

THE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
MARY ANN LITLEY

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My Great-Great-Grandfather, Hamilton, came from Scotland and settled in Maryland early in 1700, because Grandmother was married and settled in her own home at the commencement of the Revolutionary War, so you can have some idea when they came. She was born here and her father may have been born here but she was born here. They must have come over about the time when Maryland was settled. They came and settled in old Baltimore County (it is divided now into three counties, Baltimore, Fredrick and Carroll). He had a son and a brother named John. He always went by the name of Old Judge Hamilton. He had married a widow, she had one daughter and they had then one son, my Great-Grandfather. They were Episcopalians and there was a church built in their neighborhood and he had a pew given to him and his heirs as long as the church lasted, as he had given very liberally to its building.

He had one son and he married and had a child, my Grandfather, and a son, her brother, then he died early. The son's name was John Hamilton. The daughter's name was Rachel Hamilton.

I do not know what age the old man lived to be but the old lady lived to be 110. When she was 100 years old, she would ride on horseback around her place with her overseer. She died of the influenza, did not die of old age. After the death of the Great Grandfather, the old people took the two children and kept them and raised them. My Grandmother was married from there and her brother served in the Revolution and was in the Dartmoor Prison, (it was either my Grandmother's brother or my Mother's brother, one of them was in the prison, when the prisoners were fired upon).

One day there was a man who came and said he was not well and asked to stay all night. Grandfather took him in, he was an Englishman and he told Grandfather that he had no money to pay him with but that he had a Soldier's Warrant, such as they gave the soldiers for so many acres in Ohio, and he said that he had no relations and for him to take it. Soon after he died and Grandfather buried him at his own expense. Some time afterwards he gave a lawyer, who was going to Philadelphia, the power of attorney and gave him the Warrant to get him the land at the War Office. He went and soon came back and by Oath gave up his attorney's power which paper I have and said that he had not time to attend to the matter at Philadelphia and that he had left the papers there and that Grandfather could get them attended to by writing for them. Soon after Grandfather wrote and was informed that the dead Man's brother had called for the papers and that they were gone. Then not long afterwards the lawyer moved away.

After the Revolution Grandmother's brother emigrated to Ohio and you know what sort of a state it must have been in then. My Grandmother kept up a correspondence with them, but on her marriage the last of them we ever heard were two sons who

came to visit Mother in Baltimore after she was married. He wanted Grandfather and Grandmother keptome and live out there and he offered to stock the farm for them but Grandfather would not go as he was a Catholic and there was no church there so that was all that kept Grandmother from coming.

The step-daughter of the old, old gentlemen in some way got at the property of her mother, got the property in her hands so that my Grandmother and Grandfather got very little if any of the property so that my Grandfather was so indignant that he broke up all connection with the family.

My Grandmother, Rachel Hamilton, married a man named Alexander McDaniel and he was a young Irishman, a second son of a landed Proprietor of Ireland. I do not know what sort of one he was but I heard them speak of his being the second son. They lived in County Galway in Ireland. He was taken by a rich Uncle in Dublin and educated with the purpose of being his heir. When he was eighteen he fell in love with a girl of the lowest station and his Uncle would not let him have her so he ran off to America and oleft his hime. They were three months coming from Ireland to New Orleans and when he got there he would not take the Oath of Allegiance to King George. They couldn't make him and so they let him go. He went up into Maryland and there he met with Grandmother and they were married and he taught there as he was a teacher.

He taught a while in Baltimore but I do not know how long. It was nothing but a little village then. He was offered a tract of land for forty shillings an acre that now comprises Howard Street and he would not take it as it was too far out of the city. The town was built down on the water.

He was very warm patriot although he was exempt as he was a teacher, yet he werved a time in the Maryland Line as a Volunteer. I have often heard of Grandmother talk about going through the lines to see him. He never got any pay or pension. They refused to drink tea during the war and in place of pins Grandmother used thorns to pin her clothes.

During this time Grandfather sold his place, I do not know how much it was but it was a considerable amount of money. The very next day it was bried down so they could not get any money and Grandmother thought it was a scheme on the mans part, but Grandfather said "Oh no, Rachie." When mother was quite a big firll he gave the money to the children for thumb paper and this is the way it was used up and if they had only kept it the Government would have redeemed it.

About this time the elder son died in Ireland and he was next heir, and he was sent for but Grandmother could not go and she would not let Grandfather go. So it was tit for tat, he would not let her go to her brothers and she would not let him go to his Brothers place.

He was very fond of reading. His eye-sight was better than Grandmother's.

There was a low window in the house, where they used to sit, Grandmother on one side and Grandfather on the other and he would read to her while she would knit or sew. Two very pretty little girls used to go past there every day and stop and talk to them. Their Aunt was a very fashionable young lady and had a great many beaux. And so one day when they came and talked a while, one little girl asked Grandmother in a whisper, "Is that your Beau?"

He was a very methodical man, my Grandfather. I never knew him to omit reading his Prayer Book. Nothing hindered him regularly as the hour came. He loved his church but he was not a bigot. He read in my Sunday School Bible as much as he did in his own. Every Friday he always took care of his finger nails, polished and trimmed and cut them. He always when he undressed folded and smoothed out his clothes and put them in his chair and his shoes just in a particular place and that is just the way he did the night before he died.

He had six children. Alexander, Ann, Mary, John, Margaret and William. All of them died with the exception of Mother (Margaret) and one brother. One, mother's favorite brother, was a mate of a vessel and was wrecked, heard of once and then never afterwards.

One brother lived after the old folks died.

And Ann, her husband was a sea captain and they had but one son and he died while he was away and when he returned and found what had happened he left and said he never would come to Baltimore again. Her husband's name was Captain Synnitt.

Mary had three children. Mother took the daughter until she was quite a girl when her father married again and took her. Her two brothers grew to be young men and then died of the consumption, John and Francis, their last names were Robertson, so there is none of that family left.

William had two children. After I was married the mother and daughter came and visited us. She grew up to be a young lady and married and died and whether the son is living or not I do not know. Uncle William was a great admirer of Columbus and he named his boy Columbus.

Alexander was married and had one child and it died and he died of the consumption. His wife the last I heard of her years ago was living in Baltimore.

John McDaniel, he got to wanting to go to sea through his Uncle Captain Synnitt. He insisted on it although the family opposed it. His father finally permitted him to go. So he went and returned and that time, afterwards, he told Mother that if some one had asked him "Now John won't you stay?" he would have done so but as no one did, he went on and was raised to be 1st Mate, when he was wrecked at sea. They never heard of him afterwards though it was said he was living. Mother said he thought too much of his family to not let them hear of him. I think he was

wrecked in some part of South America along the coast. Margaret married Alexander Sinley. His father was a Scotch Irishman, he came from Donnigal, Ireland, that is the Protestant part of Ireland. He came to Philadelphia, when my father was a little boy. After he was grown he went to Baltimore, married my mother and settled there. That was just before the breaking out of the War of 1812. They first went down, thinking to settle in Virginia when they were first married. They first went down on the Coast of Virginia, thinking that it was a pleasant place and they would like to settle there.

When the War broke out, my father could not stand being so far from the news, he was too great a patriot, so he hired a sloop to take his family and effects to Baltimore. Whilst they were on the way, they were overhauled by a British Man-of-War and taken prisoners. Father had the Niles register a paper that opposed the British and gave all the news. Mother says she sat on deck, the officer walging around with seals dangling and she was sure he had stolen them from some American and he would try to peep under her bonnet, but he was quite polite, as he told father that as he had a lady with him, that he would not take him prisoner, if he would forever give him his word of honor not to try to go into Baltimore but to go into Annapolis. For it would not be best to go on for if he did go on and he were to fall into the hands of Lord ----- he would treat him severely for then he would pay no attention to his having a lady and would be treated as a prisoner until exchanged. This father promised to do so they went into Annapolis but I don't know how long they stayed there but they lived three years and probably much longer and got a house for I know they talked about it as if it was home and called it home.

Whilst they were there, there was a large number of prisoners that had been exchanged with the British brought into Annapolis. The citizens sent out crackers and cheese and different things for the prisoners in the market house, father was among those that helped and as he was going around some one called out, "Why Alex! Is that you Alex?" and it was John McDanile who had been captured by some vessel and kept prisoner. Father did not recognize him he was so ragged and looked so badly but he didn't stop to let him eat - - - - could be and a happy meeting it was with his sister.

They got back to Baltimore soon afterwards I think for they were there at the time of the bombardment and father was one of the volunteers that went into Fort McHenry that night. My father and Mr. Robertson, my uncle by marriage were in there, mother and a number of ladies stayed up all night listening to the bombardment fearing that the British might get in. One of the ladies knew the difference in the sounds of the guns and whenever they would hear the Ft. McHenry guns they were glad and whenever they would hear no guns from the fort they

would be down-hearted and then when she would hear them, the Ft. guns, and they would be glad and they could think the British are not coming. That Fort kept them back and it was very pleasant for me to think that my father had a hand in helping, of course it was but one, but everyone helped. Uncle Robertson got a Bounty for that in after years, I suppose that either Congress or Maryland paid it to them. Aunt Margaret told me about it when she was out here but I would like very much to have some papers showing that he as well as my father was one of them.

My father settled in Baltimore, kept a shoe store, a very handsome shoe store. Had seven children, never raised but three, that ever lived to be a year old, as Baltimore was very sickly at that time and it was estimated that scarcely one half of the children at that time that were born lived to be over a year old, as they got the Cholera Infantum. They so had to be taken out into the country but even that was not always successful. I have often heard mother say that I was only saved by being fed the best milk Punch of French brandy and milk. The three children were Mary, Ann and Elizabeth Jane, who died of the Scarlet fever when only seven years of age and Margaret, who afterwards married Captain Collier.

We lived in Baltimore until I was eight years old. They always used to think I was very smart, when I was a little thing. I remember Grandmother and Grandfather looking so pleased when I used to read to them. I could never remember when I learned by letters and when we went to the little town where we moved I was put in one of the highest classes in Reading but that was about too it was a great stimulus to me in other things to be associated with the big girls in that and then to have to go down with the smallest ones in Geography and History and Arithmetic made me study hard. The town was thirty eight or forty miles from Baltimore named Liberty Town, Frederick County Maryland.

We lived there perhaps four or five years and during that time LaFayette visited this country. He went all over the land but not to that little town but he visited the County town and my father went up to see him, and he brought me a satin badge with LaFayette's head on it and I kept it a long time but I do not know what became of it. My father was a Mason and he went with a company of gentlemen it may be that it was a company of Masons. I think I was fourteen when we left Liberty and father moved to Fredrick.

After we had been there awhile, about a year, Aunt Eliza, father's sister came to visit us. After she went home she concluded that she would like to have me come and visit her and she sent for me. I went and whilst I was there I got acquainted with your Grandfather, John Lilley, he was a friend of theirs, after a while we concluded to get married. We went to house-keeping in Philadelphia. Your Grandfather was then a member of Dr. Ezra Stiles Elli's church.

Collier

Mary

*to married
Mr Lilley*

He was quite a noted preacher at that time and he was Pastor of the Pine Street Presbyterian Church and he married us August 24th, 1834, and that was his certificate that you have seen, that the mice ate. I have always been sorry that they spoiled his signature for he was quite a noted man.

We were married about six years when our third child a little boy a few months old died. I was married about two years when the oldest child, ~~Eliza~~ Eliza Jane was born July 3rd, 1836. She was named for my Aunt and my little sister mother used to call her Jane.

We had attended Dr. Eli's church but I don't think there was any great religious feeling at that time. At the funeral of our son, Samuel Fabrieus, (born Oct. 9, 1838, died March 31, 1840). The undertaker got Mr. Douglas to come and he was very kind to us and invited us to attend his church. [We went and your ^{Mr. Lilly} Grandfather became very much interested in the work at the Presbyterian Mariners church of Philadelphia. We finally got our letters and joined. It was called the Easburn Church, because an old Sailor had left all his fortune to the building of the church and gave his house for the Parsonage. I think your (Rob's) father has heard Mr. Douglas preach. He was a lovely man, took such fatherly interest in all his people.

In Philadelphia, Eliza Jane, Margaret Ann, Samuel Fabrieus (named for his Grand-Uncle), Cornelia Smith, Douglas Owen (named for the two ministers, Mr. Owen was assisting at the church when he was born as Mr. Douglas was visiting his friends and relations in the South), were born.

During our membership at the Mariner's Church, your Grandfather was second elected an Elder and took a great deal of interest in all religious matters and went around holding prayer-meetings and did everything he could to get the people to come to worship.

About 1842, there was a young Licentiate staying in the city. He was connected with our church and he wanted to have a prayer-meeting in the neighborhood in which we lived and we opened our house for him. He was a young man named Richards I think. He was a student and was staying there during his vacation and he had been appointed to act as Colporteur by the Tract Society and after he went away some months afterwards your Grandfather got the situation from the Tract Society. He had it some two or three months and when he left he wanted your Grandfather to take his place and he kept it as long as we lived in Philadelphia. He had a certain beat, visited the people and distributed Tracts.

It was during this time that we heard Mr. Bemo lecture in the Mariner's Church and as he was a Sailor he got in with Mr. Douglas. It was there any sailor of whatever denomination could go as there was a flag out telling that it was such a

(Miss Bemo)
 Bemo from
 Seminal
 Watson enters picture

church, called a Bethel. All the different denominations generally had a Bethel ~~but~~ but any sailor religiously inclined could go there if he wished to. There was always an invitation given Sabbath evenings and on Wednesday evenings to any one that felt like it, to get up and speak. Always read every Sabbath the reports of vessels that had been heard of or were missing and thus informed several Sailor's families, that way. It was in that way that Mr. Douglas met Mr. Bemo. Whether coming of his own accord or introduced by some of the Sailors but that was the first that we ever met him. His lecture interested your Grandfather very much, his descriptions of the degradation and miseries of the people, it was just after they had been brought out and they had ~~suffered~~ suffered so much on the road. He often wished that he could go out and help them, but had very little idea of ever having the opportunity to do so.

It was some time after we got acquainted with Mr. Bemo that Mr. Douglas went to New York on some business and whilst there he called on Mr. Walter Lourie, at the Mission Rooms and whilst there a letter was brought in from Mr. Loughridge to Mr. Lourie, stating his condition, his wife had died leaving his little boy an infant and a girl two years old, without any white woman within twenty or thirty miles. Miss Thompson came over and stayed a while after she heard it. Mr. Loughridge earnestly urged some help. Mr. Lourie then asked Mr. Douglas if he knew any one who would help or he could recommend as he did not know where to turn. Mr. Douglas said yes, there is one of my Elders who is very much interested in the work among the Seminoles. So Dr. Lourie said for him to go home and approach him on the subject and if he wished to go to send him to New York immediately. There was another Missionary with Mr. Loughridge at the Creek Mission, a young man, Rev. Limber, a single man.

Mr. Lilley

When Mr. Douglas came he spoke to your Grandfather and he asked me about it and I was not willing to come myself, not much Missionary spirit, but he seemed so anxious that I gave up my opposition and so he went on to Dr. Lourie, saw him and said he wanted to go to the Seminoles, and Dr. Lourie said that he would send Mr. Limber to go out and open a place among them as he was a single man and there would be no need of taking my children out there then and when the place was opened he would relieve Mr. Lilley. So he came back and we made up our minds to go.

We were about two weeks getting ready. The ladies of the church helped us. Mr. Lilley sold our things at Auction, save a few things that we sent by ship all the ~~way~~ way around New Orleans. We started in the latter part of November, I cant remember just the date but we spent Christmas in Cincinnati. We started about noon in the train expecting to reach Baltimore before night. We had sent word ~~that~~ that lady that we called to see, saying that we would be there that

to

by train

evening and they went there and waited and waited until very late and we never came. When we got to the Patapsco river the boat that was to take us over to the other side was aground and we had to lie there six hours. Had some funny times, men were talking about starving and kept me laughing but it was very provoking though. We got across at last and got into Baltimore and got into a hotel but there was no time to hunt up our people then so we got supper and started in the cars for ^{That} Cumberlands at the foot of the Alleghanies. ~~There~~ was where we left the cars.

We took a stage, nine-seated with six horses, there was the mother of the Seginole Agent and her daughter, a young lady, who traveled with us, besides others there were two gentlemen from Pittsburgh, who were going home, one of them was in Political life, he was one of the Babinet of Polk or whoever succeeded him. They too were passengers and he was a very sedate, quiet gentleman and this other one was such a lively jovial fellow and he declared when he got in he could not state which were his own legs, there were so many. Oh! it was traveling, a dreadful night, it just stormed and hailed and blew and several times the man stopped his horses and thought he could not go on, he would have to give it up, as they were going over that mountain that night. I had the baby, your Grandfather had Cornelis, and Maggie and Eliza had to get along as best they could, the poor young things. This young lady got so tired during the night that she just laid her head on my shoulder and there I was holding the baby and her head and it was to tiresome and I was so tired but I could not bear to disturb her. This gentleman, this Mr. Wilkins got to talking to Mr. Lilley, asked him where he was going, he wanted to know how much salary we were getting to go way out there and he told him that it was supposed to be about the value of \$500.00, our food and clothing. He said that was too bad, ought not to be less than \$1000.00 to go way out there. Then he turned to me and said you are from New England are you not? I wondered why he said so, but I answered, "Oh! no sir, I was born in Maryland". Why that is surprising he said, to ever have seen a lady out of New England have such control over her children and I never remember to have taken any attention to have them keep quiet, it must have been just their nature to behave themselves. That was a bad night, when it was storming and hailing and snowing and in that carriage so hot, twelve of us in a carriage that should have only seated nine.

After a good deal of hardship, it must have been for the horses although we changed every ten miles for a new set of six horses, we got a call to Union Town and he called to see us at breakfast and it was a dirty looking place. It was my first interview with coal countires. We got to Wheeling all right that evening near night, went to a very nice hotel and when Mr. Lilley inquired about the prospects

of a boat the Clerk said there was no boat going that night but Mr. Lilley was somehow not satisfied with his answer and went down to the river and there was a steamer just firing up nearly ready to start, and he hurried back and took us down and we got aboard of the steamer, all nicely lighted and warm, no different from the mode of traveling we had just been using. That was the last boat that went down for three weeks about, as the river froze over. Then we went to Cinncinnatti and we had a great time as it was getting there plowing through the ice. About noon the next day we arrived at Cinncinnatti and there we met Mr. Lilley's half-brother. I think he had written to him that he was coming and he left me on the boat and went out and found him, Augustus Lilley brought a carriage and took us up to his house. He was the father of Mrs. Owen Farrelly. There we had to stay three weeks on account of the river being frozen, we were worried because we could not get to Mr. Loughridge's, thinking that he was in need of our help, didnt know that Miss Thompson was able to help him. When we were there the son of Mr. Wilson, who was assisting his father in the Presbyterian Church called on us and afterwards took us to the Fair and the ladies treated us very kindly. Once in the while attending Prayer meeting the old father who was sitting back in the pulpit all at once arose and he had a very huge head of white silvery hair, I do not know how it was but I at once thought of him as the Prophet Samuel, and it turned out that his name was Samuel Wilson. During the time of our stay Cornelia was taken very ill, had taken cold some way in her traveling, we feared that we would lose her but after a weeks illness she got better. She was still not well when we went on the boat, the Doctor must have salivated her for her mouth was very sore as I had to get washes all the way down the river.

We got on the first boat that went down the river, after it had broken up. When we got to Louisville we had to stop for repairs as the ice had spalled the bottom of the boat. We had to wait there a day and a half. We had to go over the Falls through locks and that took a great deal of time as the river was so low over the Falls that the boat could not run. It was a canal dug around the river and we went through by a system of Locks, each one having to be filled so as to float to one boat from another one. We sailed in smooth water then until we got to the White River and there we went from there in the Cut Off to a place called Montgomerie Point, above the mouth of the Arkansas River. You know the White River empties into the Arkansas and this cut off saved some miles

That was my first experience in living in the West. The Hotel was a large frame house, framed outside and ceiled inside with boards and painted dark blue. I thought it was the most gloomy and forbidding place I ever was in. Such dark water and then such a house as that, no furniture hardly, everything of the

plainest sort. [I said one day what an ugly house, I would hate to have one and some one said you will wish for it when you get to the Indian Territory.] Since I came to the Territory I have, but I still think that I would not have it painted dark blue.

I had been congratulating myself that when we got to the land we would have plenty of milk. We had been doing without it the latter part of the voyage though we had plenty before. The first meal when we went down they handed me a cup of black coffee. In my surprise at such a thing I said something to the Landlord about not having milk and he said, "Oh! we have plenty of cows but we havent got 'em up yet." That was a mystery to me and I pondered over it quite a while, but when I got farther on I found out all about it.

There was a woman, the mistress of the house and her sister was there but they did not seem to be going anything but sitting around and knitting lace. The most of the cooking seemed to be done by an old colored woman in a house outside from the building. Mr. Bemo was investigating around and said he saw her when she was frying ham and the ham was ready to turn and she wet her fingers in her mouth and turned it over. He took great care not to tell it while we were there and then how he did laugh. Oh! but he was a jovial fellow and was quite good company.

We stayed there waiting for another boat as we had to get off the big boat, we had been waiting there about three days and along came a smaller boat and on board was a company of Creeks over one hundred of them that were being taken from Alabama to Indian Territory. The Clerk of the boat was a pleasant young man and came up to make arrangements with us about our passage and told us that there were only three persons in the cabin, an Arkansas Lady and her daughter and a young Indian Lady, a Miss Moore. When we went down I was very anxious to see them. When I went on board I saw a very beautiful young lady with beautiful black hair in long curls, on each side of her face, with fine dark eyes, handsomely dressed, not very dark, fair complexion for an Indian and I supposed that she was the Arkansas young lady. When I saw two homespun dressed, downy looking women I supposed that they must be Indians but it turned out that the first was the Indian and they were the Arkansans. Just as much difference between the Indian and them as day and night. She is the sister-in-law of Mrs. Moore, the Sister of Judge Moore. Her two brothers were with the rest of the people but they came up to see their sister every day.

We had a State-room to ourselves and pleasant board, the young men were very pleasant to us, one of them played the guitar and took a great interest in the children but the poor fellow was blown up not long afterwards.

The Agent who was taking out the people was very sick and declared that he could not go any further and so he persuaded Mr. Bemo to take them

Creeks from Alabama to Indian Territory

and so we had them for company all the way. Every night the boat would to to land, and they would go and cook their supper on land and enough provision for the next day and that they did all the way up.

Miss Moore had a very sad life of it. Married a merchant at the agency and they lived together for several years apparently very happy but he left her and went and married some one in Missaouri and it almost broke her heart and she left and went to some one of her relatives and afterwards there died. She was a tall slender lady and her brother, now judge, was then not very old.

In that way as we went on until we got to Little Rock from Montgomeriess Point. This New Hampshire boat took us to there and we had to change again, there we stayed at the hotel over Sabbath and this young man came and took the children, Eliza and Maggie with Mr. Lilley to church. I did not go as I did not feel like carrying the baby. Then the next day there came along a little boat called the Oclla, a little stern-wheeled steamer. On account of the lowness of the riger the other boats could not go. We were nearly a week going.

We left the Arkansas folks at Pt. Bluff and it had a high muddy bank. Everything they had was packed in a bale, the shape of a bale of cotton. When the young lady on the steamer wanted to get some calico to make her a dress, her mother told her that everything was in that bale. When they arrived at Pt. Bluff they had to walk up in that mud and the negroes were rolling that bale of their household effects over and over again in the mud. That was ~~before~~ before we got to Ft. Smith. We left Little Rock on Monday and got to Ft. Smith nearly a weeks time and spent the Sabbath there.

At Cincinnatti, your Grandfather bought a light wagon and a pair of mules, which we brought down with us in the steamers. We found that we had no seats. Someone had given him a large plow which was very unhandy when it came to traveling. We had a couple of large trunks which we used as seats and which when Mr. Loughridge became aware of our arrival he was quite indignant at my having to ride on a trunk all that distance.

To make matters worse to traveling the Cherokees had been in the state of civil war and there was a large number of them that were come down there for protection, the one side, the Red Party, came for protection of the Military and to keep out of the way of the Ross Party. There were traveling reports about the statis of affairs, burning of houses, etc. that made us very apprehensive.

Your Grandfather did not know much about traveling then as it was his first experience as it was mine. Before we started he bought a couple of single blankets for the children. When we got on the other side of the river, we camped,

wagon & mules

and slept in the wagon through the night. In the morning when we started, Mr. Bemo said that he expected that we would have to come back for fire. So we started, the roads were very, very muddy and just right in the bottom at Ft. Smith, it jst seemed as we would never get over it. When we had gone perhaps five miles we saw a man coming and waving his hands and when he came up he told us that we were on the wrong road and would have to go back again to where we started from. It was night before we got back. So Mr. Bemo's word came true. There we camped for the night a second time. Next day we started and we got fourteen miles to a Cherokee family, a very fine Cherokee family, named Drew. A Mr. John Drew, son-in-law of Roly McIntosh. Who had a creek wife and a Cherokee wife and this Mrs. Drew and Mrs. Willison and Union, were the only children. Oh! It was such a comfort to go into a clean, comfortable house even though it was log, nice fire and nice clean rooms. An old colored man came to fix up the fire. Plenty of milk and we enjoyed that night.

Next morning we started and it had turned quite cold and after we got started Mr. Bemo had hired a good many teams to carry Indians, one half dozen, I reckon of wagons. They all got ready and started and after they had gone some distance a few miles, it commenced to snow and snow and snow and it began to be hard to travel and after ten or twelve miles we came to the Illinois river where was a house belonging to Mr. Drew, where he had left before and had his people still cultivating. When we got there the men said that they should not go any further and so they all piled in there and they had no provisions. Mr. Lilley had bought a ham so we had some provisions. Mr. Bemo went out and got some corn out of the ^{cribs} ~~cribs~~ and shot a hog. They had a hand-mill with them and they ground the corn and cooked the pork. He gave us some of the pork and meal. Miss Moore had an oven with her and we managed to cook our meals. There was plenty of room. We had been assigned a room to ourselves, but all we had that night were our own robes to shelter us from the cold. We had two big fires all night and so did not suffer much. The hardness of the bed was the worst thing since we had to sleep on the floor. Mr. Bemo kept an account of everything and paid the bill. During that evening a couple of men came in and one proved to be Mr. Willie of the Old Dwight Mission about twelve miles from there and he wanted us to come over to his place but I had no notion of doing so. We were there all the next day as the snow was pretty thick on the ground and they said the mules could not travel as it would bog up their feet as they called it.

We started. Mr. Lilley could not get the mules to go for him, came near being thrown out and I got him to get a driver, a half breed Creek, one of their company named Thomas, and he proved to be a great help to us as he did all the little

work that has to be done about the camp and all for his meals only.

The next day the snow began to melt, pretty soon the sun came out, and it got so that we could travel, and so they traveled on. One night when we camped one of the indians came to Mr. Lilley and asked him if he would not give him a few ears of corn as his wife was sick and wished some sofkee. We had bought some corn for the mules but the indians were furnished only with flour. So we gave him some corn and it was surprising to see how quickly they cut some sapplings into pestles and hollowed out a hole in a long log and pounded that corn. Along in the evening here came a man with a bowl of sofkee. What sofkee was we did not know. They had no salt and it was the most tasteless thing I thought I had ever tasted. But I put some salt in it and then I could eat it. They laughed at me for putting salt in the sofkee, of course there was no lye in it.

We travelled on and Mr. Lilley concluded that he would leave the company as we had a great good driver and concluded to run the risk by ourselves and we went on towards Ft. Gibson, got there about noon but it was pretty cold driving and it did seem as if we would never get there. We could look down and see Gibson as we were in high country for miles but we did not seem to get there at all. Eliza got her nose frosted by the cold, so that the skin peeled off. When we got into Gibson, I don't remember how we crossed the river, anyhow we called in at an eating house and got some coffee. We thought Mr. Bemo would come but as he did not your Grandfather, thought he would go and see him, and in coming back he got into a deep place in the Grand River and nearly drowned, so we waited until Mr. Bemo came up. From Gibson we went on to a Mr. Willieson's, whose wife was a sister of Mrs. Drew and he was a white man. They were rich, had many slaves, a great big house, lounges, stuffed chairs, etc., they were so kind to us and we had a good time and stayed there all night. That was eight or ten miles from Ft. Gibson.

We started from Willieson's and got over to the Creek Agency about noon and there we had to give up our driver. Your Grandfather didn't know how Mr. Loughridge was seilled so he told him he would go on and if he wanted Thomas he would send for him, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ as he wanted work. So he gave him all the provisions.

Mr. Lilley went into a store to get some things and there he met a Mr. Wolf and when he heard where we were bound for and having been introduced to me he said "Oh! you can't go there today as it is too late, you must come over to my house." He lived about three miles from there. It made me feel so bad as I had been looking so long for a place to stop, that I had to cry. I just gave up, it didn't seem as if we could stay out another night but we went with him to his place, his wife received us very kindly and made us as comfortable as possible. This Mr. Wolf was Mayor of Ft. Smith afterwards.

Then the next day we started and he gave Mr. Lilley all the directions that he could but you see there was very little travel and he told us to be sure not to take the trail as there was a wagon and a trail road. In fact he went on and showed us the right road. After he left us we had not gone far before Mr. Lilley went wrong. We rode on and on and towards evening came to a steep gully and he knew that he must be wrong then, but he thought perhaps he could drive down. He got out and went down and examined the place and then started down, he went down all right but when it came to going up on the other side the ^{or} mules just stopped and began eating and would not pull a bit. Mr. Lilley got out and whipped them but they just kicked up their heels. Pretty soon he said that we would have to take the things out and as there were a few trees a little above the bank where was a bare place we took the children there and then carried the trunks and things up there. Then he got me a long switch and he took one and we both started to be~~l~~aboring those mules but they would not budge an inch we at last he gave up. Then he climbed up into a high tree and looked all around and said he saw some smoke and then he took one of the mules and left me and the children all alone. I felt pretty bad then, felt almost like giving up but when I saw the children and saw that they began to cry when they looked at me I began to talk about the little birds that were hopping around and so on, though~~y~~ my heart was quite sick. We waited a long, long time but at last your Grandfather came riding as hard as he could, just like he was when he went away, without any saddle. When he came up he said, "Mary, God is good to us, I have found Mr. Loughridge." He had gone to this smoke, it was a little indian hut and he tried to make the man understand by signs that he wanted help but he could not make him understand, at last he said Mr. Loughridge and Mr. Winslette and they took a yoke of oxen and brought a horse with a ladies saddle for me. At last they came and put the oxen to the wagon and pulled it up in a jiffy. Eliza said, "Oh! mamma oxen are better than mules!" I said that I would rather ride in the wagon, so Mr. Winslett drove the oxen which were hitched to our wagon and your Grandfather rode on of the mules and Mr. Loughridge rode the other and led the horse but as we were on the trail we had to go around and around many times and it took us a long time to go to the Mission.

In the meantime whilst we were traveling there, Mr. Loughridge's sister heard of his loss and came on and was taking care of the baby. She had been there two or three weeks so he did not want assistance. We started in November and on account of delays did not reach Koweta until February.

When we arrived Miss Loughridge had supper awaiting as it was late and it was a very pleasant meal. She stayed a few weeks after we arrived, put me in the way of my new character, in the way of going through with the work. I was not

Mission?

accustomed to managing an ???? and such servants as they had out there and the woman we had there was ~~past~~ managing, an Indian raised Negress, just impossible to make her do anything only just what she pleased. On Saturday when she ought to have been preparing for Sabbath, She would be two or three hours away from the house and when she would return all her answer would be that she had been to hunt grapes, to make grape-pie, as they called it, because she wanted to eat it. I would set her to work and go out and in a couple of hours come back and she would be lying asleep on the kitchen floor. Miss Thompson had tried her and in the end finished by giving her a whipping, a great big strapping black woman, but I could not muster up courage to do that. She belonged to Sanford Perriman, so I dismissed her and tried another one, she was an English speaking woman who did very well. Mr. Loughridge took his sister back home to Alabama and a friend at Dwight, Mrs Hitchcock, had offered to take his children. He said I had too much to do to take care of them and he took them down there. During his absence the child got sick, and when he returned he brought the corpse from Dwight Mission and buried it beside its mother. A nice healthy looking child when he went away, about six months old.

Mr. Loughridge had hired a man, a sort of a singular person that was in the Nation and representing himself to be the son of a President in a New England College named McMaster, as a teacher before we got there. He professed great friendship at first but after Mr. Loughridge went away, he began to take exceptions to everything that Mr. Lilley and I did. Talked to the children, tried to misrepresent our actions, tried ~~set~~ them against us, made our lives miserable. We did not think to apply to the Board, and I concluded to write to Mr. Douglas asking his advice and he sent the letter to the Board, and Mr. Walter Lowrie wrote at once to Mr. Loughridge that he did not know anything about Mr. McMaster and that he did have confidence in Mr. Lilley and for him to dismiss Mr. McMaster at once and he did so. The reason of his having this man was that Mr. Limber soon after Mrs. Loughridge's death, got very low spirited, thought he was out of his right work and just left without permission from the Board. He was to have gone to the Seminoles and fix up a place for us but he just left soon after Mr. Loughridge wrote to the Board of the death of Mr. Loughridge. He said they just frightened him.

He went to Texas, there he got a church, and seemed to be doing very well. He went after several years there back home and brought out a wife. As they were going back on their way home, at New Orleans, the steamboat they were on stopped there over night, and he left his wife on board of the boat, and went to the Bible house and having finished his business started to go back to the boat and was

never heard of afterwards. At first his wife was stupified but as she was a woman of determination, she went right on and took up his duties as far as she could and took up the school he had started and did his work as far as she could and the last I heard of her she was doing very well.

During the spring of our second year there, we carried on a school of boys and girls not more than thirty scholars. Just a beginning then of the school and about this time Mr. Loughridge went away again with the expectation of bringing back a new wife. He married Miss Avery, who had once been a teacher in the Park Hill Mission School but after a few years had to resign on account of ill health, her health failed. After her return she seemed to recover, appeared to be quite well again. He brought her from her home in Massachusetts and we were all pleased very much with her and she was a very sweet lady. But a very few months showed that the climate of the Indian Territory did not agree with her. She never was able to take a very active part in the Missionary work. Miss Thompson came to stay with us to take a cery active part and she took the management of the most of the work off of her. Mrs. Loughridge had had ~~the~~ management of the house and the cooking as her work and I had the care of the girls in the school.

Salary
About this time they allowed us a salary, before they had not done so. They concluded we would like it better to have something that we could call our own, so they gave us \$100.00 apiece and we certainly did like it better as there were many things that we would like to have that we did not care to ask the Board for. Then they gave us \$50.00 apiece for the children, till they were eighteen years old and then they were expected to care for themselves. Miss Thompson came there not expecting anything, she said that all she wanted was nothing except her clothing. Mr. Loughridge insisted on her taking a salary, I do not think she would accept as much as we got but on of the first things she did with her money, was to pail in a garden and it cost \$200.00, so we had a nice garden on her account. It had to be made by hand. A Mill had not been built at Ft. Gibson and so it cost a great deal. At this time Mr. Winselitt, a young savage, was working for Mr. Loughridge, who afterwards became known as the pious Interpreter of the Mission but he did not look like an Indian at all, he was so fair and rosy cheeked. He was a stepson of our Interpretor, Louis Perriman, head of the Perriman tribe.

His mother was a Hitchiti woman, had been married before we supposed to a white man and then to Louis Perriman, and he had her and her two daughters as wives. He was Chief of the trive^b and Mr. Loughridge's interpretor for a good while, he had two children by another wife, by another woman, Mahale and Nancy, scholars in the Kowete school. Nancy married a soldier at Ft. Gibson whose time had run out and afterwards

when the Mexican war broke out he enlisted again and was employed in the Surgeons Department and after the war as he was quite smart man he took up the profession of Doctor and became quite successful. She sent back Photographs of herself and children and they looked so Apanish and so pretty and had Spanish names. She looked like a Spaniard as she had dark eyes and face.

Mahale married Mr. Winslett who by this time had become a member of our church and soon became very efficient as an interpreter.

I can remember once how Mr. Winslett looked when a young man named Thomas who was thinking of becoming a christian, was asked to go to a dance by him and Mr. Loughridge tried to persuade ^{her} ~~him~~ not to go with him and I remember how mad Mr. Winslett, looked as he came in and resented it. We had not thought of it as he was such a quiet person but afterwards young Thomas became an excellent Christian man. He married and lived a few years a very efficient member of the church and then died. Rev. Green, of Little Rock a well known Minister was visiting at the Mission at the time of his death and officiated at his funeral and he said that it was the death of such a man that paid for all the money that had been spent at that Mission. Referring to his triumphant death he said also that it was funny that Europe should be speaking to America through Africa. Robin was interpreting at that time.

Mr. Thomas was married to Mrs. Gregory's sister, he had formerly been the husband of the elder sister and at that time of her sickness and death, although he was not a christian then he had done things for her that seemed that he was a man of a very kind disposition. Nursing her and doing things that the indians of that time would not do, taking care of his wife at certain times. You remember that the General Assembly had passed a law that the people should not marry their sister-in-law. When he wanted to marry his sister's sister, Mr. Loughridge could not marry him. He wanted to have them marry so much and just at that time without any expectation of a visit, Mr. Willie stepped in, on a visit from Dwight Mission and you know he was a Congregationalist and so was not held by any such point of law and Mr. Loughridge says one of the first things he got him to do was to marry Thomas.

However, Mr. Winslett soon became a member of the church and became a very efficient member and finally an ordained Minister. He helped Mr. Loughridge in his transplanting and also Mrs. Robertson in her work while he lived.

Our members were generally colored men, among them was Robert Johnson. (Mr. Loughridge's own name was Robert and his sons name was Robert so as to have no confusion, he said we should call Robert, Robin. Mrs. Loughridge's name was Mary as well as my own and so he always called her "Wife", which seemed very funny to me.

When she died and he was going to be married a third time we hoped he was not going to call her "wife" too, as the teachers said it was so hateful to call her that and we got after him and he called her Mrs. Loughridge after that." I used to get them together Sabbath morning and teach them spelling, and Robert was very anxious^x to learn and he would go with the boys, but after he learned a little he stopped. On Sabbath morning, I had a class and he would come with others and I would teach out of some simple books.

Among them was one man, a great tall gangling fellow, I think his name was Jerry, I am not sure, but he thought he was taught by spirit and I tried to have him come in among the rest. One morning he was spelling he got up and went out and said, "Oh! that was no way for him to learn that was too solid work, God's Spirit taught him all." He was very excitable and wanted to say "AMEN" and Mr. Loughridge told him one day as he took him aside that that was not the way we conducted meetings, that he must be quiet after this. One day as he was sitting in the house and Mr. Loughridge was preaching he suddenly gave a couple of jumps and landed out in the yard and OH! how he did yell and whoop. I was scared as I did not go to meeting that day.

Robert had never interpreted, and across the river from Koweta was a very nice settlement of indians, that had no meeting. Mr. Lilley persuaded Robert to go over with him and talk to them and that was the way that Robert began to interpret. Sever's wife was the daughter of one of the men of that place, her name was Annie Anderson. Her sister married another white man and she died.

In the fall of the year that we went to the Indian Territory, our little daughter, Mary Matilda, was born, October 25, 1846. The children wanted so much for me to name her Muskogee. Mr. Murrow named his little daughter that and they always called her Cogie.

Among our scholars at that time was Joseph Perriman, a grandson of the old Perriman Chief, and who was afterwards Principal Chief of the Nation. Pleasant Porter, a poor sickly little fellow, who was thought would never live, now a great Representative for the Nation at Washington, they both learned the rudiments at Koweta, then we had the three Miss Lewises. The now Mrs. Ingrham, then Miss Lizzie Stidham, the sister of Judge Stidham, a very pretty girl she was indeed. The two Miss Andersons, Annie and Kissie, among others was a sister of Pleasant Porter and several of the Perriman girls whose names I do not remember now.

During the later part of our stay, the question was brought up about having a large school, so finally it was arranged that they were to build a large, new brick building and Mr. Loughridge was to take charge. [It was during our third year's stay and we were to go to the Seminoles. That Mission was called Tallahassee. Mr.

Balentine came out and took charge of the Mission at Koweta.

Mr. Eaton was a young man just from the Seminary there and one of the first things he said after he came was "what are we going to do about hot bread as he had had biscuits all the way down from where he got off the steamboat. Soon after he went to Ft. Gibson, where there were many soldiers and officers and under a pretence of learning the language, stopped with a man named Lewis, and went into society with the officers there. We could not get him to come out to Koweta at all and finally he left for what reason I am not sure, when there he resigned or was dismissed by the Board. He must have kept up the connection with the officers, for since the war, I saw a notice of a marriage and the Chaplain was Eaton.

Then Mr. Ballentine came, and he was so handsome and so eager to do good it seemed. I liked him very much, but I did not get very well acquainted with him, he married an Indian woman. He did not always succeed with the children, one day he was coming out and one of the little boys, a Morse I think, was standing near and he said "Run in and tell me what time it is". He said he did not know how so he said he would go in and show him as he was big enough now to know how and he spent nearly an hour telling, "Dont you see that hand that goes all the way around, that is the minute hand, and that hand that only goes a little ways that is the hour hand." Then he would say "Now, how is it?" At the end of the hour the boy didnt seem to know any more than he did when he first began. He would become very much annoyed at the way the negroes worked as it was not the way he had been accustomed to work in Pennsylvania.

They had just built an addition to the house and we expected him and his room was a very nice upstairs room, back of the boys room, and Miss Thompson and I fixed it up for him. She said it would be very nice if we only had some window curtains but that of course we would not have time to fix them. I said there were some single bed sheets in the chest and that I did not see why she could not use them. She was very glad when I told her and fixed them up, running a string through them and hanging them up and they looked very nice as the cloth was fine. She always seemed to think that was something quite nice in me to think of but I did not think it so at all.

By that time I had got a little used to fixing up things. When I first went out to Koweta, from Cincinnatti, Mrs. Wilson wrote me if I wanted anything to write to her. When I got there I found that there was no carpet on the floors. It seemed so bad to have a baby on the bare floors so I wrote to her and she sent me enough to cover two floors.

When Mr. Loughridge was going to be married the second time, his room was very bare, so I put down one of the carpets, a new one that never had been used.

I had a set of double curtains for a large window with a border of valance or heavy border or fringe, but as the windows at Koweta were only 8 x 16, we could not use them, so I got some sheets to put on the back and side of the bed and then arranged the window curtains in front and the valance or fringe made ornaments along the front of the curtains. Then I arranged a nice fire ready to light, and would not allow anyone to go near the room, before they came and went in and dusted it every day. When Miss Thompson came along with them she said that they were not there before she knew, so that I got used to fixing things.

Mr. Ballentine used to scold me for scrubbing and working at the rooms, said "why didn't I let the colored men do the work, who were just standing around there?" So one day I got a colored man to come up and scrub the boys room, then I went up to see it and so, such work I had to do it over again myself. I did not believe in doing half work. This new building had a fine white pine flooring which unless well cleaned looked smeared so it had to be well scrubbed to make a good appearance.

We left Koweta, I think about the first part of October, 1848. Mr. Lilley had employed Mr. Bemo to go out and build him a house in the Seminole Nation. We were to meet him at Mr. Lewis's where his wife was staying, being one of his daughters. When we got there they were not ready at all and we had to wait four or five days and I was bothered enough about it. After we got started we were at least five days on the road. Had no one to help us in the very muddy places. We took out with us a colored woman from Koweta as cook. We had ox-wagons for all our things and so we had to go slowly, even though we had a horse-wagon. Five days was the regular trip down to the Creek Agency but it took us longer than that, at least 7 days. They lost the oxen on the North Fork bottom and so we were delayed part of two days. When at last we arrived at the sight of the Mission, it was a desolate looking place, right in the midst of a sandy plain, a little log cabin, without a window, just a door and a shutter on wooden hinges. The door had wooden hinges too and a tring for a latch. When it was cold we had to shut the little window and the door. The chimney was built of sticks and it was not plastered, only just a little around the bottom. Only just wood sticking up there. The floor was laid with rails and not even punchuns, just rails laid down. The house was raised up about three feet from the ground on sawed bottoms of trees, no under-pinning, so you may know how the wind went up through the rails. Every time you would walk across they would jump or hump up and down. It was a pretty big room, perhaps sixteen or eighteen square and we put up the bed-steads in each corner on the same side and then put up curtains so as to have each a little room. We occupied one and Mr. Bemo the other. Made a bed on the floor

To Seminole Nation
from Koweta

for the children that night.

The next day Mr. Lilley put up another set of rails overhead. Up there they put the boxes and such things we had to put up. Down stairs, we had to put the coffee and flour and sugar as best we could in the other corners of the room. We had a little mill to grind our corn. Aunt Ceeley made a fire and decided to get our meals there. We did not take up much room for our flour as we only had it for a rarity and had to use meal all the time. I used to feel sorry for poor Maggie as she never could eat cornbread as a child and she used to look almost starved as we only had light-bread on Sundays generally.

That day, little Walter was born, October 21st, 1948. I have often wondered since how I ever lived through it, but I got along very well. The baby was healthy and I had no trouble.

Eliza and Maggie took care of the little ones. Maymie was a little tot then, just running around, she was not much trouble.

Pretty soon, in a short time, in a week or so, we got up a little log kitchen about as far as from our place here to your door, that being a pleasanter spot. So we had a long ways to carry our food. The water was further still down a hill to a creek. That was all the water we had to use. It was a very nice creek that ran along past there. It did not run all the year but there were some very deep holes there, so that it did not go entirely dry.

After I got well they concluded that they would have to have some meat for the winters. There was nothing to be had around there, so Mr. Lilley and Mr. Bemo went off to the Arkansas to buy pork for the winter and left us there. Meanwhile Mr. Lilley had hired an interpreter to come and work for us, whose name was Mr. Willis. They were getting ready to have a field and he was working around and getting us wood and such things. It got very cold then, by this time it was in November, perhaps the latter part and we had to have a good deal of fire in that wood chimney. It was mudded up, you remember, only to the off set and the rest of the way it was only sticks. As it was cold we had to use a good deal of fire and one day some one came along, running, and said the house was afire. The upper part was caught. That was dry and then the roof was afire. There was snow on the ground, but Willis was at work some place. Ceeley began to throw what water she had there on the fire to try to put it out, and hollered as loud as she could to Willis to come. He did not hear her, then she tried to put on snow, at last Willis came and got up and tore down the part of the dry sticks that were burning and the shingles from the roof, so that with the snow he was able to put out the fire. Mrs. Bemo had become badly scared and she told me to get out the things as we

could not save the house, but I encouraged Willis to work and tried to save the house, for here it was in winter and we would have no house, so he did work like a Turk. When the fire was out I found that Mrs. Bemo had her bed and many other things out in the snow. Then as the chimney was ~~spilled~~^{spoiled} we had only that little kitchen for a room to have fire in. However, Willis soon fixed up a place the next day, so that we had only to sleep there one night without a fire. I felt a little better with my old log house after that, after having come so near losing it, that season of the year.

They came back with a quantity of Hogs, necessary for our use. They had a good deal of trouble in getting them across the Arkansas, lost one or two of them. I guess they bought them from the Perrimans. Then there was the work of butchering but we finally got through with it. The question was where was the meat to be packed. After a great deal of deliberation on the momentious subject we decided to put it back of the house, on some rails, our great standby, salted it, and covered it with rails but slanting to the house. It extended clear along the back part of the house. In a day or two there came up a fearful storm and that meat was never thawed until Spring. The snow and ice being on the ground I think for seven weeks. Imagine how we were in that great cold barn of a house, so hard to keep the children warm.

In the meantime they had fenced in and broken enough ground for a garden and as soon as ever the Spring opened we were so anxious for something green, we planted mustard and other things of course, but mustard was the earliest that we could plant and it came up very thick and we used ~~to~~ pull it up by the white roots with the two leaves and have it for salad. We used to think it tasted real good after eating pork a great part of the winter. We had some dried fruit. Dried apples, but one gets tired of them, but it was better than nothing.

As soon as Spring opened they commenced building the new house. Had large logs. They were 18 x 20 with a hall of some size between. This Willis was a sort of carpenter and Mr. Bemo has all sorts of tools, he was quite a mechanic. We did not have any lumber. They made the house a story and a half high, with the windows reaching from the hall log down to the one log above the floor. There was quite a room above. This was floored with the boxes. The doors. They took the universal rail and made ~~an~~ panel doors, Mr. Bemo making tongue and grooves with his tools and put boxes in for panels. We were very high toned as we had panel doors in our house. Unfortunately the lumber did not hold out, ~~so~~ we had to have plain clap-boards in the back doors of the house. The roof was very steep,

as swiss roofs. Mr. Lilley planed all the shingles, so that made the roof all the better. He used to use his wooden horse and drawing knife all day long, making fun with the children about his horse, he was riding all the day long. There were two windows down and two windows up, a north and a south door to each house. No back windows, but windows from upstairs and downstairs making in all twelve windows. Doors in each room in the North and South parts of the rooms. For the fire places, we had an Indian halfbreed build two stone chimneys. Down stairs we only had puncheons for the floors and although they had been smoothed with the adz and put down very tight for a time, yet as they were unseasoned they soon dried, drew apart and left great cracks in the floor. Then the needles, thinbles, childrens playthings etc. used to get down those cracks.

Mr. Bemo made a mantel-piece in each room. He reserved two broad boards for the shelf and he wanted the two alike. But he only had one for us and had to use two smaller ones for himself and made an ornament to hide the crack and I thought it looked prettier than our own. He painted the mantels black. The windows white, the upstairs and cross-pieces of the panel doors blue and the panels themselves white. Then we had regular locks with brass knobs and we were finished up in style. We had the middle room, that hall, used for a dining room and the room over it for a store-room. The upstairs over my room was the firls bed-room. The room over Mr. Bemo's room was the Boy's room. All of which were reached by ladders, we had a ladder in the corner of my room, with a cloth reaching from the floor up to the ceiling, so that one might have taken it for a closet. In the same was in Mr. Bemo's room. In the hall we did not have any curtains, as the little door was made out of clap-boards and fastened with a pad-lock. There I had to stand many a time on the ladder and take the lock with by two hands and it is a wonder I did not pitch down on the floor, expecially when I was loaded with something or other. When Mr. Lowrie came out afterwards he said, "Mrs. Lilley had to have stairs, no matter what it cost" so they went to work and put up stairs.

Afterwards we had three sheds made, two for the boys and girls sitting rooms, rather cold in the winter and one for a kitchen, fixed with a sink. The sink had a hole in it with a spout reaching down through the floor to a set of logs which carried the slop down across the boys yard and emptied it into a trough for the hogs. I had a large side window made in the kitchen so as to throw the light into the sink. More store boxes by this time had come and we were able to build the stairs. One for Mr. Bemo and the one that was built for us, was made so as to connect with the firls room, sleeping room, also with the store-room up stairs.

I had a bed up there and when any stranger came I put him up there. Mr. Lowrie had to stay there when he came. We had shelves put up for our groceries.

During this time in the Spring, Mr. Lilley had gone to the Seminole Council and seen the old Chief, old Mikko Nopis and he had given him permission to open the school. Old Wild Cat was one of the Councilors and I do not think he was very willing. Soon after the old Chief went down to Ft. Gibson and there died and his nephew Jim Jumper was made King under the name of Mikko Machuassa. They say one ought never to speak ill of the dead and he was crippled I suppose in the war, as he must have been a warrior but he did not show much courage. For one day after he was elected Chief he came over to Mr. Lilley to get a tooth pulled and did not show much courage as he went out to his horse two or three times to get a drink of whiskey to muster up his courage before he could get it pulled, but succeeded at last in getting it done.

He did not live very long, perhaps not a year, and then they elected John Jumper Chief. Put out their fire and whatever other ceremonies they had in electing him.

At the time that your Grandfather got his permit before he got the house done Wild Cat came and acted so meanly and so proudly said, "I thought you had come to teach school and here you have been all these months along enough to have burnt up all the timber in the country and have not any school yet." I felt so miserable, I felt like giving up, could not help crying.

At this time the Government was trying to get the Creeks and Seminoles to become one people. Said they ought to as they had the same laws and the same customs. The Government had only rented their lands for them. This was before the Creeks had made their Constitution and the Government wished very much to unite the two people. But among others Wild Cat was the most opposed to it, fact so much so that he got together his people and took them off to Mexico. That was the last we saw of him for some years until after the school was started, when one day he returned with his wife and a little child six months old, his own boy. He brought his wife and child to the Mission. The peculiarity about the child was that his only clothing was a little hickory shirt, with a pleated bosom and a high collar just like a mans. That was all he had on. Wild Cat had about three yards of the coarsest black pantaloons stuff, the kind that jumps all out when you cut it. He wanted to cut the baby a cloak. So I told him that that was not at all fit, but that if he would wait a day or two I would make the baby a cloak. So I had some ~~nice plaid linsey, red.~~ nice plaid linsey, red. I cut a nice long cloak and lined it with yellow flannel, just as I had. Trimmed it with some silk

fringe that I had worn around a cape, there was enough to trim the cloak and around the collar. It made a very pretty looking little cloak and he came for it about the time it was done and seemed to be very much pleased, then he had the children all gather together and gave them a great harangue, about how they should think and act until every body was tired and then he held the stuff out in his most pompous way and said, "He would donate that to the Mission." He went back to Mexico soon after and that was the last we ever saw of him.

School We commenced the school in the summer. Our first boys were three Creek children, the grandchildren of the old Creek Trader, across the river, Mr, Edwards, I suppose one of the first white traders out here, probably the first because he said the buffaleos were all around here when he came here. They sent them over here to school and they paid their board and they went home every Saturday, came back Monday. Soon we got a relation of Jumpers, a little orphan girl named Mabel. We fixed her up and dressed her up nice and used to take her about. At first they thought we wanted to get their children and then send them away and perhaps make slaves of them, but when they saw that we treated the children kindly they began to think better of us.

They used to come to our place and stand around and look at us, for a long time. Once a lot of women and some men came on Monday when we were sorting our clothes among the sheets. When one of the women said "Look! Look! they are going to wash clean clothes!" The men said, "Ho! White people dont stand like you do, they do not wear their clothes until they are black!"

Our next scholar was a boy who came of his own accord without anybody with him. Perhaps twelve years old, we called him Stewart. He had nothing on but a shirt. We had no clothes yet sent for the children and I sat up all night making him a pair of pants out of a pair of Mr. Lilley's. In the morning we dressed him in the shirt and pants and Mr. Lilley I believe gave him a vest that he had and then he wanted to go home. We let him and the next day he came bringing his little brother and he had on the shirt and the vest we had given his brother. They became scholars. After that they came in one after another.

About this time there was a party of indians going hunting and Eliza Chupco, Sh~~x~~ was called because she was so tall. she was a Bowlegs, came to the Mission with a little boy six or seven years old, and was telling me about where she was going. I, out of pity for the boy said it was too bad for that little fellow to go out and have to stand all that cold, why didnt she leave him at the Mission while she went and we would take good care of him until she came back or whenever she wished him? She threw back her head and said he was rich and had plenty of negroes to work for him, he did not have to work, and she took him away but about two years after she was glad to bring him and put him in the school of her own accord.

She afterwards became a member of our church and was a very good member, learned to read and sing the words in her hymn book. One day she came over and told Mr. Lilley that there was a man there that had come from Florida, just a little while before and that he wanted her to marry him and that he was not a Christian. We talked to her about what was her idea and thought that we did not want him and I was going to ask her why she would not dismiss him like a white woman would if she did not want him, but when she still persisted that he wanted her and was going on to say that he was not opposed to her religion, it just struck me that she might want him and did not know whether she would be allowed to have him. I said, "Eliza, perhaps you want him yourself, do you? then they were married and they were very consistent. Every Sabbath they would come to church and before meeting she would come in the room and bring him with her and we would teach him how to read the Muscogee Hymn Book. Afterwards he became a member and ~~and~~ died an Elder of the Church.

By this time we had Jumper's two neices in school, Mary (afterwards Thomas Cloud's wife) and Jane.

My little baby, Nancy Thompson, died November 16, 1851. Mr. Bemo made a very nice little coffin and trimmed it in black. Then he concluded that we should have a funeral like they had in the states and so he got the two little indian girls and our girls to carry the coffin to the grave. It all went off very well. The next day along comes the mothers of the two girls and wanted to take them away because they wanted to give them medicine, because they had carried that corpse. They said that something would happen to them if they did not take some medicine. I got an interpreter and talked to them about the death of the child and about our hopes of death. That nothing could happen to them by touching the corpse, but they took them away and brought them back in a couple of days.

The Seminoles at that time, when any person died used to double them up and wrapped them in something and put them ~~in hollow~~ hollow trees and sometimes buried them in the ground. Not very long after this one of the mothers took sick and before she died she said that she did not wish to be wrapped up the indian way, but buried like a white woman. So I think she must have thought about what I said to her.

When the baby was put in the ground little Walter was standing by and looking on very quietly and then suddenly he rushed forward and cried out, "You shant put my little sister in the ground! You shant put her in the ground!" It seemed to electrify us. So he kept on crying until some one took him away. Poor little fellow, he could talk very plainly then being just past three years of age.

The summer we went down to visit at Tallahassee and took Walter with us. He was a very handsome little fellow. Very fair with very rosy cheeks and hair curling all over his head. Of such a pleasant generous disposition. I thought he was very handsome and everybody else said so too. At that time Mr. Loomis was at Koweta and he was very much taken with Walter and after his death he wrote a piece in the Foreign Missionary, headed, "Little Walter is Dead." I have always wanted to get it but could not.

There we met with a Mr. Baumer. His sister had been living with old Mr. Lowrie, sometime and she was an Irish girl. She thought she would like to have her brother come over and Mr. Lowrie said he would ~~try~~ and do something for him. So when he came over, I reckon he was glad to get rid of him and so he sent him out to Koweta and I suppose thought he could do something there. He was one of the greenest Irishmen that ever came from the Green Isle. He could write, cipher, could draw very well, draw portraits, recite whold pages of English poems, Milton, Shakespeare and was very glib with his tongue. He did not seem to know how to do anything at all. I do not believe I ever saw a person so awkward. By this time they found out that he could not do anything and so Mr. Lowrie said to send him to Wauponocka, (now called Rock Academy.)

Mr. Templeton was the Superintendent at Koweta and one day Mr. Baumer came to him and said that he guessed he would have to quit as there was something the matter with his breast. Something that was growing bigger and bigger every day. So that when he touched it, it hurt him. Mr. Templeton told him to let him see it and if it was so bad, he would not object to his going, so he opened his shirt and there was a ticklit had got on him when a little bit of a thing and had grown larger and larger until it was like one of those big cow-ticks. He did not have sense enough to pull it off, thought it just gres there and that it would have to be cut out, very likely he thought it was a cancer.

So we started and he came with us to go to the Seminole Country and we had the most fun with him on the road. One time I remember he was riding and the horse was going across the Creek and started to lie down and what an out he made until some one made it go on. About the second day he came back waving something in his hand, when he came up it was an ear of corn and said he had often heard about corn and that he had bought it of a woman for 10¢ and new was eating it raw.

We got home all right and when we got there the question was how to get him to Wauponocka, as there was no plain trail and we did not know at first how to send him there, so Mr. Bemo offered to take his trunk in a little one-house cart. It took them about two days to go. But Mr. Baumer did not help a bit on the road,

but dressed himself up in his fine clothes and when he got there Mr. Allen came along, a hard working Scotchman and he had been hauling stone, I believe, and was dusty and dirty. When he saw Mr. Baumer he looked at him very suspiciously. Mr. Bemo explained matters but Mr. Baumer said he did not want to stay there, Mr. Bemo said he could not help that, he was to bring him there and that he would have to stay there. Mr. Allen said he did not want him, so in the morning Mr. Baumer begged Mr. Bemo on his knees to take him back with him, so at last he did so and they returned to the Mission. On the second day, while yet a good many miles from home, the horse and buggy got stuck in the mud. Mr. Bemo jumped right into the mud, he was that sort of a man, and Mr. Baumer just stayed in the buggy or on the bank. The horse got badly frightened and caught his leg somehow on a hook and tore it badly. Then Mr. Bemo called out to him to come down here right away or I'll kill you! And he came and they got the horse out, and Mr. Bemo wrapped the Horse's leg up with his own shirt and then he said, "Now you'll have to walk the rest of the way!" so they came on slowly and when they got there Mr. Bemo came in and told us about Mr. Baumer and he could not come in. We thought it would not do to send him away and so we kept him there until we could send him down to the Creek Agency. The horse we did not think at first would get well but after a long time he did. He stayed some weeks and then he got the Ague and what a fuss he would make, clap his hands and cry, oh what a fuss he would make. But at last we gave him quinine enough to break it. We had a jemiehorn of brandy and some Port wine, sent out as medicine and we kept it up in the room or rather above the room on sort of a shelf where he slept. One day after he was gone we happened to need brandy and looked and it was all gone. We supposed he drank it up so he left and we did not hear of him again. He was very fond of little Walter and this used to be generally his words every day. "Ah! Now Mrs. Lilley that is the purttest boy that ever was soon!"

One day the Seminole Agent came to us and said there were three Seminole children left and wanted to know if we could take them. Their father had gone away on account of having married his cousin. They were left alone, that is, the two little boys, but the little girl was no relation. We took them and we named one boy Morris (now John Wild Horse) and the other Henry. Henry was about Walters age and one evening Walter brought Henry and asked me to sing for him, I believe it was "I have a sister over there" and then he said "My mamma can sing it pretty?" and then he went off, after he was there ~~long~~ trying to sing it himself. That evening he had a chill but I did not think much of it, though, as it was Saturday evening and we were quite busy but I put him to bed. On Sabbath he seemed to be

all right in the morning and before four or five o'clock I was getting supper ready as we only had two meals that day, when Walter came and asked me if he could come in, I went to him and he was white as a sheet and had a very severe chill. I put him to bed and covered him up and he went to sleep and soon had some fever but Mr. Thomas Aird and his sister came to visit us and perhaps derferred some of our attention from the child, anyhow during the night he became sorse and pretty early in the morning, about ten o'clock, he died. His face was just as rosy as ever but his body before his death was colder than it was afterwards so we thought he had a congestive chill. This was on September 4, 1852. They were both burried in the garden under a large walnut tree.

When we first went out there before our house was built, Mr. Lilley used to go to a place called Rocky Mountain, it was a high rocky bluff, and then went down a long distance to the river bottom, to where they lived and cultivated the river bottom. The colored people lived there and Uncle Warren was the Patriarch of the clan. Their masters were scattered all around there. Uncle Warren was set free by the Seminoles before they came here and all his children were slaves, save Catherine who was born free. They called themselves Baptists and when Mr. Lilley came Uncle Warren came up and wanted to know if he was a Baptist? But we often hired them and had preaching there and though they called themselves Baptists they never had any baptisms for a long, long time. We supposed that they stayed a year in North Fork town and got it there or perhaps in Florida. For the Seminole slaves were some of them state-raised and they would carry with them their religious ideas no doubt.

We had a cook living with us a couple of years during the war, she belonged to Jumper and she told me that her Grandmother came from Virginia and on Sunday she would put on a cap with a big white ruffle and she would call in all her children and grandchildren and bring them in to what she called "praise" and she would carry a stick and when she called them into the "praise" if any of the children misbehaved they got it across their shoulders. She said her grandmother had an iron that she kept on a shelf and never used except to iron peoples necks when they had a stiff neck. She thought that was what it was made for.

She said, when the war commenced in Florida with the white people they used to Run from one place to another. One time they were running away and the soldiers came right up on them before they could get any ways at all and they went and squatted in the bushes and the soldiers went past, never looking to the right or left, just as regular soldiers do and she showed me how they looked. When they were going past a little child belonging to a woman named Rose, began to cry.

They all whispered to her, "choke um Sister Rose! Choke um Sister Rose!" and she choked um. But sister Rose said when they went by the baby was most dead, and she was so cross at them that she said that she would go and tell the "Buckras" all about them if that baby died. It did not die but got well so she got over her scare.

One time Uncle Warren came up to the Mission and it happened that some one was skinning and getting ready a big cat fish for the table. He was horrified and said, "Do you eat cat-fish, Mrs. Lilley?" I said, "Yes cat fish are good to eat." but he said "On't de big book say dat you mus not eat cat-fish?" I said, "Yes." but I went on and asked him if he did not like pork? He said "yes," so I told him that the book said you must not eat pork. I tried to explain it to him but he would not believe me, said pork was too good. Then I tried to explain about the Jews being Gods Specially chosen people and about Peter's vision but he did not understand me and thought that Christians should not eat car-fish.

At the time of the war in Florida General Jessup issued a proclamation that all the slaves that came into the camp should be free. Well a good many came and after they crougt them out here they were afraid that their owners would make them go back into slavery. They went and stayed at Givson under the protection of the Government there. The Colonel and this Duvall who was the brother of the Agent and a lawyer made an agreement with the Seminoles that their agreement to have their property back should be ratified, if they would give them a proportion of the slaves at Gibson, but when the papers were sent turned out that it was of all the slaves, whether free or not. So as Duvalls were influential men at Washington it soon was passed and then the hunt began as the negroes refused to go back. Two men came and took a ~~man~~ from our house where he was grinding meal at the mill. Mr. Bemo tried to get out and warn him but one of the men had a gun and kept his eye on him. He was taken. They tried to get others and killed some, so the settlement was scattered. Pretty soon after that the people gathered together and made up a party to go to Wild Cat and they started out and got a good distance in the prairie. This Duvall sent a lot of Creeks after them and when they got there the men were out hanging and so they bundled up the women and took them back and the men went on to Wild Cat. Some of them are just now returning from Mexico.

The only way we could get our bread was by grinding corn in the hand mill. About this time our school had eighteen or twenty children and was getting in pretty good sway, or order besides some employees and teachers. I had care of the girls and the girls were only in my care out of school and I took care of the dining room and kitchen. Mrs. Bemo had the care of the boys. The girls were divided into two circles. Eliza was at the head of the one and Maggie of the other. One

Circle did the sewing and ironing two weeks, and the other one washed the dishes in the dining room, save most greasy ones which the cook washed. They did not do their work very well at first until I had trained them somewhat. But they soon learned how.

It was quite a trial to me and I think that small trials are really worse in some respects than great ones for by this time the cracks in the floor had become very large and every night, knives, forks, and spoons had to be counted and almost every night some would be lost and the floor had to be taken up and the lost things looked for.

We had coffee for breakfast and hominy and fried meat generally. For dinner, boiled meat generally and what vegetables we could get. For supper we generally had sofkee because they liked it better than anything else. The girls pounded their corn. We had two mortars and four pestles and they pounded the corn and thought it was fun. We had a colored woman for a cook. When we first commenced the school we had a little wash house and a couple of women came whom I had hired to do the washing, just by the day. You know I thought they could do the washing but they were a whole week at it and so I thought that would never do. I had only one woman after that and sent out and stayed there with her on Mandays. We had pounding barrels, so that by using them we saved one rubbing of the clothes. The little girls could help in pounding and the larger ones with the rubbing. So that we were enabled to do in one day what it took two women a whole week. It was pretty hard work. Now after I would get through I would have to go into the dining room to prepare the meals sometimes, I would be so tired that I would not dare to sit down but would stand until the work was through as I could not leave the girls alone in the dining room. When the girls did the ironing that is as far as they knew how, and their own clothes.

All the light we had were tallow candles. There was no coal oil in those days, we never thought we could buy candles, too expensive. I used to have a large kettle and take about seventy five pounds of tallow and twenty five pounds of wax and we put the tallow in the kettle. Melted it. Then we would have a kettle of boiling water standing there ready. The evening before I would get the boys to get me some long sticks, long enough to hold eight candles. In the evening I would show the girls how to twist the wicks and string them on the sticks. Next morning I would have some rails placed so as to hold the candles up from off the ground. Then I would have the girls dip the sticks of strings in the hot grease, then we would put it on the rails and so the same with next stick and so on until we were through with the lot. The first stick would be cool by this time and we would

be cool by this time and we would begin over again and this continue until they got to the right size. Having a candle-stick to measure by. That much tallow and wax would make forty to fifty dozen. I thus would make at one time sufficient for the whole summer and in the fall again I would make another supply for the winter. I would usually get them fixed out and put away in one day. One time I had made a nice lot and had set them in the smoke-house and I suppose the lid was not laid on right as we would go in there for the candles. I had a small box that I generally filled and kept in the house. The lid of the large box had not been fastened securely and one day I went out there and found that a hen had got in there and had scratched and scratched until she had spoiled a great many candles. That was too bad I thought. One of the small trials. One time when it was time to make candles I was attacked with the sore eyes and was not fit to go out. Mrs. Bemo said she would attend to it for me. So I told her and they started at it. Pretty soon one of the girls came running in and said, "Oh! Mrs. Lilley, the grease is all gone, the grease is all going away." So I hurriedly put something over my head and went out and found that they had let the grease get too hot and when they put the water in to cool it, it flamed up and ran down into the yard. There all the girls were standing around in consternation. We were seven miles from the store so we had to wait until we could send and get some more tallow and wax. At that time the stores kept a great supply of deer and buffalo tallow and we could get it as the Indians kept bringing it in. But now days we could not get it at all. Then they most always had plenty of it.

We had to make our own soap. I had great trouble in finding anybody to do it. They professed the colored women around, to know how and so would work several days and then say the soap would not come. I did not know much about making it myself but I had a book so I studied it up myself and I found I could get along better than before. One time in the summer I believe, I had very bad sore eyes and could not attend to the soap myself. Mr. Lilley said he would attend to the soap for me so he boiled the soap all the day long but at night I thought it was not boiled enough so he pulled out the fire from under the arch, where we had the big kettle, which held forty two gallons of water and which we made full of soap each time. He feared that it might rain that night, he covered the kettle over with boards, never thought that the arch itself might be hot. During the evening I happened to go out and there I saw a lake of steely looking stuff running all around in the yard and when I came to look at it we found that the soap had begun to boil and had run all out. So it was lost. My, but it was provoking. It was our own fault but it shows what we often have to endure.

In the summer time, when we killed a ~~bad~~ beef, we used to have beef for the

children. When they killed it, they cut it up into thin slices, put a little salt on them, put them up on the roof and turned it over and over until it was dry. The bones would be laid over the fire on a scaffold until they cooked and then they would keep until we ate them. I used to have them put the slices in a pot and boil it right tender and chop it up and then make hash, which was quite a good dish. It had to be boiled slow and chopped pretty fine, thus it did not taste so salty as it otherwise would have done. You know when you salt beef enough to keep it, it almost takes all the taste out.

On March 4th, 1852, we had a son born whom we named John after his father, and Loughridge after Mr. Loughridge.

About three months later in June, Mr. Walter Lowrie, the Secretary came and took Eliza and Maggie back with him to go to school at Stubenville seminary. We went with them as far as Tallahassee and then Mr. Lilley took him and the girls down to Ft. Smith. He was in a very great hurry, Mr. Lowrie was and he would urge Mr. Lilley to hurry on and Mr. Lilley was very easy on the horses but Mr. Lowrie would say I do not spare myself when I want to do anything and I do not see why we should spare the horses, so they drove very fast and just as they got there the boat was leaving. Mr. Lowrie sat down on a log very unconcerned. Mr. Lilley came up to him, astonished and said, "Why, Mr. Lowrie I thought you were in such a hurry to get here and now you are so unconcerned." Mr. Lowrie said I have done my part and it has all be of no avail. They did not have to wait very long I do not think, it was more than a day when another boat came along and they started. They got along as far as I remember without any accident.

When Walter was a baby Rev. J. R. Ramsey visited and baptised him in 1849. Once when Mr. Lilley and the two girls had gone down to Tallahassee on a visit I was left there with Mr. & Mrs. Bemo and was taken sick with the fever. Mr. Bemo was very much concerned about me and bled me, during that the baby Nancy Thompson was born, August 4, 1950. He was so kind to me and treated me as if I was his mother and used to come in the night to see if I wanted anything. I had a colored woman with me. About two days after that Mr. Lilley and the girls came and then one day after that about, little Douglas had been up in a tree and fell, and came in and said his wrist that he was holding hurt him. We were grightened but as it happened Mr. Loughridge and Miss Thompson drove up just then on their way to Nauponocka and he being somewhat of a Doctor, fixed up his arm and he never had any trouble with it. We had an arbor in the back of our house as we had not yet built the sheds and Mr. Loughridge preached there on Sabbath and I was able to sit up in my room and afterwards he baptised the baby Nancy Thompson.

On Monday they went on to Wauponocka and stayed a few days and returned. Mr. Allen the Superintendent of the Wauponocka Mission was a Scotchman about twenty years younger than his wife. He was out when they came and Miss Thompson told me that he was rather rough. When he came in Mr. Loughridge introduced himself and Mr. Allen, as he turned around said, "Mrs. Loughridge, I presume." Miss Thompson said to me, "I wondered if he thought that there was another such a fool like himself." Because she too was older than Mr. Loughridge. Although he was so much younger, he seemed to hold reins for while they were at dinner she who was a very talkative little woman, was talking away when he said, "Hold your tongue, Jane." How Miss Thompson did laugh when she told me that.

While the girls were away at school at Stubenville, where they spent three years in school, little Eleanor Stephons (named for a teacher the girls were very fond of in their school, used to write about so much) was born February 25, 1954. She seemed to be a healthy baby but there was an Indian woman brought her baby there and it ran around but we did not know of its having the whooping cough until after she left when the baby took it and died July 22, 1954.

In the first part of May 1855, we started for the East to have some attention to my eyes. I remember the time for here when we left they were just giving the corn its first plowing when we arrived at New Jersey they were plowing for it. Rev. Leyton Wilson had been appointed Secretary, he taking the Indian and Mr. Lowrie the foreign.

About this time Miss Thompson and Miss ----- and another teacher whose name I forget came out as teachers. Miss Thompson went to Spencer Academy and the other two went to Wauponocka. Whilst they were at Wauponocka, talking about our intended visit out East they said they would take Mayme and Cornelia and keep them for us whilst we were out east visiting. Mr. Lilley took them over to them on horseback.

Then we started in the first of May and went in our own conveyance to North Fork Town, expecting to get to Ft. Smith by boarding a boat there. When we got there we heard that the river was so low that no boats came up there, so we would have to go by stage. There happened to be a man there that had brought in a load from Bensonville and as he was on our road he offered to take us there. Mr. Lilley wanted to buy a wagon so he said he would take us there free of cost if Mr. Lilley would buy a wagon ~~and he said he would take us there free of cost~~, and let us stay over till Monday and then he was to take us to the stage and take the wagon back to the store, which he did. We had a real pleasant time there at his house, they were Presbyterians from Tennessee, new settlers and Mr. Lilley preached for them on the Sabbath.

Monday morning we got on the stage. We had as fellow travelers Rev. Mr. Jones a Baptist Minister of the Cherokee Nation and a Methodist Minister I forget his name. They travelled with us all the way from that place to St. Louis. Mr. Jones was a very polite gentlemenly old man and when we got to Springfield, Mr. Lilley jumped out and saw to the baggage as was his custom and Mr. Jones was very particular to see to my getting out, so while he was attending to me his baggage was put in my room as the lady thought he must be my husband. We plagued Mr. Lilley a good deal about it. He was a pleasant old gentleman, I liked him very much, he was old enough to have been my father two or three times almost my Grandfather I guess.

It was very, very rough travelling, then there were those coarse rough people where we had to stop to get our meals. One night we had to stop on the road at a place where we were put in a large room where there were six or more beds and another lady who was on her bridal tour and myself had to sleep in there where there were no curtains and when the room was full of rough men.

One place where we stopped the girl who was waiting on the table said in reply to some one's question about the price, that those who came on the stage had to pay 50¢ and those that came in a wagon had to pay only 25¢. I thought some who came in the stage could as ill afford to pay 50¢ as those who came in the wagons.

At Jefferson City, there was a number of passengers taking the steamboat for St. Louis. One of the gentlemen who lived in St. Louis urged us to take the Steamboat also. This Mr. Jones said there were reports of Cholera along the river and said it would be quite imprudent. With him we took the long journey over the mountains. When we arrived at St. Louis we met this gentleman looking so cool and nice and he said they had a splended time going, had no trouble at all. So we missed a good deal by going the long road.

The road was very rough and hilly, half the time the gentlemen it seemed to me were walking. I would hear the driver say "Gentlemen here is another hill, a big walk" and they would have to get out and walk up the hill. Sometimes I would get out for it jolted so.

Forty miles from St. Louis, this was we took the cars, that was as far as they extended then. We reached there in good time and took the cars for Pittsburgh. We had written to the girls to meet us at Pittsburgh but when we went there and sent to the Monangahela House they were not there. We were beginning to be worried about them. We had John along, he was a little fellow and I had undressed him and put him in bed. About that time they came with a lady who was coming down and had brought them along. Of course John had to see his sisters and I took him out and

put him down and let him run around in his little bare feet. I there got an idea of Pittsburgh, the room was handsomely furnished, and looked very nice, one of the first class hotels of the city. When John had been around about time enough, I was just going to put him in bed, in the white sheet, when I happened to notice his feet. They were just black, so I had to wash his feet. Such is the effect of the coal smoke and dust.

We went the next morning to Philadelphia going by way of Cincinnati. Then we went on from there to Philadelphia and there met our friends, stayed there a few days, I forget how long and then went on to New York. Visited sister Margaret and her family. I had a very pleasant visit allaround. I do not remember anything special, worth putting down.

I had a Doctor, who was the first Missionary that went out to Japan, Dr. Hapburn. He had been in China before. He examined by eyes and gave me directions how to treat them but it did not amount to much, for he could not carry it out. I never dreamed that my eyesight would be in the least affected. During my stay in Indian Territory, the worst kind of ~~Ex~~ Ophthalmia broke out, I, among others got it. Many lost their eye-sight entirely. But I, if I had time to rest my eyes properly, say for a few months, might never have been so bad. I was situated that I had to be constantly up and around, But at times my eyes would pain me so that I would just have to go into a dark room and shut out every ray of light. Then after a few days my eyes would get better and I would go around again and then they would begin to get irritated and hurt me.

When they were first affected they wrote to come immediately down as there was a good Doctor at Gibson. But I did not go down at once and waited until school was out but when I did go down he looked at my eyes and gave me some Lunar Caustic and he put it on my eyes and showed Mr. Lilley how to put it on my eyes. Then one day Mr. Lilley put it on and then came in afterwards and said, "Why Mary there is a spot on your nose." I got up and washed it and then he looked at me and said "Why you did not wash it off yet." I washed again and then he found out that it was a drop of Lunar Caustic, that he had dropped on my nose when dressing my eyes. He never would put it on them again for fear of dropping some more on my face, and that was the last of that prescription.

What used to provoke most was that when I would take up anything to read or get to see, they would always tell me I might hurt my eyes. I could go out in the hot sun and wash or make candles or whatever I pleased and they never said anything then about my eyes hurting me.

Then we went back to Cincinnatti after visiting sister Margaret. Mr. Lilley bought a mill there and some other things for the Mission. We got on a boat and then went down to the Mississippi. That time we went to Napoleon. The river was very low. There was a little boat about ready to start and there was a gentleman, a Mr. Israel Fulsom, a Chickasaw. He had been to Washington, through the winter and he was bringing his daughter, a very handsome lady, with them was a music teacher. The daughter is now Mr. Robb's wife. They were just as anxious as us to go up the river. The Captain did not want to take any of us, said his boat was not fit for ladies. We were so anxious to go home that we did not care and so he consented.

What miserable fare they did have, but we could not say anything. They had a little cubby to cook in and the floor was just swimming with grease. One day I heard the man who was the cook yelling to the girl who was the chamber maid to hurry up as he wanted the wash boiler to cook in. They had molasses one day that I thought I would take some molasses but when I tasted it, it seemed that they had kept it in a jug where they had oil. I had heard them just before they started talking about sending for molasses but I do not think they washed out the jug very well.

Eliza got sick on the boat after we had started. There was talk all the while about Cholera and we were very uneasy about her. They did not have any bowls so at last he gave me a sugar bowl. I washed it and cleaned and got some boiling water and crackers, and then I wanted some nutmeg but he could not find any until at last he said why I believe I have one in my pocket. He searched in his pockets and among a quantity of other things found a little nut-meg about the size of a marble, all dirty. I took it and grated it until it was clean looking and then made the Penada.

Before we got to Pine Bluff this teacher got sick, quite sick, a very slender girl. They got very uneasy about her and when they got to Pine Bluff they got off and the boat left them. After she got up to the hotel she got better and then they went by stage to Little Rock where we saw them and then on to the Chickasaw Nation.

We went on up to Little Rock and there visited our friend Mr. Jones. Every night we used to tie up as the river was low. How bad the jiskitoes were, we had a nice lot of netting packed in a trunk down in the hole but we would not get at it. At nights often I would get up and go and stand by the guards as they were so bad. After we left Little Rock we took a smaller boat still, and after they had got thirty miles they put us ashore at a Stage Standard. A gentleman came down with his carriage and took us up to his house. We stayed there two days and then a stage came along and we got in and went up to Ft. Smith. I do not remember how the baggage was brought up the river, unless they waited until the water got high

at Napoleon and then sent it up to Van Buren. We stayed at Ft. Smith two days and then Mr. Lilley hired a man with a horse carriage and he took us home in three days, I believe.

A couple of days after that Mr. Lilley started over after Cornelia and Maymie. They were very glad to get home. I guess they liked it at Wauponocka but it was not like home. ~~xixgusnothepolik~~ This was in the summer of 1855, about July 24th. I believe and on August 19th, 1855, Harriet Robertson was born.

I think Maggie caught cold on that journey but she took sick and it seemed as if she would starve. The very plainest food seemed to almost kill her until she got an enemetic to throw it off. So she kept on until in the fall when Mr. Loughridge came out. He insisted on taking her back to Tallahassee so we sent her there with Cornelia and she stayed there until the spring of 1856. The two Miss Diaments were there then and the lady that afterwards became the wife of Mr. Carruth and Mr. Wentz was there too.

During the winter of 1855 - - 56 Eliza helped me a good deal as my eyes were very sore. When Maggie came back in the spring of 1856 she looked better but never as well as she did before I thought.

In the spring of 1856 the Board appointed Rev. Ross Ramsey to assist at the Mission and he came out and after a time became engaged to Eliza and on the 24th of July, 1856, they were married and came and took Mr. Bemo's part of the house. He used to call Maggie, Miss Circumstance as she was always speaking about "under the circumstances."

During the early part of the winter of 1856, a new U. S. Agent was appointed, a Mr. Washbourne and his brother Henry came up to assist him in making out the roll. They spent a long time at the work. Of course they called at the Mission. He came up again the first place and spent Sabbath and of course as he was a missionarie's son he was treated cordially. He came backward and forwards during the time they were making out the payment. It was in the winter for I remember how cold it was while Henry was there one time. Towards the spring in the latter part of the winter he went back home and returned again to the Mission after some time.

On March 11, 1857, Maggie was married to Henry E. A. Washbourne. Henry had at that time a school in the Creek Country where he taught and when through there he took a school in the neighborhood of our Mission about two and a half miles from us. When he was at the first school he stayed at the school and when he came near us, he stayed at the Mission. After that he took her down to his home. After some time Henry Washbourne came back and then Mr. Lilley went down for, and received his last bill of supplies.

When he went down to Van Buren, the merchant told him the country was in such a state that he feared he could not send him his supplies, but that he would try to send them. Then Mr. Lilley went and got Maggie and the baby and came back. In a few days after his arrival a big wagon came with the supplies. That was all we had during the rest of the time that we stayed there.

Before this I may state that Eliza and Mr. Ramsey, (Eliza always called him Mr. Ramsey, but when she went to Pennsylvania, the boys there always would say, "What!" whenever she would call him that as if she was speaking to them and she would say that they were Mr. Ramseys too, so at last she got to calling him Ross.) had moved out to their new Mission at Pond Creek in the new Seminole Country. Having obtained permission from the Board to go on East on a visit. They had left before the commencement of hostilities.

For the rest of what has occurred I will refer you to Mr. Ramsey's account which takes up the events as they have doubtless occurred.

Property of Maxine Cutlip

109 S. Okfuskee

Wewoka, Okla.

The Lilleys were buried on the old D. O. Jennings farm - north of Wewoka - This farm is now owned by Bob Perkins -