

RHODES, JOE D. (MRS.)

LOCKWOOD LETTERS

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Interview with Mrs. Joe D. Rhodes
1701 West Easton Court
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Letters of Mrs. Cassandra Sawyer Lockwood,
describing her journey to the
Cherokee country in 1833-1834.

Mrs. Rhodes is a great-niece of Reverend Robert
McGill Longbridge. The attached copies of the letters
of Mrs. Lockwood are taken from the Longbridge file in
possession of Mrs. Rhodes.

LETTERS OF MRS. CASSANDRA SAWYER LOCKWOOD
DESCRIBING HER JOURNEY TO THE CHEROKEE COUNTRY
IN 1833-1834

Mrs. Cassandra Sawyer Lockwood, the writer of the letters describing her journey to the Cherokee country west of the Mississippi in 1833-1834 was born at Henniker, New Hampshire, June 24, 1809. Her father, Rev. Moses Sawyer, was a minister of the Congregational Church and was pastor of a congregation at Gloucester, Massachusetts, at the time of her marriage in the autumn of 1833, to Rev. Jesse Lockwood, who was then under appointment as a missionary to the Western Cherokees.

Jesse Lockwood was born at North Salem, New York, November 11, 1802; becoming impressed with the belief that he was called to preach, he entered Williams College several years after he had attained his majority, graduating in 1830. He then entered Princeton Theological Seminary where he studied for two years. His last year in theological study was spent at the Yale Divinity School, where he graduated. He then sought and secured an

appointment from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions as a missionary to the Cherokee Indians then living west of the Mississippi River. Shortly before his departure for the field he was married to Miss Cassandra Sawyer of Gloucester, Massachusetts. He arrived at the Dwight Mission, in the Indian Territory, at the end of January 1834, and died there July 11, 1834.

Ipswich, January 25, 1838.

Mrs. Lockwood,

Respected Madam:

In behalf of the Secretary for correspondence I tender to you our sincere thanks for the very interesting communication with which you have favored us. Wishing to secure the aid of such as feel a deep interest in the intellectual and moral condition of a lost world, we have elected you a corresponding member of our society and beg you will accept. If, from time to time, you shall have an opportunity to send us a communication, you may be assured it will be read with interest and your labors appreciated and we believe you can bestow them on no community where they will do more

good or be more gratefully received.

Augusta L. F. Davis, Secretary.

To the Secretary of the Society for Correspondence in
Ipswich Female Seminary.

Miss Davis:

I have received your very kind note informing me of my election as a member of your society and I would in return present the society my grateful acknowledgements for this honor and privilege. This token of their friendly attention awakens anew those tender and interesting associations which, since my connection with this beloved Seminary I have delighted to cherish where-ever I have been and in what ever circumstance I have been placed. I am happy to communicate to the Society a simple account of the scenes through which I passed during the short period I was favored with the privilege of being a helper in the cause of Western Missions.

Respectfully,

C. S. Lockwood.

Ipswich, February 1, 1838.

Saxus, January 17, 1938.

Respected Young Ladies:

Cherishing an affectionate feeling toward all those connected with the Ipswich Seminary and having some knowledge of the design and operations of your society, I tender you my kindest wishes and request that you accept recital of my journey to the Cherokee Nation, west of the Mississippi.

Left New York, October 10, 1833, and going by the way of the Western Canal and Lake Erie, reached Cincinnati without incident occurring worthy of particular notice. At this place went on board the "Ohioan", bound for New Orleans, with about 200 passengers. Some of these were merchants from the Western states, some were people from the south who had passed the summer at the north, while others were from different places and in pursuit of different objects. Our passage down the Ohio was very agreeable. The scenery on both sides of the river afforded a rich variety and did not fail to engage the attention of the passing stranger. The boat frequently stopped at the various landings and was constantly changing

her passengers, until we reach Louisville, Kentucky, which was on the 13th of November. Here the boat was detained two nights and one day; and when we started from this place we perceived our company was quite different from that with which we landed.. We now began to realize what we had often heard respecting the wickedness which prevails on board the boats plying these western waters.

Vice, in her many forms, stalked forth with unblushing face and entrapped all of the unwary. Gambling was the most prominent sin and many of our own number were engaged in the practice of it from morning until night, and from evening until morning. Some individuals appeared to have no other object in traveling than to practice this most alluring vice. They would decoy into their snare many who were novices in the business, first treating them at the bar and then to win several times at first, which would so excite their ambition that they were able to take from them their whole property during a single evening.

One of company, who belonged in Pennsylvania, was on his way to the Creek Nation to build

saw mills at the expense of the government. He was thus ensnared and cheated out of \$500 at a single game. These wretched gamblers are termed "black-legs" by way of reproach; such and such individuals are said to be notorious "blacklegs." Their very visage is enough to pain the heart of sensibility and knowledge of their depravity, as exemplified in their conduct, is sufficient to lead us to exclaim, "How abominable and filthy is man who drinketh iniquity like water." O may the time come when the banner of the Prince of Peace shall wave on the top of every boat that navigates the mighty waters!

Having passed down the Mississippi to the mouth of the White River we were informed, one rainy Saturday evening, that we had come to the place of our landing. Here all the passengers who were going up the Arkansas were obliged to go on shore while the "Ohioan" proceeded on her way to New Orleans. The bank of the river at this place we found very steep and clay-ey, consequently quite difficult of ascent. While ascending my husband lost his overshoes and was not able to find them. I received the assistance of a Virginian.

of almost giant strength and was thus enabled to reach the top. This place of landing is called "Montgomery's Point" and is known to be the greatest sink of iniquity on all the shore of the Mississippi. But this is the only place where travelers can stop who leave the Mississippi to go up the Arkansas. Here is but one family and no other inhabitants are to be found for many miles in any direction. The landlord is a slave-holder and lives in a two-story log house, which is surrounded by numerous little cabins, occupied by his servants. When we arrived we found nearly 100 waiting for a passage up the river which was so low no boat could ascend. The landlady was from home and the care of the family was committed to the servants.

The next morning was the holy Sabbath, but apparently, not remembered in a suitable way by even one of all our numerous company. The day was regarded only as a holiday. We were summoned to breakfast hour to which she replied, "O no Ma'am; we had to kill a hog this morning before we could get it ready." The wretchedness of our accommodations can be better conceived than described; (and yet the expense of each

individual was one dollar per day.) They boiled the milk for coffee in an iron kettle over a fire out of doors. A swine, in passing along, would upset the kettle and then rubbing his nose in it and drinking all that he could, would go away, while the kettle without being washed, was replaced and more milk poured into it - all went on again as though nothing had happened.

When our hostess returned, we found her quite a lady in her estimation and, if finery in dress and profusion of ornaments constituted a lady, she was one. But she was not able to read even the alphabet. Her principal employment and greatest happiness seemed to be in smoking a long pipe, which you would invariably see extended from her mouth, where-ever you should meet her.

One of her daughters married at the age of 13 and became a widow at 19. During our stay she came to visit her parents with a little boy two years old. She was anxious to teach her son to "talk like a man," as she said, and she would often ask him what he should tell grandma when she came home,

and he said, "I'll tell her she is *-----," using

an expression too profane and vulgar to be written.

"That is right, my boy; that is good, my son!" she

would exclaim. Her brother, ten years old, was

accustomed to stand by his father's side to learn to

gamble. Such is a specimen of the education of these

children. Our nights at this place were never quiet,

but there being more noise at one time than usual, I

inquired in the morning what was the occasion of so

much disturbance. This young widow told me that her

father and an officer of the garrison at Fort Gibson

were engaged in gambling as usual, when the officer

greatly deceived her father, which so enraged him that

he went to his room to get his pistols, while the

officer fled to the room where his wife, with many others,

was sleeping and thus his life was saved. Though the

landlord would not hesitate for a moment to take the

life of any man when in a passion, yet strange as it

may seem, he said he had so much regard for the wife of

this officer that he desisted from his purpose when he

learned of his hiding place. This widow boasted of

her father's magnanimity of spirit which led him to seek revenge in so noble a manner.

The burying place of this family was peculiar. Instead of the bodies being deposited in the earth, according to our customs, the coffins were enclosed in a large box, situated on the ground, and there covered with earth and clay. Over these was erected a sort of shed, covered only on the top. This and many other things about the premises bore strong marks of heathenism.

But nature's gifts were strikingly rich and beautiful. In one direction from the house, and near it, was a thin forest and hundreds of beautiful paraquets were seen flying daily from tree to tree. They resemble the parrot so perfectly that it is very difficult to trace any distinction between them. A paraquet, however, has never been taught to imitate the human voice. In view of the natural scenery of this place and the moral degradation of its inhabitants, we may appropriately adopt the descriptive and language of the poet:

"Where every prospect pleases,
and only man is vile!"

Our stay was prolonged at this place twenty-one days. At length the river rose and then was heard the joyful exclamation "The Compromise is coming up the Mississippi!" About 10:00 o'clock the morning after the arrival of this boat, we left Montgomery's Point, and as the mouth of the Arkansas is not navigable, we ascended the White River about three miles and then passed by way of a natural "cutoff" into the Arkansas. The differences in the appearance of the water of these rivers is very striking. The water of the White River resembles our Connecticut, while that of the Arkansas is muddy and of reddish color.

Here we forcibly reminded ourselves of our great distance from "home" by the differences in the appearance of all things about us. But nothing so materially affected our spirits and made us sigh for the land of our birth as the awful wickedness which was manifest in the conduct of our fellow-passengers. So intent were most of them in the practice of some species of vice that they were regardless even of the groans of the dying. One of our number was a young

man from Little Rock, who had been to New Orleans for his health and was now returning to his home without having derived any advantage from his tour. He gradually grew weaker and weaker until we were told that he was dying. The gamblers were requested to suspend their operations for a little time until his voice could be lost in death but to no purpose. This was an effecting scene. Some were gambling and some looked upon his ghastly countenance and went away wholly unaffected, while a few remained and gazed in silence and the young man was heard to take God's name in vain just before his spirit took its final departure. His remains were speedily enclosed in a sort of coffin and the boat made to tarry half an hour while a few were employed to carry them away into the woods, having none to follow him to the grave but a few slaves who buried him.

On account of the low state of the water, we were in constant danger from anags and sand-bars, with which this river abounds. Neither time nor money have been expended in cleaning the Arkansas,

while very much has been employed in removing obstruction from the Mississippi and Red Rivers. Our boat ran aground several times, but by increasing the pressure to a dangerous degree we were able to proceed till we came within 75 miles of Little Rock.

I will endeavor to furnish for your next meeting some further account of my journey and some facts relative to the mission at Dwight. With respect and affection,

Your friend,

C. S. Lockwood.

Ipswich, February 2, 1938.

Respected Young Ladies:

That part of my journey already communicated to you left us on board the "Compromise" in the Arkansas River 75 miles from Little Rock. Here our boat grounded and the captain, all the gentlemen, with nearly all the baggage to be put on shore. The ladies were permitted to remain on board, while the boat

put back one-fourth of a mile to make an extra effort to pass the difficulty.

Now hope reigned in every breast, but how soon to be disappointed! Though she rushed thru the water like a race horse, she was stopped in her progress the moment she came upon the bar, where she groaned and trembled and finally stood still. Being now situated in a country destitute of a road and almost without inhabitants and our boat settled upon a sand-bar, while the water of the river was constantly falling, fear was entertained that our provisions could not be sufficient to supply all of us during the time we should be obliged to remain. Consequently five men volunteered to go on foot through the almost pathless wilderness to Little Rock, a distance of 75 miles, to give information of our situation. Three of these arrived the fourth or fifth day, while two faltered by the way, being nearly exhausted by the effort. A guide, with four other men and as many horses as they could lead, soon came to our relief. These were indeed welcome visitors and arrangements were speedily made for the departure of as many of us as could be accommodated with the horses.

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Our baggage being put into a canoe, a man and an Indian boy were employed to tow it up the river. Our guide, who was peculiar in his appearance, being apparently 25 years of age, wearing his hair long and turned upon his head like a lady's swung a band box upon his shoulder and with hatchet in one hand and a sounding horn in the other, signified to us that he was ready for our departure. Consequently 14 of us, nine gentlemen and five ladies, bid adieu to our boat and with mingled emotions of hope and fear, started on our anticipated journey.

Our guide frequently "blazed" the trees as he passed along, which is simply to cut a chip from them, benevolently designed as way-marks for other travelers. I cannot forbear to relate an incident which occurred in consequence of not understanding the term "blazed" trees, as used in the western country. A clergyman, being obliged to go a considerable distance to attend public worship, was directed to follow the "blazed" trees, which would not fail to conduct him to the appointed place. He wandered about a long time and when some of the congregation succeeded

in finding him he observed that he had been looking in vain for "blazed" trees, supposing them to be trees which had been burned with fire.

The first day we rode through the woods, where we were constantly obliged to bow our heads to avoid the branches of the trees. We were constrained to go Indian file, our path being only wide enough for one horse at a time. We traveled all day, a distance of 30 miles without seeing the least trace of human habitation, but, as the sun sank in the western horizon, we came to a cabin of a Frenchman, where we were hospitably entertained during the night. Our hostess expressed joy on seeing us, as we were the first females she had seen for two years. We rose at the dawn of the day and following our guide rode pleasantly along through what we in New England should term a pasture, until about 11:00 o'clock, when we came to a stream of pure water, where we dismounted and refreshed ourselves with some provisions which we had taken with us from the boat.

Several times we came to streams which were not fordable. In such cases, our guide would swim upon his horse to the opposite shore, or having driven his horse into the creek, would go himself upon a log which was placed over it, directing us to follow his example. In consequence of the high banks, these logs were sometimes ten feet above the water and occasionally they were so full of large knots as to render our passage upon them very difficult and dangerous. Our guide, or some one of the gentlemen of our company would take in one hand a pole of sufficient length to reach the bottom of the water and with the other render the ladies the most important assistance.

At one time our road led us through two old saw-mills, which served as bridges, though the floors of these buildings were so time-worn as to make our passage over them perilous. Having traveled till near the close of the day and experiencing much that was new and difficult, our guide assured us that we were not far distant from the place of encampment for the night. Cheering was the thought that ere

long we should rest, when suddenly a bog, or swamp, half a mile in extent, spread itself before us, which at first view appeared utterly impassable. But as onward had been our watchword we dared not look behind. Our horses commenced their passage over, but could proceed only by jumping and at every repeated effort they sunk, upon an average of seven or eight inches into the surface. Though the temperature of the air was such as to require us to wrap ourselves in our cloaks, yet after having passed the bog, our horses perspired as profusely as under the influence of a tropical sun.

One of the ladies was thrown from her horse just as we reached the opposite side, caused by her horse stepping on what is called a cypress "knee", with which the swamp abounded. These swamps are considered very dangerous to pass on account of these cypress "knees"; as the horse at every step is liable to have his foot caught between them and thus exposing his own life and that of his rider.

Having crossed the swamp we came into an open woodland and after riding another hour

came to a double cabin inhabited by white people where our guide, in coming from Little Rock, had requested preparations might be made for us as we journeyed back with him. Some of the ladies were so exhausted as not to be able to walk into the house after alighting from their horses. One of our company, of whom I have not yet spoken, being an infant of three months was so much bruised as to leave little hope that it would long survive. This little one scarcely greeted us with a smile or appealed to our sympathies by crying during all the way, in consequence of taking large portions of opium, which the afflicted mother considered it necessary to administer under existing circumstances. To this expedient she resorted as the least of two evils; and I will just remark that contrary to our expectations the child, soon after the close of our journey, recovered from all the exposure and hardship to which it had been subjected.

A double cabin is two long houses situated near to each other and connected only by the roof. Having now entered one of these dwellings, we

found ourselves once more before a good fire and as the gentlemen confined themselves to one room, the ladies occupied the other exclusively, while the family voluntarily retired to a little hut a short distance from us. There was one bed to be shared by five of us and all, except myself sank insensibly upon it.

Being too much fatigued to sleep or to make any effort to prepare a comfortable couch, I threw myself upon an overcoat which was upon the floor, and taking a little bundle for my pillow, was seeking rest when a strange movement at the door called forth anew the almost wasted energies of my body and spirit. "What," thought I, "can that noise be?" when the door opened and my mind was relieved of its suspense by the entrance of a great dog, that immediately sprang upon the bed, exciting great fear in the minds of its occupants. He did not, however, seem to have any evil intentions, neither did he appear to regard himself as an intruder, but merely be seeking the customary place of his nightly repose.

We soon succeeded in discharging our unwelcome visitor and he gave us no further alarm, though the effects of the fright were not so soon removed.

After breakfast the next morning, being the 25th of December, we once more set forward upon our protracted journey. We soon came into a thick wooded forest, and having proceeded less than a mile, came to another bog which our guide said was too dangerous for all of us to pass on horseback. Now we witnessed the countenance pale with anxiety, heard the voice tremulous with fearful forebodings. Several of us dismounted and having kindled a fire in the woods, remained stationary while the guide with a few of our company left us and proceeded to find a safe passage for our horses, over what I might perhaps with some propriety have denominated the "slough of despond." Here we tarried two hours and employed ourselves in getting something to defend our feet from the water-saturated earth, and then while engaged in social conversation would occasionally gaze at the tall forest trees so generally stripped of

their beauty, which seemed like so many specters of our unhappy situation. At length was heard the well-known sound of the horn which was a signal for our departure and an assurance that our detached company had again set foot on "terra firma."

After extinguishing our fire, we walked upon fallen trees about twenty rods when we came to water of such depth as to allow us to proceed no further. The man belonging to the cabin where we had passed the previous night, now drew up the boat in which he was accustomed to cross this place, and directed us to enter it. This boat, or gondola, or whatever might have been its appropriate name, resembled in size and workmanship the body of a common ox-cart, which led most of us to be greatly concerned for our safety. However we obeyed orders and all succeeded in obtaining foothold in it, and as no oars or paddles could be used the gentlemen caught hold of the trees with their hands, while, at the same time, having their feet immoveably fixed in the boat, they were able to propel it along till we reached

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the place where the other part of our company was impatiently waiting our arrival. Here we were allowed to rejoice together and had abundant reason to say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

Again we set forward with fresh courage and after riding 18 miles came into a public road, about three miles below Little Rock. We hailed with delight this first token of being in a region of civilization and our horses seemed not unconscious of the fact as was manifest by their excited spirits and accelerated steps. When we approached quite near to the town we halted and everything was adjusted to make us respectable as possible and our faithful guide with much complacency soon had the happiness of introducing us to the capitol of the territory.

Some of our company had now arrived home and others separated from us, going in different directions, while my husband and myself were kindly received into a private boarding house. The fact was soon known that we were missionaries to the Cherokees and consequently we shared largely

in the hospitality of Christians and accepted many invitations to visit families where none were hopefully pious. One of the five who left the boat to come on foot to this place, hearing of our arrival, called upon us and invited us to make his house our home. Though this gentleman made no pretensions to seriousness and when on board the boat was often engaged in gambling, yet he would have been a reproof to many calling themselves Christians by his attention to us as missionaries, and his regular attendance at family prayers, morning and evening.

Even the Governor, who was a Kentuckian by birth, invited us to visit his family, where we met with a large circle of his friends and particular acquaintances who were among the rich and fashionable of the village. They made inquiries respecting missions in general, thus affording Dr. Lockwood an opportunity to give them important information on a subject of such deep interest to the church and to the world.

There were at that time two religious societies in the place, one Presbyterian and denominated Cambellites, a sect erroneous in principal and corrupt in practice. Rev. Mr. Moore, the Presbyterian minister welcomed Mr. Lockwood to his house and his pulpit and introduced him to many places where he was accustomed to give more private religious instruction. He appeared to be a man "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

There is much to interest strangers in this place, but like many other flourishing villages it is distinguished more for its gayety and extravagance than for its piety. One of the number who traveled with us through the wilderness was a gentleman of great wealth, and soon after our arrival at Little Rock, gave a party one Saturday evening that continued their amusements till 2:00 or 3:00 o'clock Sabbath morning at an expense of two hundred dollars.

We tarried three weeks and then our old friend the "Compromise" having arrived we bid

adieu as we supposed forever to this pleasant place and all those friends who so kindly entertained us. Finding ourselves once more in our little state room we endeavored to recount the mercies we had received at the hand of our kind Heavenly Father and to seek His parental care for all time to come.

When one week had elapsed we found we had ascended the river the distance of three hundred miles and to our great disappointment perceived that we could move no farther, our boat being settled upon a great sand ridge. Knowing that a much smaller boat than the "Compromise" was following after us, and believing that it would find a passage over the ridge, Mr. L. hoped that we might be permitted to go on board and go up the seven miles, when we should come to our destined landing place. After remaining one day, and this boat not appearing, Mr. L. started on foot and alone to follow the river till he should arrive at the little Indian settlement seven miles distant, where we designed to leave the boat for another mode of conveyance.

Before he left, he desired me to come in the smaller boat if I should have the opportunity. When he had been gone one day and night, the smaller boat reached us and the Captain willingly received me, with several belonging to the garrison at Fort Gibson. We soon passed the distance of seven miles and came to the mouth of the Sallisaw, a considerable branch of the Arkansas.

Sallisaw Creek, the name of which is commonly supposed to be of Indian origin, was named Salaison, by some of the early French traders in allusion to the fact that upon the banks a quantity of buffalo meat had been salted. The present name therefore a corruption of the French word "Salaison" meaning "to salt" or "to season."

Here, for the first time, I beheld the Cherokees, the shore being lined with Indians and negroes. The negroes were the slaves of the Indians. The men were dressed with trousers made of some common striped bed-ticking and hunting shirts made of factory gingham in form of short,

loose gowns. They were generally without covering for the head. They were much interested in viewing the boat and its passengers and were constantly talking in Cherokee and of course unintelligible to us.

They appeared like heathen and as I stood upon deck gazing upon them with emotions I cannot describe I was told this was the place where I was to go on shore. This information effected me like an electric shock. Thought I, "Can I dwell among these savages? and can I go on shore without my husband or any white person to accompany me?"

But this was no time for deliberation. I was soon conducted to one of the huts and introduced to a black woman who was the only person among them who could talk English. She said, "Your husband has been to Dwight and got one of the Missionaries and gone down to the place where he left you, because you did not come before. He told me to take good care of you if you came while he was gone and so I will, ma'am. You may stay in this room and sleep in this bed." She then left

the room and immediately after I saw her running down to the river leaving me quite alone.

Soon the boat left the shore and then I heard the most terrific noise that ever fell upon my ears. It was the savage yell of intoxicated natives. No sound from human beings can be so hideous and frightful as the tremendous halloos of drunken Indians. Trembling and alone I saw from the open window these creatures approaching the hut where I was. I could not close the window, it being merely a little wooden door hung with leather hinges which must be open to let in the light. They came dancing along and paused at the window and every little opening looking at me. I thought it prudent to keep still and appear as though unconscious of their manners; but I waited and sighed for the return of the black woman, as I had formerly for the return of some dear friend.

Twilight was now fast fading in the west, and the noise was somewhat suspended when I heard the tramping of horses and saw through the trees

the appearance of men riding. Joy and gladness filled my heart and I again beheld one whom I had seen before. Mr. Lockwood, having arrived introduced me to Rev. Mr. Washburn, who greeted me as a father. It was interesting to see with what confidence and affection some of these tawny Cherokees gathered around him and with what smiling countenances and affection he addressed them.

Night soon spread her sombre shades over all things around us, while the pale rays of the moon now and then darted between the clouds to relieve us of its sadness. The horses having had time to rest, Mr. Washburn thought it best to proceed to Dwight, a distance of twelve miles, as two Cherokees were going to be our guides. Accordingly we started and soon came upon prairie ground, where the high wind had nothing to obstruct its passage and which searched us most faithfully while the cold sleet which occasionally fell pelted us severely and rendered our ride quite uncomfortable.

Our guides traveled swiftly and as the horse I rode had been from home all day and

was anxious to return, I had no difficulty in keeping near them. The uncomfortableness of our situation set a seal upon our lips and we rode mutely along, when suddenly Mr. Washburn cried out to me: "Hold up your feet while we cross the creek" and I immediately heard the splashing of the water as the horses plunged into the stream, but I saw it not, the darkness just at this time rendering nearly all things invisible. Cold, wet and weary, I began with some solicitude to inquire how far we were from Dwight, when my good friend, Mr. Washburn, exhibited his kindness of heart to cheer me on my way. Soon I saw at a distance a cluster of lights and nearer they became more and more luminous and cheering, till I found myself within one of the humble dwellings of Dwight.

Very respectfully,

C. S. Lockwood.

Ipswich, February 9, 1839.

Respected Young Ladies:

As a corresponding member of your Society I now communicate to you some account of Dwight, a missionary station under the direction of the A. B. C. F. M.

Having resided there nearly two years and experiencing much that was afflictive, it is to me a station of no ordinary interest. It is situated in the Cherokee Nation, in the northwest part of the State of Arkansas, and is thirty miles northwest of Fort Smith, and thirty miles southeast of Fort Gibson. These are the nearest white settlements. About eight years since the Cherokees were ordered by the government to remove from the place now called "Old Dwight" and go westward about 200 miles to their present location. This was to them a severe trial. Having dwelt there about 12 years they had in possession comfortable houses, cultivated fields and fruit trees, besides mills and various other conveniences pertaining to civilized life. And

there was their graveyard, regularly layed out, surrounded with a white picket fence, in which was deposited the remains of many of their dear friends.

When the news first arrived that they must once more leave their homes forever their hearts sank within them. The missionaries, having followed them from Georgia, were unwilling now to forsake them in the time of trial and consequently resolved to go where they should go and abide where they should abide. But Rev. Alfred Finney survived the hardships of removing only one week and then his happy spirit took ~~its abode~~ "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

The mission family at the new station consists of missionaries, assistant missionaries, teachers and their children, Indians and negroes; the whole number amounting to about 100 persons. The negroes are slaves, belonging to people in the white settlements. The missionaries always endeavor to contract with the masters so the slaves shall receive reward for their labor and thus be able

to buy their liberty. Many have consequently been from bondage and some have become decidedly pious. The mission family dwell in many small houses and not in one large building as some have supposed. The houses are built of hewn logs containing two rooms of common size on the floor and a garret where an adult may stand erect in the center.

There is one large house called the "store house", two stories high where the supplies of the American Board are deposited and all the corn and groceries which are procured from any quarter. Rev. Mr. Washburn is the oldest missionary and a man rich in faith and "always abounding in the work of the Lord." He occupies with his wife and children a two-story house with several small rooms. Some of these are reserved for company, missionaries from other stations, people from other parts, Cherokees who come to see their children and any people who may be directed that way.

Miss Stetson who has the care of the girls out of the school lives in a one-story

house with several rooms on the floor where the little Indian girls sleep with no other accomodation than a blanket in which to wrap themselves as they lie down upon the floor. This is their accustomed mode of sleeping at home and they prefer this way. A piazza connects the house occupied by Miss Stetson with the one which contains the girls' school and which is likewise used for evening meetings.

Mr. Asa Hitchcock, teacher of the boys, occupies a house with several rooms which affords sleeping places for about fifty boys. A short distance from this house is a commodious school house for the boys which is also used for public worship on the Sabbath. The house contains the dining hall and kitchen and is much longer than any other house though it presents a front similar to the dwelling houses, surrounds about an acre of ground of an oval form which is beautifully interspersed with locust trees, affording a most refreshing shade during the sultry days of summer.

In this enclosure, the little Indian boys bound as nimbly as deer among the trees, playing their merriest pranks during the recess of the school and during the hour of setting sun, before the bell rings for evening prayers. The teacher of these boys remarked that they were perhaps as easily governed as the same number of white children could be; being tractable, he expected they would, if continued in school, become quite proficient in many branches of an English education.

The missionaries endeavor to exhibit to the poor Indians, as far as practicable, all that is lovely and excellent in the different departments of family management and therefore consider it necessary for all to eat at the same table. Each family have in their own house some accommodations for cooking on a limited scale but expediency allows them to enjoy this privilege only when sickness requires it.

There is so much sameness in the business of every day that perhaps a knowledge of the

routine of one day will give an idea of the manner of spending time generally at this station.

At nine o'clock the bell calls the children from labor to prepare for school. At twelve o'clock they are dismissed from study and allowed to amuse themselves till dinner. The boys in one grove and the girls in another. They are never permitted to play together.

At half past twelve the dinner is ready, then each one takes his seat as in the morning. This meal consists simply of some kind of meat, generally pork, sometimes beef and occasionally venison, cold corn bread and cold water. The water was indeed a luxury, being of an excellent quality. Two or three times a year, a suet or rice pudding was afforded, which was of course a great rarity. Once our breakfast table was furnished with a dish of doughnuts sufficient to allow one to each individual. It was amusing to see the children receive and preserve their doughnuts as the children of the East would some foreign luxury.

The Cherokee children are very healthy and eat their food with great avidity, sometimes practising, without liberty, their former mode of eating--using their fingers instead of knives and forks. After dinner all go to their different employments till summoned to supper.

The meal consists of black tea, without sugar, hominy with little milk, cold corn bread and occasionally butter. After supper and evening prayers, the children enjoy some innocent recreation while the adults are engaged in finishing the work of the day.

Thus substantially passes each day of the week except the Sabbath. During the forenoon of this holy day public worship is performed in English for the more particular benefit of the mission family. By the time of the close of the services, the Cherokees from a distance arrive so that the house in the afternoon is nearly filled with Indians and the services in the afternoon are conducted in the native language. The missionary requests a

native to read a hymn in Cherokee, in which all voices unite in singing. The effect of the music of these native voices upon one unaccustomed to hear them is very peculiar.

After singing a Cherokee is called upon to pray, and no one ever declines, and though I could not understand a single sentence, my mind was solemnly impressed by their devoted and earnest manner. The sermon was preached in English and interpreted to the people. Some of the pious Cherokees always make addresses after the sermon and it is exceedingly interesting to see with what earnestness these converted heathen speak to their relatives and friends.

Much difficulty is found in giving instruction through an interpreter lest a different coloring be given to the truth from what is intended. Much more time is consumed in giving instruction in this way and the force of the sentences is often lost by the unnatural pauses which necessarily occur. Notwithstanding these difficulties, it is sometimes enough to kindle all the tender emotions of the soul to witness

the tearful eye or the happy expression of the features exhibited by many of these comparatively untaught worshippers, when hearing about the way of salvation through a crucified Redeemer. The fixed attention and the stillness of the people during their service on the Sabbath would be a reproof to many more enlightened congregations. The Sabbath school is held immediately after the afternoon services when those who know nothing of our language retire to an adjacent cabin to enjoy a little season of prayer.

There is a Temperance Society among them which consists of 300 members, male and female. The government of the United States employed in 1834 a Mr. Armstrong as their agent to conduct the Indian affairs of that Nation and he was faithful to his trust. He sought with vigilance to find out the white men who would venture to sell ardent spirits in the Nation, for this was contrary to the law and awfully injurious to the people. He surprised one man by presenting himself before him while he was employed in the very act and compelled him to suffer

the penalty of the law which was to pay \$500. Mr. Armstrong was not a pious man but was much interested in their religious improvement of the people and therefore the anti-temperence part of the Nation threatened to take his life and burn Dwight. Occasionally some drunken Indians would prowl about our dwellings in the darkness of midnight and greatly disturb our rest, but were never suffered essentially to injure us. Mr. Armstrong died about two years since.

During my residence at Dwight it was my privilege to go with Mr. Lockwood into the Osage country, a distance of 75 miles. We went on horse-back being the only mode of conveyance which could be afforded us. On our way we called and spent the night at the log cabin of the Chief who held up the scalps of the parents of the little Osage captive to Dr. Cornelius in answer to his question "where are her parents."

This Chief has now laid aside his tomahawk and his scalping knife and seeks to

promote peace and love among his brethern. He appears to be a truly devoted Christian. His wife and daughter, now 25 years of age, likewise belong to that part of the church stationed at Fairfield, and under the care of Dr. Palmer. His second daughter is expecting to come to Cincinnati to enter Miss Beecher's school. She has attended the school at Fairfield station a long time and had a strong desire to make greater advances in knowledge. Her father's English name is Price. He is wealthy, owns cultivated

fields, oxen, cows and sheep and has commenced building a two-story framed house. His wife and daughters have learned to spin, weave, knit, and sew and dress entirely in the fashion of civilized life.

The great change in this family is the result of

missionary labor, attended by the blessing of God.

Reserving an account of a visit to the Osage country, together with a few additional facts connected with the station at Daight, for another communication, I subscribe myself

Your friend,

C. S. Lockwood.

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Ipswich, March 7, 1839.

Respected Young Ladies:

In accordance with the proposition in my last communication, I will now give some further account of my wanderings in the west and these include the history of my mission to the dear Cherokees.

After leaving Mr. Price's we encountered a severe storm of hail, with violent wind, which compelled me to tie my bonnet to my arm and ~~cover my head with a small shawl, tied closely under~~ my chin. Having arrived at Fort Gibson, we found some acquaintances to welcome us and were surprised to see so much elegance and splendor within the precincts of log houses. Here were hundreds of military characters from nearly every part ~~of the Union,~~ stationed for the defense of the western frontier. Many of these people were surrounded with their ~~families but we could not learn that one pious person~~ was to be found among them. Recently ~~some~~ of the officers have requested Rev. Mr. Washburn of Dwight to come and preach to them and perform other religious

exercises. It is a comforting thought that the hearts are in the hands of the Lord and that He can turn them as the rivers of water are turned.

Rode five miles and came to Mr. Woodruff's, in the Creek Nation, where we had the happiness of meeting Rev. Mr. Fleming, classmate of Mr. Lockwood, who has been successful in reducing the Creek language to writing. But, owing to the hostility of the greater portion of the tribe to the advancement of Christianity among the tribe, this mission is now abandoned. Mr. Woodruff was formerly connected with the Osage Mission as a mechanic and datechist, but is now employed by the government as a blacksmith among the Creeks and exerts a pious influence over them.

Mrs. Woodruff is an excellent lady, a native of Connecticut, and does much to recommend the religion of Jesus to the poor Indian women. She is often distributing to the necessity of others and is indeed "given to hospitality." During our visit here some of the Osages who were going

to Fort Gibson to receive some articles appropriated to them by the government, called and refreshed themselves with food given them by Mrs. Woodruff. She received them with a smiling countenance and treated them very kindly, though her language to them was only the language of signs. The appearance of these tall savages was quite startling to me. Upon entering the house, they sat upon the floor, and had no covering about their persons except a buffalo robe which they immediately loosed about the neck and suffered to fall from the shoulders. Their heads were shaven entirely smooth except a spot on top, where the hair was about 6 inches long. All the men and boys among the Osages wear their hair in this manner and it is a standing challenge, signifying "scalp me if you can."

Having bid adieu to Mr. Woodruff and family, rode twenty two miles and came to Union Station, in the Osage country. This was all on the prairie ground. With this Mission Family we had some precious seasons of religious conversation and

prayer. We talked of the uncertainty of life and the importance of the errand upon which we were sent to these native tribes.

While here I could not but observe how these Christians loved one another. But with the poet I will say "blindness to the future, kindly given" for ere the sun was set, the arrows from the quiver of Death flew thick amid this missionary circle and, lo, took from it Rev. Mr. Montgomery and wife, Mrs. Whill, four children of Mr. Redfield, and my dear Mr. Lockwood. Mr. Montgomery died of cholera, after twelve hours sickness. Soon after his attack he said, "I will not recover from this disease. And oh, can it be that in less than twenty four hours I shall be walking the streets of the New Jerusalem? I know in whom I have believed." He left messages of love to his missionary brethren and died in triumph. Mrs. Montgomery died soon after her husband. Her disease was bilious remittent fever. Two days before her death she said, "I do not expect to live but in my Saviour have I

trusted in life and in Him I trust in death."

Blessed is the death of his saints.

The character of the poor Osages differs materially from the Cherokees. They are many degrees lower in the scale of human beings. The habitations which they term lodges are constructed of poles driven in the ground in the form of a circle and united at the top. They are covered with skins. They sit on the ground or floor and all of one family eat out of the same great dish, and with spoons made of horn. During the summer they wander from place to place and kill deer and buffalo which they dry and carry to their villages as the source of their winter subsistence. When stationary, they have a kettle of meat and corn continually over the fire which is the common way of preparing their food and of this they expect all strangers to partake as a token of friendship.

In conformity with this practice Mr. Lockwood was obliged to taste food fifteen times in one day. Agriculture is but very little practiced among them. The influence of the white traders over them is baneful. They have caused great quantities

of whiskey to be deposited in the nation and the poor natives have consequently contracted such love for it that they will make any effort to obtain it. The use of this article is the greatest obstacle to the cultivation of agricultural pursuits that can be named. The women perform more labor than the men; they bring home all game taken in hunting and take entirely the care of preserving the skins, drying the meat, and making the lodges for the night.

Owing to the influence of the white traders and the effects of the whiskey and the uncertainty of their future location the missionary stations among them are at present discontinued (1838). Oh, how long shall the Indians receive wrong and outrage

from those who ought to be their protectors and who should administer to their temporal and spiritual wants!

Having returned to Bright and resumed my occupation I was more deeply impressed than ever before of the powers and excellence of the religion of Jesus. It is the Bible, that Book of books, which causes the difference between savage and Christian

nations. In 1832 a Bible Society was formed at Dwight which has since become auxiliary to the American Bible Society. I attended the second annual meeting at which were more than fifty Cherokee members. Some came at a distance of 20 miles. It is delightful to see how cheerfully the members contribute for its support. A box of books in the Cherokee language had previously been received from the "old nation" consisting of the New Testament as far as Romans, a small hymn book and a tract entitled "Poor Old Sarah". These were distributed among the members. A strong desire was manifested to possess the whole Bible and one hundred dollars was subscribed for the accomplishment of the object.

A few Sabbaths after this meeting Rev. Mr. Ashburn went to a distant part of the nation to preach. Just before he came to the house where he wished to stop he saw a good old Cherokee woman, whom we uniformly called "Aunt Peggy" coming to meet him. Tears were streaming down her furrowed cheeks but by the tones of her voice and the animation of her

countenance he perceived they were tears of joy and not of grief. She held up her books before him and then clasped them up to her bosom and exclaimed, "Oh glad! Glad! Happy! Love 'em more than gold!" She then wrapped them in a new silk handkerchief to preserve them from all harm. What a reproof to the multitude who, amid the effulgence of Gospel light, suffer their Bible to gather dust rather than be thus carefully wrapped and attentively read.

During the summer of 1834 the climate of Arkansas was unusually hot and unhealthy. The rivers were so low for several months that no boats could ascend or descend and therefore the usual

supplies from the American Board could not be received at our station. Much sickness was visited upon us that summer and as we were nearly out of medicine and entirely destitute of flour and various other indispensables in sickness, our trials were greatly augmented.

Mr. Lockwood was taken ill of a fever the first day of July but for seven days was not considered

dangerous. Mr. Washburn came on the morning of the eighth day to visit him, acting as his physician and Mr. Lockwood said to him he felt so comfortable he hoped to be able to go with him in a few days to an appointed place to examine some candidates for admission into the church. But, ah, how soon was the scene changed! Before noon his case assumed almost dangerous aspect. His pain became violent, a delirium seized him and he at times was in possession of full strength and then perfectly prostrate. His disease soon baffled all attempts to restore him.

But the Lord graciously gave him some sweet intervals of relief from pain and delirium and then his soul was in perfect peace, because it was stayed on God.

During those intervals he talked with all who came near to him, and many Cherokees were constantly waiting about the house, hoping to have an opportunity to hear something from his lips once more. Most ardently did he love the work in which he was engaged and in delirium would often say, as he was accustomed to do in health, "Come, let us have a little season of prayer."

On the third day after his violent attack he was thought to be expiring and Mr. Washburn made some remark to him to that effect and the dear man, summoning all the energies of life, whispered,

"Dear Brother, do you think me dying? O tell me, if you do, for death has no terrors to me." Mr.

Washburn said, "Dear brother, are you ready to go now?" and then, with a countenance so happy as cannot be expressed, he again whispered, "Yes, I am willing to leave the work of the Lord, for He is not impoverished when His servants are taken away. I am ready to part from my dearest and the dear Cherokees, to go and dwell forever with my Redeemer."

After resting from any effort for some minutes he said, "Sing, O sing!" and feebly repeated:

"Come, sound His praise abroad
and hymns of glory sing."

He sweetly slept in Jesus on the morning of the 12th of July, 1834. I forbore to say more of him during his sickness for I dare not trust the overflowings of my heart.

He was accustomed, when in health, to observe many days of fasting and prayer; for several years he constantly observed in this manner the first Friday of every month and some day immediately preceding a Communion Sunday. He put a very high estimate upon the days of fasting and prayer and he has told me they were to be accounted among his most precious religious privileges. One circumstance, relating to his practice when in health, perhaps I ought not to omit to mention. For several years he never dined on Sundays but spent the dining hour alone to contemplate death and eternity.....

about two months after Mr. Lockwood's decease, Heaven gave me a little son for whom I felt and still feel the tenderest solicitude. I gave him the name of his father and the station where he was born. During the winter I had the entire care of the three orphan daughters of Rev. Mr. Finney, little Sally towa of the Osage Mission, three years old, besides my own little charge. These children were very pleasant to me and I delighted to contribute

to their happiness. Some relatives of Mrs. Finney, who was a sister to Mr. Washburn, gave information to the Mission family that if the orphans could be sent to their places of residence they would adopt them into their families and be as fathers and mothers to them. Accordingly arrangements were made to effect this very desirable purpose and in connection with the plan adopted, Providence remarkably opened the way for me to return to my friends and native home.

The first of April 1835 was the specified time for us to take our departure. Mrs. Palmer of Fairfield Station, 15 miles from Dwight, rapidly declining of consumption, asked and received permission of the American Board to accompany me to Ohio, once more to see her friends, and die.

Mr. Washburn had a son, seventeen years of age, whom he wished to bring to the East, to finish his education. Two sprightly Cherokees, Nieces of Catherine Brown, being anxious to enjoy the privileges of Miss Beecher's school at Cincinnati, wished to journey under Mr. Washburn's protection. These young ladies had good minds and for several years had been

members of the Mission school and made good improvement. In addition to the individuals named, a young gentleman from Baltimore and one from Cincinnati who had been to the Nation both for pleasure and business formed our traveling party.

When the day for our departure arrived, except for Woodward Washburn, and he for a time could not be found.... Diligent search being made, he was found out in the cane-brake and said he could not endure such a separation from his dear mother. His father still insisted upon his yielding to the plan, conscious that his greatest good required it. The son, at length, obeyed.

Our horses were now brought together and we were soon seated upon them. An experienced Cherokee woman carried my little feeble babe in a swing suspended from her neck. Hardly could I endure to bid farewell forever to that loved spot where was deposited the earthly remains of him whose memory I delight to cherish and where, a few months previous, I verily expected to spend my days. But after our baggage,

RHODES, JOE D. (MRS.).

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which was conveyed in an ox wagon, had been gone an hour or two, we started, fourteen of us, for Port Smith, thirty miles distant.

We were told a steamboat was there, which would receive us as passengers. But, on our arrival, we were greatly disappointed to learn that no boat was known to be within 200 miles of that place. The river was so low that large boats could not ply its waters.

The interesting question, "What shall we do?" almost involuntarily escaped the lips of nearly all of our company. Anxiety was depicted in every countenance. But the decision was finally made that we go forward. Accordingly, two very long log canoes were purchased and fastened in some peculiar way, and two lor chairs placed in them for Mrs. Palmer and me and infant. We purchased as much provision as we judged our necessities might require and went to take our places in the canoes amid a crowd of spectators. The gentlemen rowed by turns and we went twelve miles the first day.

At night we went on shore and passed the hours of darkness in a log cabin of only one room. This room was shared in common with the family and we rose at dawn to proceed on our journey. This was our manner of traveling for three days and then we were stationary for several hours; our gentlemen being too weary to row any longer.

At two different times² our situation was rendered quite perilous from passing over the rapids, but through one difficulty and another, the Lord was our helper. At length we succeeded in obtaining two athletic strangers to assist in propelling our canoes. We now passed on quite rapidly and at the close of the fifth day went on shore as usual making the stereotyped inquiry, "What can you tell us about a steamboat being near?" We were informed that the "Arkansas" was fast aground twelve miles below that place.

This information under the circumstances would probably have given us pain rather than pleasure but, having passed along more than two hundred miles and not having heard a sound indicating that we were

even in the region of steamboats, the knowledge that a boat, though fast fixed in the sand, was near, was a relief from the tedium of knowing nothing. The hours of the night seemed to tarry, for our situation was such that some were crying and others constantly talking and sleep and rest was the portion of no one of our company. During the night I realized more than ever the force of David's comparison when he said,

"My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning. . . I say more than they that watch for the morning."

Jesse Dwight was at this time so feeble that I tried every morning and evening to be thankful that he was still alive and that I had not been called to bury his little emaciated frame amid the wilds of the West.

About 8:00 o'clock in the morning we came up to the "Arkansas" and were informed by some person on board that the "Neosho" was within ten miles of us and that the Captain was expecting to start for the Mississippi that afternoon. Hope now

enspired our almost discouraged hearts and we proceeded with the greatest possible speed and about noon one of our party cried out in ecstasy, "A steamboat! A steamboat! It was the Neosho" and our men called aloud for them to stop for us and we soon came alongside.

The interrogation was immediately made:

"Can you take us all on board?" and the reply was, "Oh, yes," and we were transferred to the boat and took a last view of the canoes which had conveyed us so far on our way, a distance of 250 miles.

Mr. Washburn inquired of the Captain how soon he was going to move off and the Captain remarked, that they were already to go at 7:00 or 8:00 o'clock in the morning but somehow or other, he could not tell what was the matter, but they could not push off and "the Lord only knows when we shall go". But in less than half an hour after we were all comfortably situated in this commodious boat, she moved from her mooring as if by magic. But it was, in fact, the Providence of God which caused

her detention until we, His unworthy subjects, could reach her and then it was the same Divine that had loosed her and bade her go free. For this unmerited mercy we endeavored to render praise and thanksgiving to Him who is the Author of all good.

The exposure and fatigue of the journey thus far had reduced Mrs. Palmer so much that she was obliged to remain in her berth most of the time until her arrival in Cincinnati. At this city we parted from her and the dear Cherokee young ladies. Mrs. Palmer lived until August and then her spirit left the tabernacle of clay, I doubt not, ascended to inhabit the mansions prepared for it in heaven.

"O sweet abode of peace and love
where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest."

Having proceeded to New York, I was welcomed to the family of Brother Lockwood, while our excellent friend, Rev. Mr. Washburn, accompanied the dear orphans to Vermont. It was painful to my heart to separate from the dear beloved children but they were pleased with the idea of soon meeting relatives and finding new homes.

From New York I went to Boston where I met my parents and rejoiced to see their faces once more. I arrived at my father's house June 2, 1835. When I left New England for the far Southwest I believed I bid farewell forever while on earth to my native home and the friends I loved so well. But an over-ruling Providence permitted me soon to return but with a wounded heart as time can never heal. May I now and in all future times be enabled

"In all my ways to acknowledge God
and form my will to His."

Respectfully your friend,

C. S. Lockwood.

COPY OF LETTER WRITTEN TO MRS. LOCKWOOD'S FATHERAFTER THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND: BY REV. MR. WASHBURN.

Dwight, July 17th, 1834.

Rev. Moses Sawyer,

Dear Brother:

I write at the request of your daughter, Mrs. Lockwood. It has pleased her Covenant God and Father to subject her faith to trial in the furnace of affliction. Her dear partner, the husband of her youth, has come to his everlasting rest. He died on the 11th inst. after an illness of twelve days.

His health had been very good since his arrival in the country, with the exception of very slight indisposition in a few instances, until the last Sabbath in June, when he was attacked with the disease of which he died. His attack was considered both by himself and all us as mild, and we cherished the hope it would soon yield to the timely exhibition of medicines. The disease was bilious remittent

fever, which is unusually prevalent at this time.

For sometime after his attack, medicine did not seem to operate well or to afford the relief which was expected, but still his disease assumed no alarming aspect. On Monday, the eighth day, he seemed much better and exposed the confident expectation that he would be able to accompany me on Thursday to a meeting eight miles distant to aid in the examination of young converts for admission to the church. In the afternoon of that day his fever arose again but not so as to be alarming. On Tuesday he still appeared better and we all thought, as he did himself, that he was convalescent.

Late in the afternoon his symptoms exhibited a great change and we became alarmed. His nervous system became greatly agitated. About ten o'clock a general collapse of the system took place, his extremities became cold and his whole frame was pouring off a most profuse perspiration. His mind now wandered. His recollection seemed very greatly impaired and the power of the will over the thoughts seemed suspended.

but he had little or none of the symptoms of delirium. There was no raving, no violence,

The active means were employed to restore the active energies of the system but proved unavailing. His distress was very great until within a few hours before his death. About three o'clock in the morning of Thursday, the 11th, he sank most sweetly to rest. That, my dear sir, closed the short missionary career of your beloved son-in-law and thus we doubt not closed the last conflict with sin and the last pang of sorrow with that excellent young man.

Brother Lockwood had endeared himself very much to all this family and to all the Cherokee brethren. It may truly be said of him, "An excellent spirit was in him." For in the course of religion he indicated an eminent measure of holy affection and was especially earnest and faithful in his exertions and prayers to excite us all to come up to the same standard of religious feeling and action.

For a short time previous to his last illness he had seemed particularly engaged in the cause of religion. We have never seen the reality and loveliness of the Christian temper more happily illustrated than it was in him. During all his sickness he manifested a most happy frame of mind. His spirit was most sweetly subdued and in all things he showed the submission of a little child. He often said, "It is sweet to lie passive in His hand." No one could see him and witness his spirit and not be reminded of what the Psalmist said: "My soul is even as a weaned child."

He was preeminently a man of prayer. In his sickness he was much engaged in the exercise of this precious privilege. The great subject of his prayers, even in his sickness, was "Zion". After his mind began to wander, he often said: "Let us pray for Zion. Let us have a little season of prayer for Zion." He lived and prayed under the constraining influence of the love of Christ, and he felt and spoke and prayed about the great subjects of salvation

and damnation in the light of eternity. When he spoke of the things which God has laid up for those who love Him, he seemed to be standing on the heights of the Heavenly Zion, and when he spoke of the dangers of the wicked he seemed to be standing on the very bank of the Eternal pit. O, how often he wept for poor, perishing sinners!

After his sickness he spoke with great calmness of death. His hope was clear and strong. Willing to leave his work and the Lord's cause on earth, willing to leave his "dear Cassie" as he called his beloved partner, willing to leave all and go, as he doubted not, to be forever with the Lord.

His death is a great loss to this family and to the Cherokees. We feel it deeply. The Providence which has bereaved us dark. Our hopes that Brother Lockwood would labor long and be extensively blessed as the instrument of saving the dear Cherokees are dashed. We know that Providence is not impoverished. God is not dependent upon instruments and he can raise up such as He pleases and His work requires. We would say, "Good is the will of the

Lord" and we will be admonished to work while it is day.

We cannot mourn for Dear Brother Lockwood. His end was peace and in view of it we seem to hear the voice from Heaven saying, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth, yea, sayeth the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them." These words afforded us consolation at the funeral of the dear brother which was attended in the afternoon of the day on which he died.

But you will enquire "How is it with our beloved daughter in these scenes of trial and deep affliction?". She feels, most intensely feels, but she is submissive and the Lord has not only sustained and comforted her but caused her to profit from His chastening rod. I think she regards this trial of her faith as a proof of the Lord's love to her soul and she is precious in His sight. Though she feels the heat of the furnace, she sees her Redeemer sitting by and knows He is interested for

her and will not leave her to sustain any injury from the purifying process to which He has seen fit to subject her.

Already, I trust, the trial has revived the Saviour's image in her soul and I doubt not she will come out as gold, purged from dross and alloy, more precious to the Saviour than before and better prepared to serve Him and advance His cause. Her affliction has come upon her unexpectedly and under circumstances tenderly trying, but she knows that the Lord has done it and that he knows all her circumstances and she says: "The will of the Lord be done." She would not wish to alter what her Lord has appointed. She has the tender sympathies of all the family and many of the dear Cherokees. It will be a pleasure for us to do all we can for her. But we know we cannot heal this wide breach; therefore, we rejoice to bear her in the arms of faith before the mercy seat of her and our God and Saviour. We do also remember and pray for her relatives and those of her dear departed husband.

As this death had wrought such desolation in the house where Brother and Sister Lockwood had resided we have invited her to reside in our family, and now, dear Brother and Sister Sawyer, I have told you all this tale of sorrow and methinks I hear you say "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Do not be anxious about your daughter. She is in the Lord's hands and they are better than yours. The Lord also careth for her. She is precious in His sight. Commend her, therefore, to Him and quietly leave her in His hands. When bearing her case before God, you will not forget to pray for us and this dear people. I commend you to the God of all consolation and subscribe myself,

Your brother in the Gospel,

C. Washburn.

LETTER TO STUDENTS OF PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY CONCERNING REV. MR. LOCKWOOD - BY
REV. MR. WASHBURN - AT THEIR REQUEST.

(The following notices were obtained from Mrs. Lockwood and from a private journal kept by Mr. Lockwood).

Mr. Lockwood was born in North Salem, Westchester County, New York, November 11, 1802: His parents were pious and early instructed him in the doctrines of religion and labored to bring him up in the fear of the Lord. He was the youngest of his parents' children, the son of their old age, and from this circumstance was indulged in childhood in many things which, in more mature age he found had been hurtful to him. From the age of four or five years up to the time at which he dated his conversion to God, he had many serious and painful reflections about the welfare of his soul.

When he was about eight or ten the reading of the biography of some little children who died in the Lord as the means of exciting to his mind very strong and painful convictions of sin. These convictions, after a season, were stifled and he became

thoughtless and hardened in the ways of sin and even addicted to some gross immoralities, particularly to profaneness. In this state of moral insensibility he continued till the spring of 1821.

At that time the piety and prayerfulness of a youthful associate led him again to consider his ways. He was again subject of distracting convictions of his guilt in the sight of a holy God, of his danger of losing his soul. During this season he commenced the practice of secret prayer, in which he persevered for some months, but then he became irregular in the practice and finally discontinued it wholly.

In the spring of 1822 his father was removed by death. This affliction was very deeply felt and was the means of renewing his convictions again for a season but it was only for a season, for he soon again became thoughtless and, as he said, "grew worse than ever." This state of indifference continued till the autumn of 1824. At this time the Holy Spirit returned with greater power than ever. His convictions

were very clear and his distress was very pungent.

He now resolved to make the salvation of his soul

the great object, to "seek first the Kingdom of God."

He felt great fear of every object and pursuit which

might divert his attention from the great concern of

salvation. He declined an offer of entering into

a lucrative business under the condition that if he

did not obtain religion before he went into business

for himself, he never would obtain it. He was in

a state of mind to forsake all else that he might

obtain the "good part which should never be taken

from him."

The precise time of his conversion he was

never able to designate, but he began to hope some

time in the summer of 1825. Some of the exercises

of his mind during that summer he expressed as

follows:

"I used to spend much of my vacant time in medita-

tion and prayer, but I dared not indulge a hope and

hardly dared ask for mercy; I felt so condemned for

slighting my former convictions. I felt that I

richly deserved the eternal wrath of God. It seemed like solemn mockery to promise that I would obey Him when He had seen so many instances of my perjury.

I now felt assured that I had a deceitful heart and though I had a faint hope of having passed from death unto life, I feared that I was deceiving myself."

He continued in this state of trembling hope, jealous of his heart for some weeks, still determined to "strive" to "agonize" that he might enter the straight gate, for as he expressed it, "I was sure this was the last call."

In the autumn his hope became clear and more joyful and he united with the Presbyterian Church in Lemmington N. J. Immediately after he became a joyful participator of the Christian's hope. Mr. Lockwood became deeply interested for the salvation of his fellowmen. His prayers, his example, and as he had opportunity, his faithful direct efforts manifested that it was his heart's desire for perishing man that they might be saved. His mind became intensely interested about the question of his duty to

prepare for the sacred ministry. He had a very humble view of his talents and of his piety and a very deep sense of the greatness of the minister's work and the fearfulness of his responsibilities.

With these impressions he often remarked that it looked like absurd presumption for him to look forward to such a work. At other times, when he looked up and saw the fields "white to the harvest" and reflected "that the laborers are few," and when his heart was drawn out to pray "the Lord of harvest to send forth laborers into His harvest" and the inquiry was made, "whom shall I send?" he was ready to respond "here am I, send me." After long, serious and prayerful consideration of the subject and consulting those whom he considered capable and disposed to give wise and disinterested advice on the subject he made up his mind to seek the requisite qualifications for the Christian ministry.

He pursued his studies preparatory to entering college at an academy on Long Island. He graduated from Williams College in 1830. Very soon

after leaving college Mr. Lockwood commenced his theological studies at the Seminary of Princeton, N. J. where he spent two years and then removed to the Theological Seminary connected with Yale College.

Mr. Lockwood has left the most ample testimony of the elevated piety while pursuing his theological studies. His private journal is a record of a mind deeply imbued with feelings of devotion and heavenly-mindedness. Many are the proofs there of the most unaffected humility and self-abhorrence before God, of ardent longings after holiness and of unreserved consecration to God. With him seasons of private fasting and prayer were very frequent. In reading over his private records of those seasons, the statement of his reasons for fasting and humiliation, the expressions of deep self-abhorrence and of ardent aspirations after holiness, I have often been reminded of Brainerd and Martin and Payson.

I have been led to observe a point in which it seems to me there is a marked difference and a difference decidedly in favor of Mr. Lockwood. I

refer to what may be termed the cheerfulness of Mr. Lockwood's piety. Along with expressions of deepest self-abhorrence and the most vivid sense of divine purity, there never escapes the slightest token of despondency. He seemed ever to cherish the abiding faith of the power and readiness of Christ to save to the uttermost all who would, ~~and~~ every development of the plague of his own heart became a fresh inducement for a new and full application of the "fountain opened for sin and uncleanness."

He was ever more conscientious in seeking and pursuing the path of duty and no man of my acquaintance delighted more in doing the will of God and denying himself to follow Christ yet he has left no expression in his private journal that his religious peace and comfort were founded on his faithfulness in this respect. He looked for all in Christ. Christ was his justification and sanctification, his hope, his joy. Christ was his all. He never seemed to perform duty for the sake of his own comfort, but because it was the will of his beloved Master.

As an example of self-denial Mr. Lockwood was worthy of imitation. He boarded himself while in the theological seminary. His reasons for this are thus stated by himself:

"That I may practice self denial and thus prepare myself for humble living, be able to give more for charitable purposes and preserve my health by eating to live rather than living to eat."

He found himself under strong temptations to indulge his appetite to excess by having business(?) set before him and he resorted to the measure of boarding himself to avoid temptation. A fellow student of Mr. Lockwood's has told me of the plainness of his fare and of his great abstemiousness. He first supposed it was practiced as a matter of economy in consequence of his straitened circumstances as to funds, but he afterwards found Mr. Lockwood's charities to be more and greater than those of many of his fellow-students who had far more ample resources.

Before Mr. Lockwood entered upon his missionary labors he made a number of journeys of considerable extent. He seldom took a horse or availed himself of a public conveyance, but generally traveled on foot.

His motives were to save money for the Lord and to invigorate his health. He denied himself tea, coffee, and sugar. He drank with his meals cold water or milk.

Previous to completing his theological studies Mr. Lockwood was appointed a missionary of the American Board to the Cherokees of Arkansas. Shortly leaving the seminary he was ordained by a Presbytery on Long Island, the same body which had shortly ordained him to preach, and was married to Miss Cassandra Sawyer, a daughter of Rev. Moses Sawyer, of Gloucester, Mass.

He commenced his journey towards the field of his future labors in October 1833, and reached this station on the last day of January. He soon won the confidence and love of all the family and all the Cherokees. He entered upon his missionary work with great ardour and devotedness.

It is a great loss to us and to the Cherokees. To him we do not doubt, it is but infinite gain. I think I never saw so lovely an exhibition of the mind

that was in Christ as was given by the dear Brother. His attainments in piety were very far above the ordinary standard of even ministerial or missionary piety. He was a most lovely example of meekness, humility, benevolence and conscientiousness. It was a painful pleasure to be with him in his sickness. A spirit so subdued and lamb-like I have never witnessed. He was indeed ripe for heaven and we doubt not he is now resting and will rest forever with the Lord.

With fraternal salutations, I am

Yours in the Gospel,

J. Washburn.

Bright, October 29, 1834.