

Narcissa's lifetime interest in art was renewed following a visit to Fort Spokane in Washington Territory in 1835. She painted landscapes and miniatures, and went on to display her work at the Louisiana Exposition of 1904, where she was presented with a diploma and a medal. Her later years were split between her home, Monticello, on the Little Caney River in Cherokee Territory, and Washington, DC, where she lived with Robert after he became one of Oklahoma's first senators. During her stays in Washington, she maintained an art studio. She died at the age of 80 and is buried with her husband in the Sprint Hill Cemetery in Lynchburg.

Written and published late in her life, her autobiography represents a fascinating amalgamation of genres, including tribal history, advice writing, and sketch. Pursuing an accretive rather than a linear narrative organization, Owen's voice shifts tone and stance frequently, incorporating humor as well as delight, and anger as well as appreciation. She clearly loved her husband and was proud both of her children and of her own independence. Representing herself as a version of the "Indian Princess," like Sarah Winnemucca and Pauline Johnson she conjured up white stereotypes of American Indian women while she simultaneously deconstructed them, asserting her status as both an educated, privileged lady and a strong Cherokee woman. Some of the most interesting parts of her narrative relate to her personal experiences — saving two young women from drowning, resisting the advances of a drunken man while out horseback riding, and conspiring with one of her ex-slaves to foil robbers. These experiences, combined with the tales she relates of her time at the Seminary, reveal her to be a witty, energetic, and independent woman capable, like Mary Jenison, of meeting many challenges. Even though, from a traditional — matrilineal — standpoint, Owen was not Cherokee, her narrative bears witness both to the changing and diverse roles of affluent Cherokee women late in the nineteenth century and the ways in which many claimed the power of their predecessors.

Stephen Brandon with Karen Kilcup

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Narcissa Owen (Cherokee, 1831–1911)

Owen was born on October 3, 1831 at Webber's Falls, Arkansas Indian Territory, to Thomas and Martha Warton Chaibohm. Her father was a leader of the Old Settlers (that is, those who had moved to Arkansas Territory prior to Cherokee removal). Narcissa was the fourth of six children, three boys and three girls. Her family were wealthy, well-educated, slave-owning farmers. Hence, even after her father's death in November 1843, she was able to attend school — at Old Dwight Mission School; Moss Daniel's School; the college for young ladies in New Albany, Indiana; then Miss Sawyer's Female Academy in Fayetteville, Arkansas. Following her graduation from Miss Sawyer's, Narcissa taught music there for a year, then was offered the position of music teacher at the Masonic High School in Jonesboro, Tennessee. While at Jonesboro, she met Robert Lathen Owen, who worked as a surveyor during the construction of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. They began their happy marriage on October 4, 1853.

Prior to finally settling in Robert's native Lynchburg, Virginia, the family lived in Rogersville, Tennessee, then at Tazewell and Evan's Bridge, Virginia, on the Clinch River. In 1860, Robert was elected president of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad and later received a commission of colonel in the Confederate Army. While Robert managed the railroad during the war, Narcissa raised two sons, William and Robert; oversaw the family home, and helped supervise over five hundred women in the production of uniforms and hospital supplies. Those who supervised this war work were in charge of distributing materials and collecting finished work from the wives and daughters of poorer soldiers. When production of such war supplies was no longer needed, Narcissa solicited monies from other financially secure women around Lynchburg to ensure that the poorer women were cared for.

After the war Robert continued to work with the railroad until 1867, when he resigned, entering politics for two years in the Virginia Senate. Suffering financially, the family left Lynchburg in 1870 and purchased a farm on the Elizabeth River near Norfolk. After Robert's death in 1873, Narcissa would never marry. Left with two sons to raise and in a state of near financial ruin, Narcissa sold what was left of the family's land, managing to ensure that both sons received excellent educations, with William Otway Owen attending the Virginia Military Institute before receiving a medical degree from the University of Virginia, and Robert Lathen Owen, Jr. graduating as valedictorian of his class from Washington and Lee University. In 1880 Narcissa received an appointment to teach in the Cherokee Female Seminary in Talequah, Oklahoma, and she and Robert Jr. moved to the Cherokee Nation. Narcissa taught at the Seminary for almost four years, while her son worked as principal teacher at the Orphan Asylum and edited and published the Indian Chief, a daily newspaper, before beginning to practice law. In 1885, Robert Jr. became the United States Indian Agent for the Five Civilized Tribes and moved to Muskogee.¹ Narcissa managed Robert's home until 1889 when he married.

¹ Robert Jr.'s reputation among traditional Native Americans is mixed at best, for he worked tirelessly for individual ownership of tribal lands and may have profited from this stance on allotment.

From Memoirs of Narcissa Owen: 1831-1907 (1907)

FROM CHAPTER 1: SOME OLD CHEROKEE LEGENDS AND BELIEFS

[The Founding of the Cherokee Nation]

The Cherokee Nation was founded by seven brothers, who came from the east so long ago that all traces of the date of their coming has faded from the memory of their descendants; but by the law of their clans their names have been handed down through the mothers of the people. The mothers were the historians of the seven clans, and, like the Arabs, their narrations came down from time immemorial by word of mouth alone, until such time as the people began to have a written history, or about the time of the death of the last hereditary chief, Thomas Chisholm, in 1834, before the eastern Cherokees emigrated to the west.

The names of the founders of the Cherokee Nation are as follows:²

- Long Hair (Arni Kilawhi),
- Blind Savannah,
- The Painter (Arni Waut),
- The Deer,
- The Wolf,
- The Acorn,
- The Holly.

The seven brothers lived together in great love and harmony, being devotedly attached to each other. Their home life was to them like an Eden, until their children and grandchildren grew to be men and women. Then new interests began to conflict in many ways that were unexpected and undesirable. The heart of each mother went out in love to her own children. Her sympathies were enlisted in behalf of those of her own house, and who were the treasures of her own heart. When the seven mothers, with the same blind devotion to their descendants, undertook to champion and defend them from the encroachments of any and all those whose interests were at variance, naturally a rough current was given to the stream of love which had for generations glided along in unbroken peace.

These seven brothers, seeing the conflict between their wives and children, decided the wisest thing to be done by them was to separate. They then held a council and made laws for the government of their families.

In compensation for this decision, the first law that they made was to meet annually at their old home. They next decided that the head of all the clans should be Long Hair (Ar-ni-ki-law-hi), who would at these annual meetings settle all difficulties arising among the people. Each clan was to be governed by the eldest or best male member. Whenever there was more than one inheritor of the chief's office, the mothers, with the head men of each clan, made a selection of the one thought to be most worthy of the inherited right of being head chief.

Children belonging to the same clan must never, under penalty of death, intermarry. They were the same to each other as brothers and sisters, and it was known that fatal diseases came from such intermarriages. In that case it was better that the parents should be put to death than for the young and innocent to be born to such an inheritance.

The true descent of a chief should never be in doubt. The succession of the office of chief must and

² These clan names represent a variation on those listed by Perdue (42) and Mooney (21.2-1.3). Details of the early part of Owen's account are not always reliable; nevertheless, her narrative makes apparent the important role of women in Cherokee culture. Her naming of her father as the last hereditary chief of the Cherokees represents a complex interpretation of Cherokee systems of authority; her goal seems to be to underscore for white readers her status as a Cherokee "princess."

shall be descended from the mother's side of the family. All clan names must follow the clan of the mother. In this way there was no doubt of the true descent of all the seven clans, from the days of the seven brothers down to the last hereditary chief.

Stealing shall be punished by cutting off an ear; a second offense, both ears; the third offense, the end of the nose must pay the penalty, making it impossible for a thief to conceal his character.

A murderer must be executed by the nearest of kin of the person slain, and in the same way in which he had committed murder, and among the seven clans killing was murder, whether accident or intention.

The bones of the dead were all to be brought to these annual meetings, but only those who had been dead a year or more could be brought. These bones were to be placed in a mound, and the women and children brought earth in baskets to cover them. This is supposed to be the beginning of the mound-building among the Cherokees. Twenty-one miles southeast of Fort Gains, Georgia, is a mound seventy feet high, six hundred feet in circumference, covered with trees five hundred years old. "A sixty-foot shaft exposed human bones five feet in depth, thoroughly decayed." (1847, book by Dr. Woodruff, page 151.)

As stated above, the continual quarrels among the women and children of the devoted brothers made it imperative to make the above laws and to separate the clans. But the great grief of the brothers was in a measure compensated by the annual meetings of the council of the seven clans. They met to establish justice and peace, to promote the instruction of the young people, and to keep up friendly intercourse and the intermarriages of their children as well as placing in the sacred mound the bones of all their dead, or, as it is expressed in the Cherokee language, "those who have passed to other lands." Too soon after the separation they met enemies, and had to reunite for self-defense. In that union, however, many of their old quarrels were forgotten, and peace reigned, to the great pleasure of the seven old brothers.

Years afterward, when all the dear old grandfathers had passed on to other lands and their bones were resting in the sacred mound, their successors, having been brought up under wise counselors, made the people happy and industrious by teaching them how to provide food and home for their families. Thus they lived until A. D. 1585, when Sir Walter Raleigh visited North America and incidentally visited the Cherokees, and found them to be small farmers, cultivating some food products which he considered worthy of cultivation by the English people, chiefly tobacco, corn, and beans, and white, or so-called "Irish," potatoes. It would have been pre-eminently proper to have named that tuber "Cherokee potato," as it was the original food of the Cherokee Indians, as it afterwards became the food of the Irish.

In giving the history of Cherokee families it is almost impossible to tell their connection, on account of the absence of family surnames. The clan names are the nearest approach they have to anything like the English surname. Until 1700 the Cherokee people never had any other names than the inherited clan names of their mothers (except personal names, which were often changed, but clan names never). The changing of the names of the men - for instance, the sons of Chief Caulunna from Ka-la-nah to Sow-we-noo-ky (Shawnee), and from Chic-sa-te-hee to Bushyhead - makes it almost impossible to trace any family beyond the memory of the living. [. . .]³

A Cherokee Rheumatism Cure

Take a piece of the root of the trumpet vine about five or six inches long, and with a knife scrape the bark carefully into a cup of water, and have a little thin muslin bag, and when the bark of the root is all scraped off, pour it into the bag, and you have a poultice to apply to the pain. Save the water in which the bark has been scraped for moistening the poultice a second or third time, if needed. Keep the poultice on fifteen or twenty minutes at a time. The effect is very peculiar. It gives a sensation like prickly heat, and it is a rubefacient. It will relieve any ordinary rheumatic pain.

³ The variations on Cherokee names are huge; see Mooney, 323, 331, for some variations on those listed here. See also Perdue, 82. Here the narrative continues to trace Cherokee history, specu-

lating on connections between the Cherokees and the Powhatans before returning to the selections that follow.

the Mississippi, but over one hundred years before that time they had been estimated to have 50,000 warriors. In 1825 the census of the Eastern Nation showed: Native Cherokees, 13,563; white men intermarried with the nation, 147; white women married into the nation, 73; negro slaves, 1,277.⁵ The people had large herds of cattle, horses, hogs, and sheep, with large crops of every staple. Simultaneously with the decrees establishing a national press in the Cherokee language (Sequoyah's invention), the Cherokee Nation, in general convention of delegates held for the purpose at New Echota, July 25, 1827, adopted a national constitution based on their distinct and independent nationality. John Ross was president of the convention which framed the constitution. Charles R. Hicks, a Moravian convert and at that time the most influential man in the nation, was elected the Principal Chief, and Ross was the assistant. As has been shown in this narrative, the Cherokees had an old code of laws, fixed by the seven clans, from the earliest days of that race of men, and all the clans met once a year to be given a true understanding of those laws. The old Cherokee laws were better for that early people than those of today. Their fixed laws were best suited to them. The Ross party wanted to make a new set of laws, and the project received the warm encouragement of President Jefferson.⁶ It was with the understanding that the two parties — the Old Settlers and the Eastern Cherokees — were to be reunited as one nation, that the western emigration was first officially recognized a few years later. Immediately upon the return of the delegates from Washington, the Cherokees drew up their first brief written code of laws, modeled according to the friendly suggestion of Jefferson.

The Cherokees, however, with their independent self-government, were a thorn in the flesh to the people of the State of Georgia, and during President Jackson's administration things came to a climax, and, contrary to the pledges of the U. S. Government to them, Georgia decided to get rid of the Cherokees. When the Government found that it either had to sacrifice the Cherokees or use military force against the Georgians, they decided to compel the Cherokees to move west.

In 1698 the French estimate of the population of the Cherokees was 50,000 warriors. The Jesuit priest, Pribert,⁷ who made his home with them, was Secretary of State for the Chief and had a very fair knowledge of the facts as given by the French historians. As soon as the English knew of the French report, efforts were made to gain the Cherokee friendship. The treaty of 1730⁸ was the result. Then began the encroachments of the colonists on the Indians, and they continued until the Cherokees were driven from their native land at the point of the bayonet. There were two scourges of smallpox and seven years or more of war against them; but at the end of that time the population is shown to be only 15,000, including all classes of citizens.

In 1835 President Jackson sent Rev. J. W. Schermerhorn to negotiate a treaty with the Eastern Cherokees; he submitted a form of treaty to them in October, 1835, which they unanimously rejected. In December, 1835, Schermerhorn called a mass meeting, unauthorized by the Cherokee law and untended by the Cherokee people, except a very small number induced to come by promises. On December 31, 1835, Schermerhorn secured the signatures of a number of Cherokee citizens, inducing them to sign this pretended treaty under which the land east of the Mississippi River was sold to the United States for five millions of dollars, to be invested in various ways.⁹ The Cherokee lands amounted to nearly eight million acres and were valued at that time at about \$20,000,000.

The Cherokees protested against this pretended treaty vigorously, but to their great astonishment, although they presented a petition to the United States Senate signed by over 16,000 Cherokee

⁵ For census figures at various periods of Cherokee history, see Mooney 34, 125, 125, 155.

⁶ Jefferson believed that the Cherokees could be assimilated into the mainstream of US culture, which meant, of course, the transformation of their matrilineal traditions in which women were the agriculturists into a patriarchal system of male farmers. See Perdue. Owen appears to be echoing Mooney's account of Jefferson's encouragement of the Cherokees (see Mooney, 113).

⁷ Acting as an agent of the French, the Jesuit priest, Christian

Pribert, came to live with the Cherokees in 1736 (Mooney, 36-7).

⁸ In the Treaty of Nequasse, negotiated by English representative Sir Alexander Cumming, the Cherokees allied themselves with the British.

⁹ The Treaty of New Echota was signed on December 29, 1835; as Owen suggests, the US government achieved this treaty via an abuse of power. The most prominent signatories were Major John Ridge and Elias Boudinot, the former editor of the *Cherokee Phoenix*. Mooney remarks, "Neither John Ross nor any one of the officers of the Cherokee Nation was present or represented" (125).

Cherokee Cure for Snake Bite

Take the leaves of a farm weed known as the cockle-bur, enough to make a poultice, and simmer them over a fire until sufficiently pliant to make a poultice; then apply them to the wound. Take of the water that they were boiled in, about half a teacupful, as a drink.

My sister Jane was cured of the bite of a diamond rattlesnake, and the third time she was cured of the bite of the spider. I myself gathered the leaves for her, and made the poultice under her directions, and gave her the water to drink, and though she was quite sick from the poultice, she was relieved almost immediately.

When sister Jane (Mrs. Jane Brucon, of Muldrow)⁴ was a little girl and running barefoot, she was out walking in the woods along a path one day, when a diamond rattlesnake struck at her. She continued on her way, but had only gone a little way when, from the shock, she fell in a faint. She then knew that she had been badly bitten by the snake, and as soon as she recovered consciousness she went home, and mother engaged the Indian doctor to cure her. He used the above remedy. In that way she learned how to take care of herself. Years afterwards, when she was a rather elderly woman, she went out into her garden to see if she didn't have some new potatoes large enough to eat. In examining the rows of growing potatoes she noticed in a good many places that the earth had cracked open. Presuming that a potato had cracked it, she put her hand into one of the openings to see if she couldn't get hold of the potato. In doing so she felt that something had pricked her finger, but thought perhaps it was a brier or splinter buried in the earth. She looked at her hand and failed to see anything, so she put it back into the hole. This time she made no mistake about something having pierced her finger. She pulled out her hand, and there hung a little ground rattlesnake from her finger, ten or twelve inches long. She immediately tried her remedy, and had no further trouble from the bite.

In the case of the spider bite, that happened in the night, when she couldn't see what did it. The next day her hand swelled up and troubled her some, when she was going to Muskogee to meet me. She found that I had gone to Ogechee, where my other sister (Mrs. Em. Breedlove) lived, and she took the train and came on to sister Em's home, but by the time she reached there was quite sick. Then she knew, from the appearance of her hand and the way she felt, that she must have been bitten by one of the poisonous spiders that infest the country. So I went out and gathered some cockle-bur leaves and made the poultice, giving her the half cup of tea, when she was relieved.

FROM CHAPTER II: THE FIRST MIGRATION TO THE INDIAN TERRITORY

[US Government Treachery and the Trail of Tears]

In the early years of 1800 the hereditary rulers of the Cherokees, realizing that they were not to be permitted to continue their old form of government, began to consider how they might save themselves and their own self-government from the encroachments of the whites. In 1817 they made a treaty, and in 1819 the Old Settlers, or "Western Cherokees," my grandfather, John D. Chisholm, being one of the leaders, made a treaty and moved west, settling on the Spadra and Arkansas Rivers, where they made farms and homes for themselves and cabins for their slaves, most of the first settlers being well-to-do slave-owners.

My mother told me that while the folks were making this move to the west, on one occasion a large party of them came by way of an old-fashioned, noisy, high-pressure steamboat, which could be heard for miles away. A considerable number of mountain men, who had never seen such a boat, hearing the noise, concluded that it was some strange monster. So, getting their guns, they went out in a body to the river, determined on war to the knife, when they were amazed to find instead a boat full of their own countrymen.

In 1819 the whole Cherokee population had been estimated at 15,000, one-third of them being west of

names, urging the defeat of this pretended treaty, it was nevertheless ratified by the Senate, on the theory that the removal of the Cherokees was the only way to protect them from the violence of Georgia. Georgia had already passed laws very injurious and harmful to the Cherokees. Indeed, Georgia's laws were ruinous, imprisoning even missionaries who preached the gospel, and forbidding a Cherokee his right to appear as a witness in case of life and death. The unfortunate men who Schermerhorn induced to sign this treaty were afterwards ostracized by the Cherokees and a number of them assassinated.

A large part of the \$5,000,000 agreed to be paid by this treaty (1835) was diverted by the United States for the expense of officials, and not paid per capita, as promised. In 1900 my son, Robert L. Owen, of Muskogee, Indian Territory, was engaged to collect this balance, and after a legal battle of six years, involving various acts of Congress, resolutions of Senate and House of Representatives, and hearings in committees of Congress, in the executive departments, and in the courts, he obtained a judgment in the Supreme Court of the United States for the balance due, which, with interest from 1838, amounted to about \$5,000,000. The record of this case can be seen in the Congressional Library, in a volume he filed there, under the heading of *Eastern Cherokees vs. United States*.

Both the North and the South had been parties to the treaties made with the Cherokees, and the South was just as much pledged to those treaties as the North. If Georgia had been made at that time to respect the Federal treaties with the Cherokees, the Confederate war would never have sacrificed its millions of money and men. No wonder God permitted that war. The United States Government and its people, North and South, had need to be taught to see the truth of God's word, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."¹⁰ Both North and South paid in blood and treasure for the cruelty and inhumanity and bad faith shown to the Cherokees in their removal from Georgia to the present Cherokee country. There was a decision of the Supreme Court in favor of the Cherokees by John Marshall, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States,¹¹ and Jackson said, "John Marshall has given his opinion, and now I would like to see him execute it." Jackson had little love, I think, for the Cherokees, and was willing to take the side of the Georgians.

The transportation of those people to the west was the most cruel piece of business you can imagine. The people were all running around from house to house, telling the news to each other, about how they were going to be picked up and taken by force and carried away, and the soldiers were ordered to capture them anywhere they found them, and take them to the camps, where they were concentrated. A wife might be taken to one of those places, a husband to another, and the children to a third, making the most cruel separation of families; and, as the detachments did not all go together, families were often separated so far that they never met again.

Hildebrand's detachment, at the end of the journey, stopped on my mother's homestead, near Beattie's Prairie; and these people, being transplanted from a warm climate, and having to live in open tents in January and to suffer the blizzards of that country in the winter, died in hosts. There were between fifty and a hundred of them buried in my father's graveyard, at Chisholm's Spring, a mile west of Maysville, Arkansas.¹²

FROM CHAPTER III: CONCERNING MY FATHER, THOMAS CHISHOLM, AND PRESIDENT THOMAS JEFFERSON

[My Father]

My father spoke the French and Cherokee languages as well as English. He was an energetic business man and had a very nice home in the old Cherokee Nation, about twenty miles east of Huntsville,

Alabama; but when it was thought best to move west he walked out and left everything standing, and his property was taken possession of by the white settlers. The United States Government promised to pay my father for his improvements, but never a dollar has been received, and it still owes about \$3,000 for them. My father went, with a large number of his people, to the lands located near Spadre, the name of a creek where the great coal mines are, on the Arkansas River, and I suppose not very far from Roseville, Arkansas. He was there until the time the Government let the Old Settler Cherokees have the present Territory, 1828.

Not far from Roseville, Arkansas, my maternal grandfather, William Wharton, lived, and one Christmas, while Thomas Chisholm had gone to the Old Nation on some business, grandfather insisted on my mother bringing her children and coming over the river to spend the holidays with him and their grandmother. While she was there with her father and mother her house was robbed and burned. That was the most fortunate Christmas she ever experienced; if she had been at home she would have been killed. She said that the cellar under her house had had a large quantity of sweet potatoes stored in it, and that when she went back, there was the largest roast of sweet potatoes that ever was known, but she was only thankful that it was her potatoes instead of herself and children that got the roasting. It was supposed that this deed was done by some cut-throat movers who were passing through the country. When my father returned from the Old Nation mother had already built a new house, and was ready to receive him.

Mother told me that when she moved from lower Arkansas to the present country, at Webbers Falls, about 1828, there was a really beautiful fall, nearly or quite across the whole of the Arkansas River, about three or four feet in height. The June rise of 1833 came with such terrific force and such a quantity of water that the falls were entirely buried in sand, and the flooding of the country made it very unhealthy there afterwards.

When the surveyors ran the line between the State of Arkansas and the Indian territory my father had accompanied the corps of engineers, had become well acquainted with the country, and found at Maysville a section beautifully watered, with the finest springs in the world. On account of the health of the region he concluded to move his family to Beattie's Prairie. While the family were making the trip from Webbers Falls to that country, in November, 1833, the celebrated display of a meteoric shower occurred and frightened all of our colored servants nearly to death. They thought the world was surely coming to an end. Afterwards I remember hearing the colored people tell how the falling stars seemed to be coming right down on their heads, and then, much to their surprise, they would fall in the far distance, "The Lord only knows where."

The next November father went to council on the Illinois River, near where Tahlequah now stands, and was taken ill with typhoid fever. Mother, hearing of it, went for him and brought him home, but too late to be of any service to him. He died that same month, in the year 1834. During his illness, in order to give him quiet, mother had sent two colored nurses out with myself and little brother, when a messenger notified us of father's death.

The distress of the colored nurses was so great and their demonstrations of sorrow alarmed me in such a way that the scene was vividly impressed on my memory, though I was only three years old at that time.

At the graveyard, at the close of the funeral, the coffin was opened for the friends to have a last look, and I noticed that my mother and sister Jane were weeping, but my ignorance of death prevented me from appreciating the cause of their sorrow, though the whole scene filled my little heart with awe and was vividly impressed on my mind forever. They took me to see my father's face, and, though so young, I remember every peculiarity of his expression.

After our bereavement we were all scattered. My two brothers and sister Jane were sent to Dwight Mission school, at that time the best and only school, where the children had a home as well as instructions. For a while I was too young to go, but two years later my sister took me with her.

My mother used to tell me of my father's position as chief, and on one occasion, when she showed me my father's Jefferson medal, she said, "This," holding the medal in her hand, "was given to him in recognition of his being the king of his people," teaching me to have great respect and reverence for his memory.

¹⁰ A variation of Matthew 7:2, Mark 4:24, and Luke 6:38.

¹¹ Marshall (1755-1835) was Chief Justice from 1801 to 1835.

The historic decision that he wrote in favor of the Cherokee land claims was ignored by Andrew Jackson.

¹² Both Maysville (which is a contemporary town) and "Beattie's Prairie" were in the northwest corner of the state. Owen

misspells Barie Prairie, named for the first known [white] settler on the Arkansas prairie.

I am not the only artist from old Dwight Mission. Dr. Washburn had three sons. The eldest, Woodward, may have had many talents, but I do not remember him very well; but the two younger brothers were talented. Henry Washburn was a poet of merit and Edward was a beautiful artist, and in the last few months the *Sturm Magazine*, of Oklahoma City, had a complimentary article in reference to his talents and some of his compositions.

My first lessons in knitting were given me at this school, Olivia Bushyhead and myself were knitting on the same pair of socks, and we were given a task of so many rounds to knit. We were not equal to the demands made on our industry and we were punished by not being permitted to go to our supper, down at the general dining hall. We naughty children were distressed at being left without our supper, but later we felt as if the good Lord had taken care of us, for while all of the girls and teachers were down at the dining hall refreshing themselves on hominy and milk, Jacob Bushyhead, Olivia's father, came, bringing us apples and cake; so that while the others ate their simple meal, we were feasting sumptuously.

Possibly in this day we would have a management that would be superior to that early time, but the school did a great deal of good and many of the best families in the nation belong to the boys and girls educated at that institution. Later I went to what we called an old-field country school with punchoon seats (about 1840); had to walk a mile or two to and from the school being taught by an Irishman. One of his rules in the spelling classes was that the pupil who stood at the head of the spelling class had to keep the ferrule in his hand, and if any of the pupils missed a word he had to hold out the palm of his hand while the head of the class walked down and gave him a stroke with this ruler. The consequence was that the pupils were always trying to get even with the head of the class. This teacher used to be very lenient during the playtime, but the minute he said "Boo-o-ksi!" we were in terror of having to balance accounts for every neglected duty. During 1883 or '84, when I was teaching at the Female Seminary at Tahlequah, I went one day to the insane asylum, and one of the inmates there recognized me and said, "Don't you remember that school at Mose Daniel's where you and I used to go to school together near Bearties Prairie? I burned up that schoolhouse to see the big fire."

The Bearties Prairie home country was beautifully watered by clear, finny springs and streams running through it. There is where I had to walk a mile and a half to the Irishman's school that I mentioned, and there was the Mose Daniel school, which crazy John Daniel told me over forty years afterward he had burned down "just to see the beautiful fire." One of the sources of pleasure of my childhood was pulverizing the soft white stones (tripoli) out of which so many of these springs ran, making basins for the water and pretty play places for our dolls and "make-believe" housekeeping. Another pleasure was going on trips in search of the hazel-nuts and plums, the woods being full of them. It was a great country for summer grapes, much like the cultivated variety of Concord.

After the emigration from the Old Nation (1838), there was a band of desperate characters infesting the western country. One cold, glittering moonlight Christmas night (1845), three of these men had been to Maysville and gotten their usual amount of intoxicants, and they reached my sister's house about 12 or 1 o'clock at night. My sister Jane, thinking they were negroes who had come to entice the men on the place away to a dance, went out on the porch to prohibit them from interfering with the colored men, when she saw them lower two guns at her. She jumped inside her door and barred it, and where they shor at her there were marks of fourteen slugs on the floor of the porch. The men told her who they were, and then she knew that her only safety was in flight. She was alone, with the exception of a colored nurse and her two little girls, Mary and Alice Lynde. The colored nurse taking Alice and sister taking the older child in her arms, they began to make their escape from the house, since the men were already beating on the doors and windows with sticks of heavy cord-wood, determined to get in. She sent the nurse ahead and she, following, in some mysterious way caught her clothes on the latch of the door, tearing them all down the back and slamming the door shut with great violence. The robbers heard the door slam and ran around the house to come in. Finding the door shut, they presumed she was inside. They immediately proceeded to hunt her, and went into a closet under the stairway, where there was a large pile of soiled clothes ready for the wash. Sister heard the men cursing her, for they thought they had found her hid under the clothes. She didn't wait to hear any more, but ran through the thick orchard, which concealed her from sight, and made her escape to a neighbor's.

She didn't realize at the time that she was hurt, the excitement was so great, but as soon as she got

The Jefferson Medal

About March 4, 1808, President Thomas Jefferson gave a silver Peace and Friendship medal to Thomas Chisholm, he being the hereditary war chief of the Cherokees. Mr. Jefferson wished to promote friendship and peace with the Cherokees. My brother, Albert Finney Chisholm, inherited the above-mentioned medal, which was about four inches in diameter. In 1862, at Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, A. F. Chisholm died, and the medal disappeared from among his effects, and was not regained until March 28, 1905. A friend of my brother, Bluford W. Alberty, told me that a man who was present at the time of my brother's death appropriated this medal, and, attaching a brass ring to it by using soft solder, used it as a dangling ornament to his belt.

Nothing more was heard of it by the family until I saw the article in the *Evening Star* which had been copied from the *Kansas City Journal*. I recognized the description as being that of the medal of my father, and immediately opened a correspondence with the writer (Mr. E. Fancher of Snyder, Oklahoma). He had been out in the Wichita Mountains prospecting, when his dog chased a rabbit into a small hole in the mountain side, which, when examined, proved to be the mouth of a cavern, stones having been used to close the opening from the inside. When Mr. Fancher entered the cavern and made an investigation, he found the bones of a man, with an old flint-lock gun lying near him, three or four bars of lead, with a melting ladle for the manufacture of bullets, a frying pan, an old stone pipe—a rough Indian-looking affair—and the rust-eaten remains of what had been an iron or steel buckle, which had belonged to the man's belt. When the pieces of the buckle had been removed, underneath them, covered with rust, was found my father's Jefferson medal. All appearances indicated that these remains of the past had been resting there for at least forty years—just about the time that the medal had been lost. From the appearance of the medal, the rust had been burned into it, perhaps by leaves and prairie grasses being blown into the cavern during prairie fires.

After a year of correspondence, Mr. Fancher became convinced that we were the legitimate owners of the medal, and expressed it to my sister, Mrs. N. B. Breedlove, who recognized it on sight, having been accustomed to seeing it in her early childhood. She showed it to the Rev. W. A. Duncan, who knew my brother and knew about the Chisholm medal. He thought the medal must be mine, and sister Em felt sure of it; said she knew it the moment she looked at it. She expressed it to me at Caney, Kansas, and the instant I looked at it the days of my childhood were present and mother was again showing me my dead father's medal and teaching me to love and honor his memory as an hereditary ruler of his people and a noble father. Mrs. Breedlove being my half-sister (Judge William Wilson's daughter), the medal came by hereditary right to me.

FROM CHAPTER IV: SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF MY EARLY LIFE

[My Education; Desperate Characters Infesting the Western Country]

In 1829 old Dwight Mission, a Presbyterian mission school, that had been established in Arkansas, was moved to Kidron post-office, on Sallisaw Creek, in the Cherokee Nation. The Rev. and Mrs. Cephas Washburn, Mr. and Mrs. James Orr, Mr. and Mrs. Asa Hitchcock, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hitchcock, Miss Stretson, Miss Esther Smith, Miss Emeline Bradshaw (afterwards Mrs. Dr. Dodge, of Little Rock, Arkansas), and Miss Thrall composed the school faculty. They had many buildings there, with farms and gardens. The school for the boys was used as a church, and Dr. Washburn had his private home, as did all the other gentlemen and ladies who had charge of the school. Miss Stretson was the head of the young ladies' school department and home.

Here is where, about 1836, I had my first lesson in art; however, not from any of my teachers. I drew on my slate what I thought was a beautiful lady, giving her a low neck and short-sleeved dress, with lovely white neck and arms, when I was discovered neglecting my duty and made to stand up in the floor and hold my slate to show the school girls how idle I had been. Though my first efforts were so much denounced and I was punished, the art spirit remains in me to this day. Speaking of art reminds me that

fishing. I preferred to go swimming. In that way I at once put on my bathing suit and followed the girls to the above-mentioned Cat-hole, only stopping on the bank of the river long enough to drop the suit that I was going to wear home, following two of the girls that were wading across the river. I followed, swimming, and as I did so, when about twenty feet from them, I noticed that Eliza Evans was going up and down in the water, and then I saw her catch hold of her sister Lucy, who at once went up and down likewise.

I then saw they were in water over their heads, and I hurried to them, and as Lucy came up I saw that she was terribly frightened, and I said, "Don't be alarmed; I am coming," and then she reached her hand to me as far as she could tip. I felt for the depth of the water, and I found it up to my mouth, but, fortunately for me and them, I extended my hand as far as possible and our fingers tipped and our hands clinched. Then their weight drew me over to them, in twelve feet of water. With only one hand to swim and two well-grown girls suspended from the other, I did the most vigorous swimming that woman ever did before or since. I suppose that I was sinking with them, but I had gotten back on the ledge of rocks where they had been wading, one of my feet touching the stone, and I proceeded to stand up at once, and found the water up to my arm pits. Then, with the assistance of Lucy, who hadn't been under for the third time, we managed to hold Eliza up until she could catch her breath. As soon as I had caught hold of the girls I called to those on the bank who were watching us. Realizing that we were in the grip of death, I said, "We are all gone!" but I kept my free hand making heavy swimming strokes, and we were glad enough to wade back to the shore. With this experience ended our river bathing.

Realizing how the mother of the young ladies would be distressed over the incident, we all pledged ourselves not to tell at the house how near we were to being drowned, but of course the excitement and the expression of our faces gave Mrs. Evans a clue that she followed up, when she soon had the whole story out of them. I had gone to my room on the upper floor to dress when I heard the little old lady coming up the steps in a most excited manner. As she entered my room she exclaimed, "Mrs. Owen, I know you are an angel! I know you are an angel!"

She was a good Presbyterian, and believed in predestination. My following the girls did seem as if it was most providential. If I had been one instant later in reaching them they surely would have been drowned. I tried to cheer up the old lady, and laughed and told her that I thought she had rather a bad angel to help her.

This occurred when my son, Robert L. Owen, Jr., was an infant of six months. If I had been drowned that day, Colonel Owen would have been left with two babes to care for, because when I held out my hand to those girls I had but one idea, and that was to save their lives. If I had stopped to reason that I had a six-months' old infant at home, I would have had to draw a line between a mother's love and duty to strangers. I guess it is a good thing that there are times in our lives when emergencies arise that we have but one thought, and that an unreasoning impulse, as in this instance, to save life.

Evans' Bridge was one of the most pleasant homes I ever had. We had parties there — just the corps of engineer and the young ladies of the house, with two or three young ladies of the neighborhood. We would all play on the piano for each other to dance, and many a concert and many a dance we had in that pleasant social circle four miles from any neighbor. I considered it one of the most fortunate moves I ever made to be located there in preference to the village.

All of us had our riding horses, and on one occasion Lucy, one of the girls that I saved from drowning, and a neighbor, Lizzie Shultz, who had been visiting us, started out riding, and Lucy and I were going to accompany Lizzie home. When we had gone about a mile and a half we met a party of movers, with two or three white-covered wagons, the kind that we call out West "prairie schooners." There were a number of women and four or five men in the party, along with their cattle and horses, and each and all of them seemed to think that they had some right to enter into conversation with us as we passed. One man seemed to be drunk. After going beyond them some distance I spoke to Lucy Evans, and said to her I thought we ought to go back, that I would be afraid to pass those people if it were a little later; so we turned about, after going pretty near home with Lizzie.

As we came up to these people they were in the act of shooting some kind of game in a tree. I spoke to the man and asked him if he wouldn't be good enough to allow us to pass before he shot, as our horses

into the house and took her seat, somebody noticed that something was on the floor, and it was discovered that her feet were bleeding at a frightful rate, making her unable to wear her shoes for three months.

It seems that these men had heard that Mr. Lynde had been on a collecting tour. He was the sutler at Fort Wayne.¹³ They imagined that they would get a good lot of money. However, the only money in the house was in sister's dress pocket, and in rummaging the house they had thrown that dress out into the yard. Everything in the house had been thoroughly searched for the money they had expected to find.

They brought in wood from the porch and built up a big fire in an open fireplace and pushed the bed up in front of it. Bringing a grindstone that was out in the yard where the negro men sharpened their axes, they had ground their knives and hatchets inside my sister's bed-room before this big fire, making themselves comfortable. Granny Jenny heard the shots and waked up all the women and children in her house, and made them take their bed-clothes and go and hide in the brush, saying, "Miss Jane done killed or gone, so hurry and hide yourselves."

People used to be in terror of their lives from these desperate characters, and we were always looking out for them. I learned to hate the singing of the karydids and the grasshoppers and the other noisy insects at night that prevented us from hearing the approach of the intruders. One night at my mother's place, about the same year (1845), two drunken men rode up in front of the house and began firing. Fortunately there were a lot of men at home — my brothers and stepfather — and when the marauders found that the women and children were protected they made hot haste away. Our men pursued them, but did not overtake them. My remembrance of this period of my life is not of a character to give steady nerves to man or woman.

FROM CHAPTER V: MEMORIES OF CLINCH RIVER AND LYNCHBURG

Life on Clinch River, at Evan's Bridge

While he [Colonel Owen] was running the survey from Asheville to Cumberland Gap we lived for a while at Tazewell, a little mountain town and country-seat. (The hotel being small, whenever court time came everybody occupying certain rooms had to move. (Those rooms were said to be lawyer Such-an-one's room and lawyer Another-one's room, and no one could keep them when court was in session.) I happened to be one of the unfortunates and had to get out, and as I didn't wish to sleep on the floor or be inconvenienced I suggested to Colonel Owen that I had noticed a very pleasant place down at Evan's Bridge, on Clinch River. There was a kind of country boarding-house there, and I found Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Evans very pleasant people. They had four daughters and a son. The girls all had been educated at Salem, North Carolina, and it occurred to me that with a nice piano in the house and so many nice girls, I would rather live in the country than in town; so the corps of engineers moved down to Evan's Bridge, as it was called, with Colonel Owen when he gave up the rooms in Tazewell, and we made our home there as long as they were surveying the railroad.

This home was a pleasant kind of wild, romantic place, with the river making a wide, grand circle around it. It was most picturesque, being very secluded, four or five miles from other settlements, and when we had visitors it was usual for them to stay always two or three days.

On one occasion when the engineers were at home, and we had two or three visiting young ladies, the party concluded that they would go bathing at a deep place in the river called the Cat-hole, where the water was very deep, though so limpid that ledges of stone could be seen almost across the river, and the girls who couldn't swim went wading out on these ledges in most dangerous-looking places. None of the party could swim except myself, and when they were all ready to start on their bathing expedition they sent for me to join them, but I excused myself, preferring to stay at home with Colonel Owen, who was a kind of visitor, only coming home to write up the engineer's notes and to put the books and profiles in order. Very soon after the girls had gone on the bathing trip Colonel Owen concluded to go

¹³ A sutler was a merchant who followed an army and sold provisions to the soldiers.

Kirkpatrick came to me and said, "Mrs. Owen, I believe that you can do all that is necessary to be done now." So we gave up the room, and I had the women come to my home until the end of the war, and we endeavored to render them every assistance in our power and in the power of other friends.

Immediately after this, when Lee surrendered, there was a large class of persons who were desperately poor, and, disregarding all conditions and defying law, helped themselves wherever they could to the Confederate commissaries.

One morning Wirt Roberson, our dining-room man, said, "Mars Robert, I would like some market money." "Look on the sofa and you will find some in my pants' pocket." "But they are not here, sir." In the search they were found, with both pocketers rifled, Colonel Owen's valuable railroad watch gone, his coat in one place, his vest in another, and his pants in a third. By that time we were thoroughly aroused. Then I recalled having heard the noise of an opening window, when some one must have entered our room. Knowing that Colonel Owen was a restless man, often getting up in the night and reading his sleepless hours away, I had taken the noise as being made by him, and I had asked in a dreamy voice, "Did you open the window to let in the morning light?" The noise made by the invaders must have prevented their hearing me and braining both Colonel Owen and myself. But we both slept soundly through the time of the robbery.

Not long after this affair (1866) I was walking one day in my garden when I discovered a set of holes bored through a plank in the back of my smoke-house, which was full of nice bacon and other provisions. I called Uncle Humphrey Shelton (an old family pet of Colonel Owen's). The old man looked and said, "Miss Ciss, robbers done that last night. About the time they were boring these holes they must have been frightened away by Dr. and Mrs. Owen coming from the party." We agreed to play a trick on the thieves. Every piece of meat was packed away in a large store-room, leaving the smoke-house entirely empty, but well locked, and James Waller, instead of the police, was set to watch the results and to frighten and run the thieves away.

The morning came and the plank had been torn away and an entrance made, only to find themselves cheated out of their booty. James's house was on a line with the smoke-house and only 8 or 10 feet away. The thieves consisted of seven men, good stout fellows, as James reported. First one came on the garden side of his house, then the second on the other side, until the seven found themselves in the empty smoke-house. James concluded not to meet them in the dark, and to take daylight to acquaint the household with the result of his guardianship. Though he did not choose to meet them, since he knew he would be overpowered, he enjoyed the prank preacher for forty years, and after the war Colonel Owen

gave him a home with us until the night he died of apoplexy. One of his grandsons came rushing into our room the night he died to hurry Colonel Owen to him, saying, "*De witches is done ridin' him, sah!*" On going to his room Colonel Owen found the old man dead, but before burial he paid twenty dollars to a crayon likeness made of him by Mr. Fisher, an artist of Lynchburg. That sketch is now in the possession of Major W. O. Owen, U.S.A.

After the Confederate war, when the North and South had kissed and made friends, our colored brothers began to look around and wonder how the new order of things was going to work. Uncle Humphrey Shelton retired because of age; Westley Lucas, and his half-brother, James Waller, all had at various times in their lives been office men for old Dr. William Owen and Dr. W. Orway Owen, of Lynchburg, Virginia, and incidentally had been gardeners and care-takers of the teams of the doctors whenever they came home from their rounds of drives among their patients in the country or city.

For years Uncle Humphrey had been associated in Colonel Owen's mind with childhood, when Humphrey's wife was the family cook. They were both most kindly remembered for their faithfulness to the children and home duties. The cook had long ago gone to her reward in the land of spirits, but Uncle Humphrey remained to teach and preach to his colored friends, and was a family pet, bossing the garden and grounds at his own free will. James Waller was the gardener, and, knowing Uncle Humphrey had the inside track to the family heart, sent him to me to inquire what kind of arrangements, under the new order of labor, we would make. "Well, Uncle Humphrey there is no need for James to get his information second hand; send him to me, and I will be glad to talk over the situation with him." When he made his appearance I said, "Whatever will be right as wages for a gardener, I am willing to give you;

102 NARCISSA OWEN

was a little wild and I was afraid for him to shoot. He said, "You've no business to ride such fine horses. I'd like to trade with you." We laughed at the kind of drunken joke of the man, and all of the women had some remark to make about our horses. So we passed them, and just as we thought we had gotten a safe distance beyond them, we looked back and one of those impudent fellows had gotten on a riding horse and was in full pursuit of us. Lucy turned deadly pale, and I thought she was going to faint, and just as the man rode up I said to her, "Don't be frightened; I am not afraid."

The man said he had come to ride with us. His impertinence made me so angry that I shook my riding whip in his face and gave him peremptory orders to march on. He saw how angry I was, and I don't know but that he thought I had a pistol. We were going through a very narrow gorge, with just enough room for the road, with mountains on both sides of us, and there was no getting away from him. I guess that fellow never had such positive orders to move on before in his life. He obeyed, but muttered as he did so. We were glad to know we were not far from the bridge, and as soon as the man came in sight of it he took the road down the river to a fording place, and we went on over the bridge home, the house being in full view. The man then knew that we had some one to defend us and asked no more of our company.

The winter after this occasion was frightfully cold, and though the Clinch River was a very rapid stream it was frozen over. Finally there came a sudden warm spell and heavy rains with it, breaking up all at once the ice on the river, making it look like a live body that went floating and rolling outward, turning over and over, like the wheels of some great vessel, and came near wearing away the bridge piers. It was the most magnificent ice display I ever witnessed. There was a terrific force expressed in the rushing onward of the moving mass. There was no show of the water, only the mad rush of the crushed and broken river of ice. A more awe-inspiring sight could hardly be imagined.

Making Confederate Uniforms

During the first year of the war there was a large encampment of soldiers near Lynchburg, recruits for the Confederacy. They had enlisted down in Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee, and had been mustered into service dressed just as they were, in their rough mountain and farm clothes. So the Lynchburg ladies, five hundred strong, banded together to try and provide uniforms as well as hospital supplies for them. The Confederate Government provided us with large quantities of bunsack gray, from the mills above Lynchburg, for the uniforms and piles of white goods for the other supplies. We met in the hall of the old Masonic Building and worked like beavers. We gave out a great deal of the work to the wives and daughters of the poorer soldiers around Lynchburg so as to help them to provide the necessities of life. It soon became one of my duties to give out this sewing and to receive it again from the women who did the work. I would count it in, and then give them an order on the treasurer for whatever was due them.

We made quantities of clothing, and were, of course, very proud of our work. But I will never forget the morning after our first company had been equipped with uniforms. Their captain marched them to drill in front of my house, to show off the new uniforms. They marched up and down with the sleeves of their gray shirts flapping about five inches over their hands. They were ordered to ground arms, and stood waving their sleeves like the arms of windmills. There was nothing for us to do but to have all the shirts returned to the hall and proceed to shorten the sleeves. This uniforming continued as long as the Confederate Government needed such volunteer assistance, for gradually they took charge of such things themselves, and by degrees the ladies retired from taking an active part in the work.

But we still had the wives and children of the soldiers of Lynchburg on our hands, and a few of the ladies made it their duty, as well as their pleasure, to look after the welfare of these people as best we could. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, the mother of Hon. Thomas Kirkpatrick, who afterward succeeded my husband as State Senator from the Eleventh District of Virginia, and myself, were the last two to resign our services. There was no longer any work to be obtained for these women, but friends of the cause contributed money for their help. This money was turned over to me, and I in turn put it in the hands of one of our local grocery men; so when the women came to me in distress I could write them an order for whatever they needed that could be obtained at his store. We had before this time given up the large hall, and toward the last we met in a room on Church street, opposite the Arlington Hotel. Finally Mrs.

saw Dr. William Orway Owen on his way home. I called for him and got a last prescription for my patient (blisters for her wrists and ankles). I then left her for the night with the neighbors, with directions what to do for her. In the early morning I returned, expecting to see a corpse, and was greeted by her in this wise, "Good morning, Mrs. Owen," in a clear tone of voice. She seemed quite refreshed by her long rigid sleep.

She soon recovered from her illness. Then I talked business with her. In early girlhood she had been a factory girl in New England, and I advised her to go to Judge Daniel, to whom was due one hundred dollars. I then gave her the hundred dollars *made by the sale of her own hair*, and told her to get the deed to her house and leave the godfather of her children to collect the rent for her, and to return to the New England factories, where she could get work, and to send all her children to the public schools. She did just as I suggested to her, and ten years later she returned to Lynchburg. Dora King was then a young woman, and she and her mother came to call on me, and Mrs. King presented me with a box of a dozen spoils of gorgeous-colored silk thread as a token of her gratitude, just like the true Irish heart in her. Jack and his brother were then young men and Dora was a young lady.

FROM CHAPTER VI: THE AUTHOR AS MOTHER AND TEACHER — VICISSITUDES

[Return to the Cherokee Nation; Seminary Experiences]

I then considered the matter of going to the Cherokee Nation, of which I was a citizen. Col. Wm. Penn Adair, whom Robert had met in Washington, suggested that he go to the Cherokee Nation, and I encouraged him to do so, because he was entitled to citizenship there and my kinspeople were there.

In 1879 I went with him to pay a visit to my relations, and while there I asked a position of the Board of Education in the Cherokee Female Seminary. My niece, Lelia Breedlove, who had been given a position in the school, insisted that I had been appointed, but I had received no official notice of it, and, as I felt that I couldn't afford to hold my hands, after spending the summer with my kinspeople, I went back to Virginia and resumed my class in Lynchburg.

Lelia had been so positive of my having been appointed that I concluded the polite thing to do was write a note to the Board of Education, telling them what I had heard, and explain to them how I couldn't afford to be idle — was compelled to work — but if they had really given me the appointment I would be glad to return to the Nation to live. The next year, in 1880, I returned and the Board of Education sent me my appointment, which I was very glad to receive.

Some of my Seminary experiences I will relate. Many of them are better forgotten, but the world has gone on, and as a nation I think my people have become much wiser and have had wholesome experiences in governmental matters.

One morning at the seminary some one came into my music-room and told me that Florence Fowler, one of my pupils, had had a chill. I supposed that it was the ordinary chills that we had in that country, which are usual with what we call chills and fever. I was very busy all day teaching, but when night came Lelia Breedlove, my niece, who was also a teacher, and I went to see Florence. We found her seriously ill with pneumonia in both lungs and the doctor four miles away.

She was delirious with fever, and we concluded to try and use a remedy that had been recommended to my sister in a case of pneumonia, "the potato poultice." The next thing to do was to get the materials required, these being potatoes and earth. There was a terrible storm and everything was covered with sleet, and it was very cold outside. The question was, how could we get any earth to put into our poultice. Lelia went down into the Seminary store-room and found a quart of white potatoes, while I looked around, thinking what I could do, being determined to get the needed earth. In my search I found a flower-pot in one of the windows, which had belonged to one of the school-girls. The plant was dry and dead, so I proceeded to get my earth out of the pot. Then Lelia boiled the potatoes in a tin wash-basin on her stove, after which we mashed them, using a sufficient quantity of the boiling water to cream them nicely. Then, I mixed in the dry earth, and we had prepared a thin bag of cheese-cloth large enough to cover the whole chest of our patient; so we put on the poultice, covering her up to the very throat in it, as hot as she could bear it.

104 NARCISSE OWEN

but your wife and children I have always taken care of, in sickness and health, giving them their board and clothes and a comfortable home. You and Milly talk things over, and see if you think you can do better. When you have concluded what to do, let me know your decision."

A few days later they had rented a house and came to bid me good-bye. They were going to house-keeping. When they came I said, "James, what have you to do?" "Oh, nothing, mum; nothin'." "But, I said, 'man, that is not the way to do. You have a wife and children to support now, and you must have work to make a living for yourself and them. Don't you think you had better keep my garden until you can find work which will pay you better?" "That's a fact, Miss Ciss," he said, after putting his hands to his head and thinking a while. "Yes, ma'am, I will work the garden and do the best I can." For one year he remained with me in this capacity. At the end of this time I gave him a letter of recommendation, which proved to be a good thing for himself and family, getting him a position with the railroad, which he kept till he died. He was a good man and a true Christian.

While in a boarding-house in Lynchburg with Mr. and Mrs. Abram Biggers, one cold morning at breakfast time there was a very bright coal fire, and their eldest daughter stood before it warming herself. Incidentally, her dress became overheated, and as she suddenly turned before the glowing coals her skirt touched them and immediately went up ablaze. I was the first to see her, and made a rush for her, and was successful in smothering the fire; but though I had been successful in saving her from being burned, I had burned my own hands badly. Fortunately for myself a servant entered with a pitcher of ice water just at the instant I needed it most. Running both hands down into the ice water seemed to take the fire from my burns, and prevented my hands from being seriously injured.

The King Story

During the Confederate war an employee of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad (a Mr. King) bought of Judge Daniel, father of Senator J. W. Daniel, a small-one-roomed cottage and lot, and had paid nearly all the purchase-money except one hundred dollars when he died, leaving a wife, two small boys, and a little girl about four or five years.

The King cottage was near the front gate of my home (Point of Honor), on Daniel Hill. Jack King and his brother used often to be in the rock bartles among the Daniel Hill boys, and in that way the King family became known to me in rather an unpleasant manner, though after all they were not as bad as some other boys on the hill, and with their widowed mother and little sister, they had my sympathy. Finally Mrs. King was taken very ill with typhoid fever and hysteria, and the children were all too young to do anything for their own support. The good neighbors all around, who knew she was ill, in charity took care of the children and sat up at night, caring for the sick. Mrs. King was ill for nine weeks, and all the good neighbors were worn out with the care of the poor woman and her children.

It occurred to me to hire a girl to stay all the time with Mrs. King, and I found an orphan girl, Bettie, from Amberst Heights, who was so ignorant that she had never heard of such a personage as Jesus Christ. There I found a little more missionary work to do. Bettie was all right under instructions, so between the neighbors, Bettie and myself doing faithful work, our invalid got well enough to resume home and motherly duties. When Mrs. King was first taken ill with the fever she had a fine suit of rich brown hair, which I knew would be ruined in a long spell of fever, and would be bad for her comfort; so without consulting any one in regard to the matter, I cut it all off, only leaving the entire suit about one inch long all over her head. I knew how to make the long hair into braids or switches, so while I was cutting her hair I carefully kept each lock straight and in order, and when I saw her comfortable I carried her hair home with me and made it into two fine braids, selling them for fifty dollars each in Confederate money.

In the last of her illness she became rigid, and for thirty-six hours she remained as stiff as a corpse, and of course I thought she must die. Father McGuirk came to see her while in that condition. Of course he thought as I did — that she must soon die. That was late Saturday evening, and he said that Sunday morning his duties at church would prevent his coming to give her the last rites of the church and we both thought it would be better, as there seemed no hope of her recovery, to do so at once. Then he proceeded to give her extreme unction, and left me with the dying patient. I looked up on the hill and

The Cherokees have a large school fund, bearing 5 percent interest, which is used to support the schools. The seminaries are supported by this income, which belongs to all the people, and the male and female seminaries, as these schools are called, took care of one hundred children, free of charge, furnishing them not only their tuition and books, but their board and clothes as well. The money, belonging to all alike was not so much of a charity as it seems at first sight, the recipients being part owners of the fund. These children were called primaries; all others paid their board.

For some reason, in the winter of 1882-83 the Council decided to let out the boarding and clothing of these children by contract, but the result wasn't quite as satisfactory as the teachers and boarders wished, and I used to keep in my private room what I called "my kitchen," which was a manufactured seat, to all intents and purposes, but inside of it were kept pies, bread and butter, etc., and there was a set of girls who knew all about this establishment and would come up for dessert after their meals. Aunt Eliza Alberty would furnish us with these delicacies for our kind of sub-rosa dining-room annex, where the initiated could come and get refreshed. One year of the contract satisfied not only the National Council, but all the people as well. After that year we went back to the original way of paying for everything needed for a comfortable home. [. . .]

I was at the Seminary four and one-half years and had many experiences—good, bad, and indifferent. One of the things that happened was caused by some person thinking I had an over-amount of self-esteem. In my absence they had gone into my music-room and had written in a bold hand on the blackboard: "Nothing among women shows a lack of knowledge like thinking she hath it." So I wrote my reply underneath in equally as bold a hand: "Nothing among men or women is so contemptible as a sneak." Having only a suspicion as to who the writer was, I went to Mr. Reese, who was in charge of the culinary department, and told him that while I was at church on Sunday some one had gone into my teaching-room and had written on the blackboard, and that my answer was there waiting for them, knowing he would surely tell the writer. The answer was about as effective as the remedy used for stopping the April-fool business. The blackboard in my room had no more words of wisdom placed there for my benefit.

One of the amusing incidents was as follows: Some of the girls standing at the front gate, which was some distance away from the building, about dusk, saw little Eliza Wilson and Jennie Breedlove playing dolls at the front garret window, and, knowing that the garret was not used for the school, they concluded at once that witches were there, and so reported to Mrs. Breedlove, the matron. A search was then made of the garret, and of course nothing was found. I then went into the room where the witches were supposed to be and gave as near as I could a dying yell of a supposed witch. That voice sent all the witch-hunters screaming downstairs. When they found I had only made sport of their witch story and had the laugh against them, that was the end of the faith in witches. I assured them that the dying cry that they heard was that of the last Cherokee "spook," as I had swallowed it. If an Indian hates anything more than to be laughed at, I have yet to find out what it is.

A New Variety of Burglar

In the Cherokee Nation, when summer comes, at night it is the usual thing to leave every door open, only putting chairs in the doors to keep out the family dogs. My kinswoman, who for many years had a country home near Muldrow, Indian Territory, was used to leaving her doors open at night to get the cool air. Always in the Indian Country that custom worked very well, but later she and her husband, John, bought a home in Fort Smith, Arkansas, where they could have better school advantages for their family. John still kept his business home at Muldrow, and the trains he was accustomed to come home on were always midnight affairs. Mrs. John, as usual, left her doors open for the cool air. She heard a slight noise one night and said, "Is that you John?" "Yes honey," was the reply, and, a most unusual thing, the supposed John walked up to the bed and gave her a kiss. Calling her "Honey" was not her John's mode of salutation, and the kiss brought a frightened, hysterical scream. The burglar vanished, the scream brought the family from above. The hysterics increased, Mrs. John screaming, "*Water! Water! Water!*" as reported by her brother. That kiss had to be washed off in hot haste. When the true John arrived, a few minutes later, it was found that Mr. Burglar had been upstairs and emptied all the

We got it on about nine o'clock, and then sat with her till midnight, when her fever had gone down entirely and she went to sleep, resting quietly until about seven o'clock the next morning, when one of the girls came for me in great haste. Florence had commenced to expectorate, and one of her roommates handed her a large white wash-bowl, and when I reached the room she was expectorating a bloody mucus, which had frightened her terribly. When I came in I felt alarmed for her myself, but I could not afford to let her see how I felt; so I said to her, "Last night both your lungs were terribly inflamed, so go ahead now and clean them out and get rid of all this phlegm; then you'll be all right." My assurances satisfied her and relieved her of the alarm she had been suffering. After a few hours she was thoroughly relieved, and felt so well that she wanted to get up and dress herself. I refused to allow her to do so, because I thought it would be very imprudent, as she might take more cold. But the next morning she was up and dressed at an early hour, and the fourth day afterwards she took her Christmas holiday by going thirty miles in an open wagon, and was not troubled any more with that cold.

We had many funny experiences. We were four miles from our doctor and the sick nurse, Aunt Cynthia Mayes, used to laugh and say that I was her "first assistant." One night one of the girls, while half asleep, thought she would get through a window into an upper hallway. Instead of that she climbed out of her window into an open porch, falling about 16 feet and dislocating both her shoulder and her hip. The sick nurse sent for me at once and I discovered that the girl's shoulder was out of joint and proceeded to replace it.

I suppose I was a careless "assistant." I didn't investigate her injuries enough to find out that the hip was also injured, and when the doctor came he didn't seem to be any wiser than myself, and left the dislocated hip-joint, which resulted in making her a cripple for life.

My second experience was going on a picnic with fifteen or twenty of the girls in wagons, and while going down a steep, rocky hill, the driver going at break-neck speed the wagon bounced over a big stone, pitching one of the girls, who was sitting in a chair, out, and the wheel ran over her shoulders, breaking her collar-bone on both sides. The doctor being so far away, I had to set the girl's bones and to sit on the ground for an hour, holding them in place, until the doctor reached us and bandaged the patient.

On another occasion one of the girls cut her foot on a piece of glass across the main joint of the big toe, and, as usual, I was sent for, being the "Auntie" of the establishment and the "assistant" sick nurse and expected to do all kinds of things. I proceeded to get my needle and thread, and, without the use of any antiseptic or anything but the clean needle and thread, put in a number of stitches. Fortunately the result was entirely satisfactory.

I found that not only the girls used to call on the "Auntie" of the school, but on the first day of April, 1881, all the girls determined they would play a big April-fool trick on the principal; so before breakfast about two-thirds of the school ran away going on a kind of picnic trip without permission. Then the principal sent for me in great tribulation, to ask what on earth she should do, as she couldn't think of expelling two-thirds of the school. "Why," said I, "that's all right. This is Friday and you haven't girls enough to keep school today. Just let Miss James and myself take charge of the remaining girls and you give them a holiday for today. Tomorrow, being Saturday, ring your school bell at the regular hour and make them all go to school for the day. Don't give any indications of your knowledge of their having played truant, nor any information as to what you are going to do tomorrow."

So Miss James and I got a quantity of lunch for the girls, and then we went down on the little stream near Mr. George Murrell's place, and the girls had a wild, free day of it, gathering wild onions and such wild flowers as were out at that time. I took the onions which the girls had gathered and went to one of the neighbors and bought eggs, having the onions cooked, which have here a delicate, delicious flavor, and served them with scrambled eggs. All seemed to have a very nice dinner of it, and the novelty of the thing seemed more refreshing than any dessert that could have been served up at the school. By three o'clock in the afternoon they were all pretty well tired and more than willing to return to school. None of the teachers took any notice of what had happened. Nothing was said to any of the girls, and they couldn't imagine what was in store for them. They thought things were not going exactly in the usual way and were perfectly amazed the next morning when the school bell rang and they had to go to school on Saturday and take their share of April fooling. As far as I personally know, this was the last April-fool prank of the Seminary girls.

I have always delighted in plant life, and have at various times had the pleasure of fine vegetable and flower gardens, which I personally conducted, especially at my home, "Point of Honor," in Lynchburg, and at Monticello, in Indian Territory. Raising chickens and turkeys and other fowl has also been a great pleasure to me, in which I have indulged my fancy whenever conditions were at all favorable.

My greatest pleasure, perhaps, has been music, enjoying playing the piano especially, and the guitar, and I have always loved to sing, still retaining my voice to an extent that is very unusual to one of my age. When I was young I delighted in dancing, being very light on my feet and loving a good time.

In oil painting and in miniatures I have found great interest and entertainment, as well as in sketching in water colors, and still indulge in this agreeable pastime.

When I was younger and had stronger eyesight, I enjoyed embroidering in colors, which was quite like painting with the needle, but I have long since given this up.

Public affairs always have had an interest for me, and I still enjoy reading the public press and knowing what is going on; but that which has been of the greatest interest and pleasure of all to me has been those good friends, relatives, and kinspeople, and especially young people, with whom my life has been thrown. I still love the company of young people.

When I grew up it was fashionable to serve wine and spirits but since I was eighteen years of age I have been a total abstainer, teaching my sons by example, but above all by vigorous precept. I recall showing to my boys while they were young revolting individual cases of the imbecility and degradation of drunkenness, so that they grew up with a proper knowledge of the insidious danger of alcohol.

The beauty of natural scenery in the wonderful forms and colors with which our good Lord has adorned the earth and sky has been a source of the greatest enjoyment to me, and especially at my country place, Monticello, on Caney River, in the Cherokee Nation, where the views have given me endless pleasure.

108 NARCISSE OWEN
pockets and taken such jewels as pleased his fancy. The Fort Smith burglar is a new specimen of that profession. If you want a demonstration of affection, he is your man. [...]

The Muskogee fairs were one of our pastimes. At one of them I happened to be a kind of queen bee of the women's department. Among the exhibits from the extreme west of the Territory was an Indian man's beaded suit (leggings, shirt, and moccasins). While paying the prize money to the owner, I asked the Indians if they knew the difference between the whites and the Indians in the matter of their dress? When no one answered I told them that it was this: A white man would work himself to death to make his wife look pretty, while an Indian woman would do the same thing, and in addition nearly put her eyes out with this beadwork to make her husband outshine all the other fellows. It is said that Indians do not laugh, but that is certainly a mistake.

FROM CHAPTER IX: BRING A MISCELLANEOUS CHAPTER CONCERNING MANY PERSONS AND THINGS

from Home at the Metropolitan

In the first of my home life at the Metropolitan Hotel,¹⁴ when Mr. William Seiden was the proprietor, I enjoyed seeing a number of presidential parades on Pennsylvania Avenue, Cleveland, Harrison, and McKinley being among the number. When any favorite would pass, an immense concourse of onlookers would set up a yell of appreciation, and when Fitzhugh Lee passed on horseback there was a greater explosion of joy than when the new President passed in review. Evidently the crowd was largely Southern, and Fitzhugh was honored as a representative of the family of Gen. Robert E. Lee. At least that seemed to be the opinion of all who were near me and enjoying the grand procession of the most noted men of our forty-five States.

From the Riggs House I saw Theodore Roosevelt and the nobles of the day with him in the last presidential procession. A new feature of the procession was the introduction of Indians, representing the wild tribes from the Western plains and Oklahoma. Decidedly the most artistically dressed American figures were the four Indian chiefs on horseback, dressed in their native costume, with their heads bedecked with their gorgeous war bonnets. These Indians seemed to form a body-guard for the President, following so closely in his wake. Artistically speaking, they were picturesque beyond expression.

from Some Family Data

[...] I have referred to my connections to show how broad they have been, although I was a Cherokee citizen by blood and was born and reared among the Cherokees. The Cherokees are in like manner connected with families all over the United States [...]. I have always felt a pride in my father's people, the Cherokees — in their mental capability, in their natural nobility, in their great courage and resolution, in their native generosity and integrity, and in their patriotism. They are a warm and generous hearted people.

While I have deplored the aggressions on the Cherokees, yet it seems to be the providence of God that they should have been merged into the full citizenship of the new State to be, and I fully expect to see them prove entirely equal to the demands of the new conditions. Any failure on their part to do so would be a great grief to me and a disappointment.

from Some Things I Have Enjoyed

In bringing these memoirs to a close I recall with gratitude the great number of good friends I have enjoyed and of whom I should like to have given a sketch, had the narrow limit of this memoir permitted.

¹⁴ In Lynchburg, Virginia.