

INDIAN JOURNAL

Muskogee, Ind. Ter.  
June 12, 1884  
Vol. 8, No. 40  
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EDITORIAL ON ISPARHECHER

About the first of last January a delegation of Creek Indians arrived in Washington. One of them was Isparhecher, an Indian whose name had come into notoriety all over the United States. He had set up a rival claim to the head of the Creek Nation, and an Indian like him had endeavored to assert his claim by fighting. He came up to Washington fresh from the warpath, and the war of tomahawks had become a war of words in the interior department. At last Secretary Teller refused to recognize his claims, and said that Perryman was chief of the Nation. The disappointed claimant was then free to go home.

But Isparhecher had found a boon for his wounded spirit. He was in love. He had been taken by a friend to a house on Ohio avenue, between Thirteen and a half and Fourteenth streets, and introduced to a Mrs. Harrover, a woman who is a

descendant of a Cherokee Indian. Mrs. Harrover was pleasant, but she had a daughter about 25 years old who was pleasanter. Isparhechee was impressed at first sight. Mrs. Harrover earned her living by manipulating clothes in a wash tub, and in the performance of her daily avocation frequently visited the Tremont House, where Isparhechee was domiciled. The plot thickened, and the courtship of the two waxed warmer. They became engaged, although exactly how no one seems to know. The language of love was their only communication.

Isparhechee had decided to leave Washington on the 16th of June, and he wanted the marriage postponed until just before that date. He was afraid it would get into the newspapers, and be spread over the country and become known to his people before he got home. But the argument of his interpreter made him change his mind, and the 4th of June was the date fixed. Last night, therefore, at 7:30 o'clock, a little party gathered in the parlor of the bride's house: The light of a solitary lamp fell upon the dark and stalwart form of the Indian standing in the center of the room by his white bride, while her family stood over against

the walls. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Bartlett, of the New York Avenue Church. "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wife?" he asked of Isparhechee. Then the interpreter, Mr. S. B. Calahan, uttered a series of guttural sounds. The chief bowed his head and answered "I do" in unintelligible Creek. The whole service was thus interpreted.

Isparhechee is a fine specimen of an Indian, tall, heavy built, with black, glossy hair and a face which is deeply furrowed. He is about 56 years old. When interviewed, through the interpreter, by a Post reporter after the ceremony, he said that Indians were generally regarded as poor, wandering, homeless creatures. He was not one of that kind. He had a home and a farm and plenty to live on. He had regretted exceedingly his inability to speak English but he had always lived back in the country among the Indians, and had not acquired the new tongue as others had, by mingling with the whites. He therefore felt lost among English speaking people.

Miss Alma Harrover, the bride, is about 25 years of age, with pleasant features. She wore a neat drab dress, and said but little during the interview. She

does not understand one word of her husband's language and he, as stated, can not speak English. "How are you going to get along?" asked the reporter. "We understand each other," she said smilingly.

"I should think they did." said the interpreter, "for they have been courting each other for some months.

Mrs. Isparhechee said she did not mind going to the Indian Territory, and was perfectly willing to live there.

In a room beneath the parlor, a table covered with a white cloth and bearing two plates of plain cake, told of the wedding feast which had followed the ceremony.