

THE FIRST INDIAN TERRITORY—OKLAHOMA BRANCH  
OF AMERICAN RED CROSS. THE FIRST OKLAHOMA  
STATE BOARD OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

By Fred S. Clinton, M.D., F. A. C. S.

The American National Red Cross was chartered by Act of Congress approved January 5, 1905, with Headquarters in Washington, D. C.

In 1905, Dr. Fred S. Clinton, of Tulsa Indian Territory, made application to the Executive Committee of the American National Red Cross at Washington, D. C. through their National Secretary, Mr. C. L. Magee for the establishment of a Branch of the American Red Cross in the Indian Territory.

With the cooperation of valuable friends in high places this Indian Territory Branch was completed early in 1906 under the authority of the National Organization. The *Red Cross Bulletin* for October, 1906 listed the Indian Territory Branch applying for membership. In the *Annual Report for 1906*, the Indian Territory Branch is listed in the "Roster of the Officers of the Various State and Territorial Branches" as follows, quote:

|                 |                      |           |                        |
|-----------------|----------------------|-----------|------------------------|
| President       | Dr. F. B. Fite       | Muskogee  | Indian Territory       |
| Vice Presidents | Hon. D. H. Johnston  | Milburn   | Chief Chickasaw Nation |
|                 | Hon. John Brown      | Sasakwa   | Chief Seminole Nation  |
|                 | Hon. W. C. Rogers    | Skiatook  | Chief Cherokee Nation  |
|                 | Hon. Green McCurtain | Sans Bois | Chief Choctaw Nation   |
|                 | General P. Porter    | Muskogee  | Chief Creek Nation     |
| Secretary       | Dr. Fred S. Clinton  | Tulsa     | Indian Territory       |
| Treasurer       | J. H. McBirney       | Tulsa     | Indian Territory       |

From 1905 on, the political ferment for statehood was quite active. So the newly organized Indian Territory Branch of the American Red Cross desired to avoid political activities or repercussions and took advantage of an act of Congress, approved January 5, 1905, authorizing an Officer of the Army stationed in a state or territory where a Red Cross Branch exists to be designated by the War Department to audit the accounts of the Branch upon the request of Red Cross Authority. The accounts were inspected, audited and found in order in Tulsa, Indian Territory, November 16th, 1906 by James Longstreet, 1st Lieutenant, 13th Cavalry, Recruiting Officer, Oklahoma.

Statehood seemed in the offing and changes in the political structure here and in the National Organization inspired cautious and conservative methods in developing this wonderful organization of trained voluntary service to suddenly distressed humanity, not otherwise provided for. When statehood arrived the jurisdiction and authority of the Indian Territory Branch of the American Red Cross was extended over the State of Oklahoma. On December 7, 1909 the American Red Cross promulgated the Revised By-laws

in *Circular No. 3*, issued by the Central Committee, January 1, 1910, titled "Instructions to the Officers of Red Cross Organizations". This outlined the expected reorganization to meet changing conditions. Much preparation and some education had paved the way.

The secretary of the Oklahoma Branch had full freedom of action at home and the complete confidence and magnificent support of the National Organization in the delicate task of shaping up to satisfactory completion a carefully chosen group of distinguished citizens for recommendation to be appointed by the Central Committee of the American Red Cross to membership of the first Oklahoma State Board of the American Red Cross, as follows:

|           |                   |               |
|-----------|-------------------|---------------|
| President | Hon. Lee Cruce    | Governor      |
| Treasurer | Dennis T. Flynn   | Oklahoma City |
| Secretary | Miss Kate Barnard | Oklahoma City |
|           | M. S. Blassingame | Sallisaw      |
|           | William Busby     | McAlester     |
|           | Seymour C. Heyman | Oklahoma City |
|           | Charles Page      | Tulsa         |
|           | H. B. Spaulding   | Muskogee      |

"This was the first State Board in Oklahoma", according to Miss Robina Rae, Librarian, National Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

The Indian Territory Branch of the American Red Cross was the authorized representative of the National Organization in the Indian Territory and in the State of Oklahoma. Then came the first State Board which closed the peace time organization and brought in the first War Oklahoma State Board of Red Cross and the Tulsa Chapter. (Jurisdiction, counties of Tulsa, Creek, Pawnee, Osage, Rogers, Washington, Nowata.)

From  
AMERICAN RED CROSS  
*Directory of State Boards and Chapters*  
March 15, 1916  
Oklahoma

| STATE BOARD |                     |               |
|-------------|---------------------|---------------|
| President   | Gov. R. L. Williams | Oklahoma City |
| Treasurer   | J. J. McGraw        | Ponca City    |
| Secretary   | Miss Kate Barnard   | Oklahoma City |
|             | M. S. Blassingame   | Sallisaw      |
|             | Anton H. Classen    | Oklahoma City |
|             | Dr. D. M. Hailey    | McAlester     |
|             | Charles Page        | Tulsa         |
|             | H. B. Spaulding     | Muskogee      |

From  
*American Red Cross  
 Directory of Chapters*  
 September 1, 1916  
 Oklahoma

TULSA CHAPTER. (Jurisdiction, counties of Tulsa, Creek, Pawnee, Osage, Rogers, Washington, Nowata.)

|             |                |                        |
|-------------|----------------|------------------------|
| CHAIRMAN    | Roger Kemp     | Tulsa                  |
| Vice-Chair. | J. P. Flanagan | Tulsa                  |
| Treasurer   | Earl Sinclair  | Tulsa Exch. Natl. Bank |
| Secretary   | C. E. Buchner  | Tulsa, Y. M. C. A.     |

From  
 Tulsa County in the World War (History, 1919)  
 Tulsa County Chapter

In December, 1917, and March 1918, a complete reorganization took place with the following officers and Executive Committee; E. R. Kemp, chairman; Clint Moore, vice-chairman; E. W. Sinclair, treasurer; W. L. Connelly, secretary; Mrs. R. L. McMinn, assistant secretary; C. E. Buchner, A. L. Farmer, T. J. Hartman, S. Jankowsky, W. R. Guiberson, W. S. Chochran, D. W. Franchot, J. H. Evans, Mrs. John R. Wheeler, Mrs. J. B. Robinson, Mrs. W. N. Sill, Mrs. E. G. Dawes, Mrs. W. I. Williams, Mrs. N. J. Gubser, Mrs. Preston C. West, and E. A. Wilcox, Rev. J. G. Reynolds, Broken Arrow; V. A. Schieffelbusch, Sand Springs; Mrs. L. L. Wiles, Skiatook, and Mrs. Ord Neville, Jenks.

The above distinguished pioneers were endowed with vision, imagination, independence, intelligence, integrity, industry and willingness to give help to persons known to be in distress.

Comparatively few responsible people will volunteer to invest themselves, their time, talents, money and other resources in a new or old humanitarian enterprise in a new country to prevent or fight dirt, disease, distress, death or disaster in the manner of the Good Samaritan to prevent or mitigate the suffering and horrors inseparably associated with war, wrecks, storms, floods, fires, famine, earthquakes, riots, mine disasters, pestilence, cold, heat, and drouth at home and abroad.

The Christian character and practical democratic non-political principles practiced by the Red Cross is world wide and recognized among all intelligent people whether civilized or uncivilized.

Will James says: "The great use of a life is to spend it for something that outlasts it." Florence Nightingale (1820-1910) the Angel of the Crimean War, the Lady with the Lamp, Jean Henri Dunant (1828-1910) the Founder of the Red Cross and Clara Barton (1821-1912) the unsung heroine of the United States Civil War and the Founder of the American Red Cross have through their sacrifice and suffering in providing professional and social service

to meet human needs in catastrophe during peace or war and in establishing organized humanitarian methods of saving lives earned the shining crown of Immortality.

Thus ends the first planned brief recital of the beginning of the great American Red Cross development in this rapidly expanding history conscious state.

To a proud citizen of this country the Tulsa County Chapter should be mentioned as a model and standard for any similar unit to adopt as working pattern in any highly developed and intelligent community.

Let us hope the little acorn planted in the Indian Territory—Oklahoma area in early 1905 will continue to grow into a mighty oak with many useful branches which flower and fruit like the 1943 Red Cross.

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## NOTES AND DOCUMENTS

### THE DIARY OF SUE McBETH

A Missionary to the Choctaws, 1860-1861

Edited by Anna Lewis

This Diary was made available by Miss Mary Crawford of Lapawai, Idaho. Miss Crawford is a niece of Miss McBeth and at the death of her aunt, took over her work with the Nez Perce in Idaho. Miss McBeth collected historical materials and kept a diary with the idea of writing a history of the Choctaw missions and missionaries. She came to the Choctaw Nation as a missionary in the spring of 1860. She was sent to the Goodwater mission and here she worked almost a year and a half until the Civil War forced her to leave the Indian territory.<sup>1</sup> She never, however, lost her interest in the Choctaws. Students of Oklahoma history will be interested in the following selections from the diary which she kept at Goodwater:

"Good-Water"<sup>2</sup>

April 16, 1860 (Beginning of the Journal)

A few minutes ago I came down the long yard which separates my log cabin from the mission house, passing on my way the work room where Miss G. is teaching our Indian girls to sew and glancing in, saw their dusky faces around her at their work. Standing on my rude porch, looking down into the deep forest that skirts my home, I ask my self, 'Is this a reality or am I dreaming still? Dreaming as when in the long ago I sat upon rocks left bare upon the sands of the Ohio at low water. Rocks covered with hieroglyphics traces by Indians when their tribes possessed the land felt such sorrow for the vanished race and thought that if God spared me to be a woman I would go to the handful that remained and tell them of Jesus and show them the ways to a home from which they could never be driven out. But the sweet melodious voices of the Indian girls, singing "Happy Land," after they have folded

<sup>1</sup> See Anna Lewis (editor). "Letters Regarding Choctaw Missions and Missionaries," *Chronicles of Oklahoma* (Oklahoma City), vol. 19, 275ff.

<sup>2</sup> *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, vol. 10, pp. 511-13; vol. 11, p. 997; vol. 12, note p. 407.

up their work for the day, float out upon the still evening air. And even as I write they come trooping past my open window, with a shy glance at the stranger who has come among them, and I look into their black eyes, and dusky faces and feel through all my heart that is (this sentence is incomplete)

I must have a few days of rest after my long journey before entering upon my duties here and will as I promised begin a record of this chapter of my life so that if you should not see me again, dear Mother, (For our Father only knows when or how this chapter will end) You can read the story about which helps to fill up some of the lonely hours in the telling.

I left Keokuk in Feb. with the floating river ice. Our course down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Arkansas almost directly south and in less than two weeks I watched the changes of a season pass before my eyes. The trees, first in bud—then in leaf—the field and forests along the shores changing their shades of green until they were wore the deep green hue of summer. Wild flowers were blooming around Little Rock, and now the first object on which my eye rested as we neared Fort Smith was the pink blossoms of an orchard of peach trees in full bloom.

I climbed to the upper deck with a lady passenger from Fort Smith and stood looking eagerly out at the town. As soon as we were near enough to distinguish persons I saw dusky faces and picturesque forms among the groups gathered on the banks. "My Indians!" I recognized them with a thrill. "Aren't they Choctaws?" "Yes. Some of them. Fort Smith is on the line between Arkansas and the Indian territory. You know." When the boat-landed a number of citizens came on board. "Yonder is Judge Wheeler in the front-part of the boat," said the lady to whom I had spoken of the letter of introduction to him in my pocket. "I will introduce you to him if you wish." The Indians! Those were the objects of greatest interest as I walked beside the lady up the bank and through the town. The only Indian I had seen was that traveling troupe when I was a child, but those wore the native Indian costume. These were dressed as any other frontier people.

I was detained in Judge Wheeler's home.

Concerning the route which Miss McBeth took to reach Good-Water, she gives the following description:

"Crossing the Poteau, a small stream on the outskirts of Fort Smith, we left the states behind us and came into the Indian Territory. Wild flowers in great abundance skirted the walls, clover blossoms and violets greeted me like the faces of old friends.

After traveling about fifteen miles the boyish driver turned out of the road and drove up to a house at a little distance from it. "What are you going to do?" I asked. "Going to feed the horses. This is W—s; we always stop here," was the answer. "You will have to get out and wait awhile."

W—s, was a log house; part of it two story; a one story addition, with a large porch in front, had been built at one side, and on this porch, and in the yard, lounged a number of rough looking white men, Indians, and negroes; white, Indian and negro children stopped their play to watch the new comers with the rest.

Mrs. W—, a pleasant faced, fine looking Indian woman, who spoke English very well, received us kindly in her sitting room. She had a visitor, a neatly even tastefully dressed young Choctaw girl, self possessed and lady like in her manners. She had just returned from school in the States.

Mr. W— was a Choctaw, but his wife was a Cherokee. We were not far from the borders of the Cherokee country, and nearly all the Indians I saw belonged to that tribe. "Is anything unusual going on?" "There's to be a ball tonight at Scullyville, a little distance from here," was the

answer, "and the most of them have come to go to it." "We will have to stay here all night," said the driver's voice at the door. "One of the horses is sick, and can't go on." I strongly suspected that he had heard of the ball, and wished to attend it, was the true reason; but there was no help for it; we must submit.

Taking little Susie W—, as a guide I walked over to the outskirts of Scullyville.<sup>3</sup> I did not enter the village but I could see several quite pretty residences among the dwelling houses, several stores, a blacksmith shop etc. On our way we passed the village grave yard, with palings around some of the graves, and near it was a comfortable looking log school house, with a pretty play ground around it. The school was dismissed, as we came up. The teacher was a gentlemanly looking white man. The scholars were Indians and half-breeds and were dressed as well as children generally are in country schools in the States. "That is a private school," Mrs. W— told me on our return. "We have three schools within five miles; the other two are at Fort Coffee,<sup>4</sup> and New Hope. The one at New Hope is a Methodist School."<sup>5</sup>

The Cherokees, as far as I have seen them, are a handsome race; tall, straight as an arrow, and finely formed; with regular features, black eyes, and abundant straight black hair. I had never seen a handsomer people. I thought as I watched the ball goers passing out and in through the house after supper, dressed in their best. Among them were several young girls, friends or relatives of Mrs. W—.

I spent the evening with Mrs. W— and the children. She is a woman of some education; very pleasant and communicative, and I had a long talk with her about her people.

I had a comfortable old fashioned bed, hung with barred blue and white curtains, in the room adjoining the sitting room, but sleep was impossible that first night in the Indian Country. The situation was too novel, and besides I had noticed that some the ball goers were intoxicated, and I dreaded their return. But they came home quietly enough a little before daylight.

Our route the next day lay through a hilly country, and our horses made slow progress. Once, one of them gave out entirely, and had to be turned loose to rest awhile. By nightfall we reached Gulliver's, our second stopping place. "Massa not at home, Mistis Neder," said the old negress who met us, "but dey'll done come soon," and presently "Mistis" and Indian woman rode up, on horseback with a child on her lap, and one behind her.

Two white mechanics who were building a house for G— came, after supper, into the room where I sat. They were father and son from the States; honest looking men. The father told me that he had been a church member before he came into the Nation. "Gulliver is a white man, isn't he?" I asked; for some of the half breeds I had seen were as fair as Europeans. "Yes, he is an Irishman," was the answer. "If a white-man marries an Indian woman he becomes a citizen of the Nation, and can have a share of the land. As soon as he is able he gets a slave or two and takes in more and more land. Some of the whites and half breeds have large plantations and are rich." "I saw several evil looking white men at W—s last night," I remarked. "Who were they?" "Wicked men who have broken away from the restraints of the States, I suppose the most of them were," he said. "These depraved whites are a curse to the Indians, and always have been."

Our route the next day lay partly through a pine country. Here and there we passed treeless hills, with large, smooth boulders sprinkled down their slopes from top to bottom. On the way we met a traveling black-

<sup>3</sup> *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, vol. 10, p. 232.

<sup>4</sup> *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, vol. 10, p. 225.

<sup>5</sup> *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, vol. 10, p. 277.

smith or "Horse Doctor", his saddle bag of tools, and as one of our horses was lame he shod him anew.

All the way from Fort Smith we occasionally met Indians cantering along on their shaggy little ponies, sometimes we would meet them driving ox, or horse teams, and often caught glimpses of them walking through the forests; but we passed comparatively few houses. Sometimes we would travel for nearly a day without a sight of a human habitation, but here and there we passed sheep and goats grazing on the side, or smoke curling through the distance. The Indians do not usually build their houses by the road side, but behind clumps of trees at a little distance from it. A person only passing through the Nation, along the principal routes, would have the impression that the country is much more thinly settled than it really is, because he would pass near houses without knowing it.

Our driver knew the country, and where to find many of these farm houses, and sometimes when we were thirsty would turn aside to one and ask for water. The dwellings we saw were principally log cabins. The Indians around the doors looked clean and neat; with good honest-looking faces, full-blood Indians, the most of them were; speaking no word of English. We had to make known our wants by natural language.

Our station the third night had no "Mistis," only an old black "Aunty" to do the honors. I do not know which one of the evil looking whites I saw lounging around the house was the Master. These stage stations are not fair samples of the homes in the Indian country. There is too much of the vicious white element in them, and contact with that class of white men always demoralizes the Indian.

The beggar woman, a bold faced woman of about thirty years, she was one of our passengers. One of the lowest types of the "poor white folks" of the South. Smoking a pipe and talking incessantly—no matter if anyone answered her or not; singing hymns and negro songs through her nose when on the road, but setting a pitiful story at night as she begged for her lodgings. In a few days she had the floor of the stage covered with onions etc., which she had begged for her sick husband. Perhaps she was honest, but in the mornings after we had started, I could see her taking bits of jewelry, old ribbons, etc., out of her pocket, and stealthily inspecting them.

Our old broken down team made such slow progress, that we did not reach Boggy Depot until Saturday noon. This is a small village near the Boggy river, about ten miles from Wapanucka, the Mission of the Presbyterian Board among the Chickasaws. Here the stage left me and I took Judge Wheelers letter of introduction to the store keeper at Boggy. "You are just in time," he told me. "The farmer from Wapanucka comes in on Saturdays for their mail. He has not gone home yet and can take you out with him."

Mr. McCarty, the farmer Missionary, had come in on horseback and while I waited in the tavern until he procured a conveyance, I had a long talk with the landlady—an intelligent Indian woman who remembered the removal of her tribe from the Mississippi. "I was only twelve years old then," she said, "but I will never forget what we suffered on the road. It was in the winter and we were coming north, and we suffered so much from cold and hunger. A great many died on the road. My little brother died before we got here. We didn't want to leave our old homes," she told me, "but the Government made us. They wanted our land for themselves, and so they drove us out." She is not a Christian, but I could see that the old wrong still rankled, and filled her with deep seated suspicion of the whites.

Wapanucka is a long, three story stone building situated on an elevated wooded plateau, with a large sloping yard in front, and masses of

detached rocks cropping out from among the trees in the forest background. It is the most beautiful of all the Mission Stations I am told.

We reached the station a little before sunset. The sound of wheels had caught the quick ears of the Indian Children, and from every door and window little dusky faces peered out eagerly, and I walked up the yard under the battery of nearly one-hundred pair of bright black eyes. I could not help laughing as they came swarming around me at the door, it was such a novel sight to me, that crowd of Chickasaw children, speaking no word, but taking in every detail of the stranger's face and dress with their bright quick eyes.

At the door one of the Missionary ladies met me with a kiss. "Welcome to Wapanucka. We have been expecting you for some time. Dr. Wilson wrote us that you were coming," said Miss Culbertson. And I looked into one of the sweetest faces I have ever seen. Perhaps it looked lovelier in its surroundings, and purer and saintlier after the coarse dark faces I had met for a week, but those large dark eyes, and spiritual girlish face comes to me yet, like the memory of a pleasant dream.

That first night on the Mission grounds was a very pleasant one. The other Missionaries met me with a welcome which made me feel at once at home.

The buildings at Wapanucka were commenced by the Presbyterian Board in 1850,<sup>6</sup> but the school was not opened until two years later. The Rev. Hamilton Balentine was the first Superintendent. In 1855 he was succeeded by the Rev. Charlton Wilson who remained four years. At the end of that time his urgent request, Mr. Balentine came back from the Creek country to supply his place for one year. Mr. Balentine was absent during my visit, but Mr. Wilson who had returned a short time previously to attend to some business connected with the mission, supplied his place. The Mission is laboring under financial embarrassments—I am told. If these are not removed, the present prospects are that the school will need to be discontinued.

On Sabbath morning, the rising bell awoke me and on going down I found the family assembled in the dining hall; the Indian children seated at several long tables, with a teacher at each end of the board. Everything about Wapanuck is scrupulously clean and neat; the bare floors and unpainted wood work scrubbed clean as hands could make them. When I went to my room after worship two of the larger girls were putting it in order. "We have them attend to the rooms," said Miss C—, for we could not find time to do so until after nine o'clock; we have to superintend the girls in the dining room."

I watched the pupils neatly arranging the rooms on the other side of the hall, and working in different parts of the house with as little noise as if the one-hundred girls and their teachers were only one small family. When their work was done, I saw them walking around, or sitting in the yard below, with their Bible's in their hands, studying their lessons, or quietly talking, and thought—what an immense influence these Indian girls must exert, when they return to their homes, and if they carry the grace of God with them in their hearts, how it will leaven the mass.

At nine o'clock they all went into Sabbath School. They met in the large school room for prayer and singing, and then each teacher took her own pupils to her school room. I went with Miss Downing, a lively little lady from the East; the little ones clinging to her hands as we walked through the halls and looking as if they loved her very much.

The children are taught in English in these Mission Schools. Their lesson was reciting the 55th chapter of Isaiah, and the shorter Catechism, and they recited very readily. At ten o'clock they went with their teachers into the large room used as a Chapel. Mr. Wilson preached to the In-

<sup>6</sup> *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, vol. 12, p. 402ff.



dians about five miles distant that morning but Mr. McCarty read a short sermon to the Mission family. Mr. Wilson preached for us at night.

"How quiet and peaceful this home in the wilderness is; shut out from all the world beside," I remarked to Miss McLeod, as we sat in her room that afternoon; not a sound reaching us save the twittering of the birds outside, or an occasional light step passing through the hall. "Yes," was the answer, "We have no temptations or helps either from outside the walls. We have to take up the cross, and if the burden draws us nearer to the Saviour, then indeed we are happy in our isolation. If it does not then must our lot be miserable."

I remained at Wapanucka until Thursday. I had read the life of Miss M. C. Greenleaf,<sup>7</sup> a Missionary who had died in that institution some years previously, and one day while the other ladies were in school, I went to visit the little mission grave yard where she lay. It was on a hill side in the forest behind the house. I threaded my way through the grand old rocks, and among the stately trees until I came into the rude enclosure where slept Miss G—, and several of her Indian girls. What a solemn stillness reigned through the dim forest aisles around. Last resting place for one who left her home to die among the forest children.

Mr. McCarty was delegated to convey me to Good-water. Our conveyance was the only carriage—to my knowledge,—belonging to the missionary force in both the Chickasaw and Choctaw Nations. It had been a pedlar's wagon in the states, and the Missionaries made an oil cloth covering to protect them from the sun. The unsteady wheels needed to be watered frequently on the road to prevent the iron tires from slipping from the shrunk wood work; but with watchfulness and care it carried us through without mishap.

We spent Thursday night at the Bennington Mission station in the Choctaw nation. Here I met the first familiar face since I left Memphis. The Missionary teacher, Miss Mary Semple—a daughter of Dr. A. W. Semple of Stenbenville, Ohio,—was a school mate in the Stenbenville Seminary. How doubly dear that sweet young face looked in this land of strangers; and how I enjoyed that night spent with my friend.

Bennington had only a church and day school.<sup>8</sup> The Mission house built of logs, looked like some of the old farm houses in the States.

The present Superintendent and pastor, the Rev. Charles C. Copeland was born in Dover, Vermont, Jan. 11, 1818. His parents were both pious people, who early tried to lead their children to the Savior. Mr. C—, was not more than fourteen years old when he became a Christian—as he hoped. While quite young his desires pointed to the ministry as his life work; but his health failing from over exertion, when he was about seventeen years of age, he felt that he was not able to obtain the necessary education, and concluded to devote himself to teaching. After attending a good school in Vermont, he, with several of his associates, went to New Jersey, where he taught successfully for some time.

While in New Jersey he became acquainted with Rev. Dr. W. Armstrong, agent for the American Board of Foreign Missions, and through him became deeply interested in the Choctaws, and decided to give himself to the work of a Missionary among them. In 1841 he bade farewell to his friends in Vermont, and shortly afterwards, in company with several others, started from Boston to the Choctaw Nation via of New Orleans.

He commenced teaching at the Stockbridge Mission,<sup>9</sup> and began giving instruction in public on the Sabbath, which he continued while teaching. In 1843, Mr. Jared Olmstead, a licensed preacher who had labored, successfully, among the Choctaws for seven years, died at Norwalk. Mr.

<sup>7</sup> *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, vol. 12, p. 427.

<sup>8</sup> *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, vol. 16, p. 175.

<sup>9</sup> *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, vol. 10, p. 221.

Copeland was appointed to supply his place in the school at the station, and in the year following was married to one of the lady Missionaries at Wheelock.<sup>10</sup>

By the advice of his brethren in the Mission he began the study of Theology under the Rev. Alfred Wright of the Wheelock Mission.<sup>11</sup> He was licensed to preach in 1846 and four years later was ordained at Wheelock.

Feeling an earnest desire to devote himself more exclusively to the work of the ministry, on the removal of the Rev. Joshua Potter from the Mount Pleasant station,<sup>12</sup> then the most western station in the Nation. Mr. Copeland was appointed to that place and the five churches west of the Boggy river were committed to his care. Here he had long rides to meet his appointments; often being absent from home four days of the week.

Mount Pleasant was in an unhealthy location near the Boggy bottom, and Mr. C— suffered much from chills and fever. Bennington was nearer to the center of his field of labor, and when Mr. Lansing left that station in 1855, Mr. Copeland took charge of it, and has resided there up to this time.

In the ten years of his ministry he had received into the churches under his care two-hundred-and-eighty-two members on profession of their faith; had baptized two-hundred-and-three adults, and one-hundred-and-ninety-four children, and had preached more than one-thousand times. More than \$1000 had been contributed by his people to the cause of Foreign Missions. This did not include their contributions to their own schools and churches.

Mr. Copeland had now become perfectly at home in the Choctaw language. While camped with his people he was one with them; a true Pastor to his flock. They came to him in the most confiding manner and poured their joys and their sorrows into his willing ear, sure always of sympathy or help. His amiable and excellent wife is a true help mate for him in his many and arduous labors and he spoke gratefully of the help he had received from the native elders in his various churches, and the harmony which existed among them.

The next day's travel brought us to the Rev. O. P. Stark's station at Goodland where we spent the night. Goodland had only a church with a good Indian congregation, and a day school. It is very pleasantly situated; the church among the trees at a little distance from the Mission house, is used on week days for the school. Miss Mary A. Greenlee, of Frederickes town, Ohio, is the Missionary teacher at this station.

Goodland is about twelve miles south-west of Good-Water.<sup>13</sup> On the road the next morning Mr. McCarty stopped to talk with an Indian on horseback, and the man came up the carriage and shook hands warmly with me, looking pleased as he spoke some words in Choctaw, "I told him you were a Missionary for Good-Water," said Mr. McCarty. "He is an elder in the church there." I noticed that Mr. McCarty and he appeared to understand each other very well, although Mr. McCarty lived among the Chickasaws. The Choctaw and Chickasaw languages are only different dialects of the same tongue.

The Choctaws, or properly "Chaktas," and Chickasaws were ancient allies, making in reality one nation. When first known to Europeans, these allied peoples occupied the territory on the left bank of the Mississippi, almost from the Ohio river to the Gulf. They belong to the great Chekta-Muskokee family, which, in early days controlled the whole

<sup>10</sup> *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, vol. 10, p. 222.

<sup>11</sup> *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, vol. 10, p. 222.

<sup>12</sup> *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, vol. 10, p. 255.

<sup>13</sup> *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, vol. 10, p. 516.

country from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, and from the Gulf shore to the Apalachians.

The area of the Choctaw Nation at present is from one-hundred to one-hundred-and-fifty miles from north to south and about two-hundred miles from east to west. Several years ago the United States government leased from the Choctaws all their land west of 98°.

Late in the afternoon of Saturday, we came in sight of Good-Water. How eagerly my eye took in every detail as we emerged from the forest and drove slowly down the little slope, at the foot of which lay my future home.

June 12, 1860

We have had no rain for a long time and the heat is becoming intense. If it does not rain shortly, the present crop to which the people have been looking forward with such longing eyes, will be entirely destroyed. But, like the shepherd of Slisbury Plain, "it shall be rain if God pleases." He knows, and will do what is best.

The winters in this climate are usually mild and short, but last winter was unusually severe. The Indians lost a great many of their horses and cattle and were compelled to give out much of the corn they had reserved for their families in order to keep their stock alive, and, as corn is their principal breadstuff, many are even now lacking bread. A half breed Cherokee, the mother of one of my girls, was here today, and I had a long talk with her. She told me that many of those who had stock left after the hard winter were selling them to buy corn. They cannot get corn in the Nation now, and must send, or go for it, to the neighboring states, and many have no money to purchase it. She said she did not know what the people would do now if it were not for the missionaries. They are giving out provisions at the mission stations, feeding the destitute as far as it is in their power. Mr. Ainslie has been helping the needy among his people for some time, by loaning them corn and rice to be repaid when they can. None are sent away empty and yet we have to be careful for fear our own supplies should fail, and our own hungry ones be unfed. How plump and healthy our girls look beside some of their friends who visit them. And yet our fare is of the very plainest kind.

Mr. Jones has just returned from taking Mrs. Ainslie and her little son John, Miss Mary Semple, and Mr. Henry Hotchken to Pine Bluffs,<sup>14</sup> on their way to the north. Mrs. Ainslie's health was failing so rapidly, and she could neither have the medical attendance, the nourishing food that she needs while she remained here, so she has returned to her father's home in the state of New York in the hope that change of climate and rest and other things suited to her condition may restore her. But I very much fear that it is too late. She has been a faithful missionary for years and her labors in this climate have been beyond her strength.

Mr. Hotchkin, a son of the first missionary at Good-Water is to accompany the ladies as far as Napoleon, where they will take the boat. Miss Semple has been here for the time for which she was engaged, but, if her health improves she expects to return in the autumn as Mr. Hotchkin's wife.

December 28, 1860

I have been so depressed in spirit for several days, I scarcely know why, a sense of impending danger, I scarcely know of what kind, seems to hang over me. I could scarcely wait for my letters (our post office was ten miles distant). I did not know that Mr. Reed had come until I went up to the mission house for supper. As I opened the door,

<sup>14</sup> *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, vol. 10, p. 225.

I saw him sitting by the fire. "Oh, you have no letters for me!" was my first thought. "Yes, I have though—quite a budget of them," and began distributing our mail matter. "One-two-three-four-five letters for Miss M—." "Oh! You are the Best-Man—" as I grasped them—he laughed—"Oh yes, I understand. I used to feel just-so when I first came into the Nation." "And you do not now? I do not think I get any better as I grow older." One letter from Rev. Ainslie (in New York with his dying wife) Mrs. A— still failing. The greater part of the letter filled with the political storm now raging in the states, fears it will break up our Mission. I had to go to my girls' prayer meeting after supper—but when it was over I went to Mr. R—. He promised to talk with me about the 'signs of the times'. "Now," I said as I drew up my chair to the bright wood fire. "I want you to tell me all about how this trouble in the United States is going to affect the Indians. I thought it would, in some way—but I could not tell how. I know nothing about politics." "Well, I think with Rev. A—, that the last days of the Choctaw mission and the Choctaws themselves draw to a close, but I do not think with him that it will be caused by Northern or Southern prejudice. You know that when the United States entered into the present treaties with the Indians, they were formidable enough to make conciliatory measures policy. Now they are a mere handful, a despised remnant and the United States considers their annuities a burden, and them an incumbrance on the rich lands they still call home, and, in the event of a rupture between the north and south both parties will feel at liberty to ignore his claims altogether. The United States has their money, and has loaned it to the states. In the contract the Indian is not recognized. The states are responsible to the United States alone." "So then their annuities will cease?" "Worse than that—the Indians hold their present territory from the United States government. If that is dissolved, he will no longer have a title to it." "But, Mr. Reed, surely they will not have the conscience to take this little territory—this last foothold from him. Where will they send him? Surely it is more than enough if they refuse to pay him for his old home in the south. They can never have the cruelty to do more?" He smiled. "Do you not know that conscience has very little to do with politics? They will not stop to question its right or its mercy if they want his land. We shall probably be the center of opposing forces. And between them the Indians and their mission be pushed out of existence." "And the Indians themselves—will they submit to this quietly?" "What else can they do? Naturally inefficient, and now enfeebled by famine. As for the missionaries themselves, I suppose that they will be given warning that their services are no longer needed and sent home." "But, do you think we will be interfered with this session." "If we are unmolested this session. I do not suppose we will be disturbed at all. But I think the probability is that the crisis will come to us in a few weeks or months at the most. We can do nothing but trust God and wait until it comes." This morning before he left, I said something about Spencer being a "permanent institution." "Yes," he said. "It may exist three weeks."

January 3, 1861

Received a letter from home, tonight, and read "THE PRESBYTERIAN" both frightened me with impending Civil War. I never knew so much about politics, the crops, and the price of corn, in all my life, as since I came here, and I hope never to know so much again—I had been thinking of the poor Indians only. Think most of them still, for my home can be reached as easily from the Indian country as from Ohio. that will matter little when I reach it. But how many of my dear girls are not prepared for the change, and how many of the mass have scarcely yet heard of the Savior. Some of the ladies anticipate violence, perhaps death, from the mob element that surrounds us, the border ruffians who came over to lynch Rev. A—. The greatest danger to the missionaries

is from them. They hate the missionaries because they reported them to the government for selling whiskey to the Indians. We are only four miles from the Texas line, where they have located their grog shops since they were prevented selling it in the Territory and they have threatened vengeance. The half breeds, as a class, hate the missionaries, because they are educating the 'tubbies' as they call the full Indians, and the 'tubbies' are taking the reins of government into their own hands, they are so much more numerous and the half breeds blame the missionaries for their warring powers and hate the 'tubbies'. Already 'vigilance committees' of the border ruffians and ungodly half breeds are forming. As soon as communication with the north is cut-off, and the troops withdrawn from the nation, we will then be at the mercy—I was going to say—of the lawless bands around us—when I was checked by a sweet thought of Him who numbers even the hairs of our heads, and without whose notice even a sparrow cannot fall to the ground. "Are ye not of more value than many sparrows?"

The Indians do not want to take any part in this trouble. "It is not our quarrel," they say. They are in council in Doaksville. Talk of declaring themselves independent, but what good will that do?

May 17, 1861

Miss Eddy arrived from Pine Ridge tonight to see us before we leave.<sup>15</sup> Rev. Edwards received his walking papers yesterday from the 'vigilance committee' of Texans and half breeds, the same committee that visited Spencer. One of his people heard of their coming and told him. He had only time to saddle his horse and start for his life to the mountains. In less than half an hour after he left they were there with ropes to hang him. Miss E— said that they were assembled to visit Good-Water on Wednesday, the day that Rev. A— was at Spencer,<sup>16</sup> but, for some reason, she did not know why their visit was delayed.

June 17, 1861

At Lenox Mission (Rev. Hobbes) up in the Kiamatia Mountains.<sup>17</sup> We started (from camp) this morning while the stars were shining—a cake in our hands to eat for breakfast, as we rode along. Last night we had quite an audience at prayers. A white man who lived near our camping place, half a dozen nearly naked children, and two Indians.

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<sup>15</sup> *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, vol. 10, p. 224.

<sup>16</sup> *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, vol. 8, p. 287.

<sup>17</sup> *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, vol. 10, p. 227.