

Pension records in the National Archives show that Pvt. John G. Burnett [1811-1893] served briefly in the Tennessee militia [June 25, 1836 to July 8, 1837] as part of a military mobilization to intimidate the Cherokees prior to their Removal, which occurred in the next year. He did NOT serve as a guard or soldier during the eviction of the Cherokee Nation. The evocative remembrance or letter published in the 1890's by his son is NOT a credible source of information about the so-called Trail of Tears. The Pension file for Pvt. Burnett clearly proves that he had no part in the actual removal.

The account published in his name has many internal contradictions and contains much false information. For instance, Burnett said he was a guard outside the tent of Mrs. John Ross on the Trail, when she died after giving up her blanket to a freezing Cherokee child. This is a very emotional tale, but demonstrably not true. In fact, during the Removal Mrs. Quatie Ross was aboard the steamboat "Victoria" (purchased by her husband) where she died of smallpox in 1839 and was buried at Little Rock, Ark. In addition, the main part of the Cherokee Removal of the 12 thousand person wagon trains occurred without ANY military guards (which were used only in the spring of 1838 when Cherokees were forced aboard steamboats and keelboats on the Tennessee River at Ross's Landing (now Chattanooga).

In any event, Pvt. Burnett's minimal connection to the Removal of the Cherokee people must be rejected as an eyewitness account. It is a largely fictional narrative probably written by his son, based on family legends or local stories. It is totally unreliable as historical evidence.



Figure 1. John G. Burnett and second wife, Rebecca Moss Burnett.

The Cherokee Removal Through the Eyes of A Private Soldier

John G. Burnett

2nd Regiment, 2nd Brigade, Mounted Infantry, 1838-39

This is my birthday December the 11th 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 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, built a shelter out of bark peeled from a dead chestnut tree, nursed and protected him feeding him on chestnuts and roasted 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 the 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 Being acquainted with many of the Indians and able to fluently speak their language was sent as interpreter into the Smoky Mountain Country in May, 1838, and with the execution of the most brutal order in the History of American Warfare. I saw helpless Cherokees arrested and dragged from their homes, and driven at the point into the stockades. And in the chill of a drizzling rain on an October morning them loaded like cattle or sheep into six hundred and forty-five wagons and toward the west.

One can never forget the sadness and solemnity of that morning. Chief John Ross 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-bye to their mountain homes, kn they were leaving them forever. Many of these helpless people did not have blankets many of them had been driven from home barefooted.

On the morning of November the 17th we encountered a terrific sleet and snow with freezing temperatures and from that day until we reached the end of the journey on March the 26th 1839, the sufferings of the Cherokees were awful. The exiles was a trail of death. They had to sleep in the wagons and on the ground with 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 Chief wife of Chief John Ross. This noble hearted woman died a martyr to childhood, her only blanket for the protection of a sick child. She rode thinly clad through a blizzard and snow storm, developed pneumonia and died in the still hours of a bleak night, with her head resting on Lieutenant Gregg's saddle blanket.

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

I was on guard duty the night Mrs. Ross died. When relieved at midnight I did retire, but remained around the wagon out of sympathy for Chief Ross, and at dawn was detailed by Captain McClellan to assist in the burial like the other unfortunate



Figure 2. Hatchet belonging to John G. Burnett.

died on the way. Her uncoffined body was buried in a shallow grave by the roadside far from her native mountain 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 (Fig. 2) 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 Elkannah 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 Robersons 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 on a boat out of Memphis, Tennessee.

The long painful journey to the west ended March 26th, 1839, with four-thousand silent graves reaching to 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 of 1540, there had been a tradition of a rich Gold mine somewhere in the Smoky

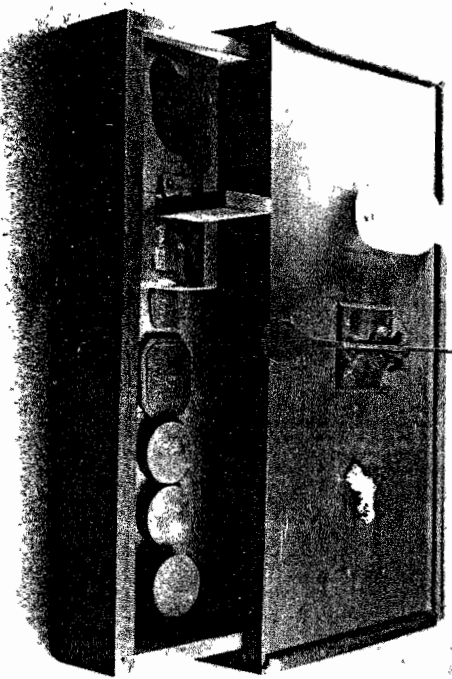


Figure 3. A gold scale used in Cherokee area in north Georgia.

Mountain Country, and I think the tradition was true. At a festival at Echata on Christ night 1829, I danced and played with Indian girls who were wearing ornaments around their necks that looked Gold.

In the year of 1828, a little Indian boy living on Ward creek had sold a Gold nugget white trader, and that nugget sealed the doom of the Cherokees. (Fig. 3) In a short time the country was over run 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 and their hands 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 five hundred of the flower of his Cherokee scouts and helped Jackson to win the battle of the Horse Shoe leaving thirty-three of them dead on the field. And in the battle Junaluska had drove his Tomahawk through the skull of a Creek warrior, when the Creek had Jackson at mercy.

Chief John Ross sent Junaluska as an envoy to plead with President Jackson 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 and 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 four thousand regulars, and three thousand 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 their backs to 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. The body was 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 and prayed an humble prayer in her native tongue, patted the old family dog on the head, to the faithful creature good-by, 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 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 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 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 for gold.

Future generations will read and condemn the act and I do hope posterity will remember the 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.

Twenty-five years after the removal it was my privilege to meet a large company of the Cherokees in uniform of the Confederate Army under Command of Colonel Thomas, they were encamped at Zollicoffer. I went to see them. Most of them were just boys at the time of the removal but they instantly recognized me as "the soldier that was good to us." Being able to talk to them in their native language I had an enjoyable day with them. From them I learned that Chief John Ross was still ruler of the nation in 1863. And I wonder if he is still living? He was a noble hearted fellow and suffered a lot for his race.

At one time he was arrested and thrown into a dirty jail in an effort to break his spirit, but he remained true to his people and led them in prayer when they started on their exile. And his Christian wife sacrificed her life for a little girl who had pneumonia. The Anglo Saxon race should build a towering monument to perpetuate her noble act in giving her only blanket for comfort of a sick child. Incidentally the child recovered, but Mrs. Ross is sleeping in an unmarked grave far from her native Smoky Mountain home.

When Scott invaded the Indian country some of the Cherokees fled to caves and dens in the mountains and were never captured and they are there today. I have long intended going there and trying to find them but I have put off going from year to year and now I am too feeble to ride that far. The fleeting years have come and gone and old age has overtaken me, I can truthfully say that neither my rifle, nor my knife are stained with Cherokee blood.

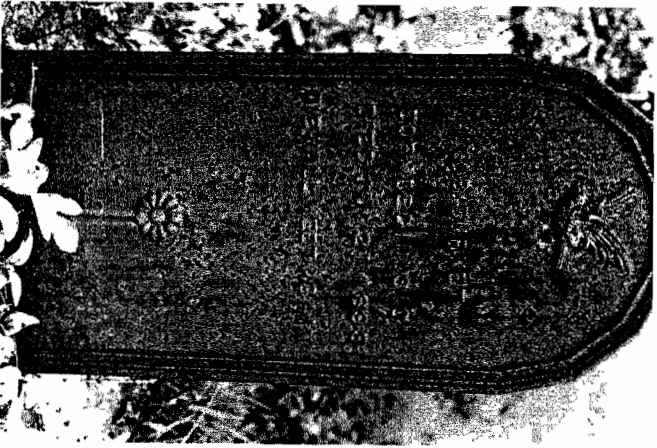


Figure 4. Tombstone marking the grave of Private John G. Burnett

I can truthfully say that I did my best for them when they certainly did need a friend. Twenty-five years after the removal I still lived in their Memory as "the soldier who was good to us."

However murder is murder whether committed by the villain skulking in the dark or by uniformed men stepping to the strains of martial music.

Murder is murder and somebody must answer, somebody must explain the stream of blood that flowed in the Indian country in the summer of 1838. Somebody must explain the four-thousand silent graves that mark the trail of the Cherokees to their exile. I could forget it all, but the picture of six-hundred and forty-five wagons lumbering over the frozen ground with their Cargo of suffering humanity still lingers in my memory. Let the Historian of a future day tell the sad story with its sighs, its tears and its groans. Let the great Judge of all the earth weigh our actions and reward us according to our work.

Children—Thus ends my promised birthday story. This December the 11th (Fig. 4)