

How to Cultivate
Cotton.

In the first place bed
up your land 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet
apart with a long plough
throwing five furrows together
then open it with a small
plough say the hull tongue
and run it in hollow -
Sow your Cotton Seed
Moderately thick
but not in bunches
or woods and Cover it
with a harrow.

After the Cotton comes
up if it is grassy
first scrape it the
full width of your row
and then harrow it

with the Cultivator (the
form of which I have
an idea of) - After
they have given Cotton
and turn it out to a
Stand and if after
this is done run
the bull tongue round
it (if grassy) and then
plough up the middle
with the Carriage plough
- after this if your field
should not be very
foul still continue
using the Cultivator
but in case the soil
gets very foul - use
the turning plough -
You ought not
to plough your

Cotton no longer than
after the middle of
July, for if you ^{do} it
will maff^r your
Cotton grow too
long and it will not
open so well.

P.P. Petchley's Journal.

Left home on the 5 of September
at about 8 o'clock in the
morning - weather cloudy,
rained upon - overtook the
pack horses in the evening
and camped at Mantau Spring

6 - Tuesday - To day we crossed
the Kiametia and camped
near a cabin on the hill
by the swamp - had heavy
rain and some hail during

7 - Wednesday - Camped at
Cany Creek - within 5 miles
of Boggy -

8 - Thursday - Crossed Boggy
and took dinner at
Mr Wall's, & in the evening
came on to 7 mile creek
and camped -

8 Friday. Proceeded on
and crossed the Low River
and camped ^{at} George Williams
In coming along, I left the
Company and ascended ^{the}
Cado hill - From this
high place I had a
splendid view of the
prairie - I shall not
attempt to describe it,
but who ever goes there
will see a glorious sight
of the works of the mighty
God - and will feel as I
did no doubt if he is
any part of a Christian -

It is said, that a battle
between the Cados and
Pawnee was fought
near this hill and

from this it derived its name.

On the bald part of this hill, at the very summit there is a pile of rocks thrown together no doubt by human hands - Learned together to day, from William had news from the west - he has just returned after 3 months fruitless search after the Comanche.

Sunday. 18th September. Nothing has occurred since I left home other with myself or the Company worth relating - We are at this time encamped on Bush Creek in the edge of the Croft Timbers - I will however mention

our camping grounds. We
spent Sunday at George Will-
iamy - From there we reached
Washita - and camped at my
old hunting camp - Staid there
two night - Thursday we
crossed the River and proceed
on to Glassy Creek and
Camped in the fork of the
Creek at another old
hunting camp of mine -
I will mention how we cross
the Washita - The River was
some what up - Our Craft
or raft as it is called
was not a very good
one, and in order to
expedite thing, we loaded
it down and striped ourselves
to our flap and swam

over with it - two with ropes
went in front with the
ropes in their mouths - and
some two three swam on
the sides and pushed at the
same time - We soon had
every thing over -

From Gypsum Creek we
came on and encamped
near this place | Rush Creek
and yesterday we reached
here. We travel slow,
in order to keep our
horses in good range -

We are under the impression
that the Comanches are
far off yet and that
it is well to stay among
the Buffalo till it is time
to meet them when they

on their return -

Friday 23. We left Bush
Creek Camp yesterday
Morning at about 7 o'clock
and proceeded on our
route westwardly - and
encamped in the point
of timber that made into
this prairie which
we have named Buffa
lo prairie - it is the first
large prairie after lea-
ving Washita prairie -
The road leading on here
runs along on the
dividing ridge between
the Red & Washita rivers
and is a crooked
route, but the only
one that can be

travelled with. For on
either side it is a rough
and brushy country. We
had some very grand
views of the Country on
both sides of the road
from the high rocks on
the ridge - On arriving
here, we found a camp of
whites, and to us an interesting
one - They had been prisoners
among the Pawnees - a young
woman about 21 years
of age and her infant &
two ^{little} brothers - one about 9
years old and the other
about 7. Fortunately they
had been bought by
Mr Spaulding and were
on their home under

his protection - we asked
the young lady many
questions respecting her Cap-
tivity and her narrative
was as follows - " we
moved to Texas from
North part of Alabama
and settled ^{first} on the
Colorado - my father's
name was Goachy - the party
came to our house one
morning - three of my little
brothers were at the spring
with my child (a girl) then
they killed one of my little
brothers, and then came
to the house - I was in the
house and my mother
was out - I heard her
scream. When I ran

and I saw several Indians
had sight of her - they struck
her down & shot 8 arrows
into her breast and
then shot her with a gun
and scalped her - My father
and my oldest brother
were out with a waggon
to haul in wood - I saw
them killed - They shot at
me but missed me - Seeing
they had my infant and
two little brothers prisoners
I ran to one of them and
gave myself up - I done this
hoping they might not
kill me and that if
I should live I might see
what became of my hole
and little brother -

They striped me of my clothes
and gave me an old
worn out blanket to
Cover my nakedness and
to shew my babe from
the weather - and made
me walk bare footed
through the prairies - we
were three weeks on the
road - and every night my
hands were tied behind
together - when I came
in, they made me and
my little brother hold
the scalps of my mother
& father & two brothers -
while they danced around
us & mocked at us - with
~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~way~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~men~~ ~~then~~
devised out my babe

taken from me and
I did not ^{see} her for two months
and while she was thus
telling about her infant
she ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~kept~~ ^{kept} ~~with~~ ^{with} a
miserable ~~infant~~ ^{infant} with a
mournful look - and
^{after} calling it by many lovely
epithets, she then renewed
her narrative - I was put
to hard work. they were
clearing ground and I had
to grub & burn brush -
I was abused and whipped
every day. O I tell you
they are hard matters -
But there was nothing that went
so hard with me as that of being
separated from my child - I know
not where it was, that I know

it was not well treated. I cannot
tell you the half of my sufferings.
I then spoke to his little brother
(the eldest one) and asked him
how ^{he} was treated. His answer
was, "bad enough," and the worst
of it I was two months longer
among them than the rest.

What did they give you to
eat. Beans & Corn, it was
all they had, but we did
not have enough of that
for some times we eat but
once in three days, and
then did not get enough.
I asked him how ^{he} would
be like to live among such
Indians as we were -
he quietly replied - "very well."
He is a smart & lively boy

In fact the whole family have
the appearance of being well
raised - and how ~~un~~ fortunate
they have been after being call
away as it were by fate they
should thus be redeemed and
have the prospect of being
replaced in the Society of
their own people ^{again} - relations
they have none - The young
woman had a languid and
melancholy cast; the little
boys looked like poor Orphan
Indians. I did not learn as
much about their fate as
I wished to - It was late when
we reached her, being dark
and I was prevented also from
it by the conversation of
Spaulding which was

relating principally to
the Prairie Indians with
which we were also much
interested with. But certainly
I never felt more sympathy
for any family than this
~~family~~ of prisoners -
than what I have learned
from this family I am
of the opinion that the
Ia we a sh or persons as
they are some times called are
the most cruel Indians to
prisoners than any tribe
with which I am acquainted.
It is the custom of all the
Indians to adopt of my people
to adopt prisoners into
their family and to treat
them with affection.

They (the prisoners) Spaulding
left here ~~the~~ ^{to day} ~~morning~~ at
about 11 o'clock - we turned
out nearly all hands early
this morning for a buffalo
chase - two fine ones were
killed - I saw to day for
the first time the Antelope
and also the Prairie Rabbit
the two ~~fastest~~ most fleet
animals in this region - the
prairie Rabbit is very large -
about 3 times as large as the
Swamp Rabbit - The antelope
is a beautiful animal at a
distance - I know not how they
look, but I am in hopes I will
kill one before I return and
shall be able to describe it
merely - They are exceedingly

wild, but I have had a shot
at one to day. (a large buck)
but missed him. the sun was
low and I had to shoot right
towards it and the wind was
high which made me run
against me as I shot off hand.
Late in the evening I rode to the
North part of this prairie &
had a glorious view of the
Cato hills beyond the Washita.--

There are many ~~things~~ occurrences
which have taken place on our journey I
have not placed in my journal. I have
had but little time to write. We have
our horses to ^{our} pack at night & hobble
them. Our tent to stretch one on
supper to cook. When we stop a
day or two, even then there is no
time to write for our meat is
~~in the wood~~ and is to be hunted
for and dried &c &c.

Saturday - Come men ^{ed} raining
early this morning - continued all day -
while I was still in bed, I heard some
of the Company Cry out there is a
large flock of buffalo coming - my
man picked up his rifle and ran
out, but the buffalo had got scent
of us and were in ^arun - several shot
but without effect - Soon another
large gang came by, ^{my} man was again
out with his gun, but not only was
killed the several ^{guns} were fired -
I rode out ^{about} a mile and had a
running shot at a buck - antelope
but missed him.

29. September. Thursday -
we reached Coffee yesterday evening
(Monday) and are now lying
by on account of some of the
Company being sick - We are now
within fifteen miles of the
Pawnee & one hundred & 7
seventy six miles west of
Cape Town. At Buffalo Prai-
rie I lost a horse & so did
Jacob Holton - From Buffa-
lo Prairie to this place, the

unity is true, but the
road is good - About two miles
this side of Hickory Creek we
came over a high rocky
prairie hill - and then saw
a hole or cave which we
are informed is a Snake
den - ~~Over~~ this cave
then stand two Hackberry
trees and near the mouth
there grow several vines
with large and leaves re-
sembling pumpkin leaves but
there were no fruit on them
The rock on this hill when
broken resembles the marble
so much that we have conclu-
ded that it is the real Mar-
ble itself - They lie along
in ^{strat} ~~rows~~ about 2 + 3 feet
apart ~~in the~~ one and

PETER PERKINS PITCHLYNN

From: Hodge Handbook of America
Indians, pp. 264-5 (From a
clipping in O. H. S. Library files)

A prominent Choctaw chief of mixed blood, born at the Indian town of Hushookwa, Noxubee co., Miss., Jan. 30, 1806; died in Washington, D. C., Jan. 17, 1881. His father, John Pitchlynn, was a white man and an interpreter commissioned by Gen. Washington; his mother, Sophia Folsom, a Choctaw woman. While still a boy, seeing a partially educated member of his tribe write a letter, he resolved that he too would become educated, and although the nearest school was in Tennessee, 200 miles from his father's cabin, he managed to attend it for a season. Returning home at the close of the first quarter, he found his people negotiating a treaty with the general government. As he considered the terms of this treaty a fraud upon his tribe, he refused to shake hands with General Jackson, who had the matter in charge in behalf of the Washington authorities. Subsequently he entered an academy at Columbia, Tenn., and finally was graduated at the University of Nashville. Although he never changed his opinion regarding the treaty,

he became a strong friend of Jackson, who was a trustee of the latter institution. On returning to his home in Mississippi, Pitchlynn became a farmer, built a cabin, and married Miss Rhoda Folsom a Choctaw, the ceremony being performed by a Christian minister. By his example and influence polygamy was abandoned by his people. He was selected by the Choctaw council in 1824 to enforce the restriction of the sale of spirituous liquors according to the treaty of Doaks Stand, Miss., Oct. 18, 1820, and in one year the traffic had ceased. As a reward for his services he was made a captain and elected a member of the National Council, when the United States Government determined to remove the Choctaw, Chickasaw, and Creeks w. of the Mississippi. His first proposition in that body was to establish a school, and that the students might become familiar with the manners and customs of white people, it was located near Georgetown, Ky., rather than within the limits of the Choctaw country. Here it flourished for many years, supported by the funds of the nation. Pitchlynn was appointed one of the delegation sent to Indian Ter. in 1828 to select the lands for their future homes and to make peace with the Osage, his tact and courage making

his mission entirely successful. He later emigrated to the new reservation with his people and built a cabin on Arkansas r. Pitchlynn was an admirer of Henry Clay, whom he met for the first time in 1840. He was ascending the Ohio in a steamboat when Mr. Clay came on board at Mayesville. The Indian went into the cabin and found two farmers earnestly engaged in talking about their crops. After listening to them with great delight for more than an hour, he turned to his traveling companion, to whom he said: "If that old farmer with an ugly face had only been educated for the law, he would have made one of the greatest men in this country." He soon learned that the "old farmer" was Henry Clay. Charles Dickens, who met Pitchlynn on a steamboat on the Ohio r. in 1842, gives an account of the interview in his American Notes, and calls him a chief; but he was not elected principal chief until 1860. In this capacity he went to Washington to protect the interests of his tribesmen, especially to prosecute their claims against the Government. At the breaking out of the Civil War Pitchlynn returned to Indian Ter., and although anxious that his people should remain neutral, found it impossible to induce

them to maintain this position; indeed three of his sons espoused the Confederate cause. He himself remained a Union man to the end of the war, notwithstanding the fact that the Confederates raided his plantation of 600 acres and captured all his cattle, while the emancipation proclamation freed his 100 slaves. He was a natural orator, as his address to the President at the White House in 1855, his speeches before the congressional committees in 1868, and one delivered before a delegation of Quakers at Washington in 1869, abundantly prove. In 1865 he returned to Washington, where he remained as the agent of his people until his death, devoting attention chiefly to pressing the Choctaw claim for lands sold to the United States in 1830. In addition to the treaty of 1820, above referred to, he signed the treaty of Dancing Rabbit, Miss., Sept. 27, 1830, and the treaty of Washington, June 20, 1855; he also witnessed, as principal chief, that of Washington, Apr. 28, 1866. Pitchlynn's first wife having died, he married at Washington, Mrs Caroline Lombardy, a daughter of Godfrey Eckloff, who with two sons and one daughter survive him, the children by the first marriage having died during their father's lifetime. Pitchlynn

became a member of the Lutheran Memorial Church at Washington, and was a regular attendant until his last illness. He was a prominent member of the Masonic order and on his death the funeral services were conducted in its behalf by Gen. Albert Pike. A monument was erected over his grave in Congressional Cemetery by the Choctaw Nation. In 1842 Pitchlynn was described by Dickens as a handsome man, with black hair, aquiline nose, broad cheek-bones, sunburnt complexion, and bright, keen, dark, and piercing eyes. He was fairly well read, and in both speaking and writing used good English. He was held in high esteem both by the members of his tribe and by all his Washington acquaintances. See also Lanman, Recollections of Curious Characters, 1881.