

THE BURNETT BANNER

**Burnett Newsletter
(including House of Burnett News)**

**Edition No 41
March 2018**

NEW WEBSITE AND BURNETT BANNER

Welcome to what might be the last Burnett Banner as it has been viewed for the past 40 editions. The Banner will be replaced by a monthly email which will contain Burnett related news, activity, articles and photographs as provided in past Banners. Together, as will the contents of previous Banners, these will be categorised and stored for future access. In order to receive the 'New Banner', all you will have to do is to sign up where indicated on the website. The website should be ready early in April and with the same name www.burnett.uk.com Readers will be able to unsubscribe at any time, if they do not wish to continue to receive the emailed information.

The website will also provide space for questions on Family History and Genealogy in addition to many of the features that currently exist. There may be some parts which may remain under construction for a short time, but hopefully for not too long.

Burnett related articles, photographs etc. are always welcome and I hope that readers will continue to submit them for inclusion in the new Banner. Please send any such detail to info@leysestate.co.uk

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST



*Jerry Burnett
1941 – 2017*

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THE OLD MARKET CROSS CRATHES & BANCHORY



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DISTANT COUSIN'S 1890 BIRTHDAY STORY

Trail of Tears Indian Removal

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HOUSE OF BURNETT

Greetings:

I came back to Wisconsin a few days ago and thought Spring had arrived but to my chagrin it is going to snow Monday night and Tuesday. I plan to go to Louisiana in a few days if the snow and ice will allow me to get out of Wisconsin. I will keep an eye on my e-mails if you need to contact me.

I have been trying to get someone to take over the Loch Norman Game's but all efforts have failed so far. I plan to make the trip this year but sadly I'm not going to be able to make the 1100 mile each way after this year.

A few members have said they intend to be involved in festivals in their area. We are still looking for others to host a Burnett Tent at other festivals. If you are interested contact me and we will get you what need. We will also give you helpful information. If you see a Scottish Games/Festivals in your area go and see what goes on. If there a Burnett Tent go by and give them a hand.

I hope that most of you know our Chief Jamie is going to be at the Glasgow KY Games and will be the Chief of the Games. The Games are on 1-3 of Jun. Let's have a good turnout for our Chief.

Again I want to remind everyone to inform us of changes to Home addresses or e-mail addresses.

With this crazy weather we been having I hope everyone come out unscathed.

*Leland L Burnett
Secretary, House of Burnett
burnett@dcwis.com*

LELAND BURNETT

A TRIBUTE FROM JACKY DAUGHERTY

Leland Burnett has been the Secretary of The House of Burnett for over 10 years. He has collected the annual membership dues, maintained the database of members, sent out an email when the next Burnett Banner was available, and for those who do not have email, he sent out printed versions of the Banner.

He also sent out the membership cards and pins to new members. Leland has supplied the banners for those of us who do the Highland games. All this while doing the most Highland Games of anyone in the House of Burnett.



He is the U.S. Burnett genealogist, collecting the genealogical lines from the members and using the knowledge to help new Burnetts trace their line. Adding a story or two about his, or your relative to illustrate. Leland always has a good story or two, or three.

Although Leland is transferring his duties as Secretary of The House of Burnett to Board Member, Nicole



Zimmerman (pictured left), he will still retain his title of Director of Festivals. He will continue to promote and attend Highland Games throughout the country.

The House of Burnett sincerely thanks Leland for his diligence and devotion to the name Burnett. We all are in awe of what you have done and continue to do.

Jacky Daugherty

I would like to add my own appreciation to that of Jacky.

Leland has been largely responsible for the success of our Gatherings at Crathes. Not only has he helped with arrangements for Burnetts to attend and by the organisation of flights and transport, but he has been indispensable with the organisation once all have arrived. No problem has been insurmountable and gratitude has come from House of Burnett members and non-members alike. Moreover, any trepidation which I may have had over my recent visit to Las Vegas for the 2015 Reunion, was soon dispelled thanks to Leland.

I should add a quote from an earlier Secretary's Banner message.

"I plan on running for Secretary for at least one more year, unless someone would like to take over and give me more time to do research. That would be great."

That was 2009. That says a lot Leland. Thanks for all to date and, doubtless for the years to come. Nicole, welcome and thanks for taking this on.

James C A Burnett of Leys

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

Jerry R. Burnett

We were very sorry to hear of the death of Jerry Burnett at the end of November. Jerry came to the 2013 Gathering with Brenda to whom, with all family and friends we send out sincere condolences. Below is an obituary to Jerry and which demonstrates the close Burnett ties

Jerry R. Burnett, 76, of Hoover, Alabama, passed away on Wednesday, November 29, 2017. He retired from State Farm Insurance in 2013 after owning a successful State Farm Agency in Birmingham, Alabama area for 49 years. Jerry was a long-time member of the Shades Mountain Church of Christ, where he served as treasurer for 32 years. He and his wife, Brenda loved to travel and visited over 20 countries, but Jerry's favourite place was always at home.

Jerry was a kind and gentle man who loved his family. He enjoyed serving his community and helping others. He will be greatly missed by those who knew and loved him.

Jerry is survived by his wife Brenda, two daughters, Jerri Burnett and Trina Geram.

.Jerry, Brenda and Jerri joined the House of Burnett at the Las Vegas Reunion. Jerry carried the House of Burnett Banner during the Clan Parade.



Jerry is on the far left, (black t-shirt) behind the House of Burnett Banner. Also pictured is Jacky Daugherty, behind her, the late John A Burnett, Mike Burnett, our Treasurer, Leland Burnett in the green Tam, and

Carey Burnett in the black t-shirt. Also visible are Joan Rogerson in the navy striped shirt and George Mead in the tan hat.

Jerry with his wife, Brenda and daughter, Jerri at the Reunion Dinner, held at the Golden Nugget Hotel Casino, Las Vegas, April 2015.

Lieutenant Colonel Robert Strachan

Although not a Burnett, his relationship with the Burnett family, from his early years in the Gordon Highlanders in my grandfather's day, to his recent passing, justifies his mention in the Banner. Bob was a huge help with the establishment of the Banchory Pipe Band, of which the members wear our Burnett of Leys tartan and cap badges. He was a Banchory boy himself and his presence, influence and ability to locate the occasional piece of dress or equipment, contributed to the success of the band.



Accepted into the regiment as a cadet at the age of 14, Bob rose from Private to Lieutenant Colonel and remained as Regimental Secretary for 10 years after his retirement. He was instrumental in the creation of the Gordon Highlanders Museum to which is highly recommended for visitors to Aberdeen.

He was aptly summed up in a letter from The Prince of Wales on his 80th birthday . "You have become the personification of all that was spiritual and still is, about the Gordon Highlanders - a healthy pride, courage, professionalism and humour."

Major General Charles Ramsay

It was with sadness to many that know to the recent death of Sir Thomas's great-great-great-grandson, Charles Ramsay. Although I did not know him well, I met Charles on several occasions and found him to be all that his obituary describes. His son and daughter-in-law, Will and Natasha are close friends of Alexander and Vinny.



Readers may be aware of the Burnett Ramsay connection. Sir Alexander (Burnett) Ramsay was the second son of Sir Thomas Burnett of Leys, the 6th Baronet, his mother being the heiress daughter of Sir Charles Ramsay of Balmain.



Charles Ramsay winning his regiment's Sprot Cup, 1977

Major General Charles Ramsay, who has died aged 81, was a larger-than-life character with an appetite for adventure which peacetime soldiering could not, perhaps, wholly satisfy.

Ramsay was a man of high courage, unshakeable principles and total integrity. He had a good brain and once he had decided that a particular course of action was the right one, nothing would persuade him to take an easier path. He was a natural leader and, had there been a major war during his career, he had qualities which his country would have found invaluable. As it was, danger held an irresistible attraction for him.

Charles Alexander Ramsay was born at North Berwick, East Lothian, on October 12 1936. His grandfather, Brigadier General William Ramsay, commanded the 4th Royal Hussars in India in the late 1890s. One of his subalterns was Lieutenant Winston Churchill, who wrote, in a letter to his mother: "I am now getting on quite well with Colonel Ramsay who takes my advice in most matters."

Charles Ramsay's father, Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, was responsible for the evacuation of Dunkirk in 1940 – for which he was knighted – and the planning and command of the naval forces in the invasion of France. He was killed in a flying accident in 1945.

Young Charles was brought up at Bughrig House in Berwickshire. His remarkable powers of persuasion were evident from an early age. He once convinced his brother, David, that if he opened an umbrella, he

would float gently down from the first floor balcony. David, fortunately, suffered nothing worse than a sprained ankle.

He went to Eton and, in his last half there, he bought a second-hand MG and persuaded a garage owner in the High Street to hide it for him. In 1955, he went to Sandhurst and, the next year, he was commissioned into the Royal Scots Greys.

He became friends with the racing manager at Jaguar and, while serving in Germany, where there was no tax to pay, he bought a succession of sports cars in their XK range – 120, 140 and 150. After three years in BAOR, he was posted as adjutant of the Ayrshire Yeomanry. He learnt to fly at Carlisle and kept a Beagle Airedale, a single-engined aeroplane, at Prestwick.

Ramsay spent a year at the Canadian Army Staff College and then took up a staff appointment at HQ UK Land Forces. In 1969 he had a bad fall on the Cresta Run and ruptured his liver. He needed a large blood transfusion, but was given contaminated blood. He recovered, despite the doctors having given him only a five per cent chance of survival.

After joining the 3rd Carabiniers in BAOR, he commanded a squadron in South Armagh where the Troubles were rife. On one occasion, in his Land Rover, he was fired at; the bullet passed just over his head.

He instructed at the Junior Staff College, Warminster, and then became Military Assistant to the Vice Chief of the Defence Staff in Whitehall. This was the first of four appointments in the MoD. In 1977, at Catterick, Yorkshire, he assumed command of the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards, an amalgamation of the 3rd Carabiniers and the Royal Scots Greys which had taken place in 1971.

In 1978, in what was the highlight of his career, he commanded the Regimental Tercentenary parade in Edinburgh. This was attended by the Queen and a consisted of a band of pipes and drums, a mounted contingent and 30 tracked vehicles, including 15 Chieftain tanks. He persuaded a nervous Edinburgh Council to allow the parade to travel over the gas mains down the length of Princes Street. In the event, the only casualty was a demolished traffic light.

In 1985, he was promoted to major general on becoming GOC Eastern District. His final appointment was that of Director General of Army Organisation and the TA. His superior at the time asked him to write a paper recommending changes to the organisation of the Army. Ramsay consulted widely and his plan had the support of the Army Board. His boss, however, disapproved of it and ended Ramsay's chances of further promotion. He was appointed CB on his retirement from the Army in 1990.

Ramsay lived at Bughtrig, the Georgian family house which he had inherited in 1975. He and his wife subsequently moved to a smaller house where they farmed about 1,000 acres. He had always wanted to re-establish his family's links with the Highlands and when an estate at Glen Lyon, Perthshire, came on the market, he bought it.

He hunted, played polo and won point-to-point and cross-country races, having his share of heavy falls. He hated being in hospital and, on one occasion, discharged himself while concussed and with the drip still in his arm. Latterly, he trained his point-to-pointers at Bughtrig, with his children, William, Rowena and Charlie, riding most of them. As an owner, he also had wins under National Hunt Rules.

For some 13 years, he was on the board of John Menzies, his mother's family business, based in Edinburgh. Ramsay was Honorary Colonel of the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards from 1992 to 1998 and then took on the responsibility of chairman of the Regimental Museum and the shop in Edinburgh Castle.

Major General Charles Ramsay married, in 1967, Mary MacAndrew, the daughter of Lord Charles MacAndrew. She survives him with their two sons and two daughters.

POINTLESS ARTICLE

This article has no particular point to it - that I can see- but may be it does. Regardless, it is worthy of recording.

For 15 years before I came to live at Crathes, the Estate was looked after by a trustee and old family friend, Alec Bowhill, who owned Inchmarlo which was

later sold and part of it has become within the Leys Estate. Many Gathering Burnetts have stayed at the Inchmarlo Villas. Alec became almost a father to me, since my own father was killed when I was one, and I stayed with him and his wife for several weeks after the Castle fire in 1966. When we built the House of Crathes, to replace our home in the Castle, they gave us a Horn of Leys weathervane for the House of Crathes



Alexander and Vinny are making changes to the House of Crathes as they are moving there shortly. Fiona and I have moved to a new house, Ley House, which is now nearing completion. Work on both houses is being carried out by Stephen Birnie and his brother, Peter. For the last few years, it would have been carried out by our own company, Bancon, which has ceased with such work which competes with difficulty with businesses like that of the Birnie's. Stephen is married to Rebecca, daughter of the Estate fishing ghillie and gamekeeper, Brian Sim, whose father was my grandparent's chauffeur and later joiner and whose brother-in-law, Frank Garden was the founding manager of Bancon.

Stephen's father, John Birnie, has been helping his sons with the work on our houses. He used to work for the local blacksmith, James Craig, who made many items for the family over the years. and he made the weathervane which the Bowhills gave us forty five years ago. He told me that there was a



debate about the 'mouth' of the horn which he was told should be shaped like that of a fish. Consequently he made it accordingly. I have had to tell him

that, through no fault of his own, the mouthpiece is not that of a fish and I suggest that it is that of a wolf.

I also had to confess that I rarely looked at the weathervane in order to understand which way the wind was blowing, but it was essential for positioning the children's prams.

James C A Burnett of Leys

QUEEN MARY GAMES, LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA
FEBRUARY 17 - 18 2018



From Right - Barry Burnett, Jacky Daugherty, Angela Burnett and Tom Daugherty



Greg and Cindy, (Burnett) Rademacher



Claire Burnett Rademacher in the centre then to her left her daughter and grand daughter. On her right Mary Burnett Lopez and her husband.



Stanley Burnett and friend. Stanley is the Great great grandson of Peter H Burnett (pictured below) the first Governor of the State of California



Ric Perlata and family. Ric is wearing the California Tartan but took an order form for a Burnett Modern kilt.



PHOENIX HIGHLAND GAMES
MARCH 3 - 4 2018



Jason Burnett



Brandon Barnard

*Bass Drum player for the Glendale Pipes and Drums.
Brandon recently moved to Phoenix from the Seattle area.
Decidedly Seattle's loss!!*



Don Tate, with his wife, Nancy and son, Justin



*Timothy Hunts-in-Winter and his daughter.
Timothy is part Burnett, part Navajo, Native American*

CASTLE IDIOSYNCRASIES

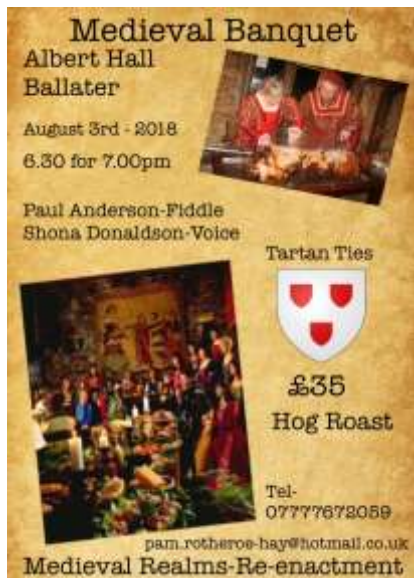
Every now and again, I come across one of idiosyncrasies of life in the Castle 100 or so years ago. After 1966, regrettably we threw out items of little or no value and more than likely affected by the fire. Somehow, the odd one managed to find its way into a shed and survive. If you are asked to attend a meeting and there is the possibility of a hard seat, take your own cushion in its leather carrying bag.



James C A Burnett of Leys

CLAN HAY MEDIEVAL BANQUET

Following the success of previous events, Clan Hay is staging another Medieval Banquet on Friday August 3rd. Anyone who is here for Aboyne Games week may be interested in what should be a very entertaining evening. Although this is an evening organised by Clan Hay, Burnetts and Hays have shared Ceilidhs and other events in the past.



CASTLE IMPROVEMENTS THE OLD WAY

In 1927, the following works were carried out to Crathes Castle following the death of Sir Thomas Burnett.

Smoking Room: ventilator installed under South window; flooring removed; fireplace in East Wall closed up by lath and plaster; doorway heightened; marble mantelpiece put in place and oak one with holly leaves moved to Pink room.

School Room and Maids Room: thrown into one room for a Smoking Room; fireplace closed up; doorway utilised for cupboards; mantelpiece brought from Great Hall anteroom.

Turret Stair to Garden: wooden staircase removed; turret floored across and opening made into Drawing Room.

Lower Corridor: window made into doorway;

Upper Corridor: room partitioned off.

Landing at door of safe: linen cupboard made and fireplace done away with.

18th century House: large larch beam put in under landing between old Drawing Room and Yellow Room as it was found to need support.

Pink Room: window knocked out;

Pink Dressing Room: hob fireplace closed up; wash basin added

Blue Room WC: bath added.

Old Drawing Room: floorboards renewed.

Tower White Room: fitted as a bathroom.

Court of Guard Room: bookcases removed.

A service lift run up the original Kitchen chimney

In 2015, when we removed a small and unimportant farm building at Ley Farm before we built our retirement home, Ley House and planned to reroof the main (modern) steading of which the roof had collapsed under snow. We were required to carry out an Archaeological Record; a Bat Survey; a Contaminated Land Survey, and obtain Engineer's certification, Planning Approval, Building warrant in addition to employing an Architect and Quantity Surveyor.

In 1927, for one of the most important listed buildings in Scotland, for the works above, no architect was employed with the factor, J. C .F. Dunbar acting in that capacity.

James C A Burnett of Leys

ABERDEEN ANGUS HERD CRATHES

Pedigree cattle have not been particularly prominent in the family history books during recent years, but my attention was drawn recently to some success to a near neighbour, Ken Howie, who owns the Deeside Activity Park (www.deesideactivitypark.com) near Lumphanan and the Cairnton Herd of Aberdeen Angus cattle. He is setting up an Aberdeen Angus trail which may be of interest to our farming readers.

He tells me that certainly Crathes was a very old herd, and was started long before The Aberdeen Angus Cattle Society existed. 'Banks Of



Dee 12', was the most celebrated bull of his day. I have a picture which I showed to him and which he indicated may be of him, or possibly the bull's father. He walked the sixty miles from Portlethen to Dundee to win his class at the 1843 Highland Show.

Sir Alexander Burnett had a draft sale in 1856, where the three year old 'Jenny Lind', was bought by Robert Walker, Portlethen (the same man who owned your Banks O' Dee bull). He paid £32 5s (possibly three times the average) for her, and she too became a very successful show cow, winning 6 first prize rosettes at The Highland, and other shows.

But the Leys Estate is host to cattle of note. The home farm of Harestone has been winning top prizes for Neil Barclay and his son, Stuart, at many of the major shows for several years. a relative newcomer is Aberdeenshire Highland Cattle herd has very recently been established at Lochton of Leys and only a field away from the Crannog. Owned and run by Grace Noble, Aberdeenshire Highland Cattle should soon be



the subject of a Highland Cattle Centre and ready for a visit at the Burnett Gathering in 2121.

THE ABOYNE HIGHLAND GAMES

The Aboyne Highland Games will take place on the Aboyne Green, on Saturday August 4th.



Any Burnetts will be welcome at our Burnett tent at the Games but please contact us beforehand. info@leysestate.co.uk

THE OLD MARKET CROSS CRATHES & BANCHORY

Records of Banchory do not exist between the time of St Ternan in the 5th Century until the more recent time of 1143 AD when the village again appears in ancient history. About that time, the Abbot of Arborath received a grant of a large portion of land from William the Lion. The Abbot's land extended to Banchory Ternan and a new hamlet sprung up in the neighbourhood of what is now the kirkyard. The hamlet was known as Townhead. The Church and School were built on the oldest part of the present day kirkyard and the foundations of this old church, dating from 1665, remain embedded there.

In those ancient days, large cattle markets were held near the Church and, many centuries later, when the railway was being made in 1852-3, an old Market Cross was unearthed. It was removed from that position and brought to Crathes Castle and was set up on the mound near the middle of the kitchen garden where it remained until 1887 when Sir Robert transferred it to the Burnett Park which he presented to the village of Banchory.

We have no record of where it was placed in the Gardens at Crathes Castle. However, the kitchen garden was where the Golden Garden was created in the 1960s and the only place where the Market Cross is likely to have been situated is in the centre of nearby Camel Garden and probably where the

birdbath is now. This is clearly shown in the near centre foreground of this 1937 photograph.



There it remained until 1975 when it was returned to be near its original home and is now near the front entrance of the East Church and opposite the churchyard and St Nicholas House, the former schoolhouse and now the offices of Strutt and Parker, who manage the Leys Estate. A much respected local academic suggests that the Cross may be upside down. Opinions of visitors or readers are welcome.



James C A Burnett of Leys

DISTANT COUSIN'S 1890 BIRTHDAY STORY

Trail of Tears Indian Removal

Dan Mikell sent me the link to this moving story 1890 Burnett story about the Cherokee removal and what other can be like to have lived in such a once-upon-a-time country. It is too long for the Banner but I recommend it to all readers

John G. Burnett's Story of the Removal of the Cherokees

Birthday Story of Private John G. Burnett, Captain Abraham McClellan's Company, 2nd Regiment, 2nd Brigade, Mounted Infantry, Cherokee Indian Removal, 1838-39.

<http://www.powersource.com/cherokee/burnett.html>

Here are the first paragraphs to whet the appetite Children:

This is my birthday, December 11, 1890, I am eighty years old today. I was born at Kings Iron Works in Sullivan County, Tennessee, December the 11th, 1810. I grew into manhood fishing in Beaver Creek and roaming through the forest hunting the deer and the wild boar and the timber wolf. Often spending weeks at a time in the solitary wilderness with no companions but my rifle, hunting knife, and a small hatchet that I carried in my belt in all of my wilderness wanderings.

On these long hunting trips I met and became acquainted with many of the Cherokee Indians, hunting with them by day and sleeping around their camp fires by night. I learned to speak their language, and they taught me the arts of trailing and building traps and snares. On one of my long hunts in the fall of 1829, I found a young Cherokee who had been shot by a roving band of hunters and who had eluded his pursuers and concealed himself under a shelving rock. Weak from loss of blood, the poor creature was unable to walk and almost famished for water. I carried him to a spring, bathed and bandaged the bullet wound, and built a shelter out of bark peeled from a dead chestnut tree. I nursed and protected him feeding him on chestnuts and toasted deer meat. When he was able to travel I accompanied him to the home of his people and remained so long that I was

given up for lost. By this time I had become an expert rifleman and fairly good archer and a good trapper and spent most of my time in the forest in quest of game.

The removal of Cherokee Indians from their life long homes in the year of 1838 found me a young man in the prime of life and a Private soldier in the American Army. Being acquainted with many of the Indians and able to fluently speak their language, I was sent as interpreter into the Smoky Mountain Country in May, 1838, and witnessed the execution of the most brutal order in the History of American Warfare. I saw the helpless Cherokees arrested and dragged from their homes, and driven at the bayonet point into the stockades. And in the chill of a drizzling rain on an October morning I saw them loaded like cattle or sheep into six hundred and forty-five wagons and started toward the west.

One can never forget the sadness and solemnity of that morning. Chief John Ross led in prayer and when the bugle sounded and the wagons started rolling many of the children rose to their feet and waved their little hands good-by to their mountain homes, knowing they were leaving them forever. Many of these helpless people did not have blankets and many of them had been driven from home barefooted.

On the morning of November the 17th we encountered a terrific sleet and snow storm with freezing temperatures and from that day until we reached the end of the fateful journey on March the 26th, 1839, the sufferings of the Cherokees were awful. The trail of the exiles was a trail of death. They had to sleep in the wagons and on the ground without fire. And I have known as many as twenty-two of them to die in one night of pneumonia due to ill treatment, cold, and exposure. Among this number was the beautiful Christian wife of Chief John Ross. This noble hearted woman died a martyr to childhood, giving her only blanket for the protection of a sick child. She rode thinly clad through a blinding sleet and snow storm, developed pneumonia and died in the still hours of a bleak winter night, with her head resting on Lieutenant Greggs saddle blanket.

I made the long journey to the west with the Cherokees and did all that a Private soldier could do to alleviate their sufferings. When on guard duty at night I have many times walked my beat in my blouse in order that some sick child might have the warmth of my overcoat. I was on guard duty the night Mrs.

Ross died. When relieved at midnight I did not retire, but remained around the wagon out of sympathy for Chief Ross, and at daylight was detailed by Captain McClellan to assist in the burial like the other unfortunates who died on the way. Her unconfined body was buried in a shallow grave by the roadside far from her native home, and the sorrowing Cavalcade moved on.

Being a young man, I mingled freely with the young women and girls. I have spent many pleasant hours with them when I was supposed to be under my blanket, and they have many times sung their mountain songs for me, this being all that they could do to repay my kindness. And with all my association with Indian girls from October 1829 to March 26th 1839, I did not meet one who was a moral prostitute. They are kind and tender hearted and many of them are beautiful.

The only trouble that I had with anybody on the entire journey to the west was a brutal teamster by the name of Ben McDonal, who was using his whip on an old feeble Cherokee to hasten him into the wagon. The sight of that old and nearly blind creature quivering under the lashes of a bull whip was too much for me. I attempted to stop McDonal and it ended in a personal encounter. He lashed me across the face, the wire tip on his whip cutting a bad gash in my cheek. The little hatchet that I had carried in my hunting days was in my belt and McDonal was carried unconscious from the scene.

I was placed under guard but Ensign Henry Bullock and Private Elkanah Millard had both witnessed the encounter. They gave Captain McClellan the facts and I was never brought to trial. Years later I met 2nd Lieutenant Riley and Ensign Bullock at Bristol at John Roberson's show, and Bullock jokingly reminded me that there was a case still pending against me before a court martial and wanted to know how much longer I was going to have the trial put off?

McDonal finally recovered, and in the year 1851, was running a boat out of Memphis, Tennessee.

The long painful journey to the west ended March 26th, 1839, with four-thousand silent graves reaching from the foothills of the Smoky Mountains to what is known as Indian territory in the West. And covetousness on the part of the white race was the cause of all that the Cherokees had to suffer. Ever since Ferdinand DeSoto made his journey through the

Indian country in the year 1540, there had been a tradition of a rich gold mine somewhere in the Smoky Mountain Country, and I think the tradition was true. At a festival at Echota on Christmas night 1829, I danced and played with Indian girls who were wearing ornaments around their neck that looked like gold.

In the year 1828, a little Indian boy living on Ward creek had sold a gold nugget to a white trader, and that nugget sealed the doom of the Cherokees. In a short time the country was overrun with armed brigands claiming to be government agents, who paid no attention to the rights of the Indians who were the legal possessors of the country. Crimes were committed that were a disgrace to civilization. Men were shot in cold blood, lands were confiscated. Homes were burned and the inhabitants driven out by the gold-hungry brigands.

Chief Junaluska was personally acquainted with President Andrew Jackson. Junaluska had taken 500 of the flower of his Cherokee scouts and helped Jackson to win the battle of the Horse Shoe, leaving 33 of them dead on the field. And in that battle Junaluska had drove his tomahawk through the skull of a Creek warrior, when the Creek had Jackson at his mercy.

Chief John Ross sent Junaluska as an envoy to plead with President Jackson for protection for his people, but Jackson's manner was cold and indifferent toward the rugged son of the forest who had saved his life. He met Junaluska, heard his plea but curtly said, "Sir, your audience is ended. There is nothing I can do for you." The doom of the Cherokee was sealed. Washington, D.C., had decreed that they must be driven West and their lands given to the white man, and in May 1838, an army of 4000 regulars, and 3000 volunteer soldiers under command of General Winfield Scott, marched into the Indian country and wrote the blackest chapter on the pages of American history.

Men working in the fields were arrested and driven to the stockades. Women were dragged from their homes by soldiers whose language they could not understand. Children were often separated from their parents and driven into the stockades with the sky for a blanket and the earth for a pillow. And often the old and infirm were prodded with bayonets to hasten them to the stockades.

In one home death had come during the night. A little sad-faced child had died and was lying on a bear skin couch and some women were preparing the little body for burial. All were arrested and driven out leaving the child in the cabin. I don't know who buried the body.

In another home was a frail mother, apparently a widow and three small children, one just a baby. When told that she must go, the mother gathered the children at her feet, prayed a humble prayer in her native tongue, patted the old family dog on the head, told the faithful creature good-bye, with a baby strapped on her back and leading a child with each hand started on her exile. But the task was too great for that frail mother. A stroke of heart failure relieved her sufferings. She sunk and died with her baby on her back, and her other two children clinging to her hands.

Chief Junaluska who had saved President Jackson's life at the battle of Horse Shoe witnessed this scene, the tears gushing down his cheeks and lifting his cap he turned his face toward the heavens and said, "Oh my God, if I had known at the battle of the Horse Shoe what I know now, American history would have been differently written."

At this time, 1890, we are too near the removal of the Cherokees for our young people to fully understand the enormity of the crime that was committed against a helpless race. Truth is, the facts are being concealed from the young people of today. School children of today do not know that we are living on lands that were taken from a helpless race at the bayonet point to satisfy the white man's greed.

Future generations will read and condemn the act and I do hope posterity will remember that private soldiers like myself, and like the four Cherokees who were forced by General Scott to shoot an Indian Chief and his children, had to execute the orders of our superiors. We had no choice in the matter.

