

Copied

Jan. 19, 1858.

Black Peter:-

I received the paper (National Intelligenz) last week, read the President Buck's Message through. He praised us. He said thus: "The tribes of Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Creekes, settled in the territory set apart for them west of Arkansas, are rapidly advancing in education and in all the arts of civilization and self government; and we may indulge the agreeable anticipation that at no very distant day they will be incorporated into the Union as one of the sovereign States." Etc. Etc. About our "rapidly advancing in education and in all the arts of civilization and self government," I think he is mistaken. Some one informed him which was not the case. We may be gradually, step by step advancing; but if you, uncle Israel and old Kentucky scholars were to drop off, why, the Choctaw Nation would be Iksha Kahinio. How can we rise when we have no workmen of all kinds? How can we rise when we are too lazy to till the soil? How can we rise when we have no energy? We want some one to stick a sharp stick into us, and we may "perhaps" rise, but I don't know. About our "self government" the President shot over the mark about a foot.

I wonder who told all the news to him? Some one
who was very smart told him about it. But the
question of old Constitution and New Constitution
comes before us, we are just as smart as any body.
Col. Harkins would raise his puissant arm
against it. Jo. Folsom and Rev. Allen Wright
would write out resolutions against it as an
oligarchy. All the elders of the various churches
would rise up with all their might. Some of
these gentlemen would talk about running some
bullets. I am writing what had passed. It put
me in mind of the destruction of Jerusalem,
how the Jews were so infatuated. Jo. Folsom
would rise up and say, I am the christ; Allen Wright would rise up and say, I am the christ.
Jerry Folsom, or more properly called the "Old Cons-
titution", would rise up and say, I am the old christ,
who first learned the republican principle from
his O'Brien David Folsom; and at the winding
up the "old Monarch", or King George of Red
River rose up and said, you stand back
you little christs, I am the Monarch of all I
Survey in the Kodak Nation; saying, Esquire
the Judge, Jack Folsom turned all the votes
saying the old constitution was broke. I contend
the old constitution is still yet good and the
only legal one! Uncle Peter, I read these gentle-
men through and through at the beginning. I knew what

They were "arrested." It was like a big conflagration in the wide prairie; but we new constitution fellows went just right straight along and organized a new government. The petitions ^{then} poured in from the old constitution fellows, praying for a new convention. Before they knew what they were about, we got them. They acknowledged our new form of government all at once. They were completely caught. To tell the whole truth at once, they were completely and badly defeated every way.

Uncle Peter, I am no Hartkins-man. They way he treated you when you run for a chief. After his men had voted for him, and when he threw up, they went and voted for Fletcher, which was illegal votes. I know this so well and I would have fought on that day. ^I ~~wrote~~ talk great pleasure in telling you that Mr. Tolson turned to be a prairie wolf. He is no human now. He is a rascal. He ought to be whipped until he excrements. You will ask me what has he done? Why, he is a Moab or an Ammon. His Niece had a young one by him. If his niece had been a near relation of mine, I would have lynched him, certain.

Our new laws have not gone into operation yet, and I am getting uneasy - 60 days have come and gone by. I don't want the old constitution fellows to rejoice over us. They are quite still, but

they are mulish yet. I have been told
there was no election in your District.
I wrote a sharp letter to Jack Folsom
that he burned up the votes. I had a
hand in it. Another subject. I heard
that mother and sister Abigail had lands
in the old country. I want you to tell me.
My old friend, the old Creek chief, Tuck
abatche harjo was to write to me. Has
he got there? He was to attend a little
matter for me. I would be glad to get
a letter from him. I suppose uncle Israel
started a few days ago for Washington.
Uncle Peter, I have got a little son, by the name
of Millard Filmore, who is one of the best
specimens of the Choctaw race for come-
liness and for intelligence. Pretty head and
forehead, and in his head, Riry, blackeyes,
beaming with intelligence. We are well.
Tell old aunt there howdy for me.

"Write to me, as you have not written
in a Coon's age." I thank you for that paper
you sent me. I would like to take it for a year,
if I could send the money. No more.

Your nephew Jacob Folsom