

Among Mrs. Wilson's old papers regarding her family is a paper taken from a publication by Oliver M. Spencer, written about 1835, entitled "Indian Captivity", and which mentions Chief Charles Bluejacket, when he was living either in Michigan or in Ohio, and is herewith quoted:

"After spending a few hours with this family we went to pay our respects to the village chief, the celebrated Blue Jacket. This chief was the most noble in appearance of any Indian I ever saw. His person, about six feet high, was finely proportioned, stout and muscular; his eyes large, bright, and piercing; his forehead high and broad; his nose aquiline; his mouth rather wide, and his countenance open and intelligent, expressive of firmness and decision; he was considered one of the most brave and accomplished of the Indian chiefs, second only to Little Turtle and Buck-on-ge-ha-la, having signalized himself on many occasions, particularly in the defeats of Colonel Hardin, and Gen. St. Clair. He held the commission, and received the half-pay of a brigadier general, from the British crown. On this day, receiving a visit from the Snake, chief of a neighboring Shawnee village, and Simon Girty, he was dressed in a scarlet frock coat, richly laced with gold, and confined around his waist with a pretty-colored sash, and in red leggins and moccasins, ornamented in the highest style of Indian fashion. On his shoulders he wore a pair of gold epauletts, and on his arms broad silver bracelets; while from his neck hung a massive silver gorget, and a large medallion of his majesty George III. Around his lodge were hung rifles, war clubs, bows and arrows, and other implements of war; while the skins of deer, bear, panther, and otter, and the spoils of the chase, furnished pouches for tobacco, or mats for seats and beds. His wife was remarkably a fine-looking woman; his daughters, much fairer than the generality of Indian women, were quite handsome; and his two sons, about eighteen and twenty years old, educated by the British, were very intelligent."

Her grandfather, Thomas Bluejacket, had related that when the government was making plans to move the Shawnees to Indian Territory, insult was added to injury when they were told that they would be much better off in their new homeland because they would have plenty of wild game and fish. To a highly civilized and intelligent people, the wild game and fish was to be something better? In their homes and on their fine farms in Kansas they had finer standards of living than most white people, and yet the government wanted to give them something better. The Great Spirit help us!

Mrs. Wilson came to the Nowata country when she was a little girl with her family, and they first settled in southwest of Nowata town. She recalls that it was a comparative land of plenty. Fine grassland for the livestock to graze, rich bottom land for cultivation, and wild game - deer, turkey, squirrel, quail, grouse - everywhere. Verdigris River and the many creeks all had good clean water. She has seen all this change. Whiteman's cattle herds have taken the grasslands, cultivation is a thing of the past for the most part and the government owns all of the Verdigris River valley. The discovery of oil has ruined the streams and Verdigris River is a repulsive sight at times.

Mrs. Wilson echoes a sentiment felt by many Indians, and in her words she says: No doubt it was right that these whites were entitled to seek a new life of religious freedom and to be free of persecution, and that they found their place in America. The Indians who met the Mayflower and other ships fell over backwards to help the whites and be friendly to them. The fable of the golden egg takes a far back seat to the story of the whiteman and the Indian. "Biting the hand that fed" was never more true.