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CARSELOWEY, JAMES R.

CARSELOWEY FAMILY

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CANTON, MASS. C. HILLARY HANNY 5587

From the book Isaac M. Kendall
 May 21, 1857.

I have just finished writing a history of the Canslowey
 Cemetery, where my father and mother are both buried.

My father's name was Isaac M. Canslowey. His mother
 was Mary (Banks) Canslowey, a half-breed daughter of
 George Canslowey, a white man, mixed with some Indian blood.

My father was born in Washington District near
 November 23, 1805. He received his education at the old
 Baptist Mission near Cambridge.

A short time after my grandfather, George Canslowey,
 was married to my grandmother. On their long journey,
 overland, to St. Louis to get a load of provisions, it
 was supposed that he was killed and robbed on the way as he
 never returned.

In 1850 my grandmother was married the second time to
 Isaac M. Kendall and they were the parents of Annie, who
 married James Frederick Charlesworth.

Annie Singfield died February 6, 1875 and was the first
 to be buried in what is now the Canslowey Cemetery.

My mother's maiden name was Alice Emory, daughter of
Dr. Andrew Emory and Colia Woodall. Colia Woodall was the
daughter of Thomas Woodall and Hannie Tadpole, and they
were the parents of nine children.

Dr. Andrew Emory died and my grandmother Colia married
Isaac Woodall and had six children, all of whom she married Andrew C.
Johnson and they were the parents of ten children. The
first boy, died in infancy. The other daughter, Mayme,
is the wife of Dr. F. B. Adams, superintendent of the
Eastern Oklahoma Hospital at Vinita.

My grandmother, Colia, died when Willie was born, and
my mother at the age of seven years, and my aunt, Bessie, an
infant, were taken by their grandmother, Hannie (Tadpole)
Woodall to raise. She was the wife of Thomas Woodall and
she was blind, but nevertheless, she cared for this tiny
baby, all alone, until his death several years later when
the children were taken by Isaac H. Woodall.

Isaac Woodall was the stepfather of James H. Carlelowey
and Kate Emory. James H. Carlelowey and Kate Emory grew
up in the same house, yet they were no kin. When she was
sixteen they were married and moved to Delaware District,
together with Isaac Woodall and his family.

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HARDSHIPS AFTER WAR.

Isaac Woodall was a large slave owner before the war and had considerable live stock, but lost all of his slaves during the war and most of his live stock was driven off or stolen.

The Pin Indians got so bad that families had to band together to protect their lives. Abe Woodall was at home with only the women folk. one night when the Pins rode up to his house, called him out to the gate and shot him down.

MOVES TO DELAWARE IN 1870.

It was the atrocities of the Pin Indians that caused Isaac Woodall and my father to pack up what few things they had and head for the Delaware District, where they settled between Cabin Creek and Mustang Creek in 1870. They had to start up from the bottom with little to do with but they were hardy pioneers and worked and made a living for many years. Isaac Woodall died in 1878 but my father lived on until 1900.

My father and mother were the parents of eight children who are all living at this time.

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My father and mother built a log cabin of only one room on the same eighty acres of land on which I am living today, and they did not have a bought piece of furniture in the house. Lula Foole Kelley in her interview with me last month told of her visit with my parents before I was born shortly after they had gone to housekeeping. She said that their bed was made of poles nailed to the wall, the chairs were made of slabs from the saw mill, with holes bored in them to hold the legs and the table was hand-made. She said there was one baby crawling around on a dirt floor. My father had one old span of mules, that lasted him for twenty years, and one cow to start on. That he was a hardy pioneer is evidenced from the fact that he had approximately a hundred cattle and a hundred hogs and fifteen head of horses when he died in 1900, to say nothing of his fine two-story house, which he built with his own hands and three hundred acres of farm land which was fenced hog-tight. I know it was hog-tight, because I helped him saw the log that made the lumber to make a two-board and three-wire fence around his entire place.

Schools a Problem

Schools were a problem when we children got big enough to send to school. There was a National School, two miles

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to the south, taught by Rollin Adair where Father sent my oldest sister and me. Aunt Sallie Blythe was my next teacher and by that time my father had been working on the establishment of a school nearer to our place. Dudley H. Tucker, Tuck Woodall and Father all had large families so they built a school house of native oak lumber and made the benches of oak boards. The first school was established through the Cherokee School Board in 1885 and John E. Butler, of Honey Creek, near Grove, was the first teacher. He stayed on the job ten years and married my aunt, Sallie Johnson, who was a widow with one child living with my mother, who was her sister. The first school was named for my father, Carselowey, and has been in operation for fifty-two years without missing a term. Dudley E. Tucker, Tuck Woodall and my father constituted the first School Board and each one served as long as he lived.

My mother received a pretty good education at the Old Baptist Mission in Goingsnake District. Andy Cunningham, who was teaching the school at a later day discovered this and told my mother that she might just as well be teaching the school as anyone else and he would see that she got the

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position. She put in her application and the next term she was the teacher and she continued to teach for eight or ten terms, so she, too, helped my father get away from the hardships they encountered when they first settled in the Delaware District.

LUMBER FROM SPAVINAW.

My father learned the carpenter trade and built most of the frame houses in this section of the country including a very fine house for that time, for Hooley Bell. Hooley had sold his old home near the old battle ground on Cabin Creek to Fred Chouteau, who came here from Kansas with the Shawnees, and Mr. Bell built himself a new house and barn farther up the creek.

My father hauled the lumber for his own house from Spavinaw, a distance of about ten miles. He dressed and planed all the lumber and grooved the ceiling and flooring. He also hauled rock for two chimneys about seven miles and built them himself in 1882 and these chimneys are still standing in good condition.

A FAMILY OF MUSICIANS.

My father was a natural musician and played the violin well. He sent and got a music book and learned to play by note without the aid of a teacher and he could play most anything he tried. He had eight children and they all had musical talent and we had a regular string band at home while we were growing up. One of the children, Mrs. Pauline Patton, made music her profession and has been the leading music teacher in Vinita for the past twenty years. She has been very successful in this venture. We meet in a family reunion once each year on Decoration Day at my place, which is on, almost, the exact spot where my parents settled in 1870.
