

JACOBS, ELLA MONAHWEE

INTERVIEW

12323

Nettie Cain,
Investigator,
November 29, 1937.

An Interview with Mrs. Ella Monahwee Jacobs,
Holdenville, Oklahoma.

I was born in the Creek Nation, near Henryetta in
1884.

My father, David Monahwee, and my grandmother Monahwee came from Alabama with the Creeks. Grandmother was very wealthy. My mother, Milly Carr Monahwee, was born in Virginia.

My parents both died when I was a small baby after which Grandmother Monahwee took me and my brother and sister, John and Hanna.

Grandfather Monahwee was one-half blood Creek of the Okfuskee Town. He was some time known as Opothee Yahola. He was a great warrior and was widely known and feared by the near settlers. He would sometimes go several miles up the river and steal horses for his people but the honest settlers never suspected his felonious deeds until he was far beyond their reach.

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In the early eighties Grandfather Monahwee was the Okfuskee Town chief and was known as the great warrior. He loved war and was not unwilling to strike the pale face. He was very jealous of the growing power of chief McIntosh, whom he disliked very much.

About this time a white man was murdered near Okfuskee Town and Grandfather Monahwee had been accused. McIntosh was afraid to attack him, for Grandfather Monahwee was the second Chief of the Creeks and had a reputation for valor and military skill and was always known to be the leader when danger threatened. Grandfather was also a doctor of medicine and at all times he would have gourds tied around his waist filled with different kind of herbs for his medicines.

In a battle in which Grandfather and some of his men engaged many were wounded and killed but about seventy survived. Monahwee was wounded and left on the ground for dead but after dark he crawled to the river and found a small canoe into which he crawled and just let it float down the river. The canoe drifted to the bank and someone saw it and

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found him. They removed him to an Indian home where a silent Council was held for three days and nights during which time the Indians neither ate or drank, in honor of the dead and the Indian women dressed the wounds of those who were wounded in the battle and nursed them back to health.

In later years when McIntosh was sentenced to death for having signed the treaty in violation of the wishes of the Creek tribe, Monahwee was selected to execute him. Grandfather at first declined; however, it was his duty and he performed it as he should.

He made a trip to Washington as a delegate for the Creeks to quiet the trouble among the Indians that proceeded the death of McIntosh.

As much as Grandfather disliked the pale face, he was forever faithful to the treaty for he said he had smoked the peace pipe and buried the tomahawk so deep that he could not dig it up.

Grandmother Monahwee lived to be a very old woman. She went north during the Civil War but returned

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to near Henryetta after the War was over.

I was about four or six years old when Grandmother died. John and Hanna were both in school and one night John ran away from school and came home. When he reached Grandmother's home he found her very ill, so called to me and said, "Grandmother is sick". He told me he was going after an old negro woman who was a slave of Grandmother's during the Civil War. When John returned with the negro woman Grandmother had passed away.

Grandmother had her money tied around her waist and under her bed.

After Grandmother's death, I lived with an uncle near Bufaula.