Lilley's old interpreter, Willis.

I finished my term of teaching at Nobletown, in the summer of 1868: and about the same time Mary Lilley, finished her school at Wewoka, and was married to Mr Brown. And soon after their marriage, they took a bridal tour up through Kansas, to Mr Lilley's in Nebraska.

In the Spring of 1868, in company with Robert Johnson and Major Reynolds, I selected a place for the Mission; on the edge of the prairie; two miles north of the Wewoka; which is now the Wewoka Mission. I had cabins built, early in the spring; and moved into them with my family. Made a garden and fenced it in. The spring from which we obtained water for the house use; being some considerable distance from the house; I decided to dig a well in the yard and with the assistance of Ahelakuce, dug it thirty feet deep: but it having begun to cave in; I walled it up, before we reached a good supply of living water. As the school at Wewoka, was then va-



sent, on account of Mary Lilley's marriage; and it being more convenient; and more in the midst of our people; than the Hobbs-town school; I asked and obtained the position sentescher from the Agent. Meetings were in the mean time being carried on regularly. I preach at various points; Nichata Town, Over on Little River, at Wewoka.

On September 16th, 1868, another little boy was born, whom we named (Robbie) James Robinson. I planted an orchard, both of apple trees and of peach trees. In the fall of 1868, I commenced teaching school at Wewoka. Had quite a large attendance. I tried to do justice by the scholars; but was very much surprised by the charge that Major Reynolds made me one day: "that I was not doing right; which was, that I was teaching the children too long." I expected to teach them six hours a day; but he said that four hours was abundant. The school house, was our church at that time; and great crowds of people assembled there every Sabbath; many times they could not all get in the house; and some had to go away, because there was no room for them in the house.

We held campmeeting in the grove near the school house, at which a great many people assembled. It was on Sabbath, of campmeeting, while singing an Indian hymn, that a feeling of great joy came to me, which lasted many minutes. I seemed to be overcome with love to the Savior. Some, now who are no doubt with Him; when they saw how I was affected, shook my hand, and seemed to appreciate. Chupco was then a great friend. Visited the school house and exhorted the scholars to be obedient and studious. Besides the Sabbath meetings, we had prayer meetings during the week. One of the most zealous christians, who attended these meetings, was an Elder, named, Oklahla. Here I may relate an incident respecting him. He was one of the most uncivilised Seminoles, that came from Florida, with Billey Bowlegs. After arriving in this country, he formed an attachment for one of our most faithful members; Eliza Chupco. That was while we lived at the Oak Ridge Mission. One day he came with her to the Mission; and asked if Mr Lilley and I would allow for him to marry her. On account of his heathenism; we were afraid to give our consent; and commenced making objections to it. He then spoke, and said that he knew that he was a heathen. Never had an opportunity of being anything else; but that he loved Eliza; and he would give his word for it; that if we would give our consent; he would never hinder her from attending meeting; or from attending religion; and that he would come with her, himself; and that, perhaps after hearing and knowing more about religion, he might become a christian himself. So with fear and trembling, we gave our consent, and they were married. It turned out even as he had promised. It passed all our expectations. He commenced attending church with her; soon became an inquirer; and then an earnest christian. And during the war, he was one of the most active in collecting the people together; and having prayer meetings, instead of revelling, and drinking, like many soldiers did. When we reorganised the church here at Wewoka; he was chosen as an Elder; and continued to exercise his duties faithfully while he lived. But he was cut down in the prime of life; he was attacked with fever which went to his brain; soon became delirious; and with sorrowing hearts, we saw him declining; until his voice was hushed in death. When he was lying on his deathbed; when his mind was wandering for the most part; he told us to sing; and when we would sing awhile, and stop; he would say it was not good to stop singing. He had been so faithful, that when we laid him in the grave; I felt that my right hand was cut off. Another Elder, was named Yaha; about the time that his wife died; he had a daughter, a little girl; and he

wished us to take her and raise her. Her name was Jenny Wolf. And she came and assisted my wife in taking care of her children. The school was conducted on through the winter and into the summer of 1869.

Irwin was a very quiet child, generally happy, and gave but little trouble. One night in July, he seemed to be frightened in his sleep, and cried some. But we did not suspect that there was anything serious the matter. The next morning at breakfast, he was somewhat fretful; but still ate some breakfast. After breakfast, I hitched up the team to the wagon; and took the children to school, Mary and Maggie. We did not get more than fixed for the day, in carrying on the school; when I saw Jennie come running, carrying the baby on her back( that was Robbie), and when she got within hallooing distance; she hallooed with all her might; and told me to hurry home, for Irwin was very sick; to hurry home, as she feared that he would die. I dismissed school, immediately, caught one of the horses, and jumped on it, and started for home; but when I got there, I saw Eliza standing in the porch, wringing her hands, and crying, and saying that Irwin was gone. I hastened in, and found him, lying stiff in death. We used all our efforts to resuscitate him, bathed him in warm water, and wrapped him with clothes, hoping that he might be resuscitated; but we soon discovered discoloration commencing; and then knew that it was hopeless. He was dead. He had been playing in the yard, his mother said; and she was kneading dough, to make bread, when he came in crying; and said his back hurt him; and she hurried to get her hands out of the dough; but before she could help, he had gone into a spasm. She had to hurry to heat some water; but before she could get the water heated, he was gone; never returned out of that spasm. The death was very sudden, and striking; and soon the news spread throughout the neighborhood; and one of the first who came was Mr. Robb; and taking the little hands, that he had so often caressed, with tears in his eyes, he said, "He was a very dear child". And Chupco came, a great big Indian, and wept like a child. The next day a great number of our Indian friends, accompanying us, we took his remains and deposited them in the cemetery.

We had often written to the Board about the propriety of building a Mission; but they had never authorized us to build one; until in the Autumn of 1869; when they wrote us that they had appropriated twelve hundred dollars to build a Mission on this site. At that time it was impossible to get lumber; that is pine lumber, at this place. But we had decided to build it of wood; and to use the native timber, sawed into lumber, and to build with that. So we selected trees that would be suitable to be sawed into lumber; and cut logs, and hauled them to the sawmill, which had been recently erected at Wewoka. And many a day I spent in the woods, helping to load logs, to be hauled to the sawmill. When we got the lumber sawed; the doors and sashes were ordered from Cincinnati, Ohio; and in the Spring of 1870, the material was on the ground; and the mechanics employed to build the Mission.

In the Autumn of 1869, Major Reynolds was removed, and another agent named Captain Baldwin was appointed in his place. In the Fall of 1869, he was looking out for teachers to fill those schools; but he was proposing to reduce the salary per month; and have more months taught in the year. He made some efforts to fill the schools, but failed in finding teachers. So he asked me if I would take it; but I had at first declined, as I thought I had plenty of other work to do, which was more congenial to my tastes, than to teach school. The salary was nothing to tempt a person to take it, the way he was reducing it; but he insisted that I should take it;



on examination found that it was correct. I then told the merchant that if he would wait a few days, I would pay him what was owing him; but that after that, he would never enter an account against me. "How is that?" says he, "I am willing to credit you, just as much as you want." I told him, that I knew that; but that after awhile he would take all my property. I told him, that I did not intend by that, to stop trading with him; but that I should pay as I went. But if I did not have the money I would not buy; I would only buy, as I had money. He told me that I was foolish. I told him, that I thought not. And I did carry out my plan of not running into debt any further. I worked on the farm, and tried to cultivate the crop that I had planted; but endeavoring to pursue my evangelistic work interfered with my farming. Harvest came on; in order to get my harvest of grain harvested; I was obliged to help all the neighbors cut their harvest; which caused me a great deal of hard work; and a great expenditure of time. All this was comparatively easy to bear in contrast to what trouble was in reserve for me.

Eliza was confined to her room, with her old complaint the Affection of the liver, causing her most excruciating pain. We were driven to extremes for want of funds. Physicians made enormous charges for their attendance. Mrs. Moorehead, who had always been a very kind neighbor; was then a professed Doctor; a Hydropathic doctor. And she professed to be able to cure Eliza. She put her in a Cold Pack, it was called, wrapped her up in cold sheets of water. The dear one suffered for about a week. She got no relief. Finally, she told me one night, that she was now in the pains of child birth. I went for Mrs. Moorehead, in the night; but Mr. Moorehead had become so hard-hearted; that he would not allow her to go, so we had to do the best we could, until I got Dr. Brooks from Sabatha. The next day however, Mrs. Moorehead came; and the doctor came; both attended her. The Doctor of course treated her according to his judgement. For twenty-seven hours she suffered most excruciating pains; the doctor administered into her skin an injection of morphine; afterwards, at four o'clock in the morning of the second day of her confinement, a child was born; and she was full of thanksgiving. Praised the Lord, that he had delivered her. But after a little while she asked where the baby was; it did not cry; and Mrs. Haseltine, or Mrs. Williams, said that it was dead born a little boy.

Soon after the birth of the child, signs of Coma, began to make their appearance. She inclined to sleep. The doctor told me that the signs were not good. So he left me some whiskey to give her, in small quantities, as a stimulant; and for me by no means to allow her to go to sleep. That he would go to Sabatha to telegraph for his father; old Doctor Brooks, to come and consult with him. So after he left, I set myself to work, to try to keep her from going to sleep. But notwithstanding all my efforts to arouse her; in less than a half a minute after I aroused her; she would go to sleep. I would call to her, and she would say; "What is it?" and I would tell her not to go to sleep; to try and set her mind on other things; but in spite of all; she would go to sleep. Then there were signs of discoloration of her extremities, and coldness; and soon it was evident that death had commenced his work. My heart breaking with grief, I asked her if I had ever in any way hurt her feelings; and asked forgiveness of her, if ever I had. And says she: "Am I dying?" says I: I am afraid you are: "Why did you not tell me sooner?" I hoped not to have to do the sorrowful duty of so informing her, I told her. And says she: "It is all right," and she gave me a kiss, and told me: "That she had nothing but love to me." She told me: "To call the children, to bid them good bye." So the

and I at last consented on condition: that if Mr Lilley came to the Territory; that he should have the school instead of me; when he came, so he agreed to that. And he wrote to Mr Lilley that if he would come out here, he would give him a school. Mr Lilley was very glad of the opportunity to come back and live among the Seminoles; as he had said to lay his bones with theirs. And in January 1870 early, he and his family arrived. I turned the school over to him. He was welcomed by all the people; and he and I had many pleasant seasons of conversation; also of holding meetings together. But it was destined that he should not remain here long. He had taught just three months, when he was attacked with Pneumonia, from which he never recovered: but died peacefully, trusting in Jesus, as he had lived. The whole Nation nearly were present at his funeral. AFTER Mr Lilley's death, the Seminoles requested John Lilley to teach the school, that was then vacant. He took charge of it, and taught it for about one year. Our daughters, Mary, Maggie and Addie, attended his school.

The building of the Mission progressed. The frame was raised, and covered and enclosed that summer: but before the carpenter work was entirely finished, the principal carpenter ran away. He had taken a fancy to Jennie Wolf, and had even undertaken to use violence with her, in order to get her to go wrong: but my wife happened to see his movements, which when he perceived, he was frightened, and started and ran as hard as he could toward the Fowoka; and never came back again. His name was Rogers. In the fall of 1870, by the recommendation of Robert Johnson, I hired a colored man to finish the house, named Moucho Hardridge: but he did not come up to my expectations; and after putting up the stairways; and putting in the window sashes, after a fashion; I dismissed him.

In the Winter of 1870, Dr Breinar was appointed U. S. Indian Agent; and being a Presbyterian, he and I counselled together about improvements. We had felt for years that we ought to have a church, and about the time that Dr Breinar came; we had decided to build a church. This was about the time of the reunion of the old and new schools of the Presbyterian church; and it had been proposed by the General Assembly, to have a reunion memorial contribution, for building churches. All the members of the church had subscribed something towards building the church; from fifty dollars down to fifty cents. But Dr Breinar and I applied for a portion of the Memorial Church funds, and succeeded in getting ten hundred and twenty five dollars, which added to what we had subscribed on the ground, enabled us to erect the church at Fowoka. At first, we proposed to build it near the Mission, but the building was delayed for some time.

In the summer of 1870 we experienced a sad change in our church. Some of the members had been seduced by the heathen to join with them in a Ball-play; and one afternoon I beheld one of the most heart sickening sights, that I ever beheld in our church: in the prairie; towards between here and the Line-store; two parties were seen approaching each other; stripped nearly stark naked; grunting and hallooing at each other; and met, and had a Ball-play, and a fight. Among those engaged in it, were quite a large number of our church members. This conduct of course caused remarks, criticising remarks by the remaining christians, criticising their conduct. A few of them manifested repentance and returned; but the greater part remained in their heathenish course; and endeavored to lead others astray to their party; thus depleting the church; until from a membership of more than 150 members it was reduced down so, that hardly thirty members in good standing could be counted. This continued to go on from year to year, which was a great discouragement to me in



my Missionary work; but I have endeavored to do what I could under the circumstances.

On the 5th of April, 1871, another little boy was born, whom we named Charles Hodge. For the most part Eliza enjoyed good health, and looked very fresh and healthy; but she was afflicted with a malady, which was the derangement of the liver, that frequently caused great suffering, most excruciating pain, for many years. But we succeeded ultimately in obtaining relief for her; but its frequently returning, caused her a great deal of suffering, from time to time.

In the spring we made another attempt to finish the Mission building. I employed Charles Kane to do the balance of the carpenter work; and William Morrow, to put up the plastering, and build the flues. It required a great deal of work to obtain the material. The lath, we attempted to have split; but this was a failure; and we were obliged finally to get logs sawed into thin plank, three eighths of an inch thick; and Morrow split them with his hatchet, and they spread out, so there were cracks in them; and he nailed them on, so that they were a set of laths. Got stones and built the flues. He assisted me in burning lime at the limestone prairie and after that, proceeded with the plastering, which he completed in the summer. The house now was finished and ready for occupation.

By the advice of Dr. Breiner, I went East, taking Eliza, Mary, and little Charley, in the Fall of 1871; visiting friends in Pennsylvania, and Livingstone, and returning by way of Cincinnati, where we visited Eliza's relatives. Whilst visiting there, we made some purchases of furniture. Procured the supply of stoves, bedsteads, center table, lounge, chairs, &c., and returning home, in time to open the school, before winter set in. During our absence, we left Maggie, and Addie, and Robbie in the care of their grandmother Lilley. We were only allowed to take in twelve Seminole children six boys and six girls. These, together with our daughters, and Mattie Lilley, made sixteen pupils, in our school. Prominent among the pupils was Thomas McFessy, among the boys; and Alice Brown, among the girls. During the winter of 1871&2, we had very interesting meetings at the Mission; and also at the School house; in which Dr. Breiner took an active part. And during these meetings, our daughters, Mary and Maggie, and also John Lilley, made profession of Faith. Mr William Aird was a very conspicuous character; he also made profession of religion. He was so suspicious, and so passionate; that he was not able to continue long in an even state of mind. He and Dr. Breiner, could not get along together in the church; and caused considerable trouble to keep them both together, in the church. The school session closed in the summer.

My son John, had been living all these years with his Uncle Hugh Livingston, in Ohio. He had availed himself of the privileges of the public school; and was an apt scholar. And, when only eighteen years old; he applied and obtained a position as teacher in the public schools. He was a beautiful writer. He was not satisfied with what attempts he had made; but wished to qualify himself for still higher work. So he used what money he had saved by his teaching during the winter; to enable him to attend the High School during the summer. When we visited there, during the Autumn of 1871, he was in apparent good health. His prospects were bright; and he was making preparations to enter the college at Wooster; expecting to prepare himself for the Medical Profession. But we met with a sad surprise, in the spring of 1872, informing us that he was sitting at his desk writing one morning; when a friend came in, and made some jovial remark; which caused him to laugh

heartily; and with that he had a hemorrhage of the lungs. From time to time, he wrote through the early part of the summer; telling us of repeated hemorrhages. After corresponding concerning his case, it was decided that he should come down to Indian Territory; and try the climate here, for his health. So in August, he came, accompanied by his friend A. Dinsmore, as far as Tallahassee Mission; and wrote me of his arrival. And Maggie and I went to meet him, in the carriage; and he accompanied us to the Mission. After John's arrival he put himself under the care of Dr. Breiner; and his medicine for a time seemed to benefit him. We had an abundance of fine peaches, which John ate, and enjoyed, and gained in flesh, so that in four months that he lived here he had gained as much as ten pounds in weight. The school commenced in the Fall again; and for a time John took his seat at the table; and in a measure helped us in our work. But about the first of November, Dr. Breiner went away to Kansas; and while he was gone, John's medicine was exhausted; and although he wrote to the doctor for more, he failed to send it. Soon John began to experience symptoms of his disease returning. About the first of December, he was attacked by a hemorrhage of the lungs, which bled one whole night; and so disabled him, that he never spoke much again above a whisper; kept his bed, and died on the 5th of December, 1872. We hoped that he died in Jesus; he had made profession of religion, some years ago. Another sorrowful duty, we were called to perform, in carrying his remains to the Cemetery.

The expenses of running the Mission were considerable. The Board cautioned me against running in debt; but at the end of the year 1872, I found that I had over-reached the amount that the Board had appropriated. That together with the discouraging state of affairs in our church, decided me to resign. I sent in my resignation to the Board; and put it in such terms, as they felt that they were precluded from insisting on my remaining. It was perhaps a rash step. The Seminoles were surprised. Jumper came and insisted on my remaining; and all the people appeared to be very sorry that I was about to leave. John Brown, supposing that Dr. Breiner was the cause of it, was perfectly indignant, until I told him, that Dr. Breiner, so far as I knew, had nothing to do with it.

In March, 1873, we left the Mission. We took with us our five children; three daughters and two sons; and also Hattie Lilley, stopping on our way at the Tallahassee Mission. Then taking cars at Muscogee, we proceeded to Kansas, where we were obliged to make a new beginning. Teams to be bought, farming utensils; and before I could plow the land; the stalks, that were on it from the last crop, had to be rolled; which was enormous work. I had bought a team, but one of them was false. Everything was to be bought, which cost us a great deal, although we tried to live very economically. Money grew very scarce; and I was about disheartened; enjoyed but little happiness during that summer. Still I was not indifferent to evangelistic work; but embraced every opportunity to preach. Preaching, at home, in the neighborhood, and also at a distance. I endeavored to open a place at Beattie, in Marshall County, Kansas, went once to preach. Also I preached at Capioma, in the southern part of Nemaha County. But no permanent preaching station had yet been assigned me.

As an instance of my great concern, not to run into debt, and thus lose what little property we had. I, one day, asked Mr. Collins, the merchant at Sabetha, for a statement of my account; he drew it up, and handed it to me. I knew that I was in debt; but was greatly surprised, in finding that it amounted to \$75.00; but



little children, some of them too young, to know the value of a mother; all bade her good bye: and she kissed them all. Maggie the oldest, put her arms around her neck and said: "Oh mother live for us and she said: "I would fondly stay for your sakes, my dears; but if it is the Lord's will to call me away: I commit you into the Lord's hands. Put your trust in Jesus." She left messages for her mother and sisters, saying: "I go to Jesus, meet me in Heaven," and then calmly passed away. That was on the 21st day of October, 1873.

On the next day, the neighbors from all around, in that region attended the funeral, which took place at the Rock Creek School House where the first religious services were held: and then we deposited her in the Cemetery at Rock Creek, along side of little Sarah: at whose graves, there are now tombstones marking the spot where their remains lie. Deep sorrow fell upon us, when we saw the vacancy, that was occasioned, by the departure of the dear one. Mattie Hill soon returned to her mother and friends, in Indian Territory.

When I attempted housekeeping, with my four little children, Maggie twelvemonths old: Addie ten: Robbie five: and Charley three. The remaining of Autumn and winter that followed: was one of the most lonely sad seasons, through which I was ever called to pass. The little girls had never undertaken to cook and keep house: but necessity forced them to learn to undertake it. And they used their utmost endeavors to make our home cheerful. Whilst I sat in our sitting room and nursed Charley; and made sport for Robbie; the two girls were in the kitchen preparing the meals, and singing a duet. For they were both blessed with good voices by nature, and delighted in music: but their want of knowledge of cooking, was a great inconvenience; especially in preparing bread and baking it. And as we wished the children to go to school: we only aimed to have two meals a day. The little girls rode the ponies, and took the two little boys with them, on the ponies, to school; after breakfast; remaining there through the day: and I staying at home by myself. And as I had no funds; in order to procure the means of our support, I was obliged to cut down trees: and split them into posts: then haul them to Sabetha: sell them: and with the proceeds, procure the groceries and the clothing.

Still determined not to lose our farm, I would not go in debt. In the winter I needed a pair of boots. I had hauled a lot of posts to town: and the price was calculated: and I asked the merchant to let me look at his boots, which he did; and I selected a pair. I told him if he saw fit to put this pair up for me, when I got money sufficient to pay for them, I would take them. He insisted that I should take them then, and he would wait for the balance of the pay, which was fifty cents: but I declined: and told him, that I would make the old boots last, until I would come to town, with some more posts: and then I would have plenty: and he should not enter any account against me. The want of skill in making bread; and the scarcity of meals; having but two meals a day, proved unhealthful to me: and for a time I became quite emaciated; and was afraid that the poor children perhaps, would be left orphans, indeed but Mrs Moorehead volunteered her kind services in coming and teaching the girls how to make bread: and after a time our cooking was better: and I bought some apples at Sabetha, and ate freely of them which proved beneficial, and I was restored to my health again.

After the great bereavement, I was impressed more forcibly than ever with a sense of duty in exercising my Ministerial powers; and Dr Cooper, who was then pastor of the Presbyterian church at Atchison, interested himself, in stating my case to Dr. Timothy Hill.

The Synodical missionary of Kansas, who wrote me inviting me to come to his home in Kansas City, and that he would give me recommendations to some vacant churches, where I could go and preach, and if it was agreeable to the people I might go there as a minister, or as stated supply. Accordingly early in January, I left the little children under the care of a German named Fred Gaul and also Mrs Moorehead had a supervision of them and started from Sabetha in the cars on my southern trip: proceeding to Kansas City, where I visited and spent the night with Dr. Hill, at his home. Then with his letters of recommendation, I went to a place, introduced myself with my papers, to an elder, a doctor, was not received favorably by him, and concluded that I would go to another place, called Spring Hill, where I arrived and staid over Sabbath and preached. But there was another candidate there, Mr Carroll, who had received an invitation from the people to preach there. So after Sabbath I took passage to another place that had been recommended, LaCygne. There I had quite a long eventful candidacy, travelling from one place to another: preaching in company with one of the elders; who was a Colporteur, named Pulsom; who accompanied me to different points of preaching, in the bounds of the congregation. During the week previous to the Sabbath, and during our travelling, his wagon broke down, and I exercised my ingenuity in helping him to mend his wagon, sufficiently, so that we could take it to where it could be mended. I remained there until Sabbath, lodging part of the time at his house. He lived in LaCygne. On Sabbath I preached in the church, in the morning, and again at night. I waited Monday morning to know their decision; whether they would call me to preach for them or not; and was informed their decision was that they did not wish me to preach for them.

I then concluded to return to my home, as I had not succeeded in obtaining a place of preaching. But soon after my unsuccessful trip: I received letters from Dr. Lowrie, the Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, stating that Mr Gilles, who had succeeded me at the Wewoka Mission, had resigned: and asking me to return and take up my old field of labor. After due consideration and prayer, I concluded to accept the offer; purposing to leave the farm, and what stock I had there in the hands of John Lilley: also leaving my son James R. in his hands, to be cared for. Made arrangements to send Maggie to Hillsborough, Ohio, to school: providentially guided to do it, by corresponding with Dr. Lowrie: and thus an opening was made for her being placed under that excellent teacher and Christian, Miss Grand Girard. It was also decided that Addie and Charley, the baby, should accompany me to Indian Territory.

So in the spring of 1874, we all started for Sabetha, one morning: there we had farewell with those we were leaving behind. Then accompanied by Maggie, Addie and Charley, I proceeded down to St. Joseph, Missouri. Found that the train passing on towards Cincinnati, was almost ready to start. I hastened to procure a ticket for Maggie, and placed her in the sleeping car: putting her in the care of the conductor: and as I looked at her small figure occupying that seat, all alone in the car; going all that distance alone; I felt like placing her in the hands of God entirely. We then repaired to our hotel: as our train going south: did not leave until about midnight. When it arrived, I took Addie and baby Charley, and entering the train, we passed on to Kansas City: and then to Ft. Scott; where we had to lay over again, until after midnight. Charley was very fretful, so much so, that Addie could not eat; had no opportunity of sitting down at her meals. When the time for the train came, he was sleeping: and we had to walk a considerable distance: but a gentleman, whom we had known in Indian Territory, was



there and volunteered to carry him down to the Depot. And so we proceeded down to Muscogee, where we found a buggy waiting us, that had been sent by Mr Brown; Charley Kane, driver. From there we came to Wewoka; and after stopping at Mrs Lilley's at Wewoka town, we went up to Mr J Brown's; and there took up our boarding for the summer. Of course, Charley was taken care of by his Aunts. Whilst Addie attended the school, which was taught in the basement of the church, by Mrs Constant. We were in great suspense to know what had become of Maggie; until we got a letter, stating that she had arrived in Hillsborough, in safety. Had met with no mishaps on the way, but had made friends on her way, and surprised Miss Grand Girard and the pupils, one morning, when she made her appearance at the gate all alone. They inquired, who the little thing was; and she said she was Maggie Ramsay; and from that time she was lionised for her smartness in every respect. During the summer of 1874 I worked very constantly as an Evangelist, preaching at many places, in the Seminole Nation; attending campmeetings in the Creek Nations as well as in the Seminole Nation; also preached for the Shawnee, and to the Potawatamies; ministering at the same time to the church at Wewoka.

During my absence, the year I had been absent, the Wewoka Stone Church, had been built under the direction of Dr. Breiner; and instead of preaching in the old dilapidated school house, I now had a pleasant church to preach in. During the summer, I had corresponded with Miss Grand Girard, respecting the propriety of taking Addie, as a pupil in the school; expecting no doubt, to have to pay for her expenses: as Maggie had been taken in gratis, without charge. But I received an answer, stating that they would take Addie also, on the same terms; and she could board with a gentle christian lady, next door to the Institute, where she and Maggie could see each other every day; and attend the Institute; the lady was Mrs. Miller. So in October, I started East, taking Addie with me. First attending the meeting of Presbytery, in Parsons, Kansas; and then at the solicitation of the family, where we staid, during Presbytery, left Addie with them, until I would go and attend the meeting of Synod in Emporia, and return. On my return from Synod, Addie accompanied me East, on our way to Hillsborough. We stopped in Cincinnati, in order to see some of our friends; and to buy Addie suitable clothing. We stopped with her Great Aunt Margaret Lilley. And her daughter, Mrs Mary McLibbin, accompanied Addie and me to Sixth Street, to a clothing store; and helped me select suitable clothing for Addie. Then we proceeded to Hillsborough. Got there late in the evening. Drove up to the Institute; thinking we would surprise Maggie; but she had heard it; and we soon heard her voice saying "Oh Addie is coming". It was an enjoyable sight to see the two sisters meet and embrace each other. I remained in Hillsborough a few days, during which time, I had their pictures taken, and mine; and seeing them properly established, I bade them farewell, and proceeded on East.

I went as far as New York, visited the Mission House; saw the Secretaries, and had conferences with them about my work. Returned to my old home in Pennsylvania. Spent several weeks there visiting amongst relatives; and having many delightful conversations with my dear mother. Then bade her, and all there farewell; which proved to be the last time that I ever saw her lovely face. I then returned to Indian Territory, found little Charley well; and continued to board at Mr Brown's; continuing my ministerial work. In the early part of the summer, Dr Breiner had left, as the Government refused to appropriate more funds for the support of the Seminole Agent.

I had been appointed by the Board to come and take charge of

the mission property. When I arrived in the spring, Mr Constant was occupying the Mission Building; and farming the place; and his wife was teaching school. But after Dr Breiner had left, his wife concluded that it would be better for them to move over to the Agency Building on account of it being more convenient for her school, as she taught in the basement of the church. When I became aware of this, I concluded that I should come and occupy the Mission Building myself, when they moved out. So in February, 1875 I came and took up my abode, alone, in the Mission: still boarding at Mrs Lilley's, going there for my breakfast and supper: and through the day either remaining at home; or riding through the country, preaching. I then bought what stock belonged to the Mission; as there was no school carried on: and they gave me two; and I bought the balance about ten: and this was the commencement of the present herd, which I now have.

On my way back home from the East, in the previous Autumn I had stopped at Highland, Kansas; and while there, formed the acquaintance of a lady, Miss Mary L. Dismant, residing there. After which we commenced a correspondence, which resulted in an engagement, which resulted in our marriage, on the sixth day of April, 1875. After our marriage, we visited the old Rock Creek place, occupied by John Liley, and after our visit, took Robbie with us down to our home in Indian Territory. On our way, we attended the meeting of Presbytery at Ft. Gibson. I bought a carriage at Muskogee, on my way to Kansas. I had left my horse; that I rode down there, and after the meeting of Presbytery, I bought another horse; and we three came home in the new buggy.

I had engaged the services of a young half breed, who had been attending school in Kansas, named Jack Harrison, who agreed to interpret for me: and to study under me: and prepare for the ministry. He came to the Mission, and staid about three months, and then broke his agreement and left.

After our return from Kansas, we took Charley over also, and took him into our care, as well as Robbie; so that the two brothers were together once more. I cultivated our garden; and took care of the orchard. I preached at different points, every Sabbath; making many missionary visits to different points.

After Jack Harrison left us, I employed Thomas Cloud as Interpreter, in which he continued to assist me about a year. One of the places we preached at stated times, was over Little River, which is now the site of the Acheha Church. The meetings were generally very well attended: and we had many accessions to the church, of course to the Wewoka Church then, as there was no separate organization. Amongst those who united, was Alexander Crain. At one time we had quite a recreation: he had a seine; and invited us all, who attended the meeting, to assist him in the fishing at a pond near there; at which we caught quite a quantity of fish. After which, we all united together in building an arbor, under which to hold the meetings. At that time John Chupco, was a member of our church, and was very friendly. He attended some of these meetings, and took an active part in them.

In the Autumn of 1875, we had quite an interesting campmeeting at Wewoka; in which, the Rev. Samuel Stoddard, assisted us: and remained after the meeting some days, during which he accompanied me in an exploring expedition into the Creek Country, with a view of opening up missionary work in what was called the heathenish part of the Creek Nation.



The Missionaries had been separated by the war: some going North and some going South. Among those going South, was Rev Mr Loughridge. He and I had kept up a correspondence, ever since the means of communication had been opened. In the Fall of 1875, he wrote me that he was going to bring his daughters up north, and place them in school: and that on his way back to Texas, he would like to meet me at the North Fork Mission, which was then under the care of Joseph Perriman: and under the direction of the Southern Board of Foreign Missions: for the purpose of holding together a protracted meeting, at that place. I agreed to meet him; and started in company with my family to go: my wife, and two sons accompanying me. Just as we were nearing the place, where we expected to camp, for the night, in our travel: the axle tree of our buggy broke. So we concluded that we would have to give up our contemplated meeting, and return home. And the next morning, we started for home, but we had not proceeded far, until we overhauled a large rattlesnake, which ran across the road: and stopped near the road: and I was so tempted to kill the rattler, that I got out of the buggy, and commenced to fight it with a carriage whip: without having placed the lines in my wife's hands. No sooner had I struck the rattler, than the horses started, and ran with full speed through the timber: and I expected that all in the buggy would be killed. But Providence willed they did not run more than a hundred yards, when the buggy struck a tree, and the horses were released from the buggy. The buggy overturned, and my wife and Robbie met with some bruises, but not fatal; and Charley had not even a scratch. And then I was obliged to ride eight miles in order to procure a wagon to put them all in, to return home in. So we failed to meet Mr Loughridge, and assist in the anticipated campmeeting, and came home.

During the vacation of 1875, our two daughters at Hillsborough visited their friends in Pennsylvania: and thus had one opportunity of seeing their grandmother. From the time that they left us, until they graduated, every week letters passed between us: as I considered it a very important part of duty, to keep up a weekly correspondence with the children that were away at school. So that we knew that they were advancing in their studies. Maggie had professed religion, before she went there: but Addie had become a christian, and was converted during a protracted meeting, while she was at Hillsborough. And, under the guidance of that excellent christian lady, Miss Grand Girard, they not only received literary attention; but also their spiritual life was cared for. And it was then, while they were pursuing their studies, that they consecrated themselves to their Master's service. I knew that besides talent for studies, Maggie had a peculiar talent for music: and from the very start, encouraged her to make that a specialty, in her studies: and while she improved her opportunities, it soon became evident, that she was one of the best musicians in the institution. And when Addie arrived at the proper age; she was too young, when she first came, she also took lessons in music: and it soon became noted, that the two sisters did have musical talent: and they were often invited to entertainments, temperance meetings, in the towns surrounding Hillsborough: to sing and play on the organ, at the meetings. Those who had sent for them showing their appreciation by putting a little pocket book in their hand, which when opened, was found to contain, seven eight, or ten dollars at times: as a present they had given them. Maggie was a beautiful writer, and was selected to be the secretary of the Institution. I saw a notice in one of the Hillsborough papers, in which her penmanship was praised as being one of the best scribes, whose communications had ever been published by the paper. She gave lessons in penmanship in the In-

stitution. Also she graduated, and received a Diploma in Vocalist the end of her Sophomore year, and was chosen then as teacher of Vocal, instead of her former teacher, who had gone elsewhere, which position she occupied until the end of her course: and graduated in Instrumental Music, at the close of her course, as she did in her other studies. Miss Grand Girard frequently wrote telling me of my two daughters. Stating that they were conscientious students. Stating that they were among the best, in the best class of students. That Maggie had devoted herself to the Missionary work: and which she thought was right; "that the Lord should have the finest of the wheat as his share". That, she made in reply to a friend visiting, who was speaking of Maggie's talent: that she could occupy a position as an actress: or some high position as a teacher: that would be remunerative: but she, Miss Grand Girard, thought "that the Lord was entitled to the finest of the wheat", comparing her talent to that. During the greater part of her course at Hillsborough she was teacher in the African Sabbath School.

One of the places of preaching was at the White House, owned by an Indian, a prominent Seminole, named Pus Haco; he had hesitated a long time between: whether he would be a Presbyterian or a Baptist. The Baptists tried to persuade him to be immersed: and I tried to persuade him to be a christian, without saying much about baptism. After a time, it became evident, that his health was failing. That he must decide one way or the other before long. So he invited Robert Johnson and me to visit him at his house, which we did: and conversed freely with him, on certain questions that he asked respecting baptism. We taught him according to the Scriptures, and after hearing the scriptural account, he decided to be a Presbyterian; and at an appointed time, on a certain Sabbath, accompanied by some of the Elders of the church, and John Chupco and interpreters; I baptised him, and his four children. This was in March 1876.

It was in that same month, that we heard the sad news of mother's death; lacking only about one month of being seventy six years of age, at the time of her death. Her death was peaceful, relying entirely on Christ, as she had done during her life.

That being the year of the Centennial, we decided to visit our friends in the East: and also to visit the Exposition at Philadelphia: leaving our two sons in the care of their relatives, Mr Browns we proceeded on eastward. First going to Philadelphia, visited the Exposition Buildings two days; and then proceeded to New Jersey, and visited Mrs Ramsay's friends. After which returned to Philadelphia on our way towards Delta, Pennsylvania. In boarding the cars, to start westward from Philadelphia: I was robbed by some men jostling me, on the platform of the cars; and then abstracting my pocket-book, which contained about forty dollars: and also our trunk checks. But we proved our trunks in York; and Mrs Ramsay happened to have a little wallet of money besides; and we succeeded in paying our fare to Delta. It was pleasant to meet dear ones there, but one was absent, that had been the great center of affection; my dear mother. Father and I went together to Slaterville cemetery, and there he pointed out to me the place where they had laid mother; and alongside of her, he marked the spot, where he requested that when he left, he might be laid. Father was very kind. He had a buggy, and often took me around visiting to different places. One place that he and I went to, was Slateridge cemetery. We spent an hour or two looking at the tombstones of our ancestors and others. Some of them had been lying there for 140 years. But mother's absence began to make a great difference in the accommodations and



and the happiness of our visits to Delta. And it soon became evident, that the happy resort, that we had enjoyed at the old homestead, was broken up. And, although, we visited there, frequently since, our welcomes there, has seemed to be more and more less cordial. After spending some weeks in Delta and the vicinity, we started towards our Indian Territory home; stopping on the way in Hillsborough. One day, we were very royally entertained, by a very wealthy lady, Mrs Evans. Her parlor was thrown open to us; and her piano was there; and the girls entertained us with very sweet music, which they had learned. After spending some time with Miss Grandvirard; and also with Mrs Miller, where Addie lived: we again bade them good bye, and pursued our journey westwards. Stopping at Mrs Cannady's at Vermillion Grove, Illinois: and then returning to the Mission: and our sons enjoying good health.

I continued my work as an Evangelist; besides ministering to the Wewoka church and the people, I held religious services at different places, as the way was opened. Our sons were with us: and we endeavored to teach them their duty, instructing them in the first rudiments of learning and also of religion. Since my return to the Indian Territory, I had been receiving a salary from the Board, at first of one thousand dollars a year: which had been cut down to nine hundred dollars. In the Fall of 1876, I received a communication from the Secretary of the Board, stating that a Ladies Missionary Society in New York wished to pay Mrs. Ramsay's salary; which would not increase my salary; but would be that much less that the Board would have to pay. It was a salary which would amount to three hundred dollars. He also mentioned that the lady, who had corresponded with him: had expressed her surprise and disappointment, that there was no school in connection with the Seminole Mission. That she expressed a desire that a school should be established; and that their Society might be the beginning of contributors towards supporting the school. Dr Lewis, the Secretary advised, that I consult with the Chief, with respect to commencing a small school at the Mission. I did so, and he laid the matter before the Council. I told him, that if they would support a number of scholars, with the funds of the Nation; that the Board would support an equal number, with the funds of the Board. So after considerable discussion; the Council decided to appropriate \$450.00, for the support of six boys in the school, at the Mission: of which, when I informed the Board, they appropriated enough to support six more. So that we had the provision made for a school of twelve pupils: and made preparations for commencing the school, in the Fall of 1877.

Mrs Constant was a great favorite with Chuceo: and wished to have a place in this new school, that we were starting; but we Missionaries did not think that she would be a suitable one to be associated with us. But she had so much influence with Chuceo, that he one day absolutely told me, that we must take Mrs Constant in as a teacher. I told him that I would ask my wife about it: which I did. She said that if he insists on Mrs Constant's being a teacher: we will have nothing to do with the school. To the next day, on Sabbath, after church was over; he asked me what conclusion I had come to: and I told him. Thomas Cloud was there, and he did not want us to be out of the school: so he used his influence with Chuceo, not to be hasty about accepting our resignations, as teachers in his school; and Chuceo invited us to come and see him, at his house, that afternoon, which I did: and even then, he was very much set on having Mrs Constant in the school: but I told him, that whilst Mrs Constant was a good teacher, when

she was working by herself: that we did not think she was fit to be associated with others in the school: and he decided that we, should take the school without Mrs Constant being connected with it..

In the fall of 1877: before time of commencing the school: we had a campmeeting at Wewoka, and by previous notice, the Presbytery was called to meet here, for the purpose of licensing two native candidates for the Ministry: Kowe Haco: and Waksuce Tanyan. At that time we belonged to the Presbytery of Neosho, Kansas. We were happy to welcome a number of Ministers to that campmeeting, and the meeting of Presbytery. They were: Elliott: Robertson: Stoddard: McGreary: and Wilner. The meeting was well attended: and we had good preaching and hope good was done. The Presbytery met, and examined and licensed those two men to preach the Gospel. Also recommended that members of the church contribute in part at least, for their support: and did prevail on certain ones to subscribe. Chupco and Robert Johnson, each subscribed twenty dollars: and two white men: Mr Constant and Mr Long, each subscribed twenty dollars: and the other members of the church: although it was a new thing to them: they all subscribed something.

This was one thing, amongst others, that we tried to teach our people; Systematic Benevolence; so that ever since we have endeavored to take up our collections, systematically for benevolent objects. Such as: Foreign Missions: Home Missions: Education: for Church Erection: Publication: Ministerial Relief: Freedmen: Aid For Colleges: and the General Assembly.

In October, the school opened, with twelve Indian pupils, and our sons. I was principal teacher myself: except when certain calls required me to be out of school; when Mrs Ramsay took charge of it. The afternoon of one day of each week was appropriated to teaching the Native Ministers: and during that season of instruction Mrs Ramsay took charge of the school. The ministers during that year, manifested considerable zeal, in their work: and our church session also endeavored to keep up good discipline in the church. But by so doing, we incurred the opposition and persecution of certain persons. The case that most affected us, was that of John Chupco: soon after we had commenced school, he moved his home from near the Mission to a place in Mokesuky Town: and a man whom we called his shadow, named Kapetouche, also made his home there. To our sorrow, we soon found out that neither of these men attended church very often at Wewoka. In order to remedy that as much as possible, we tried to procure the appointment of preaching at Chupco's house: but soon discovered that we were not well received. Kapetouche, and some others were out playing marbles, whilst there was preaching. And it was reported that Chupco had gone into a bush house: and sat there all night, to drink medicine, while they were dancing around him. There was a Council at Wewoka, about the time that we had our meetings of the Session, at which time Chupco was with us: and told us what he had been doing. That he had gone into the Bush. That he had drank medicine. And also that he had drank whiskey. After he had done telling this: Kowe Haco was deputed to reprove him: as we had no interpreter: and Robert Johnson had gone home: and he reproved him sharply: and forbade him doing so again: which made Chupco angry. And from that day, he continued to oppose us: growing more and more bitter: notwithstanding all my efforts to pacify him: until finally he left the church, and joined the Methodists. It would take a long time to tell all the persecution that I endured from Chupco. He even tried to turn me out of the church. But I am glad to know, that he lived to say; that I



was not his enemy. And before his death, he visited me; and we had a very friendly conversation together, the last time he visited me; and he continued a member of the Methodist church until his death. He died very suddenly at Newoka.

In the summer of 1878, we had an examination of the school, at which, quite a number of the chiefs were present: and were very much gratified with the progress of the pupils; as shown at the close of the school term. They proposed that the school should be enlarged. So, at the opening of the second term, our school was increased, from twelve to eighteen. We endeavored to give the children, both Literary and Scriptural instruction: and some of the pupils became quite skillful in tracing the maps: and relating the circumstances, which occurred to the Children of Israel as they journeyed in the Wilderness: and also the Missionary journeys of the Apostle Paul.

In the mean time, Mrs Constant had still been carrying on her school, at the Agency building. She fancied that it would be a good opportunity to show her skill in teaching, to have a competitive contest between the two Sunday Schools: hers and ours: and invited us to come over to the church: and we would have alternative exercises before the audience that might be present. I did not know whether we could compete with her or not: because some of her pupils understood english, and drilled a long time: but nevertheless consented to undertake it: and drilled our pupils accordingly. And when we met our children did better than we dared expect: so much so: that they received a great deal of applause from the people. But after two contests of that kind; Mrs Constant, found that she was well worsted: and when we had the third contest, she did not appear: but made the excuse that she could not bring the organ down to the church. So after that we had no more contests.

At the Examination, at the close of 1879, in the summer, it proved so Satisfactory, that the Chiefs that were present, and the influential men decided unanimously; that our building must be enlarged, and more pupils must be taken in. So that Summer, when Council met, they made arrangements to build us another house.

Soon after the close of the school, we made arrangements for going East: in order to witness Maggie's graduation. And we took our sons with us: and we had the happiness of witnessing the Graduating Exercises, which were attended by a very large congregation of people. And all heard Maggie's Valedictory: as she had taken the first honor of her class. The bouquets were sent up, thick and fast to her. Whenever she spoke, there was dead silence; as if the people wanted to hear every word that she spoke. I took part in the exercises offering the introductory prayer: the part assigned me in the programme. After the exercises, were closed; many persons came, and congratulated me: asking me, if I was not proud of my daughter? Stating, if I was not, I ought to be. My reply was, that I was thankful that my daughter had succeeded so well in her studies. We remained there, after examination, until after Sabbath and on Sabbath afternoon, we attended a farewell reception that was given to Maggie, by the African Sunday School; that was truly encouraging: presents were given as tokens of their appreciation of her worth: as well as speeches made; expressive of their regard. On leaving Hillsborough, we took our two daughters with us. We proceeded on to our old home in Delta, Pennsylvania.

In the summer of 1879, there was a Seminole woman accused of

witch-craft; and she was tried before the Seminole Council, and condemned to be executed. The Constants took great interest in the so called witch; and tried to have the sentence revoked. They had asked me to use my influence in her behalf. Asked me to go to the Council and make a speech. This I knew was impossible, as no person outside of the Council was allowed to enter. But I had talked to influential members of the Council; trying to show them, that it was wrong to execute the woman. At the last hour the woman was released. The Constants said that she was released because of a request to that effect by the United States Indian Agent, who had been informed by them of the case. The Seminoles, themselves say, that that, was not the truth. That they of their own accord, released her. Some time after the woman had been released; I was greatly surprised to receive a letter from Dr. Timothy Will, telling me, that he was very sorry to hear that a woman was accused of witch-craft, and that I refused to use my influence to have her released; and also that Mrs Constant, the brave woman, had not ceased her efforts, until she succeeded in obtaining her release. Dr Will wished to know how the case was. I wrote him stating the facts in the case; but that did not satisfy him. And so much did he interest himself in the case; that I was told by members of the Presbytery, that he intended to have me arraigned before Presbytery, for not using my influence to save the poor woman. But before the meeting of Presbytery, at which he expected to arraign me; John Jumper wrote a letter exonerating me; and showing that it was not through the Agent's influence; but through his, that the woman was turned loose. And that it was owing to instructions that he had received from me, when he was inquiring respecting christian duty, and christian belief, that he had renounced the superstition of witch-craft; that he ceased to have any belief in such a thing. Stating that when the matter was brought up before the Seminole Council; and they were making their laws; that he inquired of me whether there was such a thing as witch-craft, taught in the Bible; and that I had said there was not; and that he had founded his belief on what I had told him. And that when he heard that the Council had condemned her, he sent word to it to let her loose; as there was no such thing as witch-craft. I took the letter with me; expecting to produce the letter, when the charge was made; to show that the charge was unfounded. But Mr W. L. Squier, who was acquainted with the case; and was a friend of Dr Will and myself; as soon as Dr Will made his appearance, informed him not to bring up that thing before Presbytery, because he would certainly be worsted. The consequence was, that when Presbytery met, Dr Will appeared to be reconciled; and treated me with a great deal of friendship, instead of arraigning me. From that time until his decease, we were good friends.

After visiting the re in Pennsylvania a short time, amongst the friends there. We left out two sons in the charge of our brother William; and with our two daughters, went to New Jersey. We enjoyed our visit very much with Mrs Ramsay's friends in her home; especially with Howard and Abbie Diamant and Mattie Garrison. We first visited the bay; and afterwards went with an excursion to Cape May, where we had a sea-bath, and a very enjoyable day. Our daughters were very much appreciated amongst the friends in New Jersey. Mr & Mrs Shoemaker invited Maggie and Addie to spend their time of visiting at their home; a palatial residence; and also invited us to tea. We returned from New Jersey by way of Philadelphia and spent a day in seeing some of the curiosities, especially the Zoological Gardens, and what remained of the Centennial Exhibition buildings. After which we returned to Delta. And leaving our son Robbie, in the care of his Uncle Cooper, and taking Charley with us, and



the two daughters, we bade them farewell and started again for the Indian Territory. We left first by way of York and had their pictures taken, and then proceeded on by way of Cincinnati: where we had a sad parting with Addie, who left us there, to return to Hillsborough, to complete her Seminary course.

In the mean time, Mr Miller had died: and Mrs Miller broke up housekeeping: after which Addie was taken into the Seminary, as a boarder: and I continued to pay her boarding until she graduated. Addie's ambition to study was unbounded: and he studied with so much zest: that she well nigh broke down her constitution: but she succeeded in taking the highest standing in her classes. No honors were given. But when she came home with her Diploma and her grade card, she had 100 in everything.

After bidding Addie good bye at Cincinnati, and seeing her start we proceeded on westward: and came back to the Mission: and found a new building had been erected, but not finished. Maggie had been appointed assistant teacher at this Mission. The Woman's Board would have appointed her musician to the Woodstock Mission, in the Himalayas: but Dr Lewis opposed it: on account of her youth: so she was appointed to our Mission. So when the school commenced in the Fall of 1879: she commenced as principal teacher. The school was then increased to thirty three pupils. I assisted her somewhat in the school: part of the day: but she was in the school every day. Her health was good: and she was always at her place: and performed good work as a teacher. Also was learning the Muscogee language, and was making preparations to learn it thoroughly, if she had remained. But during that term, in the Spring, early, in 1880: she received letters from the Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, asking her to accept the appointment in Bogota, South America. She counseled with us about whether she should accept or not. Willing to do whatever the Lord appointed her to do. After due consideration and prayer, she decided to accept the appointment: and to be transferred from the Wewoka Mission to the Bogota Mission. In the summer of 1880, Addie graduated and returned home: having been appointed by the Board as assistant at this Mission instead of Maggie who had been transferred to Bogota Mission.

The time appointed for Maggie's sailing, was in August, and the intervening time the two sisters enjoyed as much as possible each others company: knowing that the time was drawing near when they should have to part again. It is sad to part with our dear ones: but when we know that they are engaged in the Master's service, we can the more readily give them up. As the time was drawing near, when Maggie should leave: we took her and Addie to Econtuchka, and together we paid a visit and she said farewell to her friends there. Many were the calls made on her by different individuals, both Indians and Africans expressing their regrets at her departure, and asking God's blessing on her. Arrangements had been made for her to accompany Rev. Mr. Caldwell and his wife: and she was to meet them in New York. And when she started on the 11th of August, Addie and I accompanied her to Eufaula: and we had much happy and yet sad conversation on our journey: and when she took her departure, we accompanied her to the train: and when I bade her good bye; she held on to my hand with such a grasp, that I was obliged to shake her hands off, in order to get off the train: and came near getting hurt. Her warm nature caused her to cling to me at the last, and she did not think as she was going all alone, away from friends and home what the future might be. She visited her friends Mr Bareels at Canton, Illinois. Also called at Hillsborough and bade farewell

to friends there. Then went to Pennsylvania and after paying them a visit, and bidding them farewell there; was accompanied by her brother Robbie and her Uncle Cooper to New York; who saw her on board the steamer, Alta, and bade her farewell. We committed her into the hands of God: and he cared for her. And although she suffered some sea-sickness, she arrived at her Mission Station in good health. Her letters describing her journey and her arrival there: and the people and surroundings were very interesting to us, and we regarded her letters as almost sacred.

In the Fall of 1880, our school again opened: Addie and I being teachers: and the number of pupils was still increased somewhat. It was during that term, that we felt much encouraged by what appeared to be a revival of religion in the school. Many of them professed to have been converted: and the Session met at the Mission; and examined the candidates: and from time to time a number of them were baptized: so that before the close of that term, as many as seventeen of the pupils had united with the church. But they did not hold out. Some of them fell in a few weeks into sin. Some continued to pray until the end of the term; when they went into all manner of wickedness, during the vacation. One told me that he was not able to pray, because he had played ball; his brothers had made him play ball; and he went on from bad to worse, until about the time when he struck Addie, and then tried to kill me with a club; which I parried; and then sent him home. One of the boys was sent to Wooster. He went there with the avowed purpose of studying for the Ministry. Dr Taylor wrote as if very favorably impressed with him. But during his second year, he discovered some traits of dishonesty, and advised that he should be taken home; that he was not fit for the Ministry. He is now a candidate for the Ministry in the Baptist church: has been sent to the Indian University, and no doubt will one day come out a flaming Baptist Minister; one of our refuse. Some still live and have returned to their duty; others are living careless lives. Some have died in the christian hope, others without hope.

According to previous arrangement, our son Robbie started to the University of Wooster, to school, the 1st of January 1881. His Uncle Cooper went with him as far as Harrisburg. He was then little over twelve years old: and had never travelled alone: but he managed to reach Wooster in safety. On arriving, inquired for Dr Taylor's house. When he arrived, he found that neither the doctor nor his wife were at home; but the children were there: so he waited until the doctor returned. The Dr. wrote me that he was very much moved, when he saw a little boy in his house. That he was brave to have come that journey by himself. He welcomed him: and the next thing was to set about his boarding. First thought of procuring his boarding, at some other house: but he seemed so young: and had already won the good-will of the children: that he thought it a pity to remove him; and his wife remarked that he might remain with them that winter. Dr said that by pushing him some he might be able to enter classes in the Spring. At that time of the year he could not enter any class regularly, being the middle term; and asking my advice. I told him to select what studies he thought him most needing to be drilled in: so as to prepare him to enter the Junior Preparatory, at the opening of the next term. He commenced his studies with that view. At the commencement of the Spring Term, he moved his boarding place to Mrs Caruthers, and her son was his preceptor. At the end of the session, he went back to Uncle Coopers in Penna, and spent the vacation, harvesting, raising tobacco, &c.. In the Fall, when the term commenced, he returned to Wooster: and went to



board in the family of Dr. Wallace; and continued there during the year. Reports of his standing were good; and during the next summer vacation: he proposed to hire somewhere in the country during his vacation: and he did succeed in getting a place, at the home of a Mr Wallace in the country.

Bringing up Missionary children with Indian children, we considered was very disadvantageous to the former: so we endeavored to get our boys out of temptation. Robbie had already been taken out of it: and in the summer of 1881, we concluded to get Charley out of it too: and having made arrangements with brother William to take him in the summervacation, Addie took Charley on East, and put him in the care of his uncle William. He was to board at his uncle William's and go to school in the winter, at the public school: and work at such work as they assigned: and I was to pay Fifty Dollars a year, for his clothing. In the fall of 1881 the school having still increased; and having inquired for another teacher, Miss McCay was sent; and remained with us one year; and then resigned on account of failure of health.

In the vacation of 1882, Mrs Ramsay and I visited in the East: and on our way stopped at Wooster: but when we saw Robbie, we were filled with astonishment, to see how emaciated he looked. He also seemed to be down-hearted. We had supposed from what we heard, that he was in good health; and in good spirits. We remained two or three days at Dr Wallace's: but before we left Wooster, we counseled to gether, about the propriety of taking Robbie with us East: for we thought he needed some recreation, to revive his health; and Mrs Wallace agreed, with us in our purpose. So we informed Robbie of what we expected to do: and we got Mrs Wallace's horse and buggy, and went out to the other Mr Wallace's, to get Robbie's trunk: and by inquiring, we found that his wages were almost nothing. That he was required to do almost three boys' work: doing chores: washing clothes: rocking the cradle; &c. We found that Mrs Wallace in the country, was a very sharp woman: and we told her that we would now settle with her, and take Robbie with us. Accordingly we started on our journey East. Before we left Wooster, we were invited to tea at Dr Black's, and had a very enjoyable evening at his home. We ate supper in Pittsburgh: and took a sleeper for Harrisburg and Philadelphia. On arriving at Harrisburg, I got out of the cars, and took a train for York and Delta: and Mrs Ramsay and Robbie went on to Philadelphia. I arrived in Delta and found father at his room: and brother Robert was there. I remained in Delta about two weeks: and then taking Charley, I went to New Jersey, to meet those who had gone there before us. Found Mrs Ramsay and Robbie both well, at mother Blument's in Cedarville. We had a very enjoyable visit in New Jersey: and from Cedarville, we proceeded to Bridgeton: where we took the cars for Asbury Park: and having arrived: we took quarters in the hotel, near the beach. We spent two days there: during which time I paid a visit to New York, by request of Dr Lowrie. The boys had an opportunity of seeing the ocean, and of bathing in the surf; as well as we, ourselves. From Asbury Park, we returned west, first to Philadelphia: and took up our quarters on the Washington Hotel. We spent one day in the city: viewing the curiosities. We went first to Wanamaker's Store: after that to the U. S. Mint: after which we took lunch: and then went out to the Zoological Gardens. Spent several hours in the gardens; causing great wonder on the part of the boys; who had never seen such animals before. From Philadelphia, we went back to Delta by way of Oxford, and if it had not been for an old friend of mine, we would not have been able to secure a passage down: as there was an African Campmeeting crowd going: but Mr Dick-

My advised me to go before, and I did so, and thus we secured seats. After spending a few more weeks in Delta amongst the friends; we started west, first for Wooster. Where arriving, we left the boys, Charley and Robbie both at the boarding place at Mr Nowenstein's. Charley entered the High School, by the advice of Mrs Taylor. Robbie was then a Middle Preparatory. Henry Martin was there, then, so we bade them all good bye, and started towards home.

More help was needed at the Mission to carry on the school, and Miss Minnie Diamant was appointed to assist us. Also her aunt, Mrs Hannah Powell was appointed: but rendered her services, gratis. Minnie Diamant had started with her parents, who had been appointed to assist at the Wealaka Mission, from Indiana County, Pennsylvania; and on their way had stopped to visit Mr and Mrs Cannady's at Vermillion Grove, Illinois: and her parents had gone on to the field; and left her there awaiting our arrival: and when we arrived there, we met her. After enjoying a visit there, we took her and went to Eureka, Illinois, to visit her aunt; and to have her join our company, on our return to the Mission. On the way we attended the meeting of Presbytery at Garnet; and from there we came on to Eufaula. The team that was to haul us down, was disabled: and it was raining: and we were delayed, until it came too late in the week for us to reach home before the Sabbath. We hired Mr McGees team and a driver, and came on near Patrefaction Hill, on Saturday evening. Camped in the edge of the timber, near the mountain, expecting to spend the Sabbath there. But in the night there came up a terrific thunder storm, and pouring rain: and in the morning, there was water nearly all around us: and when it was raining we were afraid that the streams would be up: and we had not much bread or provision; so, after holding a consultation; we concluded that it was our duty to continue on, until we got over the Wevoka; although it was Sabbath. So, we crossed over and went up to Wetunka, got there just before sundown: and there we camped for the night, and had preaching. The next day, we came on to the Mission. Our school commenced, and I continued to run it with the force we had until the Spring of 1883; when Susan Davis was appointed to assist us. In the Spring of 1883, I attended the meeting of Presbytery at Chetopa, Kansas: and Kewe Haco accompanied me: and was ordained to the work of the Ministry at that meeting of Presbytery. Waksucc had been deposed, his license withdrawn; on account of his having fallen into sin.

Our sons in the summer of 1883, came to Wevoka Mission to spend the summer. Robbie had a severe attack of Billious Fever, which threatened for a time his life, but was checked; but after his recovery, he still appeared very thin and emaciated; and Dr Grain advised not to send him back to school, for fear he would be too ambitious to study too hard; so that he might break down his constitution entirely; and that we might lose him. But we did not know what else to do for him, than to send him to school: and found that he was very anxious to continue his studies. So, we gave him a very sound advice; cautioning him against being too ambitious; and requesting him to take exercise. Not to try to take the first honor of his class, at which he had been aiming before to do: because we did not think his constitution was strong enough to put such a strain on his mental and physical powers. Which, he promised, and was enabled to carry out. His grades before that attack averaged about 98%; but by listening to our advice, he averaged about 94% afterwards, but with better health, than if he had undertaken to take such higher grades. After spending a very pleasant vacation, enjoying visits among their friends and partaking of the fruit; and



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fishing, they then returned again in the Fall to Weoster. I accompanied them to Eufaula.

The school was still further increased in 1883; and the same teachers conducted it. At every examination, at the close of the term; the people were invited to attend; and our school continued to be popular with all those who witnessed the exhibition. The number of pupils was sixty-three. Forty-five of whom, were supported by the Seminole Nation, the remainder by the Board.

In the latter part of the winter of 1883, what was called the Corn-Shuck War occurred. A quarrel had taken place among the Creeks in the Creek Nation; and as a consequence, a portion of the Creeks accompanied by some of the Seminoles fled from the Nation and Country, and went West, and associated for months with the Wild Tribes. Rumors came, that these fugitive Creeks and Seminoles were coming into the Creek and Seminole country for the purpose of taking vengeance on those whom they considered their enemies. They belonged to what is called the Loyal Party; and their enemies were the Rebel Party of the Creeks and Seminoles. It was rumored that a great host of Wild Indians, would accompany them, to make war against the Rebel Party of the Creeks and Seminoles. The people in the neighborhood of Weoka, were thrown into great consternation; and frequent alarms occurred; and reports that the fugitive Creeks and Seminoles, accompanied by the wild Tribes were advancing; and would soon over-run this part of the country. But I received a message from the leaders of the fugitive Creeks and Seminoles, that I need not fear. They knew me; that I was a Union man; and that they would not disturb me; but that they were coming into this part of the country, to see who were their friends, and who were not. And, as a signal to indicate that we were loyal; that we were their friends; they advised me to stick corn-shucks or husks, in my hat, and wear it; and also, to hang up a white cloth on a pole in the yard; that when they came, and saw these signals, they would know who I was; and I should not be disturbed. This was satisfactory, as far as the Creeks and Seminoles were concerned: but I feared their companions, the Wild Indians, that were expected to accompany them. I had been told by Jumper, a long time ago, that if war occurred; and wild Indians who did not know me should take part in the war; that although my friends might endeavor to save me, that those who were strangers to me, the wild Indians, would be certain to kill me. This was strengthened by the conversations I had with Mr. E. J. Brown, who said, that when the wild Indians were on the war-path; every white person who could, should get out of their reach; for they had no mercy on white people. We were living in constant terror; not knowing what day, or what night we might be attacked. One morning, a Seminole Indian, came to the Mission, Waksuse, and seemed from his appearance to be in distress; and on inquiring what was his trouble: he told me that he heard that Tuckbache Haco and Epiheca, with a great company of tame Indians; and many Wild Indians accompanying them, were in a few miles of the Mission. And would in all probability be here before night. When I heard this, I decided that I would make every effort to get out of the country before night, with my family. This was following the advice of Dr. Lowrie, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, with whom I had corresponded respecting the prospect of this war coming on. He told me to exercise my own wisdom; and get out of the reach of the danger, if possible; before it should over-take me. I procured teams to haul us and our goods down in the Choctaw Nation. We dismissed the school; which was then in session. Was about to start expecting to deliver up the keys of the Mission and about the premises to Robert Johnson's care; but, before we got started; we got news that it was a false report. That there were no Wild Indians

approaching this neighborhood. So we unloaded our wagons; and remained at the Mission. But the children, mostly had gone to their homes. As soon as I found the report was false, I notified the children to return to school; that is I notified the parents to send their children back to school. But Jumper, the chief, countermanded my orders; and advised the children to stay at home. He called a Council; and called me before him to inquire my reasons for dismissing the school. I told him why I had done so. But it did not satisfy him; and instead of helping me to have the school reopened. He refused to give the notice of the re-opening of the school; and wrote a letter to Dr Lowrie making complaint; and wanting to know if I did right, in dismissing the school. I also wrote informing Dr Lowrie of the facts in the case. So right in the middle of the term, we had a vacation of about six weeks. The teachers and provisions were all ready; and we were prepared to carry on the school; but Jumper refused to call the children back, until he could get an answer back from Dr. Lowrie. Finally the answer came back to both Jumper and to me: the Secretary stated that he was sorry that the circumstances were such as to cause a dismissal of the school; and stating at the same time that I had cause for dismissing the school; and that no doubt I would be ready to re-open the school as soon as the children would be sent back; which, when Jumper knew; he issued orders to the parents to send the children back to school, after losing about six weeks of schooling. But there was a smack of war. The fugitive Creeks and Seminoles invaded their country, and a battle was fought in the Creek Nation; twenty miles north of the Mission. Several persons were slain; and an army of the Rebel Party was raised, ostensibly pursued the loyal retreating party; but whatever may have been the cause; there never was any further fighting between the two parties; and finally by the interference of the U. S. Soldiers, the war was brought to a close; and the two parties settled down again, in their own territory; and the Seminoles that had gone west with the Creeks, also returned to their homes in the Seminole Nation.

Maggie went out all alone in 1880. In the Spring of 1882, Rev. T H Candor was appointed by the Board to the same Mission. In the Fall of 1883; I granted my consent to applications expressing the desire to be united in marriage, by both parties; and they were married in December 1883, at Bogota Mission.

In the Spring of 1883 the Presbytery of Neosho, met for the first time, in full blast, at Muscogee; at which I had the honor of being chosen Moderator. In the mean time Rev Loughridge had returned to Indian Territory; and we had many pleasant meetings; and attended Campmeetings together. We attended Campmeeting at Broken Arrow and then again at North Fork; at which place; three candidates were licensed to preach the gospel; namely: Dorsey Fife; Gilbert Johnson and William Fish. In the summer of 1884, Addie visited friends in St. Louis and Canton Illinois.

In the Missionary work in the Indian Territory, there was a contest between the Home and the Foreign Boards; as to which, should have charge of the Missionary work. I of course was in favor of the Foreign Board; as being a Missionary under the Foreign Board. During the contest I wrote an article in favor of the Foreign Board, which met with the very warm approval of Dr Lowrie, the Secretary of the Foreign Board.

The boys spent their summer vacation at their Uncle Cooper's helping to can. Soon after school commenced, Mrs Powell having re-



signed, and gone back to her home in Illinois; Lizzie Davis was appointed in her stead. In this year by the direction of the Presbytery; a portion of the members of the Newoka church, were set off, to be organized into another church; called the Achena Church; which was done. The church was built and dedicated. Dr Timothy Hill came and assisted in the Dedication; and Dorsey Fife was chosen as pastor.

In the summer of 1885, my wife and Addie and I visited again in the East. We travelled together to Indianapolis; when Addie went to Hillsborough, and we to Delta. There we met our sons who had come to spend the vacation. During that vacation arrangements were made for placing the boys in Park College, where they duly arrived. My wife and Addie when returning went to Lawrence to visit the Davis family. I went on to attend the meeting of Presbytery at Vinita; and while there I had much perplexity in the case of Kowe Naco; who had taken up with his wife according to the Indian fashion; and had caused a great deal of talk among the members of the church; and at that meeting of Presbytery it was decided that hereafter, all marriages of our people should be performed either by a Minister or a Magistrate. After our return home, we had considerable discussion; and some of it acrimonious, with regard to Kowe's case; and in having him married publicly in the church.

In the Spring of 1885 we had another building put up, which we call the Hospital. It cost about six hundred dollars. One story; 16 x 32. It was occupied by Mr and Mrs Junkin; who came from Columbus, Ohio, to assist us in the Spring of 1885; and during the Spring of 1886 Mrs Junkin took charge of the Freedman's school, on the other side of the Newoka; and soon the doctor went to assist her. They remained in this work two years, after which they resigned and returned to their home in Ohio.

The boys pursued their course at Park College during the winter of 1885 and 86. Had a pretty hard time. The boarding was especially poor. Much hard work; could not get high grades there. Whether for the better or the worse; it was intended for the better. In February, Maggie and Howard came, having previously visited her friends in Pennsylvania, and Mr Cander's in Illinois; and the boys at Park College. Their visit was very cheering and helpful to us. Had a very interesting little son, Edwardo, who was a great pet; and attracted great attention. Maggie was just the same steady, christian woman, that ever she was, being wise, discreet, and desiring to do good. Mr Cander was a very zealous preacher; and during the week he stayed with us; he held religious services every night; and he spoke to the children. Quite a lively interest was awakened, so that nearly the whole school professed to be inquirers; and at our next Communion, we had quite an accession to our church; in all about seventeen; the greater part of them were pupils in the school; but, as before, the majority of them failed to hold out. After remaining with us about two weeks; Mr Cander, in compliance with invitations that he had received, went to preach at different places in the States, one was Alton, Illinois; a very large Congregation, and a large salary offered; they gave him a call; but he found out that part of the Congregation were believers in Progressive Euchar and that that was causing a division in the church; and he declined on that account; but went and accepted another call at another place named Farmington, where the congregation was comparatively small, and the salary much less, but the people were united. He left Maggie with us; and she remained about two months; until he had got the parsonage prepared for her to move into at Farmington; and she and Edwardo went to join him.

In the winter of 1885 and 86, father became very much of a paralytic. He became almost blind, and so tremulous, that he could no longer write; and with difficulty read. And then, I lost one of my best correspondents; for previous to that; he was one of the most faithful and most satisfactory correspondents that I had. I missed him very much; but could hear no word, only as persons would occasionally write. Those they had selected to take care of him, were not good correspondents; who were my brothers; Hugh and Robert. And it was necessary for me to use my greatest efforts in collecting my interest. It was with the greatest difficulty that I could get a word respecting it; and when I did get an answer, it was censure, charging me with being greedy, and wanting money. But by the faithfulness of my Agent, J. T. Crawford, Esq; he managed to get the funds; when father happened to have them; so that I succeeded in getting the interest. In 1886, aunt Eliza Whiteford died.

In the summer of 1886, the boys came home from Park College, and spent their vacation at the Mission. Their health seemed good; and they enjoyed their vacation with us and their friends; and before time for them to return to College; we had decided that they should return to Wooster instead of to Park College, to complete their studies. So they took their departure in September 1886.

In the winter of 1885 and 86 at the suggestion of Presbytery I undertook to translate from Original Hebrew the Book of Genesis, and succeeded in translating it during the winter of 1886 and 1887; and Brother Dorsey Fife assisted me first in reviewing it; and in the Spring of 1886 I took the translation with me to Presbytery, to see if I could get the approval of it. The Presbytery thought it was well to leave it with a committee, consisting of Rev Loughridge, David Hodge and myself; and on our way home from Presbytery, which met at McAllister; we stopped at Tufaula, in order to review it; but found it required too long a time to finish it and postponed the remainder of it until July. Hodge taking part of it home to Broken Arrow, and I bringing the rest home. In the winter of 1886 and 87 by the advise of Dr Gillespie and Loughridge, I translated The Book Of Psalms; but up to date, neither of them has been published. The Baptists and Methodists were slow to examine the Translation of Genesis; and after holding it a long time finally gave it back, saying that they would give their consent to its being published, if it should be reviewed again and rewritten, neither of which has yet been done. The translation of the Book of Psalms lies without ever being reviewed.

In the summer of 1887, Robbie became a Book Agent in the State of Michigan. Charley came home. Addie visited the Candors in Illinois; and towards the close of vacation they all met there, and spent a few days together; after which the boys went on to school and Addie came on home.

In the Spring of 1888, Candors visited us on their way back to South America; going by way of New Orleans. We had a very pleasant visit from them, after which we took them to Tufaula, and saw them depart and bade them farewell.

At the meeting of Presbytery at Tealaka in the Spring of 1888 I was appointed their delegate to the General Assembly, which met at Philadelphia in the following May; my wife and I were there and attended the General Assembly. The greatest meeting, that I ever attended, or expect to attend on earth; only a greater one will be attended, when I see the General Assembly of the First Born in Heaven. I addressed a Sabbath School the first Sabbath I was there: the sec-



and Sabbath, I preached at a United Presbyterian church, at the request of the pastor.

But before the General Assembly adjourned, a telegram came from brother William, informing me that father was at the point of death; and wishing me to hasten home. It came on Saturday night; but as trains did not run regularly on Sunday, I was obliged to wait until Monday. Mary in the mean time was visiting in Bridgeton, at Mattie Garrison's; and I wrote her a letter, informing her of my departure and then started for Delta; laboring under great suspense all the way, not knowing whether I should find father alive, or dead. Did not know how it might be, until I reached the western shore of the Susquehanna, where I found brother Cooper waiting for me in the buggy. I was informed that father was still alive, but in every low state of health. I went to him; but he could not see me; but he could shake my hand and speak. He expressed himself very glad that I had come; and I remained with him about three days; until I was sure that there was no sign of immediate dissolution. And then, bidding him good bye for a short season, I went back to Philadelphia. From there to New Jersey and spent a short time, visiting Mary's friends. After which, we started again for Pennsylvania; and after remaining one week with them, and with father; we bade them all good bye; and it was the last time that I ever saw father's face.

On our return to the Territory, we came by way of Foster, and saw our sons; and were accompanied by them a short distance, on their way towards the places, that they expected to occupy as Book Agents. We came on home. They spent their summer in the Book Agency business. We came by way of Vermillion Grove, and visited Mr and Mrs Kennedy's; and also by Tureks, visited Mrs Powell, and then came home. During the summer, Addie decided that she should take another year, in the study and practice of music. And accordingly, she started in the Autumn, for Oxford College; and spent the school year in that Institution. Besides the study and practice of music, she took Kindergarten; Painting; Drawing; Elocution; and taught a large Bible class.

In the Autumn, about the last of November, I received a letter informing me of father's death. I think he died the 25th of November, 1888. It was requested that I should come on immediately, to help settle up the Estate.

After it was known that Addie would not be with us through the winter; the Board had appointed a young man, named Warren Marshall, to assist us as teacher. He came and assisted us about six months. He was a severe disciplinarian; did not spare the rod. Incurred a great deal of blame from the people; so that we were at the point of being dismissed by the enraged Seminoles; but I succeeded in warding off the strokes that were intended; and he was permitted to remain, until he of his own accord resigned, and left us, on the 1st. of February; after which time, those of us who remained, took the school, until its close, which took place on the 31st of May 1889.

In concurrence with the request, I went East, and arrived at Delta December 7th, 1888; where I acted with the other Executors; brothers Hugh and Robert, in having the Will Probated; employing our lawyer, A. C. Fulton; and having J. T. Crawford appointed as my Agent. And after remaining about seventeen days, I started westward again; meeting my three children again; Addie, Robbie and Charley, on Christ mas day in Urbana, Ohio; and after spending two days very happily with them and their hostess, bade them farewell and returned to the Mission.

In the mean time Addie had been appointed by the Board, to the Missionary Station at Barranquilla; and as she expected to go in company with Mr and Mrs Caldwell; and thought that they might go in the Spring. She left Oxford, in order to pay her brother a visit in Worcester; after which she came home; and spent some time, staying with us, until the close of our school. And then went again East, by way of Chicago, and then to Worcester, spending six days with her brothers, and in seeing Robble Graduate. Bade them good bye; and started for Pennsylvania; stopping on her way in Allegheny, and in Pittsburgh, and from there to Delta; where she spent a very happy visit; thence went to Jersey City; and enjoyed the society of friends she had never seen before; and from there to New York; and then in company with the Caidwells and their children and Prof- essor Lindley, sailed in the Adirondack on the 21st of August 1889.

At the contest between the Societies at Worcester, between Abner- ead and Irving Literary Societies; Robble was chosen Contest Debat- er by Irving, which took place June 1st. The question was: Resolved That Marriage and Divorce Laws throughout the United States, should be regulated by the General Government. Robble took the affirmative and Mr. Frank took the negative as the representative of Athenians; and after the debate, Robble got the decision of the Judges in his favor. After Addie's departure, Robble and Charley also took pas- sage for home; and I met them at Rutland; and they accompanied me home. Since which time they have been recuperating, and trying to rest after hard study. We have enjoyed a pleasant vacation thus far, August 8th, 1889.

THE END.

James Ross Ramsay (signed)

P 3: July 3rd, 1890.  
CONTINUATION OF HISTORY FROM AUGUST 8TH, 1889:

Now in addition it is necessary to state that before the close of the month of August, we received letters from Addie that she had been very sick. The first five days at sea, but that on the 8th, she was entirely well and enjoying the scenery on the island of Haiti, where the vessel had stopped; and that she was expecting soon to have a joyful meeting with the friends in Barranquilla.

We were expecting to soon hear of her safe arrival, but week after week passed, and no word came. Finally we received word,

letter from the U. S. Consul, of Barranquilla, with the heart-rendering intelligence, that Addie had arrived there in appar- ently good health, on the 15th of August, in company with those with whom she had been travelling; but that on the 14th, she was attacked with Yellow Fever, which continued to rage until the night of the 19th, when her spirit took its flight.

This was one of the most sorrowful news that I ever heard; and it came pretty near breaking my heart; the consolation was, that al- though she was separated from us, and that we shall never see her beautiful face, nor hear her sweet voice, in this world; yet her sanctified spirit is now with her Savior, whom she so much loved; and lost her life in her attempts to still further serve Him.

Letters filled with love and sorrow were received from the

friends in Barranquilla, stating how the disease progressed; and that Addie was unconscious of the approach of death. Enclosed to us was, what we supposed to be the last letter she ever wrote, tell- ing of her arrival; and happy meeting with Maggie and Mr Gander, and the children. Expressing her delight in having reached the place; where she expected to commence immediately to work for the Savior.

Little knowing that before the sun had set on that day, on which she wrote, that she would be prostrated with a fatal disease; but such is the frailty and uncertainty of our present state of existence. We miss her; mourn her loss; but the prospect of meeting her in a happier state is additional incentive to be always ready to follow her and helps us to live nearer to Heaven.

From various friends in the States, letters were received, expressive of the great love for Addie: and of the great sorrow to hear of her death: that she was so well qualified for her work: that it seemed to be a very mysterious providence, that she should be called away before she had time to commence it. But wherever she sojourned, whether in school, or visiting friends, she was regarded as one of the loveliest, one of the most beautiful, one of the most refined, and one of the most pious young ladies they had ever been with. Her remains lie in the tomb, in the Foreign Cemetery in Barranquilla, which loving, surviving friends caused to be erected to her memory: and there she will rest until the resurrection of the just. And wherever we may lie, we too shall rise also: and we shall see each other: and by the grace of God; enjoy each other's society forever in the home that Jesus has prepared for us.

At the close of vacation Charley went back to Wooster; and in addition to his former studies, or in lieu of some of them, commenced the study of music, in which he greatly delighted and excelled; and is still pursuing it with the expectation of making it a specialty. Robbie staid with us and assisted in teaching the school.

In February 1899, I left the Mission, and went to Delta to settle up father's estate; and succeeded amicably in accomplishing a settlement with my brothers. They first proposed to buy me out, but found it more difficult than they anticipated. After that it was agreed that I should buy the farm and the five acre lot on which are improvements standing in the Borough; the brothers to have possession of the remainder of the property in the Borough. Having finished our business of settlement, I returned to the Mission; on my way stopping at Wooster a few days with Charley, where I enjoyed a very pleasant visit, and returned home early in March. Our school continued in session as usual, until the 4th day of June, when it was dismissed with an exhibition and a dinner.

Our future prospects in this Mission work are very uncertain. A change of location is anticipated. A large new school building is being erected at Mekesukee Town; a very large and imposing edifice, but on a high hill, where very little water is to be had. The Presbyterian Home Board will probably assume charge of it; but who will be the Superintendent, I do not know; as I feel too far advanced in life to commence such an undertaking. This Mission is still in the hands of the Board and apparently will continue in their possession; as it is their's by treaty: but if the Board assumes the Mekesuckee school, they will transfer this Mission to the Freedmen's Board; and it is expected that this Mission will be used as a Freedman's school. And who will be the Superintendent of that is yet undecided. It is expected however, that the Presbyterians will take charge of it; and that the same appropriation from the Nation towards carrying it on, will be received for the Freedmen, that is now being received for the Indians. In the mean time school will commence here again on the 15th of September, providence permitting. And when the new school building is finished and furnished: it probably will be removed to that place; and a Freedmen's school commenced here. We are spending the vacation as comfortably as we can. I anticipate going to see



AUTOBIOGRAPHY ----- 100 ----- JAMES ROSS RAMSAY.

Kaha Mission, to meet Rev. Thomas Perriman, with whose assistance I expect to prepare my Translation of Genesis for publication.

We still continue religious services at Wewoka. The little flock that has been gathered appear to cohere together, although sometimes there is friction. Inconnection with the Native Preachers I frequently attend and preach there and endeavor to guide them in their religious meetings.

Whether to continue in this work, after the end-of the present year, if spared that long, I am not entirely decided. Self interest would seem to design and dictate to resign, and go and live in Delta. The present state of affairs in my advanced age, rather point towards such a decision. And yet it with hesitancy that I think of coming to such a decision; as this is the work to which I gave myself; and which I have followed so many years; so that unless providentially, indications there are that I should give it up; it seems like running away from my work, to leave it. But I am seeking Divine guidance in this matter.

My desire is that all my children may be true followers of Jesus Christ. That however unsuccessful and poor, my work may have been; I feel that it was the best work I could have engaged in; to serve my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ.

Addie has laid down her life in the work. And Maggie is now engaged in it, with her whole heart; but what is before the rest, I do not know. God help them.

At this writing I am in enjoyment of good health. Can hardly realise sometimes, that I am now in my sixty-ninth year. But age will tell. I must soon be numbered among the aged. I must pass away, and give place to the younger generation.

Your loving father!

James Ross Ramsay

Summer 1890:

J. R. R.

; Received: :::::

Nov & Dec.

1939

James Robinson Ramsay,  
Santa Paula, California.

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