

## SARAH BEATTY WILSON OF LUKFAHTA 1835

By Muriel H. Wright

Another among the rare descriptions of life on the frontier of the Indian Territory more than one hundred years ago has come to light in a recently discovered letter<sup>1</sup> written in 1835, by Sarah Beatty Wilson. She is unknown in the history of Oklahoma yet here was one who gave devotedly in the few months of her life in the Indian Territory, —one who held her new home and the people she found there in deep affection.

After her marriage in Pennsylvania in the autumn of 1834, Sarah Beatty Wilson set out with her husband, the Reverend Henry R. Wilson, on their wedding journey to the West by stagecoach, steamboat and horseback, arriving in December, at Lukfahta,<sup>2</sup> about twelve miles west of Eagletown, Choctaw Nation.<sup>3</sup> Mr. Wilson's direct charge was Bok Tuklo Mission which he had established earlier in year, several miles southwest of Lukfahta.<sup>4</sup> Since the opening of a new mission station always required several months of strenuous labor before proper housing and living conditions were ready for those in charge, the young couple made their home at Lukfahta.

An old history of the American Board Missions<sup>5</sup> states briefly that Mrs. Wilson (Sarah Beatty), born in Newton, Pennsylvania,

<sup>1</sup> The original of this letter is in the Oklahoma Collection belonging to George H. Shirk, of Oklahoma City.

<sup>2</sup> The site of old Lukfahta (variously spelled Lukfata or Lukfoata) is about two and one-half miles west of the City of Broken Bow, in McCurtain County. This was a Choctaw settlement begun during the removal of the Choctaws to this country (1832-34), the name "Lukfata" having been that of an ancient tribal village in what is now Kemper County, Mississippi, located on the upper waters of the creek now called Sucarnoochee. Lukfata (or Lukfahta) means "White Clay." The name of the settlement (in present McCurtain County, Oklahoma) was changed to Greenfield in 1836. A mission school under the auspices of the American Board of Foreign Missions was opened at Lukfata in 1835, Miss Eunice Clough, of New Hampshire, teacher (See reference, Ethel McMillan, "Women Teachers in Oklahoma, 1820-1860," *The Chronicles of Oklahoma*, Vol. XXVII, No. 1 Spring, 1949, p. 19).

<sup>3</sup> Eagle Town post office was established July 1, 1834, with the Reverend Loring S. Williams as Postmaster (See reference George H. Shirk, "First Post Offices within the Boundaries of Oklahoma," *The Chronicles of Oklahoma*, Vol. XXVI, No. 2 (Summer, 1948, p. 213). The Eagle Town post office was located on the west side of the Mountain Fork River in the vicinity of present Eagletown on the east side of the river, in McCurtain County.—Personal information from the late Peter J. Hudson and other early citizens in this vicinity to M.H.W.

<sup>4</sup> Bok Tuklo Mission was located on a double pronged creek, tributary to Little River. The site was approximately in Sec. 2, T. 7 S., R. 23 E., and about nine miles on an airline southwest of present Broken Bow, in McCurtain County. The name *Bok Tuklo* is from the Choctaw words meaning "two creeks."

<sup>5</sup> Joseph Tracy, "A History of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," *History of American Missions to the Heathen* (Worcester: Published by

came to Bok Tuklo in December, 1834. Other mention of her is in a volume entitled *Life Memoranda*, in the American Board papers preserved in the Library at Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.<sup>6</sup> In this volume instead of the usual form filled out by candidates for missionary work, there is a letter written by Henry R. Wilson, the father-in-law of Mrs. Wilson, dated Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, August 28, 1839, which states in part:

"Immediately after recd. yours of the 13th I wrote to a ministerial brother, and near relative of my late beloved daughter requesting the information you need. The aged Mother, Mrs. Beatty, was absent with the sister with whom she, that is Mrs. Wilson, had been most intimate for many years before her death. Dr. Beatty, the brother, was also absent. The wife of the Rev. Mr. Stub, who is a sister, was the only person to whom my friend could apply. Her information is not as minute as I could have wished as it does not contain the day of the month. It is in these words—'Mrs. Sarah B. Wilson was born in March 1802 near Newtown Bucks County Penna.' It will answer your purpose."

Only the pages of her last letter preserved through 115 years reveal the grace and the warm personality of a great soul. This letter to her sister, Mrs. Robert Stub in her old home state, is written from the heart of one deeply interested in the people and the country about her near Eagle Town on the Mountain Fork River:

"Luk-fah-ta May 3rd 1834,"

"My Dear Sister,

"At this time if you are well, you are sitting under the sound of the gospel surrounded by those who have the same feelings as yourself, listening in your own native language to the doctrines of our blessed Religion. How differently am I situated; to-day Mr. Wilson has gone to Bok-tuklo, to preach, he leaves home about 7 o'clock, attends the sabbath school, preaches twice, administers medicine to, and prescribes, for all the sick in that region, and gets home again by evening, pretty much fatigued, as the distance is twenty miles there and back. This day two weeks, he was there, and learned one of his female church members was very ill, and directed her husband if she was no better on Monday to come down for more medicine, but he did not come until Wednesday, she having been so ill he could not leave her. Mr. W. sent her medicine, and last sabbath heard that she died that same day. her husband was at meeting with his 4

Spoooner & Howland, 1840), p. 338. The record given there for Sarah Beatty Wilson is in error on the date of her birth ("1822" given for 1802); also, typographical error for the date of her death ("1235" for 1835).

<sup>6</sup> Letter signed by Carolyn E. Jakeman, dated May 18, 1950, Library of Harvard University, Cambridge Massachusetts, The Houghton Library. Grateful acknowledgment is due Carolyn E. Jakeman for her kindness in forwarding notes taken from the original papers of the American Board, used in the compilation of this story on Sarah Beatty Wilson.

<sup>7</sup> Evidently through a slip of memory in dating her letter, Mrs. Wilson wrote the year "1834" instead of 1835.





motherless children. The youngest he was obliged to carry in his arms, and row his canoe across the creek, and walk some distance the other side. You would not expect to see such a thing in our country. Judging from my own experience, I know that you do not sufficiently prize your gospel privileges. You can always attend preaching on the sabbath, and sabbath school, weekly prayer meeting, all of which are calculated to refresh and strengthen your christian graces. Some persons entertain the idea that missionaries have comparatively few temptations, so far separated from an enticing world, that they can live more holily; but I feel this to be far from the truth. They have not the same temptations, but they have the same wicked and treacherous hearts to lead them astray, and where everything around them is calculated to deaden spiritual affection, it requires a double degree of watchfulness and prayerfulness, to keep up that communion with God and Father of their spirits that they ought always to possess; but I would bless the Lord that he is not confined to any country or clime, or to temples made with hands but that he will take up his abode in the humble and contrite heart, and that where two or three meet together in his name, that there he will be and that to bless them. When circumstances will admit of it, and when we have no preaching here, Nancy (the interpreter's wife) and I meet and preach and sing together on the sabbath. This I feel to be very pleasant, and I trust the time is not very distant, when our number will be increased by sincere and humble seekers after the bread and water of eternal life. I have been reading the *Memories of American Missionaries*, and was much struck with the truth of this remark, 'When the pious Missionary arrives in a pagan land, and sees the people wholly given to idolatry, his spirit is stirred within him; and, like Paul, he endeavors to bring them to a knowledge of the truth. But this zeal which is excited by the first sight of idolatrous worship does not long continue. He soon becomes familiar with the heathen temples, heathen priests, heathen abominations. There is no house of God to which he can repair and hear a good sermon for christians. There is no prayer or conference meeting near enough for him to attend, where he might have his soul refreshed'. These remarks were contained in a letter from a missionary in India. There I suppose they would be more applicable than here, but I do not wish my dear sister to think that I am growing weary of this country and this people, no, never once, have I regretted leaving all my dear friends (dearer now than ever) and coming to this dark benighted land. I already feel a love for these poor people which I never expected to feel, and as long as I continue to possess my present health and strength, I hope I shall feel a greater zeal for the conversion of these poor people around me.

"To-day I have had a visit from a poor indian, named George. he wanted to see the doctor, when told he was not at home, he said he only came to get a pen to write a letter, I made him a pen which

he stuck in his belt, as he would a knife. Then he said he wanted to read the testament in the doctor's house, as it was Sunday. I gladly gave him a testament, and I find he reads very well both English and Choctaw, having been at school at Mayhew 3 years.<sup>8</sup> he wants very much to go to school again, but says he has no one to send him, he says too he would like to be a christian, but thinks he could not live as christians ought to live. I fear he is something of a Pharisee. he says he works all day til noon when he comes in from his field, reads one whole chapter in the testament, sings, and then walks out in the woods, by which means he prays to his Heavenly Father. I have some hopes of George, he has promised me to come to meeting next sabbath, and that he will come to sabbath school too when it is established. he acknowledges that he had a wicked heart. when people spoke mad to him he spoke mad to them, and then he spoiled his heart himself. some of them express themselves so curiously sometimes you cant tell what they mean.

“As I believe you read my letters, you recollect my writing about our nearest neighbors, that paid no regard to the sabbath or any thing that was good. The week before last we heard they were to have a gathering there on the coming sabbath, to make a field. Their friends were to meet, clear the ground and fence in a corn field. so on Saturday Mr. Wilson took his interpreter and went over, and told them how sinful it was, how much he had been annoyed by their working on that holy day, and now that he came as a friend to tell them how much sin they were committing in thus breaking the sabbath. when they said they did not know that it was the sabbath until one of the children told them, and then it was too late to alter the arrangements as they had invited their friends and made provision for them. Mr. W. told them 'twas time enough then to alter their plans, but they persevered, and about 30 met there. today Nancy (who is the woman's niece) tells me her aunt had just been over to see her, and told her they were all keeping the sabbath at home, but that the day was so long to her she did not know what to do with herself, so Nancy read something suitable for the day to her, but they have all come to the conclusion that it is not good to work on the sabbath. Oh! that this might be the beginning of days to them, as we have been preaching here in the school house next sabbath. I hope they will be induced to go, and may the Lord bless the preaching of his word to their souls.

“June 16th. I commenced writing to my dear sister more than a month since the busy sabbath before I was taken sick. Mr. W. I believe gave sister Susan an account of my sickness, which you have no doubt seen, I now feel as well and strong as ever. Mrs. Hotchkiss

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<sup>8</sup> This has reference to old Mayhew Mission in Mississippi, established by the American Board in 1820, and closed in 1833.—Tracy, *op. cit.*, p. 338.

[Hotchkin]<sup>9</sup> was here when I was sick, and when she left me, Mr. W. promised her that as soon as I was well enough to ride that far, he would take me over and leave me there, to live upon strawberries till I regained my strength. early on Monday morning some three or four weeks since, we left home. Mr. W. procured a horse for me from one of the neighbors, but perhaps you did not know that Charlie my pleasant little hackney was dead. yes poor fellow he died as he was bringing Mrs. Wright<sup>10</sup> home from L[ittle] Rock. 'tis needless to say that I grieved for him, but 'twas all right, perhaps I thought too much of him. he was so gentle and had the easiest gait of any horse I ever rode I had got accustomed to him and he to me. take him altogether I never expect to look upon his like again. we have been trying ever since to get one and have at length succeeded, we are to have one this week, from Col. Vose who has just brought his family on from L Rock. 'tis difficult to get a horse just to suit you in this country. Mr. W. has a pretty little indian pony I mounted him one day, but could not manage him at all he is too wild for me. but when Mr. W. is on him is as gentle as a lamb, generally. excuse this digression. as I was saying we started very early, there had been a shower the evening before, and the whole atmosphere was perfumed with wild roses and grape blossams, in this country in riding you have but the single path through the woods, without you go on a more public road, this day we came single file. we were speaking of some of our friends, how much they would enjoy the ride. we stopped once gathered some strawberries. Tho they were not very abundant here, we rode 21 miles crossed three streams.<sup>11</sup> got to Mr. Wrights for dinner.<sup>12</sup> I felt pretty tired but a nap refreshed me, and to-wards evening we rode on to Mr. Hotchkins 12 miles further.<sup>13</sup> I went to bed as soon as I got there, got a little

<sup>9</sup> Philena (Thacker) Hotchkin, of Hereford, Pennsylvania, teacher in the Choctaw mission schools in Mississippi, was the wife of the Reverend Ebenezer Hotchkin, missionary at Goshen Mission, in Mississippi (closed 1833).

<sup>10</sup> Harriet (Bunce) Wright, noted teacher and principal of Wheelock Seminary for girls, and the wife of the Reverend Alfred Wright (See reference McMillan, *op. cit.*, p. 24).

<sup>11</sup> The distances given by Mrs. Wilson were along the winding roads or trails of early days.

<sup>12</sup> This was Wheelock Mission established by the Reverend Alfred Wright in 1832, the location of the noted Wheelock Seminary for Choctaw girls (established by the Choctaw Council in 1842), and that of present Wheelock Academy, the oldest school now in operation in Oklahoma, about two miles northeast of Millerton, in McCurtain County. The Reverend Alfred Wright (missionary, physician, educator, translator and writer), a native of Columbia, Connecticut, entered the Choctaw mission work at old Mayhew, in Mississippi, in 1821. He came west in 1832, and continued as one of the great personalities in the mission service to the time of his death at Wheelock in 1853.

<sup>13</sup> This was Clear Creek Mission station opened in 1833, under auspices of the American Board, by Ebenezer Hotchkin. This location was in the vicinity of the present Clear Creek community about two and a half miles southwest of Valliant, in McCurtain County. The Reverend Ebenezer Hotchkin, a native of Richmond, Massachusetts, first entered the missionary service among the Choctaws in Mississippi, in

rested, rose took some tea and strawberries, and "felt quite fresh for the evening". here we feasted upon strawberries morning noon and night. we staid there until the next afternoon. They insisted upon my staying. Mr. H. said he would come home with me the latter part of the week, but I felt so much better, and so strong, and fearing their might come rain and raise the streams, and I felt that I had rather be at home, and then it wont be so lonesome for husband to ride by himself. all things considered, I concluded to come home. so we came to Mr. Moultons<sup>14</sup> took our tea, and rode on to Mr. Wrights spent the night, and left there early the next morning. We heard that little river was fordable at the nearest crossing place to us, so concluded to come that way. but we had not proceeded more than 4 or 5 miles before there came up a tremendous thunder storm. The lightning was very sharp in the dark forest. but I prepared for the worst, turned my riding skirt over my head to protect my green bonnet, and put on my cloak. presently the rain poured down in torrents, which soon penetrated all our wrappings. we rode about half an hour, through as hard rain as I ever saw, when we reached an indian hut, or rather shed, where we stopped. here in this miserable place were living a man his wife and 7 children, as soon as the indian saw me running up from the barn, he spread a skin down on a rude seat by a blazing fire for me to sit on, and was very kind. Mr. W. took off our saddles brought them in. the man was sick and several of the children, but they made us welcome, to the best they had, and that was seats by a fire. we stayed until the rain was over. Mr. W. administered medicine, and something to satisfy nature's wants, for they had neither corn nor meat, nothing to eat or drink, but a little milk, and yet appeared as happy as princes. The woman was delighted with a large needle that I gave her, and the children with some pins. Mr. W. comes in and says put up your writing and come take a ride to the pine hills and get some dew berries, about 2 miles off. I am always ready for a ride. but here is a patient, which will detain us for some time, a woman with a poor sick child. Well, we went, but were a day after the fair, the dew berries were all *iksho*,<sup>15</sup> as the indians say. well we had our share, while they lasted. the children brought them here every day, and always wanted pins for them. I stewed some down in molasses and they are very nice, richer than blackberries. I had been accustomed to doing

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1828. He continued in the Choctaw mission field in the Indian Territory to the time of his death in 1867.

<sup>14</sup> This was old Bethel mission station on the dividing ridge between the waters of Little River and Red River, about two and a half miles southeast of Valliant, in McCurtain County. Bethel Mission was opened January 1, 1834, by the Reverend Samuel Moulton. He was a native of Bolton, Connecticut, who had served at Goshen Mission among the Choctaws in Mississippi, from 1827 until he came west in 1832.

<sup>15</sup> The word *iksho* is Choctaw for "not any," "none," or "no." Mrs. Wilson was much interested in learning the Choctaw language, and "made considerable proficiency in acquiring" it.—Rev. Alfred Wright in a tribute to Sarah Beatty Wilson in *The Missionary Herald*, Vol. XXXI, No. 10 (October, 1835), p. 390.



blackberries in that way, so got my dew berries too sweet. when the blackberries are ripe I will get some of them, and stew them and put them all together.

“Well as I was saying we got to the river, it looked very formidable to me, but we went in and got safely over. 'twas only up to our saddle skirts. Mr. W. says 'twas quite low, in crossing these streams, I just follow after husband, and look up at the tops of the trees to keep my head from swimming. but the banks on these streams are so very steep and the mud sometimes up to the horses knees, and on each side sometimes for a mile you have low swampy ground. what they call the bottom, on Little River, it is covered with cane, just as thick as it can stand, and just one narrow path, and every few yards you are obliged to push them out of your way before you can pass. The cattle get on them, and bend them down to get the leaves from the top. about noon we reached our own little quiet habitation, and rejoiced we were to see it I do assure you. we found everything in order. The house swept clean, the chairs in their places, and everything right. our man is very trustworthy, we always feel safe in leaving home. he is going on to his friends in the fall. His mother lives at Mrs. Arnot's in Phila.

“Wed. 17th. By going out yesterday afternoon I did not get my letter finished so it will be detained a week longer. I am sorry for this but there is no help for it. I was interrupted just now with a noise out at the door, went to see, and there is a poor Choctaw man stretched his full length upon the piazza, very sick. is going to wait untill alikchi (doctor) comes home. every day brings so many sick and distressed creatures here, all manner and kind of diseases they are subject to.<sup>16</sup> one woman came the other day with a very sore arm. it had been in that condition for some months. part of the bone had come out. Mr. W. gave her directions what to do to cleanse it, telling her to come again in a few days, so she came yesterday, and Mr. W. got everything prepared for putting a seton<sup>17</sup> in the lower part of her arm, when she objected to it strongly. would not have it done at all. Well he left her, and went to bleed a man. I went to her, and asked her when she gave me to understand, that she wished it done very much, but not when so many were standing around to see. There were about a dozen, however the most of them soon cleared out. Then she wanted me to speak to the doctor, and

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<sup>16</sup> The prevalence of epidemics of influenza, measles, cholera and other diseases among the Choctaws after their removal to this country (1831-34) was tragic. Whole communities were wiped out by death, both adults and children prey to disease in their weakened physical condition from the lack of proper food and from the hardships suffered during the journey west and after their arrival in the new country.

<sup>17</sup> A seton was resorted to in medical practice, through the introduction of threads, horsehairs or strip of linen beneath the skin by the use of a knife, to form an issue or an outlet for the discharge of blood.

he put it in. I was quite pleased for it is very seldom they show any such feeling.

“I am going to relate an adventure that I met with the other day. I was going to the spring for some water, about as far as from your house to the road. I got two or three yards outside the gate, when I saw a half grown chicken lying dead in the path. I was wondering what had killed it, when I cast my eyes a little further, and there was a snake, the size of my arm, and about 5 feet long. I was not very much alarmed thinking it was a chicken snake such as our man had killed a few days before, one under the house another in the corn crib. I had been so much laughed at for being afraid of snakes, that I thought, now was a good opportunity for establishing a character for courage and bravery. so I provided myself with a weapon called an axe in our country, thinking with one blow I could sever its head from its body. but I thought I would wait untill he had the chicken partly swallowed. I stood a few yards off, watching its graceful coils, and its manouvers [*sic*] with the chicken, for about 15 minutes, when my courage failed, and I went down to Joseph, asked him to come up and kill the snake. I gave him the axe, but when he saw it, said he was not going to venture near enough to kill it with that. 'twas the largest kind of rattle snake, imagine how I felt when I heard that. he threw large clubs at it, untill he wounded it, but 'twas some time before it could disengage itself from the chicken. when it did it sounded its rattles most nobly, and thrust out its venomous sting several inches. I observed at first that its tail had a strange appearance, but the children had told me, that the chicken snake's tail ended in a kind of feather, and there had been no rattle snakes seen in this region of late, but 'tis the first, and it shall be the last of my attempts to kill a snake, big or little. what a mercy, I did not attempt to kill it, it might have killed me on the spot, even after it was wounded, it threw itself some distance towards Joseph. it was very pretty, regular bars across its back, of a greyish colour. When Mr. W. came home he took off the rattles and gave me, as a reward for my intentions. it had eight, they supposed it had lost about 4. when I think of it now, it makes me shudder to think how I stood and watched it. my dear sister, in how many thousand instances do we see the Lord's hand stretched out to guard us from dangers seen and unseen. oh! that we cant love him and serve him as we ought.

“We received a letter yesterday from Mr. Mahon, in which he mentions having seen mother and Susan in the city. Mr. Steel Mr. Boyd and brother Charles also, 'twas quite refreshing to hear you were all well. Ma seems quite to have won his heart. he speaks of her as the *dear* old lady. I received a letter from Sister S. last week, 9 weeks on the way. John's was received the week before 4 months since it was mailed. They both looked as though they had traveled

the whole length and breath of the Union. 'twas with difficulty I could read the whole of Susan's 'twas so worn. Mr. W. said had there been any secrets in, they would have leaked out. Yours came very direct. Mr. W. would have written but really has not time, intends writing to brother H, and now dear brother and sister do write again very soon, and we will not be so dilatory in answering it. I have taken the liberty of sending a letter to Ann Wirth to your care, thinking she would be more likely to get it. do not be afraid of being too minute when you write tell me everything about your concerns, and the children. give a great deal of love to them. tell Bessy she must not be too much surprised if she receives a letter from the "far west" one of these days. give a great deal of love to all of my friends, particularly I. Beatty if still with you. and now dear brother and sister good-bye. The Lord be with you, and bless you, sustain you in every good work is the prayer of your sister, Mr. Wilson desires to be affectionately remembered to you all, and Mr. Agnew sends his best respects to Mr. Steel poor man he gets but few letters from his friends, he has vacation now and is visiting his mission families. he is a very fine young man and I feel the affection of a brother for him.

"S. B. Wilson

"'Tis very warm here the thermometer stands at 90 in the house."

This letter is postmarked from Eagle town, Arkansas Territory,<sup>18</sup> June 24th. Within less than a month, Mrs. Wilson was taken ill with "remittant fever" and died on July 18, 1835. Mr. Wilson<sup>19</sup> who had attended her during her illness, without any assistance, "having to act as physician, cook, and nurse," wrote to friends in the East: "The Lord dealt very tenderly with her during her sickness, permitting her to rest her soul with unshaken confidence on Christ, and not suffering a single cloud to obstruct her view of Him, until the hour of her release." Near her last hour

<sup>18</sup> The records and listings in the U. S. Post Office Department did not keep pace with changes in boundary lines in the history of the western frontier, for long after establishment of the western boundary of Arkansas Territory, as it approximately is today, letters from post offices in the Indian Territory were post marked "A.T." or "Arkansas Territory."

<sup>19</sup> Henry R. Wilson was born at Bellefont, Pennsylvania, June 10, 1808. He graduated from Jefferson College (Washington, Pa.) in 1828. When he received an appointment by the American Board to the Indian Mission field, he was living at Shippensburg. He departed from New York City on November 1 and arrived at Dwight Mission in the Cherokee Nation on December 22, 1832. About a year later, he was transferred to the Choctaw mission field where he established Bok Tuklo Mission in the spring of 1834. The Mission Board in Boston granted him a leave-of-absence at his request, and he visited the United States from June to November, 1834, during which time he was married to Miss Sarah Beatty in Pennsylvania. Some months after her death, he asked the American Mission Board for a transfer to the missions either in India or Africa. He was released from the Choctaw mission field on May 1, 1836.—Letter from Carolyn E. Jakeman, *op. cit.*, and Tracy, *op. cit.*, p. 328.

when asked if she regretted coming" among a people who knew not the Lord," she replied, "No, never—never—never."<sup>20</sup>

Another<sup>21</sup> in a tribute wrote that few had entered the Indian missions" possessing in a higher degree more qualities of heart which inspire confidence and love in their fellow-laborers, and which fit for usefulness, than Mrs. Wilson did. Although she had been a member of the mission but a few months, she was greatly beloved."

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<sup>20</sup> Excerpts from a letter to the American Board, written by Mr. Wilson telling of his wife's illness and death.—*The Missionary Herald*, Vol. XXXI, No. 10 (October, 1835), p. 390.

<sup>21</sup> Letter written by the Reverend Alfred Wright.—*Ibid.*



# Memorial Scroll

## Indian Home Guard

1862-1865

First, Second and Third Regiments

To the Patriotic Officers and Privates from the Indian Territory who remained Loyal to the Union and served in the United States Army during the Civil War.

### Officers

Robert W. Furnas	No pi ye marlar •	George W. Muston	George Scrapper	Talalah
Stephen M. Wattles	Francis J. Fox	Andrew J. Ritchie	Stand Whirlwind	John E. Blunt
George Dole	Millis Ya Mol loh	M. A. Campdoras	Joel Moody	Jack Downing
William A. Phillips	So nuk mik ko	V. D. Hitchcock	Andrew J. Waterhouse	William Webber
A. C. Ellithorpe	Pas co wa	John B. Jones	Luther Rice	Thomas Pegg
James A. Phillips	Uo lo hup ha jo	Lewis Bowers	Virtthrower Tiger	John S. Stanway
J. Howard Gilpatrick	Solomon E. Hall	Samuel E. Stovey	Silas Minter	Bear Brown
John Bliss	Albert Flanders	James M. Daniel	Jesse Henry	Muckleberry Downing
Salmon S. Bonty	Olo co so lo chee	John F. Cox	Spring Frog	Andrew W. Robb
Marquis W. Salisbury	Tus Ti nuk ki	Theophilus McElain	D. A. Painter	Jumper Duck
Evan Jones	George W. Dobler	Wat Stop	Charles Wickliff	Eli Smith
Legus O. Perryman	Benjamin F. Mysek	Mc Coy	William A. Phillips	Henry S. Anderson
A. F. Bicking	Coto si ko keh	John Cochran	Lewis Downing	Eugene O. Fly
Pa hose mah lah	Ah ti ya gi ya hol la	Moses Price	John A. Foreman	Carselawi Proctor
Ah hola tus ta nuk ke	Oche ye ho la	Charles Lenhart	William Gallaher	Simon Snell
Auk kee fra ke	Alfred Saxey	John M. Hunter	Alfred Sangalere	Harmon Scott
E. M. Wright	M. J. Burlingame	Wheeler Tiger	George Wolgamott	Josh Tanner
Ferd R. Jacobs	Motal ke ah	Alick Stawk	Charles Kimey	Basil G. McCrea
Uus to nal: ke chee	Tul si fic si co	Eli Tadpole	Jesse Bushyhead	White Catcher
Thompson Overton	Absolem Konel	James M. Bruce	Addison Baker	Charles A. Howard
Tuc a bach a ha jo	Fred Crafts	Timothy S. O'Connor	John Shannon	Charles Brown
Ya hol la dy	Atam meh	Eli Spears	Daniel L. Chandler	James Simpson
Edwin C. Manning	Jon neh	Arch Scrapper	Smith Christy	James Vann
Robert J. Thompson	Tat ne sha	J. C. Palmer	Maxwell Phillips	Benjamin W. Whitham
Ya ho lo chee	Eli C. Lowe	Joseph Chu wee	Samuel Houston Fenge	Temi Walkingstick
William Roberts	Kaf fessah	William M. Kendall	Spencer S. Stephens	William McCullough
Ta ma tus ta nuk ka	John D. Young	Ahleecher	Feeling	Solomon Kaufman
Konos sot teh	John Ritchie	John Moffit	Alexander C. Spillman	Red Bird Sixkiller
Caswell B. Watts	David B. Corwin	Andrew Rabbit	Isaac Tyner	Jules C. Cayot
Charles M. Kix	Fred W. Schaurte	Budd Gritts	William Sunday	Daniel Grasshopper
Tats ca ha jo	Moses B. C. Wright	E. D. Gilpatrick	Nathaniel Fish	William G. Crafts
Earls che her mic co	George Dole	Samuel M. Downing	Luke F. Parsons	John Butler
	E. W. Robinson		Flute Foxskin	

This list was compiled through the courtesy of the National Archives, Washington, D.C., from the "Muster-Out" rolls of the First, Second and Third Regiments of the Indian Home Guards

*Opathleyahola*, gallant elderly leader of the Loyal Creeks, died in 1862 shortly after the First Indian Home Guard was organized from his followers.