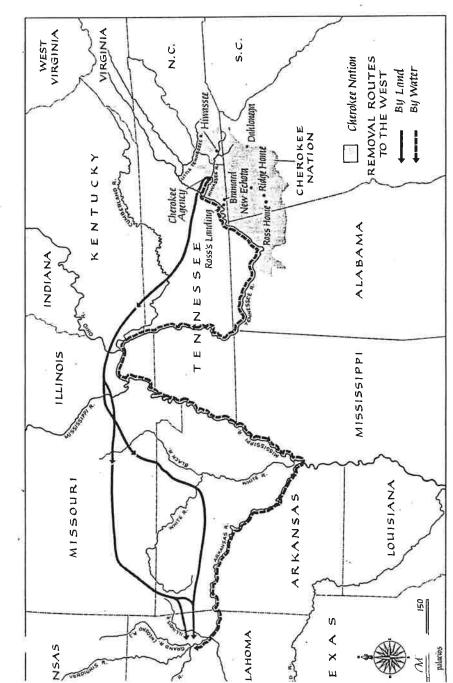
season of sickness had passed. To the annoyance of Andrew Jackson, in retirement at his Hermitage, the request was granted.

When shall They

In October, the exiles readied for their final leave-taking. Some left behind beautifully furnished brick homes with calf-bound books in the libraries and blooded racehorses in the paddock; most left only a small cabin, some farming tools, perhaps a few farm animals. Their common loss was what all cherished most: the land where the Cherokee people had lived since time out of mind, where their ancestors lay buried, and where their Nation had been born, flourished beyond anyone's expectations, and resisted the might of the U.S. government in every way it knew how. They stopped at a place in Tennessee south of the Hiwassee River to hold a final council. After pledging to continue their old laws and constitution in their new home in Indian Territory, the Cherokees left in groups on the forced march west.

Some of the contingents went by keelboat on the Mississippi and Arkansas rivers; most went overland, walking hundreds of miles through Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, and Arkansas, and finally arriving in the vast land known as Indian Territory. Hungry and threadbare, they hunched forward into the winter winds and struggled across snow drifts with only cloth wrappings on their bare and bleeding feet. Each new dawn brought more deaths. A traveler from Maine reported seeing a Cherokee woman carrying a sick baby in her arms. "All she could do was make it as comfortable as circumstances would permit," he wrote home in shock. "She could only carry her dying child in her arms a few miles further and then she must stop in a stage land and consign her baby to the cold ground and then pass on with the multitude," A beloved old



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