

was the knife. He mentioned before about a half mile west of Arch Campbell's home. I know that my father did not know anything about the matter. The last two men who took part in this were Judge Riley Keith and Raddling Gourd. My father was angry when he learned the facts. When asked by Gen. John Arbuckle to come to Fort Gibson for conference, agreed to go; but his friends feared for his life would not let him go alone. The Act of Union was formed. Signed, Allen Ross."

What I just read to you is, let's set the scene.

All right, Major Ridge had started his farm and was doing quite well up in the Pryor area. His son also had a farm up here-- John Ridge. John Ridge had married a very intelligent and beautiful young lady from the North. Elias Boudinot's second wife, and they were just starting to build a new home over here in Park Hill. Step One: At the same hour--50 or 60 miles apart, Committee acting the exact same hour so the story goes. There was a knock at Elias Boutinot's door. Three men asked for Boutinot to go down and get some medicine. Boutinot was practicing a sort of doctor. He picked it up from Worchester. And while he was walking down with these three men that day-- that mid-morning, with a large thin Bowie knife, they stuck it into his back, took out a tomahawk--Cherokee Indians, and they tomahawked him to death, struck him seven times in the skull and beat him to death with a large stone tomahawk of his Nation. He was screaming, of course, for help and some of the hired men ran up from where he was building his home there. They hollered for Mrs. Boutinot and she ran and, also, Reverend Worchester ran to his side. They couldn't--of course, the killers had flown and by the time they got to him, he was in his death blows and was jerking and dying. He did not utter a word. About up in this particular area, John Ridge, a highly educated Cherokee, knocked at the door. Men rushed into his home and drug him out of the house and in front of his wife and in front of his children, and proceeded to brutally murdered him in his front yard in the vision of his wife and his children.

His father, Major Ridge, was on his way to Finyard. He had left--his home here in his farm and was going down the Arkansas