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ANECDOTE OF CHIEF ISPARHEECHER

The old chief Isparheecher used to enjoy relating the following anecdote which brings to mind Shakespeare's remarks about ingratitude:

After freeing, or helping to free, the negro, I had a little trouble with one. I had known him for a number of years. It was just when the country was getting quiet again. I left our old headquarters at Fort Gibson on pony back to look out for a good place for a home, my old home having been consumed by the enemy's fire. Before reaching old North Fork town between the two Canadians, I was overtaken by a regular blizzard and as my route lay over the prairies nearly all the way, I came near freezing to death. I got to old North Fork town, however, where the old negro of my anecdote resided. He owned a big store and lived in great pomp. Knowing that my black friend was somewhat indebted to me for his great happiness, I felt very sure of a good night's rest under his roof. But when I called on him and asked for lodging, he did not welcome me as his liberator. On the contrary he took pains to show me a half clapboarded hut where he said the Indians sometimes put up over night. Seeing that he would not keep me over

night, I rode up the road a little way and met an old Confederate soldier whom I knew. We shook hands and I told him my story. He took me to his home and emtertained me so royally that I had fought him to free the negro. After spending several days with him, I went on and finding a place that suited me, I settled down to raising corn and hogs. One winter evening some six years afterward, there came a great snow storm, and while I was sitting by my warm hearth, I heard some one at the gate. Looking out I saw a white man and a big black negro. The negro acted as interpreter and after explaining that they were about frozen, he asked me if they could not stay all night with me. I recognized my black friend of old North F ork town at once and answered, "Yes, tell the white man to get down and come in to the fire. The boys will put up his horse. But I have no room for you. However, if you will go north about a mile you will find a deep gulch where you can build a big fire and be comfortable. It is an excellent camping place for negroes."

This made the old negro shudder and he looked at me as pitfully as a hungry yearling calf and began to shed tears. Meantime the white man was sitting by my warm fire. The negro begged and offered me all kinds of money for a cozy corner in my house. At last, I told him all about the treatment he had once accorded me at old North Fork town. I told him the white man of the south had treated him right but that the white man of the north had freed him and that he deserved no better treatment from me than if I were his master. So saying, I told him to get down and before allowing

him to go into my kitchen, I made him put up the horses.

The snow storm lasted a couple of days, during which time I succeeded in selling the white man and the negro a nice drove of hogs at a good price. The two left my house happy, especially the negro, who was wise to boot.