

"As to the Springer-Oklahoma Bill (regarding the Cherokee Outlet) what Nation of people living on the earth would not condemn so inquisitive a measure - a measure that seeks to rob and pauperize a weak people to satisfy the demands of the lot of the earth's freebooters and such like. God reigns, and Cherokee rights will be maintained. - - - - -"

She tells that at one time her uncle, George M. Sanders, was Superintendent of the Cherokee Insane Asylum at Parkhill. Some of the patients died there and were buried in a little cemetery near the institution. That cemetery would be located on the north side of the highway across from the present Sequoyah Indian High School (formerly Sequoyah Training School). To her knowledge no markers were ever placed at those graves. However, one of those who died and was buried there was Bark Ross.

Political campaigns were perhaps no different in that day 80 years ago than now. On a handbill being passed out during a political race in 1885 or 1886, a candidate by name of E. B. Howard included this writing on his sheet:

WHEN DEMOCRACY WILL DIE

When the lions eat grass like an ox,
And the fisherman swallows the whale,
When the terrapins knit wollen socks,
And the hare is outrun by the snail,
When serpents walk up right like men,
And doodle-bugs travel like frogs,
When the grasshopper feeds on the hen,
And feathers are found on the hogs,
When Thomas cats swim through the air,
And elephants roost upon trees,
When insects in summer are rare,
And snuff never makes people sneeze,
When fish creep over dry land,
And mules on velocipedes ride,
When foxes lay eggs in the sand,
And women in dress take no pride,
When Dutchmen no longer drink beer,
And girls get to preaching on time.

When the billy goat butts from the rear,
And treason no longer is crime,
When the hummingbirds bray like an ass,
And limburger smells like cologne,
When plow shares are made out of glass,
When hearts of Tennesseans are stone,
When sense grows in Republican heads,
And wool on the hydraulic ram.

Then the Democratic party will be dead,
And this country not worth a dam!

Mrs. Wilhite is the last of the old timers to tell of Wauhatchie country of long ago, when there was a more different way of life, and, for the most part, certainly more peaceful and happy.