

I happily submit herewith some^{OF} my reminiscences of Grandmother Elizabeth English Ward.

I, Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Ward Jackson, was born July 16, 1867 in Geneva County, Alabama. My father was Munroe Ward, born 1845, in Dale County, Alabama, the youngest son of James Ward and Elizabeth English Ward.

I was about 16 years old when my Grandmother died. She was so good and kind to me that I grew to love her so much I called her mother.

She often talked to me about her childhood days; relating what her foster father, James English, told her of the incidents pertaining to his rearing her to maturity.

To the best of my recollection I was about 12 years old and Grandmother, Elizabeth English Ward, was about 87 years old while sitting on a log in the back yard of our place on the farm in Geneva County, Alabama one summer afternoon when she began telling me some of the principal facts regarding her first contact with James English.

My Grandmother, Elizabeth English Ward, while musing or thinking in deep meditation remembered that her foster father, James English, told her on many occasions that he did considerable trading with the Creek Indians along the shore of the Ocmulgee River in Georgia during the early period of 1800.

That late one afternoon in the spring of 1803 or 1804 just before dark during the shad-catching season, when the Creek Indians from all sections of the nation would flock to the Ocmulgee, he was traveling along the road near the banks of the Ocmulgee when he noticed a little girl sitting beside the road alone as if waiting for someone.

Grandmother Elizabeth stated that James English asked her, using the English language, who she was waiting for? He said I did not understand the question, so he repeated the question in the Creek Indian tongue to which I answered, I was waiting for my parents. I added that they left me here where I would be safe while they went fishing for shad in the treacherous waters of the Ocmulgee.

He said he then put me in his wagon and cared for me several hours while waiting for my parents to return.

He further stated that when they did not return by midnight he journeyed on to his place where he made me comfortable temporarily.

The following morning at his place he said he took a good look at me and commented that my skin was too copper colored to be a white person. I told him that both of my parents were full blooded Creek Indians and that they boastfully expressed pride and satisfaction over the fact.

My Grandmother Elizabeth said she heard her parents talking between themselves several times about the difference in the customs and habits of themselves and the white race of people.

My Grandmother Elizabeth told me, upon serious reflection, that her foster father, James English, during later visits to the Creek Nation, tried to find out what happened to my parents. He could find no trace of any adults who would declare the ownership of any missing girl, consequently, he arrived at the conclusion that her parents were either drowned while fishing, or abandoned me intentionally,

My Grandmother Elizabeth Ward told me that her foster father, James English, teased her on many occasions, while she was maturing into womanhood, about his rearing a full blood Creek Indian girl. He would say also that the Creek Indians were the best people on earth if one would deal with them fairly.

There are many other incidents my Grandmother Elizabeth Ward related to me regarding things that occurred during her life time that may or may not be interesting or relevant. One of which was a physical characteristic. She had a deformed hand caused by one of the hound dogs owned by her husband, James Ward, running in to her when playing with other dogs while she was standing on the front porch. She was knocked down and her wrist broken. She was about 55 years old at the time. The break was never set properly, consequently, her hand was deformed the remainder of her life.

To me, she never pretended to be any thing except a Creek Indian, however, she and her husband agreed shortly after they were

married, so she told me, that they would henceforth register with the Federal Census Enumerator as white persons. For by so doing, they reasoned, they would enjoy many advantages that would have been denied them had she registered a Creek Indian, as indeed she was.

The Creek Indians would come to our place often to see Grandma Elizabeth and trade honey, for powder and bullets. She loved them and they gave every impression of being immensely fond of her, for one reason, they said, she had the same blood coursing through her veins as they did.

There are only two adults now living that was present when Grandma Elizabeth Ward, died, namely, Mrs. Susan Davis Martin, 84, widow, now living at Slocomb, Alabama, and myself, Susan Davis Martin's mother was Mary Ward Davis, born 1838, the daughter of James Ward and Elizabeth Ward.

During the early part of December, 1883 at the home of Mrs. Mary Ward Davis, in Geneva County, Alabama my Grandma Elizabeth English Ward when attempting to get out of bed one morning got her feet caught in the bed covering and fell to the floor thereby breaking her hip. As a result of this accident, she died, about a week later. We buried her about two miles North of the place where she died. The place of burial is now known as the Purvis Cemetary.

I did not ever see my Grandpa James Ward, for the reason that he died during the early part of the war between the States, several years before I was born. He was buried in the same cemetary that Grandmother Elizabeth Ward was buried in about 21 years later.

Grandma Elizabeth told me that her foster father, James English, took care of her until she married my Grandpa James Ward and that she was never married to any one else.

In presenting the foregoing pertinent facts respecting my ~~numerous~~ numerous conversations with Grandmother Elizabeth English Ward, I
NUMEROUS

have not attempted to give a verbatim account thereof; but rather, a concise summary in language designed for simple understanding.

STATE OF ALABAMA

COUNTY OF HENDRY

Before me the undersigned, duly authorized to administer oaths and take acknowledgements, personally appeared Elizabeth Jane Ward Jackson, known to me to be the person she represents herself to be, who being by me first duly sworn, deposes and says, that she is 90 years old, the daughter of Monroe Ward, the youngest son of James Ward and Elizabeth English Ward; and

That she is of sound mind and memory and conscious of the uncertainties of life; and

That affiant further avers that the contents of her reminiscences of Elizabeth English Ward, herewith attached, is true and correct to the best of her belief, knowledge and recollection,

ATTEST:

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the ____ day of January,
A. D. 1957.