

out with rifle and bayonet, every small cabin hidden away in coves about the size of mountain streams, to seize and bring in as prisoners all the occupants--however or wherever they might be found. Families at dinner were startled by sudden gleams of bayonets in the doorway, and rose up to be driven with blows and oaths along the weary miles of trails that led them to stockades. Men were seized in their fields or going along the road. Women were taken from their wheels and children from their play. In many cases, on turning for one last look as they crossed the ridge, they saw their homes in flames. Fired by the lawless ravel that falls on the heels of the soldiers to loot and pillage. So cool and keen were these outlaws on the scent that in some instances, they were driving off the cattle and other stock of the Indians almost--before the soldiers had barely started their owners in the other direction. Systematic hunts were made by the same men for Indian graves to rob them of silver ornaments and other valuables. A Georgia volunteer said, "I fought through the Civil War and have seen men shot to pieces and slaughtered by the thousands, but the Cherokee removal was the cruelest thing I ever knew." To prevent escape, the soldiers had been ordered to approach and surround each house so far as possible that the occupant could be surprised without warning. One old patriarch was much surprised, calmly called his children and grandchildren around him and kneeling down bid them pray with him in their own language while the astonished onlookers looked on in silence. Then, rising, he led the way into exile. A woman on finding her house surrounded, went to the door and called up the chickens to be fed for the last time, after which taking her infant on her back and her two other children by hand, she followed her husband with soldiers. So this is the noble end of a remarkable.