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a fire, but the smoke preferred to stay with us rather than go out in the rain, so we put it out and did without a fire. We got A-- into the best shape we could for she was still sick, and all four of us weathered the night after a poor fashion. The other half of the cabin was still more terrible. The head of a hog reposed upon the hearthstone. The corn bread was baked in the ashes, having been moulded into shape by hands not over-familiar with soap and water. This was our fare, together with fresh pork fried in a skillet on the coals in an abundance of fat, into which the small children dipped a piece of pone, bit it off, and dipped again. A rickety pine table was covered with a piece of dirty coarse cotton, the knives and forks were of iron, black and dirty, and place and persons were alike unkempt.....I think the two ladies contrived somehow to get something that A-- could eat, - I don't know how.

"As we were all liable to be detained for a while, I told the man that if he would take hold, I would help him build a chimney. So he set his two older girls to "packing water", pouring it into a hollow place in the yard, and hoeing

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up the clay soil to make mud. I felled two or three small black-jacks (an oak with very rough bark), cut them into pieces at first five or six feet long, and notched them so as to make a sort of log house. The pieces were cut shorter with every layer and drew rapidly together until the chimney was about three feet by two and a half. This structure was laid upon the original stones and plastered with the clay mud within and without as it rose. The man did the mud plastering entirely with his hands which he wiped on his hair. So we carried the chimney about a foot or so above the ridge-pole of the cabin.

"Now that we had a chimney and a fire, I decided to let the others go on without us, as A-- was not fit to travel, and even after resting a day or two, would have to go more slowly. So we two made the rest of our journey alone.

"How we subsisted there I do not know, but my horses had a good rest, and A-- was soon able to ride. We stopped wherever night overtook us, and found for the most part very kind and liberal hospitality. It was with difficulty that I could get people to take pay for our keeping. Then with bad weather A-- grew worse again, and we had to stop at one of those drover

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houses I have described. A-- was sick all night and I had to wait upon her as best I could, while she was obliged to overhear their low and beastly talk. But after that night she was better and we had somewhat less rain and mud.... We stopped at taverns when we could, but taverns were rare except in the larger towns.... From Springfield through the spurs of the Ozarks we had delightful roads and for the most part pleasant weather. The soil was full of flints, which in a much travelled road became compact and like a macadamized track.

"At Fayetteville we found a nice hotel. The village strongly reminded us of New England, - white houses, green blinds, well-kept lawns and chimneys inside. I remember we had broiled quails for breakfast. We started on in the rain. The road was very slippery and my horses were not well shod, and at last one of them slipped and fell upon his side. Thinking it unsafe to drive farther in the rain, I resolved to stop at the next house. We soon saw a large white house a few rods from the road, and turning into an open gate I drove to the door. Before I had time to ring the bell, a gentleman and lady and two little girls were on the piazza, and welcomed us as if we had been old friends. We stayed there over Sunday and had hard work to get away. It

was the genuine Southern hospitality.

"My horses were now almost disabled by sore heels caused by the mud, a disease called "the scratches", and it was plain that I could not drive them farther than to some Cherokee station. After a day or two, we reached Denenburg's store, about ten miles from Fairfield where we afterwards remained. Mr. Denenburg was a Jew, and on learning that I was a minister, asked me if I could read Hebrew and brought out his Hebrew Bible to put me to the test. He stayed there over night, and the next day arrived at Fairfield."

Mr. and Mrs. Torrey remained for five years among the Cherokees,--the first three at Fairfield, and the last two at Park Hill, Dr. Samuel Worcester's station. The years at Fairfield were filled with unceasing labor,-- farm and house work, and the care of the two children born there, in addition to the duties concerned with carrying on the church and school. At Park Hill the major task was taking Dr. Worcester's place in supervising the translation of the New Testament into Cherokee. Mr. Torrey worked on this with others more familiar with the language than he was himself. His part was more con-

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cerned with making plain the meaning of the Greek original which his colleagues put into Cherokee in as equivalent a form as possible. He also had for a time the supervision of the three missions at Lark Hill, Dwight, and Fairfield, and spent much time on horseback journeys back and forth. Meanwhile, the questions of slavery and secession were blotting out everything else. He was known to sympathize with Northern views, though he was most careful to do nothing to stir up political trouble.

To quote again from his autobiography:

"As time went on, and state after state went out of the Union, the Board decided, as they had held for some time, that the Cherokees were now substantially a Christian people and not longer proper subjects for foreign missions. This was true. Their constitution was modelled after the Constitution of the United States, and required the administering of the oath to witnesses in court and to the government officers. The people were all more or less directly identified with the Christian religion. Accordingly, I was directed to take measures for bringing our connection with the Board to a close. At any other time we should have sought to continue our work under some Home

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Missionary Board. But with the absolute certainty of war, and war which would be sure to involve the very ground on which our missions stood, it seemed best simply to give up the field. Two of us believed that it was worse than folly to attempt to hold our ground, and the third who insisted upon remaining only emphasized the truth of our position by a costly and humiliating amount of seelers suffering and peril.

"On February 9th, 1861, we of Park Hill turned our faces homeward."