

HISTORY  
OF THE  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

IN  
SOUTH CAROLINA,

BY GEORGE HOWE, D. D.,  
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PREPARED BY ORDER OF THE SYNOD OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

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VOL. II.

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ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1883,

BY REV. GEO. HOWE, D. D.

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## SUMMARY FOR 1829.

	<i>Ministers.</i>	<i>Licen'tes.</i>	<i>Churches.</i>	<i>Communi- cants.</i>
South Carolina.....	11	3	32	2,208
Bethel.....	7	1	17	1,731
Harmony .....	15	2	21	1,185
Hopewell .....	20	4	46	2,020
Chaston Union.....	12	1	5	669*
Georgia.....	8	...	7	747
	73	11	128	8,560 †

## CHAPTER VI.

## APPENDIX TO THE THIRD DECADE.

1820-1830.

The following HISTORY OF THE INDIAN MISSIONS OF THE SYNOD OF SOUTH CAROLINA AND GEORGIA, originally published at a later date in the "Southern Presbyterian," is appended to this decade to which it really belongs :

PONTOTOC, MISSISSIPPI, June 17, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: It is with some reluctance I undertake to comply with your request, and thus redeem a promise made you some time since. Having no records to guide me, I must rely entirely upon memory, which, at this distance of time, may sometimes be at fault, especially in reference to dates. As to the general facts, I shall aim at accuracy and fidelity. Could I see you at your own home or at mine, it would give me great pleasure to sit down and talk over the incidents of our long journey, as exploring agents for the Missionary Society of the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia. Furnished with documents from the War Department, among which was a letter of introduction from Mr. Calhoun, then Secretary of War, to the agents of the different tribes we might visit, we set out early in May, 1820. The Rev. John Brown, D. D., of Monticello, Georgia, being secretary for foreign correspondence, we were directed to him for instructions as to our future progress. From him we learned that Gen. Mitchell, agent for the Creeks, was then at his farm, six miles below Milledgeville. It was, of course, our duty to visit him, and in the interview he informed us that a general council of chiefs and head men would convene at the Coweta

\* In three Churches.

† If the membership of the Congregationalist and Independent Churches that have acted with us during this decade be enumerated, this total would have been increased to over 10,000.

Town-house in eight or ten days, and advised us to attend it. At the proper time we set out, and crossing the Oakmulgee, I think at Scott's Ferry, Flint river, at Marshall's shoals, and the Chattahoochee, just below the falls, where the city of Columbus now stands, we arrived at Gen. McIntosh's late in the evening, where we found a considerable company of Indians assembled. Next morning early we reached the council ground, where, for the first time in our lives, we saw a large Indian encampment. All things being in readiness, the ceremony of opening the council was commenced. And, brother H., do you recollect the disgusting scene we then witnessed? An Indian was seen slipping in, as if by stealth, with a large hand-gourd filled with tea, made of Yopon leaves, to which they attached a superstitious efficacy, believing that it enlightened their minds and led them to correct decisions on any subject that might come before them. As the sequel shows, it failed for once. This was handed first to the Little Prince and Big Warrior, principal chiefs, and then, in quick succession, to all composing the council. No sooner was the potion swallowed than it became necessary to prepare for its ejection. The scene that followed can better be imagined than described. I have never yet known whether the dose actually produced nausea, or whether the whole thing was mechanical. I suspect the latter. The ceremony over, we were ushered into the presence of their majesties, and, seated on a low wooden bench at their feet, we delivered our message, read to them Dr. Brown's kind and fatherly address, and in behalf of those who sent us proposed to send men into their country, who, in addition to preaching the Gospel to them, would establish schools for the education of their children without cost to them. To all this they listened attentively, but after a short consultation they rejected our proposition. It was a part of our plan to teach their children agriculture and the various arts of domestic life, believing that they never could be civilized without this. It was, moreover, required by the War Department, before we could receive any part of the fund appropriated by Congress for the civilization of the Indians, in 1819. To this they objected, saying if they wanted their children to work they could teach them themselves.

Our instructions did not allow us to establish schools on any other terms. We therefore set our faces for the distant West, and passing through the new settlements of Alabama, by way of Fort Jackson, Falls of Cahawba, Tuscaloosa, and the little villages of Columbus, Mississippi, and Cotton-Gin Port, we crossed the Tombecbee River, and entered the Chickasaw Nation, forty-one years ago this day, and soon found ourselves at the hospitable mansion of old Levi Colbert, the great man of his tribe. This was Friday evening. We soon learned that a great ball play was to come off on the following Monday, at George Colbert's, some twenty-five miles distant, and that a large company was going up the next day. Thus Providence seemed to prosper our way.

There being a very large collection of Indians from all parts of the nation, we had no difficulty in securing the attendance of the chiefs in council at an early day. Accordingly, we met them at the house of Major James Colbert, the following Wednesday, being the 22d day of the month. You remember their young king was conducted to the chair of State that day, for the first time, as king of the Chickasaw nation. He was an ordinary Indian, and never opened his mouth during the council. They very readily acceded to the terms upon which we proposed to establish schools among them; and, that there might

be no misunderstanding in future, we drew up a number of articles, which were signed by the contracting parties, and deposited with the United States agent, and for aught I know they may now be in the archives of that old, dilapidated Government. Having secured the first great object of our mission, our next business was to explore the country, for the purpose of selecting a suitable location for a missionary establishment. And that we might profit by the experience of others, we visited Elliott, in the Choctaw nation, where a school was in successful operation, under the superintendence of the veteran and apostolic missionary, the Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury, D. D. Leaving this place we desired to visit Mayhew, where a large station was afterwards built up, but missed our way, traveled until a late hour at night and finding no house, lay down on the bank of a creek without our supper and slept till morning. In a few miles we came to the house of a white man with a Choctaw family, where we breakfasted, with a pretty good relish, on barbecued beef without salt. We were still in the Choctaw nation, but soon crossed the line into Chickasaw territory, and made our way back to Levi Colbert's. It was not long before we found there was a frolic on hand. Parties began to assemble, dressed out in their best, and instead of an Indian dance, such as I have witnessed many a time since, it turned out a regular ball, conducted with great propriety, and attended by the elite of the nation. Our host was a little embarrassed by our presence, apologized as best he could, and expressed the hope that we would not be displeased. Having relieved his mind on this subject, we spread our blankets in the piazza, and slept while they danced. Next day we returned to Tockshish, the name of Major James Colbert's place, where we met the Indians in council, and in a few days selected a site for a missionary station, six miles southeast of this.

I may as well say here, that when I returned the next winter I was advised by Major Colbert and others to a different location, and accordingly I settled two miles southwest of Tockshish, and built up Monroe. We were now ready to set out on our return home, and passing by Tusculumbia and Huntsville, Alabama, Brainerd, Spring Place and Saloney, missionary stations in the Cherokee nation, we reached our friends in South Carolina early in August.

And now, upon a review of the whole, I feel like erecting an Ebenezer of praise, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me." "Having obtained help of God, I continue until this day." "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits to me?"

Yours, truly,

T. C. STUART.

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(For the Southern Presbyterian)

## INDIAN MISSIONS OF THE SYNOD OF SOUTH CAROLINA AND GEORGIA.

### LETTER II.

PONTOTOC, (Miss.) June 24, 1861.

*Dear Brother*:—The Synod of South Carolina and Georgia met at Upper Long Cane Church in the fall of 1820. Rev. Francis Cummins D. D., Moderator. Having been accepted by the Synod as their first missionary to the Chickasaws, all the necessary arrangements were

made for sending me out immediately. Two families were employed as assistants and the Presbytery of South Carolina appointed a meeting at old Pendleton Courthouse for my ordination on the 19th of December. We were detained a few days by heavy rains and high waters, but finally set out and after a tedious journey of five weeks and five days, arrived at Monroe the 31st day of January, 1821. On this day the first tree was felled and a commencement made in the work of the Chickasaw Mission. The first two years were principally spent in clearing out a farm and putting up the necessary buildings for a large boarding school. In the meantime I was joined by Hamilton V. Turner, carpenter, and James Wilson, farmer, with their families, from Abbeville, and Rev. Hugh Wilson and wife, from North Carolina, and Rev. William C. Blair, from Ohio. In the spring of 1822, I opened a school for the benefit of those living in the neighborhood being not yet prepared to take in boarders. Before opening the school I visited a widow woman living within a mile of the station, who had a son and daughter of suitable age to attend, and asked her to send them. She replied she was poor and had no suitable clothes to give them. Having brought a small supply with me I told her I would furnish them. Her next difficulty was she had nothing they could take with them for dinner. This I removed by proposing to give them their dinner. They accordingly came and it was not long before they made it convenient to be over for breakfast too. I may as well say in this connection these children were afterwards called Wm. H. Barr and Mary Leslie. The former named and supported by a society of ladies in Columbia; the latter on account of personal attachments by some one of the mission family. They, together with their mother, became decidedly pious, united with the church, lived consistent lives and have all, long since, gone to their reward. I shall have occasion to speak of another member of this family before I close these sketches.

Early in the spring of 1823 the school was opened with fifty scholars, most of whom were boarded in the family. The chief of our district, Captain Samuel Sealey, attended and made a speech on the occasion. He brought a son who was afterwards named T. Charleton Henry. From this time until the Chickasaws ceded away their country in 1834, and agreed to remove to their distant home in the West, the school was kept up, with some interruptions, under the trials and difficulties that always attend a similar enterprise amongst an unenlightened and uncivilized people. In this same year Brother Wilson established a school two miles north of Monroe and near to Tockshish, which was continued until the Indians left for their Western home in 1837 and 1838. In 1824 the Chiefs in council appropriated \$5000 to establish two more schools, and \$2,500 per annum for their support.

One of these was erected on Pigeon Roost Creek near to Holly Springs and called Martyn; the other on Tennessee River in the limits of Alabama, and called Caney Creek. Brother Blair was sent to the former and Brother Wilson to the latter. Brother James Holmes, of Carlisle, Pa., having joined us this year, was sent to Tockshish. We have now four schools in successful operation, containing one hundred and twenty pupils of both sexes. The school at Monroe was conducted on the Lancasterian plan, which succeeded well. It is not possible at this late period to say how many were educated throughout the nation. The number who obtained anything like a good English education was comparatively small. Having learned to read and write, many of them left school, supposing they had finished their education. Moreover, the

regulations of the school and the requirements of the station imposed such a restraint on their former roying habits that many of them ran off and never returned. This was often a matter of deep regret and a cause of great annoyance to us; but it was one of those discouragements with which missionaries amongst an ignorant and heathen people have always had to contend. In 1826 these schools and stations were all transferred to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. To this we did not object because it brought us into more immediate contact with the missionaries among the Choctaws, to whom we were much attached and with whom we had much intercourse for years past.

By reference to the session book of Monroe Church, I find the following entry on the first page: "The Rev. Hugh Dickson, of the Presbytery of South Carolina, having been commissioned by the Missionary Society of the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia, to visit Monroe for the purpose of examining into the state and prospects of the mission, arrived on the 29th of May, 1823. The mission family, having a desire to be united in a church capacity that they may regularly enjoy the privilege of the sealing ordinance of the gospel, expressed the same to Mr Dickson. Accordingly, on the 7th of June, a church was organized, consisting of seven members. At this time a black woman, the first fruit of the Chickasaw Mission, was received on a profession of her faith. Being a native of the country, she spoke the Chickasaw language fluently; and having the confidence of the Indians, I employed her as my interpreter, for several years, in preaching the gospel to them. On the 4th of December, 1824, the first Indian woman was admitted to the communion of the Church. At every subsequent communion meeting for several years, one or more was added to our number." September 29th, 1827, I find the following record: "The Lord having visited our Church the past summer with a time of refreshing, having, as we hope, ~~savedly~~ renewed a number within our bounds, it was thought expedient to have a meeting of the Church session before the time to which it stood adjourned. Session therefore met, and having implored the presence and blessing of God, proceeded to examine the following persons." Here follows the names of five persons, the first of whom was a native young man, who had been a scholar in the school, and who, on the 5th of April, 1834, was elected and ordained a ruling elder in the Church. Comparatively few of our scholars embraced religion and united with our Church. In after years a good many joined the Methodist Church. In the fall of 1830 the Monroe Church numbered one hundred members, including ten at Martyn's. Of these about one-half were natives, a few whites, and the balance blacks, of whom there was a considerable number in the neighborhood of the station. These generally spoke the Indian language; and being on an equality with their owners, and having more intercourse with them than is usual among white people, through their instrumentality a knowledge of the gospel was extended among the Indians. The change, too, in their deportment had a tendency to convince them of the reality and excellence of religion, and to eradicate their prejudices against it. In the "Missionary Herald" for March, 1831, I find the following editorial remarks: "At page 45 of the last number, it was mentioned that Mr. Blair had requested to be discharged from missionary labors, and was about to leave Martyn. Mr. Holmes, who has heretofore resided at Stockshish, has been directed to take the place of Mr. Blair. On leaving the place of his former labors, he makes the following remarks

respecting the reasons for his removing to Martyn, rather than Mr. Stuart: "Here about ninety commune on sacramental occasions, and at Martyn only ten—here near two hundred compose the congregation on the Sabbath, and frequently the assembly is so large that we have to preach in the open air, whilst at Martyn fifty is the largest number of hearers. This now has assumed the aspect of a Christian settlement, and the Lord appears to prosper everything undertaken for His glory. In our humble house of worship we are often cheered with the reflection that this and that man were born here." I shall resume this subject in my next. For the present, adieu!

T. C. STUART.

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(For the Southern Presbyterian.)

INDIAN MISSIONS OF THE SYNOD OF SOUTH CAROLINA  
AND GEORGIA.

LETTER III.

PONTOTOC, MISS., July 1, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: In my last, I referred to a revival of religion in our Church and congregation, which commenced in the spring of 1827. It is proper I should say, the Rev. Cyrus Byington, of the Choctaw Mission, was the honored instrument in the hand of God of this good work. At that time a revival was in progress at Mayhew, Bro. Byington, being much revived himself, and his heart warm in the cause, visited our station, and labored sometime among our people. I have a distinct recollection of the time and the circumstances, of the first favorable indications. He preached at Monroe in the forenoon to a large congregation, when it was evident the Spirit of God moved upon the hearts of the people. In the afternoon he preached at the house of a widow woman, six miles north, where deep and lasting impressions were made; and it became manifest God was in our midst. Under the ordinary means of grace, the good work continued between two and three years. So far from adopting any measures calculated to produce excitement, we were careful to keep it down. Our people needed instruction in the first principles of religion, and for this purpose we appointed inquiry meetings every Saturday night, which were well-attended. Frequently between twenty and thirty were present, and some from a distance of ten and twelve miles. In these services Brother Holmes rendered very essential aid. As the fruit of this gracious visitation, a goodly number of precious souls were brought into the kingdom of Christ, some of whom are yet living and walking in the good way; some have died in faith and gone to their reward; and some, we fear, have drawn back unto perdition. There were some distressing cases of apostacy.

I have in my mind one case of a more singular and unaccountable character than any I have ever known. This was the first subject of the revival, a white man, with an Indian family, living about half-way between Tockshish and Monroe, who had been notorious for intemperance and profanity. By referring to the session book, I find he was admitted to the Church on the 23d of June, 1827. His evidences of a change of heart were better than usual, and his piety was of no ordinary character. He became a praying man, worshipped God regularly



in his family and in secret, was always present at our public services, unless providentially hindered, and led in prayer in a devout and edifying manner, whenever called on in our prayer-meetings. He was considered a miracle of grace and a model of piety. No one doubted his religion. But alas! for poor human nature! this man fell. It has been said that the great adversary has a lien on old drunkards. This seemed to be true in his case, for during the whole of his subsequent life he frequently fell into his easily besetting sin. As early as October 10, 1827, he was cited to appear before the session for the crime of intemperance. He manifested so much sorrow of heart and such deep contrition that we felt constrained to make the following entry: "Hoping that he has been enabled to repent of his fall with deep contrition of soul, and that he has obtained forgiveness from God, we feel it our duty and our privilege to recognize him as a disciple of Jesus Christ, and therefore ought not to be excluded from the privileges of this Church." For a long series of years he lived a consistent life, and our hopes of him were greatly strengthened, but after the treaty of 1834, when the whites began to come in in great numbers and the country was flooded with whiskey, he could not resist the temptation, and again fell into his old habits of intemperance and profanity. In this he continued until he removed to the West in 1837, but again reformed and joined the Methodist Church. Finally, in the summer of 1857, while I resided at Fort Smith, Arkansas, he died alone, after a long spell of hard drinking, and what may now be his destiny is known only to God. This instance of apostacy has puzzled and distressed me more than any that ever came under my observation. Our Methodist brethren, I know, could dispose of the case without difficulty—he fell from grace and was lost. That he is lost I very much fear, but that he fell from grace I never shall believe. In the language of Doctor Alexander, "there are few truths of which I have a more unwavering conviction, than that the sheep of Christ, for whom He laid down His life, shall never perish." "Let him that *thinketh* he standeth take heed lest he fall."

The introduction of ardent spirits in great quantities proved very disastrous to the spiritual interests of many of our Church members, especially the natives, whose fondness for the article is proverbial all over the world. During a residence of seventeen years among them, I knew but one man who would neither drink whiskey nor smoke the pipe. It is cause of thankfulness that so many did stand firm in the midst of temptation and in the face of much opposition. On the 16th of September, 1837, twenty-five received letters of dismission as members in good standing. Many went away without letters who were entitled to them.

As to what the Chickasaw Mission accomplished, this cannot be known until the judgment day. I often feel ashamed and deeply humbled that so little was accomplished. Had I been faithful, and active, and zealous, doubtless much more might have been done; yet it would be wrong not to render thanks to God that he was pleased to give any degree of success to the means employed. A large number of youth of both sexes were educated; much useful instruction was communicated; and a foundation laid for a degree of civilization and refinement which never could have been attained without it. In my next I shall speak of their present condition in the West, which will exhibit the improvements they have made in the various arts of civilized life. But to form a correct estimate of what has been effected, we

must solve the mathematical problem, "what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" We must calculate the value of one immortal soul, "the redemption of which is precious, and it ceaseth forever." It would be great arrogance and presumption in me to attempt to state the number who may have been redeemed from heathenism, and savingly enlightened by the Spirit of God; but that a goodly number have been saved through the preaching of the Gospel, and are now among the redeemed in heaven, I never shall doubt. Add to this, the amount of good effected through their instrumentality. The Gospel, the Saviour tells us, "is like leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened." This leaven is still at work. Some years since, I visited the Chickasaws in their new home, and found a few of my old church members still living, and walking by faith. Who can estimate the benefits resulting from their consistent lives during a period of more than twenty years? Their influence will extend to the end of time. The Chickasaw Mission cost, in round numbers, twenty thousand dollars, besides a number of years of hard, gratuitous labor on the part of those engaged in it. I will venture to say that neither we, who bore the burden and heat of the day, nor the Christian community who kindly supported us, now regret the expenditure. If I may be allowed to express my own feelings, I would render thanks to God, that He counted me worthy to be employed in such a blessed work. And I am confident no friend of the Redeemer will ever regret, either in time or in eternity, any sacrifices made for the promotion of His glory. Every Christian, both in South Carolina and in Georgia, who contributed to the support of this mission, was instrumental in bringing about the results, whatever they may be. And how transporting the thought of meeting those in the bright world above, who were brought there through our instrumentality. Let Christians, then, of every name, be stimulated and encouraged to go forward in this good work. Let them contribute of their means according as God hath prospered them, and they will not fail to receive their reward.

Faternally, yours,

T. C. STUART.

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(For *The Southern Presbyterian.*)

## INDIAN MISSIONS OF THE SYNOD OF SOUTH CAROLINA AND GEORGIA.

### LETTER IV.

PONTOTOC, MISS., July 8, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: In my last I incidentally referred to a visit to the Chickasaws. That visit was made in the summer of 1856, my daughter accompanying me. I shall always regret I did not go a few years sooner. I should then have found many of my old neighbors, and friends, and church-members who had been called away. In the journey through the Choctaw Nation, we passed the lonely grave of William H. Barr's mother. She was baptized by the name of Catharine, and ever afterwards was called aunt Kitty. Her Indian name signified "There is none such," and this seemed to be prophetic of her real character after she became a Christian. She spent much of her time in my family, and I will say I never knew a more devoted Christian. She spoke no

English, and understood but little. Having a few elementary books in the Indian language, prepared by the Choctaw missionaries, I taught her to read. She took great delight in reading the Scriptures, although she could have access to only a small portion of them which had been translated into her own language. Her only daughter died in the neighborhood of Fort Smith, leaving a family of small children. Contrary to the remonstrances of her friends, she set out to visit these children, that she might take them to her own home; accompanied by a little grandson. On the way she took sick at a Choctaw cabin, lay about two weeks, and yielded up her spirit, I doubt not into the hands of her Redeemer, and I love to think of her now as a happy soul in the kingdom of eternal glory. Her daughter was hopefully pious. But the member of her family to whom I referred in my first letter, is a son who is yet living. His name is James Gamble—named and supported I think, by a society of ladies in Rocky-River congregation. He was educated in part at Monroe, and finished his education at Mesopotamia, Alabama. He is now decidedly the great man of his nation—is a senator in their legislature—is national interpreter and translator, and is their commissioner to Washington city to transact their business with the Federal Government. He writes a fair hand, a sensible, business-like letter. The only ornaments I have on my parlor mantel are his likeness and one of John C. Calhoun. In short, he is to-day a standing refutation of the oft-repeated slander that an Indian cannot be civilized. He lacks but the one thing needful to make him everything I could wish. And I believe it is not saying too much to affirm that if the Chickasaw Mission had accomplished nothing more than the salvation of aunt Kitty's family, it was labor, and time, and money well spent. Her oldest son never heard the Gospel. Soon after my arrival at Monroe, I had occasion one morning early to go to the agency on business. On the way I was startled by a sudden outcry and bitter lamentation near my path. I turned aside and on going to the spot found a group of mourners standing around his lifeless corpse. He had been thrown from his horse the night before, probably in a state of intoxication, and suddenly killed. She never mentioned his name or referred to him in any way, it being contrary to their custom ever to speak of the dead.

Although it is a subject of regret that I did not visit them sooner, yet I shall always be thankful that it was so ordered in the good providence of God that I could visit them at the time I did. It was, on many accounts, an exceedingly pleasant visit, yet not unmingled with some sad reflections. Many with whom I had taken sweet counsel in years long since passed away, and with whom I had gone to the house of God, were no more among the living. Some to whom I had often preached the Gospel, whom I have warned to flee from the wrath to come, and exhorted to make their peace with God, were still living in sin, and some of this class had gone to their last account without giving any evidence of repentance. A few only of my old church members were still lingering about these mortal shores, and, to my great comfort, were maintaining a godly walk and conversation, giving good evidence of being decided followers of the Saviour.

I spent just one month in the country, and travelled extensively among the people. I found them contented and happy. For several years after they emigrated they were very much dissatisfied. Sickness prevailed among them and many of their old people died. Although the latitude is about the same as this country, yet they think the cli-

mate is a good deal colder, and they are sometimes visited with those "northers" which are such a terror to the Texans. Perhaps the openness of their country, the proximity of the mountains, and the superabundance of rocks, may have some influence on the climate.

I was delighted at the advances made in civilization which were every way apparent. There being very little game in the country, they have abandoned the chase, and now rely on the cultivation of the soil and the raising of stock for a subsistence. They build good houses of hewed logs, and having a great abundance of the very best stone for building purposes, it is a rare thing to see a dwelling without a good stone chimney. There is an appearance of comfort and thrift not common among Indians. They have abolished the office of chiefs and councils for the government of the people, and have organized a regular State Government, with a written constitution, after the model of our sovereign States. It was my good fortune to be present at the meeting of their first legislature, and the election and inauguration of their first governor. There being three candidates before the people, and no one receiving a constitutional majority, the election devolved upon the legislature. In all their elections they vote *viva voce*, each one calling out his favorite candidate. There were but thirty votes cast, the legislature consisting of twelve senators and eighteen representatives. Of these Harris, the successful candidate, received seventeen votes. He and six of the Senators were educated at Monroe, the speaker of the house was educated at Martyn, and one who bears the revered name of Archibald Alexander, was educated at Caney Creek. The business of both houses and all the speeches were in the native language. But little was done during the few first days of the session; the various committees being out preparing business for future action. In taking the vote of any bill brought before them, the members are required to hold up their right hands. Their pay is three dollars a day; governor's salary \$750 per annum; attorney-general, \$600; Judges of the Supreme Court, \$600; Circuit Courts, \$400. Their government is supported by the interest of their money in the hands of the Federal Government. But the Government at Washington refused to pay the instalment that fell due last winter, alleging as a reason, that they might employ it against them. His fears were not unfounded, as appears by the proclamation of Gov. Harris, which I send you

For many years the Chickasaws formed an integral part of the Choctaw nation. With this arrangement they were always dissatisfied, and in 1855 they effected a separation. I have now before me a treaty, "made and concluded in the city of Washington, on the 22d day of June, 1855, by commissioners of the high contracting parties, by which a district for the Chickasaws is established, bounded as follows." By the eighth article of this treaty the Chickasaws agreed to pay the Choctaws for the privilege of governing themselves in their own way, "in such manner as their national council shall direct, out of the national funds of the Chickasaws, held in trust by the United States, the sum of \$150,000."

At the same time the United States leased for an indefinite term of years "all that portion of their common territory west of the 98th degree of west longitude for which they agreed to pay the Choctaws \$600,000 and the Chickasaws \$200,000" In the end the Chickasaws were gainers to the amount of \$50,000 by the arrangement.

I may mention as another evidence of their improvement, the change

in their dress. They have almost universally laid aside the Indian costume, and assumed, at least in part, the white man's dress. Among the largest number collected on the occasion, I saw but two clad in the old Indian style. These are called subbees, in a way of derision, just as a certain class amongst us are called "old fogies."

Being about to take my leave, the Senate suspended business and asked me "to make them a talk." With James Gamble for interpreter, I gave them a few words of parting advice and left them, probably to see them no more upon earth.

Yours, &c.

T. C. STUART.

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*For the Southern Presbyterian.*

## INDIAN MISSIONS OF THE SYNOD OF SOUTH CAROLINA AND GEORGIA.

### LETTER V.

PONTOTOC, MISSISSIPPI, July 15, 1861.

*Dear Brother* :—I have felt for a while past that I have a little too much to do. I am one of several agents appointed for the county to solicit subscriptions to the Confederate loan.

Could I recall twenty years of my life, I would certainly be in camp, prepared to defend my country's rights with my blood. But this is impossible, and the only method by which I can serve her is by personal exertions and contributions to support the war in which she is engaged and in which I have an abiding confidence she will be victorious. I find the labor of preparing these sketches a little more than I anticipated. I have a great reluctance both to the physical and mental operation they require. I may find it necessary to avail myself of the privilege you allow me in your last letter: "Rest awhile and try it again."

Although in my last I took leave of the Chickasaw legislature, I wish now to return to Tishomingo city, the seat of government. This was the name of a venerable old chief who was present at our council in 1820, and signed our articles of agreement. His office was that of chief speaker, and his name signifies "king's servant." It was well for the Chickasaws to cherish and perpetuate his memory by giving his name to the capital of their new government.

The Chickasaws now number about six thousand souls, showing a great increase since I came amongst them. The annuity that was paid them in the early part of 1821 had been due since 1819. In the enumeration none were counted but those who were then living, and the number was 3,447. The amount paid them was \$35,000 annually. This was in consideration of lands ceded to the United States in 1816 and 1818, amounting to \$32,000 per annum, for twenty years, to which was added an annuity in perpetuity (or in the Indian dialect "as long as grass grows and water runs") of \$3,000 fixed upon them by General Washington. I have a copy of all the treaties ever made with the Chickasaws except the last. The first was "concluded at Hopewell, Keowee, on the 10th January, 1786, between Benj. Hawkins, Andrew Pickens and Jos. Martin, Commissioners Plenipotentiary of the United States, on the one part, and Piomingo, head warrior and first minister of the Chickasaws; Mingotushka and Lotopoa, first beloved men, Commis-

sioners Plenipotentiary of all the Chickasaws, of the other part." This was simply a treaty of peace, amity and protection on the part of the United States, and of allegiance on their part. The third article defines the boundaries of their territory, as follows, viz: "Beginning on the ridge that divides the waters running into the Cumberland from those running into the Tennessee river; thence running westerly along the said ridge till it shall strike the Ohio; thence down the Southern banks thereof to the Mississippi; and thence down the same to the Choctaw line." They then owned a country two hundred and fifty miles square. And in addition to this they had ten miles square, on the eastern bank of Savannah river opposite Augusta, which was given them by General Oglethorpe in consideration of services rendered the British Government.\* A few families removed and settled on it, and some of their men were with the Americans at the siege of Savannah. When I first came to this country I knew an old woman who was born there. Augusta was then their trading post. I have seen men who made the trip, which required three and four months. Being at war with the Creeks they were obliged to go a great distance round, and cross the Tennessee river twice. Notwithstanding the great distance and the difficulty of access, they exchanged their furs and skins for New England rum, packed it on their ponies and sold it here for five dollars a bottle. Having no currency, they traded altogether in furs, skins and buffalo robes, in which their country abounded, and for which they received two shillings (English currency) per pound.

The next treaty was made in October, 1801, by General Pickens and others, at Chickasaw Bluff, now Memphis, Tennessee, at which time the privilege of opening the Natchez trace was granted, for which the United States paid them seven hundred dollars in goods. This road was for many years a source of great benefit to them, from the number of travelers who thronged it every year.

Yours, as ever,

T. C. STUART.

(For *The Southern Presbyterian*.)

## INDIAN MISSIONS OF THE SYNOD OF SOUTH CAROLINA AND GEORGIA.

### LETTER VI.

PONTOTOC, MISS., August 31, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: I have yet said nothing about the arrangements of the Chickasaws for the education of the rising generation. The most intelligent among them have long since been convinced they must become a civilized and enlightened people, and take their place among the family of nations, or become extinct, and hence for years past they have been making laudable exertions to educate their people. On this subject, however, I am not as well informed as Brother Wilson, who has but lately returned from that country, after laboring several years among them, and who, I hope, will relieve me of this task. I can only say, I fear all their educational arrangements will be broken up and their efforts paralyzed by the Lincoln Government, in withholding the funds justly due them for the fine lands they ceded in North Mississippi.

\* This accounts for the Indian names which I understand some of the creeks still bear.

Having accomplished the particular object of my visit to the Chickasaws, we took leave of our friends at Boggy depot, and set out on our return home on the 12th day of October. You remember a little child, about four months old, whom we saw wallowing on a bear-skin at the house of Malcolm McGee, in 1820. That child was the mother of the family where we stayed, and, if now living, would be a grand-mother. We were pained to learn that she died in one week after we left her house. On our way we passed Bennington, Goodland, Pineridge, Wheelock, Stockbridge, or Mountain Fork, missionary stations among the Choctaws, spending a night at each place, except Wheelock. Here we had intended spending the Sabbath, but arriving there the middle of the afternoon, and learning that the brethren Byington and Edwards were holding a "big meeting," on Mountain Fork, fourteen miles distant, we pushed on and reached the neighborhood a little after dark. An account of this meeting will no doubt be interesting to you. It was a sort of camp-meeting, held for the benefit of those members who live too inconvenient to attend services regularly at the station. We arrived early in the morning and found them at breakfast. Soon after a horn was sounded, and a congregation, consisting of one hundred and fifty or two hundred persons, assembled for prayer-meeting, in which several members of the Church led in prayer in their own language. An hour and a half was spent in these services, which all seemed to enjoy, when they were dismissed, and after a short interval again assembled for public worship. By this time the congregation was considerably enlarged by arrivals from the surrounding country. The whole scene bore the aspect of a Christian community. Brother Byington preached in the native language, which he speaks fluently. I followed, with the aid of an interpreter, and Brother Edwards closed with a written discourse, both in English, and Choctaw. The communion was administered immediately after dinner, followed by another discourse from Brother Edwards. I may mention here, a moveable seat from Brother Byington's little missionary wagon, with a buffalo skin spread over it, served both for pulpit and communion table. The services were closed by the baptism of a number of the children of believers. To me it was an exceedingly interesting and, I trust, profitable day. I was struck with the order and decorum of the worshippers, as well as their patient and respectful attention to the word preached. Although nearly the whole day was spent in religious services, there was no abatement in the interest manifested, nor any languor or weariness observed. Even the little boys and girls set an example worthy of imitation by their white brothers and sisters. By reference to the minutes of the Assembly for 1860, it will be seen that the Mountain Fork Church contains 150 members; and all the Churches in Indian Presbytery, including Wapanucka, contain 1,768. In view of all this, may we not exclaim, "What hath God wrought! He has blessed, in a remarkable manner, the labors of His faithful servants among that people, and given them many souls as seals to their ministry, who shall doubtless be stars in their crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.

Yours,

T. C. STUART.

(For *The Southern Presbyterian.*)

INDIAN MISSIONS OF THE SYNOD OF SOUTH CAROLINA  
AND GEORGIA.

LETTER VII.

PONTOTOC, Miss, Sept. 7, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: In my last I mentioned the name of Malcolm McGee, whom you doubtless recollect as the interpreter in our council with the Indians. He favored our cause on that day, and was ever afterward the fast friend of the Mission. His history being a little remarkable, I shall devote this letter to him. Having no education, and no record of his age, he did not know how old he was. He was born in the city of New York, his father having been killed some months before in the battle of Ticonderoga. While he was quite small, his mother joined a colony formed in New York for the purpose of making a settlement in the territory of Illinois. The party came round by water to New Orleans, and ascending the Mississippi, and some distance up the Ohio, made their first landing on the north bank, at the mouth of a small stream, where they built a fort, called Fort Massac. Not long afterwards an agent of the British Government, by the name of McIntosh, residing in this country, visited the fort on business, and while there prevailed with his mother to bind Malcolm with him until he was 21 years of age, promising on his part to have him taught to read and write, and cipher as far as "the rule of three." In due time he was sent to Mobile, then a small Spanish town, to obtain his education. Being placed in a French family, who made a servant of him instead of sending him to school, he embraced the first opportunity of a company of Chickasaw traders, and returned to the nation. From this time he broke off all connection with McIntosh, and set up for himself. He assumed the Indian costume and conformed to all their customs except their polygamy. By the time he arrived at manhood he had acquired such a correct knowledge of the Indian language that he was made Government Interpreter, which office he held more than forty years. In this capacity he once went with a deputation of Indians to Philadelphia, in General Washington's time, and while the American Congress held its sessions in that city. After the establishment of Washington as the seat of government, he was frequently there; was present when General Washington delivered his Farewell Address, and often referred to it in after life. When he first came into the country, the whole tribe lived in one town for mutual defence and security. This is in the immediate neighborhood of George Colbert's, where we spent our first Sabbath in the Chickasaw nation. I have frequently passed through it. For many years it was called the "Chickasaw old fields." It was several miles in extent. They subsisted almost entirely by the chase. Having no implements of husbandry, they could not cultivate the soil. The first mattock ever brought into the country was given by General Washington to George Colbert, who packed it on his pony a distance of 1,200 miles. There was not a cow belonging to the tribe, and very few hogs or horses. To induce them to scatter out into the surrounding country and turn their attention to agriculture, McIntosh removed and settled at Tockshish, where our council was held. About this time he married the mother of Maj. Jas. Colbert, who lived to a great age, and died in the summer of 1822. After the revolution, the management of the



Indians having passed into the hands of the United States, McGee married an Indian woman and settled in the neighborhood of the Agency, where we first saw him in 1820. In a few years he acquired considerable property. The first slave he owned was purchased from General Jackson in 1792. for four hundred hard dollars. In 1820 he had over thirty, and a large stock of cattle. The first summer after I commenced operations at Monroe, he made the first movement in getting up a subscription of milk cattle for the use of the station; the result of which was eighteen cows and calves, four of which came from his own pen. This gave me such a start that I was never afterwards under the necessity of purchasing any cattle excepting a few for beef. He also gave us a commencement of a stock of sheep. The woman with whom he was living in 1820, and who was mother of the child before referred to, was his second wife. On my return to the nation, in the early part of 1821, she had separated from him, taking the child with her. But after a few years she gave it up, that it might be placed in my family to be educated. Having no family at home, and being much attached to his little daughter, he spent much of his time at the Station. He took a deep interest in the school, and was much pleased with the progress of the children. He was confiding to a fault. Did propriety admit, I could give quite a history of the process by which he was swindled out of all his property by persons professing to be his friends. Soon after my return from Carolina with my family, in the fall of 1830, having been absent a year and a half, recruiting my health, he came to make us a visit, and the pony he rode was the only property he had in the world. He had been induced to remove to Tennessee Valley within the limits of Alabama, and in less than two years came back penniless. I could not do otherwise than offer him a home, which he readily accepted. In a few years his daughter married, very young, after which he lived with his son-in-law until the Indians emigrated west, in 1837. Not being inclined to go with them, he came back to my house. By the treaty of 24th of May, 1834, he was allowed a section of land (640 acres) as a reserve, including the place on which he had formerly lived. This I sold for \$5,000, the interest of which supported him comfortably while he lived. In the winter of 1848 his daughter and son-in-law being her second husband, made him a visit, and on their return he concluded to accompany them to their distant home in the West, where he died on the fifth day of the following November, being, as I suppose, in the 89th year of his age. While over there in 1856, I visited his lonely grave, not without some melancholy feelings and sad reflections; and but little realizing how soon his daughter was to be laid by his side. He never made a profession of religion. His mind was often deeply exercised on the subject, and he made many efforts to enter into the kingdom in his own strength. I have often found him at prayer in his room, but he was always deficient in a correct sense of the evil of sin, and never would admit the justice of God in his eternal condemnation. He built too much upon his own righteousness. I hold him in grateful remembrance for his interest in the mission, and his unwavering attachment to me individually. Peace be to his memory. Some years after his death, a gentleman in New York city wrote to me for his likeness and a short account of his life, for publication in his "American Biography." How he ever heard of him I know not. I furnished him the history, but have never known what use he made of it. The likeness I could not send, not having any, a circumstance which I have always very much regretted. I may add,

as an interesting fact, a grandson of his is now in the Confederate army in Virginia. He was sent by his guardians, Governor Harris and James Gamble, into Tennessee to school. There, with about forty of his fellow-students, he volunteered, and may have been in the great battle of Manassas Plains. I have written to the principal of the School, inquiring for him, but have not yet received an answer.

Yours, as ever,

T. C. STUART.

(*For The Southern Presbyterian.*)

## INDIAN MISSIONS OF THE SYNOD OF SOUTH CAROLINA AND GEORGIA.

### LETTER VIII.

PONTOTOC, Miss., Sept. 16, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: You wished to know something of the trials and privations of missionary life. These are always greatest in the commencement of the enterprise. To form a settlement in the midst of a heathen people, far removed from civilized and Christian Society, is a work of no small magnitude. In my case there were circumstances which were calculated to increase the difficulties. I was alone, I had no associate with whom I could take counsel, or who could sympathize with me in my trials. I well remember how much I was tried, not only by the indifference, but suspicion of the Indians. They had no confidence in the success of the undertaking, and were not without doubts as to the honesty of my intentions. This feeling was doubtless increased by the failure of a similar enterprise some twenty-five years before. A mission was sent out by a Congregational Association in New York. The superintendent of this mission, the Rev. Mr. Bullen, was esteemed a pious, good man, but the Association was unfortunate in their selection of men to accompany him. Through the misconduct of these the mission was broken up in a few years. Mr. Bullen removed to the neighborhood of Natchez, where he joined our body, and lived and died a useful man. The only visible effect of his labors I ever discovered, was some sort of observance of the Sabbath day. Previous to this, no such day was known. The Indians required their servants to labor every day. Through his exertions a change was effected, but when I came into the country, the negroes employed the day in working for themselves. I ought to say Brother Bullen had no interpreter, and hence his labors were confined principally to the colored population and the few white men among the Indians. It is not irrelevant to notice, that soon after my arrival I learned that there was a hogshead of Bibles and Testaments lying in an old warehouse at Chickasaw Bluffs, the history of which was lost, but supposed to be designed for Mr. Bullen's mission. Before opening my school I sent for them, but found they were not worth the transportation. The paper, binding and print, were very indifferent, and the books nearly destroyed by worms and moths. There was no document or record by which I could ascertain the point from which they came, or the place of their destination. They were published by "The Philadelphia Bible Society," but I have no recollection of their date, if they had any. But to return from this digression.

In a few years we succeeded in gaining the confidence of the Indians and removing their suspicions, but then another source of trial was their ingratitude. With a very few exceptions, they were universally an ungrateful people. Let me give you one instance. Very soon after I came to Monroe, while I was yet living in a camp, an Indian arrived one morning early, bringing an interpreter with him. He was very much alarmed, and declared unless I could do something for him, he must die, at the same time showing me several severe wounds on his breast and arms, inflicted by his own dog at camp a few nights before. After shooting the dog, he saddled his pony and rode day and night until he reached my camp. Taking it as certain that the dog was mad, and considering his case hopeless, I frankly told him I thought he would die and declined doing anything for him, assigning as a reason the superstition of the Indians that "the white man's physic killed him," and under the operation of the law of retaliation my own life would be endangered. He very earnestly assured me I was in no danger; that the Indians all knew the effect of hydrophobia, and his friends, as well as himself, believed his case a bad one. I then supplied him with a solution of corrosive sublimate and mercurial ointment, giving him instructions how to use them and when to stop. The result was he got well, and I had the credit of curing him; but I never saw him from that day to this. Although we boarded, clothed and educated their children gratuitously, we paid them full value for every article of provisions obtained from them, and when travelling among them, we were always charged for our accommodations.

The want of mail accommodations was a great privation. For many years there had been a regular mail from Nashville to Natchez, passing through the Indian country, but soon after I came it was removed to the Military road, and then our nearest postoffice was Columbus, sixty-five miles distant. The Government agent was authorized to hire an express once a month, and through him we received our mails regularly. In a few years a postoffice was established at Cotton Gin Port, within a day's ride, which was quite an advance in the right direction. It was not long until we had a weekly mail to the agency, when our mail arrangements were considered complete. In this connection let me say the only time during all my missionary life, when my life was in jeopardy, was in a trip to Columbus, after the mail. I reached a creek of some size in the midst of a terrible storm, and found it swimming. Being already thoroughly drenched, I determined to attempt to swim through. There being a raft of timber just below the ford, I went up a few paces and plunged in, aiming to swim diagonally across and would have succeeded but for a pole which was concealed under the water. Striking this about the middle of the stream, the horse turned across and reached the shore at a place where the bank was so high and steep that it was impossible to ascend it. Now was my dilemma, and now for a few moments I seriously believed there was but a step between me and a watery grave. Committing myself into the hands of the Lord, I threw myself into the water and swam back. In a moment after the horse sank, and rising below the log, came out on the same side, and to my great mortification ran off and left me. It was eight miles to the first house, which I finally reached, very much exhausted, but thankful that my life was spared.

Our fare for many years was of the plainest and coarsest kind. We had plenty of the necessaries of life, but few of its comforts. Once for a whole year we had no flour about the place. Coffee could be had only

at the most exorbitant prices. The first I obtained from Mobile cost thirty-five cents a pound by the sack, and the freight to Columbus, by keel boat, was \$5.00. I have paid as high as fifty cents a pound in Cotton Gin Port. Consequently we used but little, taking it but once a day and always mixed with rye. We once had a barrel of parched rye sent to us from Boston, which was considered a great treat. By the way, after a lapse of between thirty-five and forty years I am reduced to the same regimen as a matter of necessity and economy. I console myself that I am better prepared than most others for this self-denial, having had a thorough training for a long course of years during my missionary life. Our table furniture was in good keeping with our fare. Before opening the boarding school, Dr. Henry sent us an ample supply of pewter plates, iron spoons, knives and forks, and various other articles. We sent to Florence, Alabama, a distance of 125 miles, for ten dishes, cups and small pans, from which, with an iron spoon, we took our coffee, milk, soup and tam-ful-lah.\* After all, I doubt whether our trials and privations were much greater than those of many who perform long journeys to newly settled countries, that they may improve their worldly circumstances.

In my next I shall speak of the manners, customs, wars, traditions, etc., of the Chickasaws.

Yours, as ever,

T. C. STUART.

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## BOOK FOURTH.

1830-1840.

### CHAPTER I.

THE INDEPENDENT OR CONGREGATIONAL (CIRCULAR) CHURCH IN CHARLESTON, continued to be served by the Rev. Dr. Palmer, as its sole pastor until his feeble health compelled him to resign his pastoral charge and place himself on the foundation for disabled clergymen. The preparation of two public discourses for the pulpit, instead of one, as formerly, devolved upon him, in addition to which, he voluntarily assumed the labor of preaching or lecturing a third time on the Sabbath, as well as every Wednesday evening. These additional services, though not performed in the large place of worship, but in a building of moderate dimensions, contributed, together with other burdens, spontaneously sustained by the pastor, in forming, promoting, patronizing, and attending the various institutions for the spread of the Gospel, which have multiplied during the last twenty years, to exhaust his energies so materially as to

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\*This is an Indian diet made of small hominy, well boiled, with the addition of a little lye. While new it is sweet, but after fermentation becomes sour. In which state the Indians like it best.