

HENRYETTA FREE-LANCE

Henryetta, Okmulgee County, Okla.,
July 3, 1908
Vol. 6 No. 34
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EDITORIAL ON ALEX POSEY AND CHITTO HARJO

The disgruntled Snake Indians are assembled at old Hickory ground in great numbers. One informant said that there must be about three hundred of them. They are gathering in from all over the country. Many of them are negroes who have taken their allotments, and have sold them and have received the cash for the land. Now, old Chitto Harjo tells he can get their land back, and that whets their greed to a keen edge. To get an allotment, sell it for the money, and afterwards get the land back looks to them like good business. With positively no scruples at all, they take to the scheme like a duck takes to water. Very many of our more enlightened and intelligent Indians are far from taking notice of the affair.

The tall warriors walked around the streets

of Henryetta Wednesday with belts full of murderous looking cartridges, but Free-Lance man saw no guns. We are reliably informed, however, that very many of the Snakes are heavily armed.

The people of Henryetta are not so easily frightened as to get scared at a belt full of cartridges. The "real thing" does not alarm our citizens much, and they smile at the sight of a dozen braves swaggering down the street with a belt filled with messengers of death.

Henryetta was the scene of the Snake war in 1901. It was the building of this town that aroused the smouldering fires of hate in the breast of the crafty old chief and caused him to assemble his followers at old Hickory Ground on that memorable occasion. The editor was here at the time, and remembers well the feeling of apprehension with which we watched the arming of the hostile bands then. There were only a few people here at the time, and when the Frisco ran in a troop of bluecoated regulars, and they pitched their little sharp pointed tents along the right-of-way and rubbed their horses down as if ready for a cavalry charge, our people felt relieved.

Dr. Leo Bennett, now mayor of Muskogee, was in

the field as commander in chief, by virtue of his position as United States marshal. Capt. Nelson commanded the cavalry, and with the aid of fifteen chosen spirits from Bennet's field deputies, prepared to meet the wily foe.

A scouting party composed of nine men captured Chitto Harjo, and brought him to headquarters. As a captive, he maintained his royal dignity well. He was placed in the stock pen along the Frisco road. Here he held his chiefly court with as much gusto as if he were not a prisoner at all.

A number of his followers were in there with him, and he was their chief just the same, and they paid him that same serville obedience in prison as out.

Alex Posey said Chitto Harjo is a born commander of men; and we are disposed to agree. He is always the observed of all, when in the midst of his people. They never rebel against his kingly authority. His word is law. His wisdom is never questioned. His patriotism is taken for granted, and however much he may be imposed on by unscrupulous lawyers in Washington, he is law and gospel to his followers here.

The present pow-wow is supposed to be one of peace; but the fact that the men are armed does not

look well, to say the least of it. It is not known how long the present assembly is billed to last. The regular "green corn dance" will be indulged in, and what else, we know not.