

**THE JOURNAL OF
ELLEN WHITMORE**

Edited By

LOLA GARRETT BOWERS

and

KATHLEEN GARRETT

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"It is a beautiful brick building with pillars on three sides of it and presents a fine appearance . . ."

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FOREWORD

The original journal of Miss Ellen Whitmore, penned almost exactly one hundred years ago, is a revealing and interesting document that every student of Oklahoma history needs to read. It not only reveals something of the spirit that impelled the serious-minded early New Englander to brave the hardships of the western forests to spread his doctrine of education and religion, but also the firm determination that permeated the minds of the early Cherokee people to secure for their sons and daughters educational advantages unsurpassed by any.

The hardships of such a journey, made a century ago, required a great deal of patience and perseverance. Such trying hardships and inconveniences could have been endured and such determination could have been maintained only by strong convictions of duty and high ideals of unselfish service to others. Such sincere and devoted teachers as Ellen Whitmore deserve much credit. Her conscientiousness was remarkable.

The Cherokee people owe much to Mount Holyoke and to Dartmouth and Princeton for the devoted teachers that helped them in establishing their schools of higher learning far out on this western frontier. The devotion and fortitude of these early teachers from the eastern states, combined with the persistence of the forward-looking Cherokee leaders, guaranteed a system of free schools in the Cherokee Nation that has, in turn, gone far in producing the intelligent citizenship of eastern Oklahoma today.

—T. L. BALLENGER



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Ellen Rebecca Whitmore

Editors' Notes

In the early autumn of 1850 two young women set out from Massachusetts on a three thousand mile journey. One of them already deserved the name of traveler. Three and a half years before she had come these three thousand miles she was now to retrace. And as a little girl of seven she had, with her father, mother and two sisters, made a fifty-one day trip covering hundreds of miles.

The other was, within the next two years, to achieve the title of traveler, for she was, in addition to trekking again the three thousand miles, to travel by land and sea much farther.

Although they were in their very early twenties, they were already dedicated young women. They were not missionaries in the official sense, but rather they were members of that group who are missionaries in truth, though not in fact. They were teachers. And they were on their way to be principal teacher and assistant principal teacher of the Cherokee National Female Seminary in the Cherokee Nation of the Indian Territory.

At the other end of those miles there was much activity. Brick layers had been for the past year making and laying bricks, but now they had finished, and carpenters and joiners had taken their place. Haulers were urging their teams over rough roads freighting in supplies or anxiously waiting at Arkansas river ports for the water to rise so that steamers could come in.

For there were rising in the so-called wilderness of the present state of Oklahoma, within three miles of each other, two beautiful buildings of classical architecture, complete with Greek columns.

These buildings were the culmination of a fierce desire on the part of the Cherokee Indians—a desire that their children have an advanced education.

On coming from their old home in the southeastern part of the United States and upon setting up their government in the Indian Territory, they had established public schools. But an elementary education was not enough; seminaries there must be that could give young Cherokee men and women the advantages of higher education.

The beginning was made in 1846 when the principal chief recommended to the National Council legislation for the establishing of two seminaries, one for males, one for females. The Council took action on the recommendation, sites were chosen, and corner stones were laid in 1847. Now in the autumn of 1850 progress was such that the Female Seminary at least presented "a fine appearance" from a distance.

A fine building in itself did not suffice; the book was not to be judged by its cover alone. Teachers, plan of study, books must be of the best.

Thirteen years before at South Hadley, Massachusetts, Miss Mary Lyon had founded a female seminary—Mount Holyoke—that was "to train young women for useful and disciplined living rather than to 'finish' them." And it was to this seminary the Cherokees went for guidance. It was a literal going, for two of the tribe's members, David Vann and William Potter Ross, visited the school to see how it was conducted and to engage teachers.

It is not surprising to find David Vann one of the persons entrusted with this mission, for the history of the tribe often finds him in a position of trust. He was the treasurer of the Nation, but he appears again and again as a "member"—a member of a delegation going to Washington, a member of a board of directors.

It is even less surprising to find William Potter Ross the other person chosen. The Ross family produced many distinguished members: John Ross excelled as administrator and statesman; Lewis Ross became a "merchant prince"; Eliza Jane Ross was a "favorite teacher" and assistant principal of the Female Seminary, and William P. Ross distinguished himself as editor of *The Cherokee Advocate*. But he was no stay-in-the-office editor. He took an active part in political affairs, making numerous and protracted trips to Washington; he was interested in education, in the Seminaries and, later, in the Orphan Asylum when it was established. (He himself was a graduate of Princeton University.) His pen and his voice were employed constantly in the tribe's service, in addresses at dedications and commencements, in tributes to dead friends, in messages (as chief) to Council. And his home life seems to have been a particularly gracious one.

On June 19, 1850, after the visit to Mount Holyoke, Vann and Ross wrote from Washington, D. C., to the acting principal, Miss Chapin. (The letter is in the Williston Memorial Library, Mount Holyoke College, and may be read in full in *A Cherokee Daughter of Mount Holyoke* by Althea Bass and in part in *Park Hill* by Carolyn Thomas Foreman.)

The names of two possible teachers are mentioned. "Should you think Miss Worcester and Miss Whitmore suitable, we are willing to take them, it being agreeable to themselves . . ."

The name Miss Worcester was no new name to Vann and Ross, for Miss Worcester's home was in the Cherokee Nation. In fact a postscript to their letter says, "Our regards to Misses Worcester & Butler."

Sarah Worcester was the second daughter of Samuel Austin and Ann Orr Worcester, missionaries to the Cherokees. She was born in the Cherokee Nation East, but as a little girl had travelled with her family over the Trail of Tears. The Worcesters had at length set up their home, their mission school, their printing press at Park Hill to give Oklahoma, as has been pointed out, a printing history far older than her history as a state.

Sarah came from a family as keen on education as the Cherokees themselves. Grandfathers, uncles, cousin (of dictionary fame), father, mother of an older generation, sisters (except one), brothers of her own—all had the best education New England of the nineteenth century could afford. Sarah herself had chosen to attend Mount Holyoke Seminary, as it had been founded by her mother's classmate.

After three years and five months in the East, she was ready to return to the Cherokee Nation to add her talents to those of her father, mother (now dead, but in her lifetime a valuable influence) and sister Ann Eliza in teaching Indian youth. (Small wonder it is that books are present in Sarah Worcester's picture.)

In the Vann-Ross letter the sentence which begins, "Should you think Miss Worcester and Miss Whitmore suitable . . ." ends ". . . unless you have met with someone, whose age and experience would better qualify her for the post of Principal Teacher."



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Sarah Worcester

Apparently Miss Chapin had not. Ellen Rebecca Whitmore was in the middle class of the then three year course of the seminary. She had apparently entered that class on arriving for she attended only one year, 1849-50. She was born in Marlboro, Massachusetts, in 1828, the same year that Sarah was born in New Echota, Georgia.

What persuaded Miss Whitmore to venture out to the Indian Territory we do not know. Perhaps it was the friendship of Sarah, the persuasiveness of David Vann and William P. Ross, the recommendation of Miss Chapin, but we suspect it had something to do with the "path of duty."

Of just when the young women set out from Massachusetts, we have no knowledge, but we can join them on Thursday evening, October 3, 1850, at the Washington House in Philadelphia where they were to meet William P. Ross, who was to escort them to the Indian Territory, and we can travel with them the three thousand mile journey in the words of Ellen Whitmore.

Journal of Ellen Whitmore

Washington House, Philadelphia
Thursday evening, 10-3-1850

When we reached New York yesterday afternoon we did not find Mr. Ross at the Irving House as we expected, but instead, a telegraphic dispatch telling us to meet him here today. We were very comfortably and pleasantly situated last night, and this morning at half past eight Mr. Howard, the proprietor of the House, went with us to the ferry boat, took care of our baggage, purchased our tickets and went with us aboard, and introduced us to a friend of his who was going to Philadelphia and committed us to his care. This gentleman was Lieut. Alden of the U. S. Navy. His wife was with him and we came in their company to Philadelphia. He showed us every attention on the way, and when we left the boat obtained a carriage for us. When we landed at the Washington House, where Mr. Ross had telegraphed that we should meet him, we inquired for the gentleman and he very soon appeared. He told us that he had changed his plans and concluded to take the Northern route, as the Lake route was at present very boisterous. We start for Pittsburg tomorrow

morning. This evening we visited Gliddon's Panorama of the Nile and were highly entertained.

Friday, October 4th, 1850. We were travelling over the mountains.

Saturday, October 5th. We arrived at Holidaysburg last night at midnight, then spent a few hours in a miserable tavern where we had no accommodations at all. Sarah and I slept on the floor in the parlour (so-called). I was awake about every five minutes to look at my watch lest we should be too late. At four we were up. Soon after someone knocked at our door, pushed it open in spite of the half dozen chairs with which it was barricaded (for there was no lock or bolt), and placed a lighted candle inside the door. This we supposed was a signal to hasten preparations for our journey, and soon after Mr. Ross and Mr. Eakins came and told us that we had better be quite ready, for the carriage would be at the door soon. A carriage indeed—a covered cart! We were drenched with a heavy fog and the tainted air showed very plainly that some of the occupants of the vehicle had tasted fire water. When we took the train we found only one car and that was crowded with passengers and of a class not the most agreeable in the world. I was very cold, but Mr. Ross wrapped his "blanket" around me and I was more comfortable. After the fog had cleared away the ride was delightful. I feel my insignificance, when in the midst of scenery so awful and sublime, more than at any other time. We reached Johnstown at 9 o'clock in the evening, where we took a canal boat and bade adieu to railroad travel. Our companions were many of them foreigners. One lady and a little boy interested me—she was easy and affable and we were soon acquainted—we spent an hour or two on deck and enjoyed it much.

Sabbath Day, October 6th. We traveled all day contrary to our principles or wishes. At evening we reached Pittsburg, and happy was I to be comfortably established in our room.

Monday, October 7th. I was awake at six and arose immediately. We were much disappointed that we could not leave Pittsburg that day. Mr. Ross and I went to a concert this evening to be amused and entertained for an hour.

Tuesday, October 8th. At 11 o'clock we took passage on board the Robert Rogers bound for Cincinnati and there we stayed until Sabbath afternoon. The days passed without

much variety though quite pleasant. We had a motley company of passengers and were very much crowded. Some of the many I shall be happy to meet again somewhere in life's journey. Each day we were aground for an hour or two which served for variety. One night the steward shot the barkeeper, but providentially it was not fatal. Our Captain was an inefficient man and loved his cups better than the comfort of his passengers. Right happy were we when in sight of Cincinnati.

Tuesday, October 15th. This morning the mail packet, Lady Franklin, came in and we were soon snugly ensconced there. Our accommodations were very fine although we were much crowded.

Wednesday, October 16th. We reached Louisville at about 9 o'clock having had 24 hours of very pleasant traveling on the Lady Franklin, and took a carriage immediately to the steamer Empress. She is a beautiful steamer, and we were pleasantly situated, although with regard to the passengers we know them not at all,—they are mostly Southern exclusives.

Saturday morning, October 19th. We are now about 150 miles from the mouth of the river, and shall be obliged to travel tomorrow inevitably. The weather has changed very much—it is a New England October morning.

Wednesday, October 23rd. After the above notes were written on Saturday morning we ran aground. Sabbath morning she got off, went back to get a supply of wood, and then ran on the self same bar again. All day Sabbath and Monday we were trying to get away, Tuesday we did run about six miles, and again were aground, Wednesday we were quite discouraged,, and the Julia Dean coming up, about 60 took passage on her, including ourselves. It was crowded to overwhelming and angry looks were cast at us by the former passengers. Many of us had to sleep on the cabin floor, and rare fun we had.

Friday, October 25th. Tonight we reached Cairo and took passage on the Sultana, a large boat and not much crowded, but the passengers were exceedingly unpleasant. Sarah and I had the good fortune to obtain a stateroom.

Sunday, October 27th. Reached Memphis tonight 425 miles from Cairo.

Tuesday, October 29th. Arrived at Napoleon at the mouth of the Arkansas river. Last night we were informed that we



FROM "LIFE AND TIMES OF WM. P. ROSS"

William Potter Ross

"...my constant friend and support."

should land at Napoleon before morning, and consequently slept in our clothing, but did not reach this horrid place until at a much later hour. Tuesday we spent as comfortably as we could.

Thursday, October 31st. Still at Napoleon. We hoped ere this to be on our way to Little Rock. The mail boat came in this morning but does not go out until tomorrow at 9 a. m. This morning Mr. Ross came in and told me I was going to have a caller,—a young lady was coming down to the boat to see a “real live Yankee.” As it proved, however, the lady was from Massachusetts herself, and longed to see someone from New England. Mr. Ross had given his own version of the story for the sake of a little merriment. We had a pleasant call from the lady and returned it the next morning.

Saturday, November 2nd. We left Napoleon yesterday morning and came up the Arkansas as far as Richland where we arrived this afternoon. Here we took wagons to Pine Bluff 15 miles distant, and as the wagons had no springs the ride was very wearisome. We arrived at Pine Bluff at 9 o'clock and had a nice supper of fried chicken, hot biscuits and coffee, and a comfortable bed, but the night was a sleepless one to me.

Sunday, November 3rd. This morning we were obliged to start again. There were about 14 in the company—five of us were in one carriage, the remainder in another, and in a third conveyance was our baggage. The road was very, very rough. I never had any idea of rough roads before, and never knew I fatigue before. We reached a little log cabin at 8 o'clock. I could not stand or walk when I left the carriage. It was the first time I had given out at all, and yet my courage was as good as ever. I have received more sympathy than I deserved, and all I could desire. I cannot express my gratitude to Mr. Ross for his kindness to me—“regard me as your brother, Miss Whitmore,” he said, “and never hesitate for one moment to let me know anything that I can do for you.”

Monday, November 4th. I slept very well last night and felt much refreshed for the start which we made early this morning. We reached Little Rock a little past noon, but were sadly disappointed when told that we must wait there until Wednesday afternoon. However, we found friends. Dr.

Dodge,¹ a friend of Mr. Ross, met us at the hotel and insisted upon our making his house our home while here. We had a pleasant visit, but were glad to be again on our way.

Thursday, November 7th. We reached Norristown this afternoon at 2 o'clock, and as we again resumed our journey from Little Rock "homeward, homeward" was the cry of Mr. Ross and Sarah, and I rather trembling responded "homeward" too, for I must make it and call it home. We were traveling all night. Here the dismal tidings greeted us that we must wait another two days. Arkansas is a mean state to travel in,—there is no hurrying for love or money. However, we are in nice comfortable quarters in this village of half a dozen log cabins.

Sunday, November 10th. We arrived at Van Buren this evening, having left Norristown Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock in a rickety old wagon which they called a stage. In that we packed ourselves away as well as we could, but dreaded the night's work very much, as the road was very bad indeed, and at each jolt it seemed as though our wagon would twist all to pieces, Mr. Ross was very anxious I know. Sarah and I said nothing, but I assure you we were not quite easy. It gratified Mr. Ross to have us so calm. "Driver," said he, "the only brave men you have in the stage are a couple of ladies." We changed stages at 3 in the morning and were more comfortable.

Monday, November 11.. We spent last night at Van Buren and started again at 7:30 in the morning. Here we left all our traveling companions behind, and our little company of three comprised all the passengers. We came 30 miles today to Evansville² where we are to spend the night. Mr. Ross and Sarah were happy indeed at the thought of being so near home, and my heart beat joyfully for them.

¹ This is probably Roderick L. Dodge, M. D., listed in "History of American Mission to the Heathen" . . . as a "missionary physician". Born in Vermont, he came to the Indian Territory in 1834, spent some years at Dwight Mission, but was released from the mission service in 1839. He no doubt continued in private practice here in the West and was in Little Rock in 1850 to give Ross and his party accommodation while they awaited transportation. We are indebted to Carolyn Thomas Foreman for this information.

² There had been born near Evansville seven years earlier a little

Wednesday, November 13th. Yesterday morning we started at sunrise. It was a bright and cheerful morning and our hearts were light and free. Thirty-five miles of rough road lay between us and home. I was happy in watching the cheerful faces of my companions. When about three miles from Park Hill we met Mr. and Mrs. Worcester³. They had heard that we were coming and came to meet their long absent daughter. She sprang out of the carriage and ran to meet them, but I turned my head away—I could not see the meeting. Presently we came in sight of Mr. Ross's father's⁴. We had heard that his wife and little boy were waiting for him. They started to come down the hill, the carriage stopped and there was another scene too sacred for a stranger to witness—the tears would come in spite of myself. I never saw such happiness in all my life. Mr. Ross had been from home ever since January, and for the last three months they had expected him daily. He has talked to me so much of his "Molly⁵ and little Will" that I felt as if I knew them before I saw them. She is very beautiful indeed and highly educated. They live in Tahle-

girl who was to have her name associated with the Cherokee National Female Seminary more securely than was to be the name of the young woman spending the night there in 1850. A. Florence Wilson became principal teacher in 1875 and for twenty-six years educated young Cherokee women in books and behavior.

In her essay "A Cherokee Daughter of Mount Holyoke," Althea Bass made the statement that Miss A. Florence Wilson came out from South Hadley in 1875 to serve as principal. Mrs. Bass wishes here to correct that error, made when complete alumnae records of Mount Holyoke were unavailable, to the effect that although four of the principals were Mount Holyoke alumnae, Miss Wilson was not, and to thank Mrs. Lola Garrett Bowers and Miss Kathleen Garrett for this opportunity to make the correction in print.

³ Sarah's stepmother, Erminia Nash Worcester.

⁴ John Golden Ross, a Scotsman. He was not related to Chief John Ross; however, he married Elizabeth (Eliza) Ross, a sister of the chief. His house stood west of the Murrell house, which stands three miles south of Tahlequah the only one of several pre-Civil War Indian Territory "great houses" to survive.

⁵ Molly or Mary Jane Ross and her husband, William P. Ross, were cousins, she being the daughter of Lewis Ross, he the son of Eliza Ross (who had married John Golden Ross), and Lewis and Eliza being brother and sister to Chief John Ross. Mary Jane was "lively and pretty." She had been educated in the East. She sang and played the piano. She and William were married in 1846.

quah and when they are settled again I shall go there for a while at least. When we reached Sarah's home there was another joyful meeting with her brothers and sisters⁶, but in all the happiness the stranger has not been forgotten—she was cordially welcomed to her Cherokee home and at the family altar last evening was tenderly remembered. The little room where I am writing, and which they call mine, is unfinished,—has neither paint nor plaster,—but it has a nice comfortable bed, a nice rocking chair and a bright blazing fire in the corner, and its occupant is very cheerful and happy. Three thousand miles! O, it is well that I do not realize it. I hope I shall not be homesick. Two of my pupils are here now. They are studying in preparation to enter the Semi-

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COURTESY OF MRS. L. C. ROSS

Rose Cottage "...the great chief of the Cherokee Nation, the renowned John Ross... came to invite me to his home."

nary. I can see the building from the piazza of this house with my eye glass. It is a beautiful brick building with pillars on three sides of it and presents a fine appearance from here. I shall go as soon as I can to see it, and I look at it with a good deal of interest. The future is hidden from me—whether happiness or sorrow is in store for me in that school I cannot tell. If I can only see plainly that I am in the path of duty it is all that I could ask. A fortnight from tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day. I shall have much to be thankful for though so far away from home, when I think of the dangers through which I have passed and all without the slightest accident and with perfect health. The rivers are very dangerous,—so low and full of sandbars and snags. We were in the vicinity of the cholera several times. When aground in the Ohio several boats were near us on which the terrible disease was raging, but there was not a single case on our boat. I have felt the danger more since we left the boat and were coming over those terrible roads; but we are safe, and as Mr. Ross remarked yesterday “the trials and dangers of our journey will soon be forgotten.” I do not know yet how soon the school will open, for the building is not quite completed and probably will not be for some weeks, I shall have to rest and become acquainted with the people. .

Thursday, November 14th. Yesterday afternoon I received a call from the great chief of the Cherokee Nation, the renowned John Ross. He came to invite me to his home⁷. I am going with Sarah tomorrow to spend the day and next week shall go to remain for a while at least. I confess I trembled a little when told that he was waiting to see me in the parlour, but I assumed composure however agitated I felt. His wife and sister⁸ were with him. He is a small man but very digni-

⁶ Hannah, who was a valuable asset to the print shop, Mary Eleanor, the youngest child, Leonard and John Orr. Ann Eliza, the eldest, who had taught for three years at the Park Hill Mission, had married the April before and gone with her husband to Tullahassee Mission in the Creek Nation.

⁷ “Rose Cottage,” so named because of the avenue of roses approaching it. A description of the house is given in Foreman, **Park Hill**, p.30.

⁸ Mrs. John Ross was Miss Mary Bryan Stapler of Wilmington, Delaware, who married the chief as his second wife in 1844. The sister was Mrs. Ross’s sister, Miss Sarah Stapler, who made her home with the family of Chief John Ross.

fied and sedate. Went to ride horseback this afternoon and succeeded very well (they say). This evening made a pleasant call on an interesting Cherokee family. I am delighted with the warm welcome which I receive. It is peculiarly gratifying to my heart in this land of strangers to be received as one whom they had looked for with interest.

Saturday night, March 1, 1851, has come, the last day of my 23rd year has just closed. It reminds me that my youthful days are past—I am no more youthful. Cares are not new, but new cares that I have not known will speedily devolve on me.

Monday evening, April 28th, 1851. Sarah and I are seated in my room and I am writing the first page of my journal at the Cherokee Female Seminary.

Wednesday, April 30. Eight girls have arrived. I find it difficult to maintain a calm and undisturbed demeanor.

Thursday, May 1st. The first day of our examinations is past—it has been wearisome and exciting. We have examined 13 and tomorrow will be busy.

Friday, May 2nd. Another day has fled. I have examined all who have applied except one—she will be here in the morning.

Sabbath, May 11th. Services in the school room commenced at 11 o'clock. Mr. Ross and family were here. Monday, May 12th we commenced recitations, found the young ladies interested and lessons learned well! told them they must arise and retire promptly, they must not "enter rooms" or make "communications." I have taken the history, one class in grammar, two in arithmetic and the reading. Sarah has the writing, botany, one class in grammar, one in arithmetic and singing.

October 8th, 1851. Sadly has my journal been neglected—a year ago we were traveling on the Ohio, or, very likely not traveling but fast aground. Sarah is away tonight and I am alone. The girls are very pleasant and very happy—had a little fun just as the bell rang for study hours in which I joined heartily. Two of the girls called in the guise of Indians and succeeded very well in carrying out their farce..

Monday evening, November 6th, 1851^a. A year ago we spent the night at Evansville, the last night of my long jour-

^a There is confusion in the dates. See entry November 11, 1850.

ney. O what a year this has been! I am sorry that I have not a more full account of its events and scenes—I shall one day regret it.

November 11th, 1851. It is a year tonight since the first sad night I spent in the Cherokee Nation. The year has sped away pleasantly. I know not if I have any enemy here,—I think—I know I have warm friends.

Sabbath eve, February 8th, 1852. Two months full of the deepest interest have fled and not one item have I recorded. O how I shall regret it in years to come. I do not know why I have such a distaste for journalizing—I used to like it. The last week of this term has begun.

Monday, March 15th, 1852. I wrote a letter to Mr. Ross concerning my plans for leaving the Seminary, and as I handed it to him gave him permission to use it as he thought best. All day long I waited anxiously to be summoned—once and again I was sent for but upon school business entirely. I was dreading it a good deal when the subject was introduced. They asked only a few questions relative to supplying my place, then excused me.

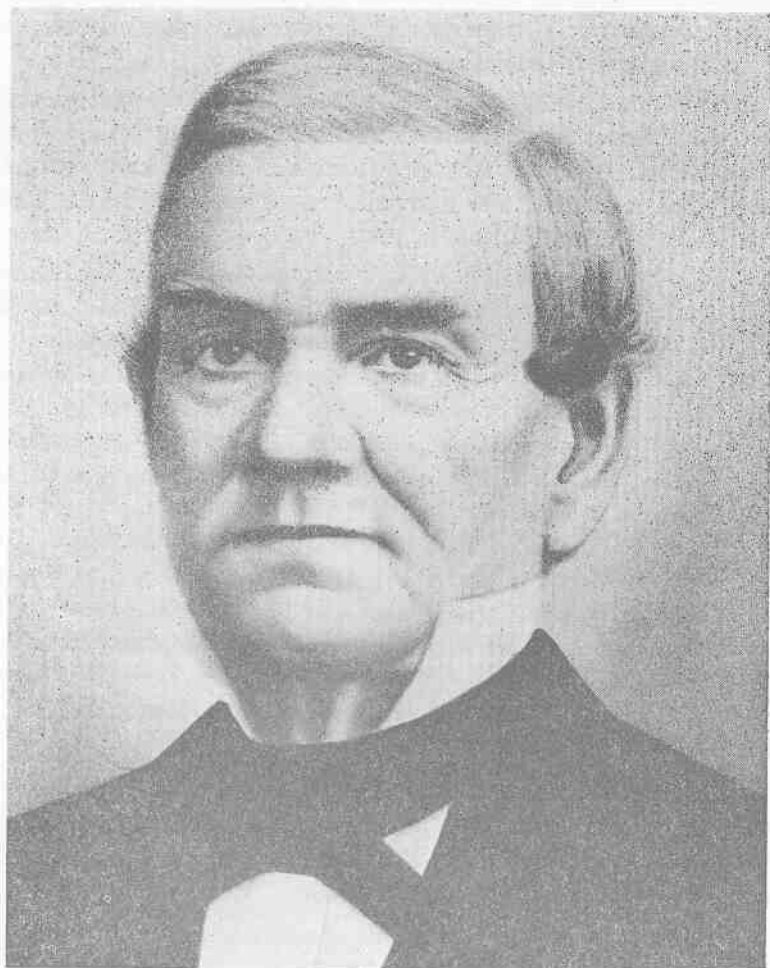
The next day (March 16) Miss Whitmore wrote the following letter to Miss Chapin at Mount Holyoke. The letter is printed here by kind permission of Mount Holyoke College.

Park Hill, C. N., March 16, 1852

My dear Miss Chapin

Before this reaches you, Miss Johnson will, I presume, have received a letter from me, relative to procuring a teacher to supply my place. In that I stated that the next mail would probably bear an official application.

The Board of Directors met yesterday; and authorized Hon. John Ross, Principal Chief, to employ a suitable person to take charge of the Female Seminary by the first of June, at which time I wish to be released. They also authorized him to solicit your aid in obtaining such a person. By him, I am commissioned to write to you this morning, and request you to select from your large number of candidates, one, whom you think well qualified for the situation. I would not advise one to come who has had little or no experience or one



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Chief John Ross

"He is a small man but very dignified and sedate."

who is very young, for it is a responsible situation, and one of course by no means free from trials.

You are already acquainted with the character of the institution. It will contain about fifty scholars this year, as the second class of twenty-five are admitted this term. The branches attended to this year will be; Latin, Algebra, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, Botany and Vocal Music.

The situation is, I think a desirable one in every respect. The salary is large, being eight hundred dollars a year—the school is pleasant—the country delightful—the society of the neighborhood of a superior order, and the religious privileges *good*.

It is very desirable that whoever comes, should come with the expectation of remaining three or four years at least. The Directors do not wish her to *engage* for any particular length of time, but hope that it will not be *necessary* to change again for some years. Certain I am, that she will not wish to leave if her health is good and she is as happy as I have been. I can truly say, it is the pleasantest field in which I have ever been called to labor. Though far from home and friends, I have found warm friends here whose unremitting kindness I can never repay.

The above, I have just shown to Mr. Ross and as it meets his approbation I will add a few lines and close. Mr. Ross is my constant friend and support—I can go to him at any time and feel sure of his sympathy and aid. He is very anxious with regard to my successor. He desires that this should become as much like Holyoke as possible, and hopes that you will send just the right one. Does my dear Miss Chapin think that I ask great things? I know that I do—but trust I am not selfish in doing so. I feel the importance of the influence exerted by this Seminary, and it makes me *anxious*. It is not that it would be such a difficult matter to find one as well—yea better qualified to fill the place that I am—but I would have no reference to myself at all—but I desire that someone should come who is a decided active Christian—who, is energetic, patient & persevering—who is lovely and pleasing in her manners, some one, in short, like your own dear self; would that *you* could come, or *Miss Johnson*. A lovely devoted Christian lady standing by me says, 'tell Miss Chapin to send us one of the



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Ellen and Warren Goodale

best of her ranks—and I know she will be rewarded for the sacrifice.'

I endeavor to commit this beloved school with all its interests to my Heavenly Father. I know He will order all things for His own glory. I commit the case to you & Miss Johnson praying that God will guide you in your decision.

Tomorrow we commence the new term. I am spending today at Mr. Ross (sic) away from the care and confusion—shall return to the seminary this eve—or tomorrow morn. Sarah is well & would send love if she knew I was writing. Please remember me affectionately to all my friends at Holyoke.

I shall await anxiously for a reply. If it is possible for you to find a teacher for us—who can be here as early as the first of June—tell me when we may expect her. I was disappointed

that Miss Johnson could not recommend one, when she wrote, but doubtless 'tis all for the *best*. I think the journey can be accomplished in three weeks at that season—expense probably not far from sixty dollars— though the expense of my journey was *double* that amount, because at such an unfavorable season. I would strongly recommend coming by St. Louis, because to that point one can almost always find good company—and from there to Fayetteville there is a regular stage route. I think Mr. N. Slow (?) was but two weeks in going from here to Cincinnati (sic) by that route. No very extensive preparations for wardrobe need be made for they have very good stores here—and it is desirable to have just as little baggage as possible in traveling.

This letter will reach you I presume during the first week in Apr. That will leave time sufficient I should think for one to come in season. But I would say again—If you cannot find a suitable one to come—and can do better by waiting a few weeks later—I would rather make any sacrifice—than to have one come in whom you have not perfect confidence.

But *I must* close—With much love—

Yr troublesome but aff. friend—Ellen R. W.”

March 18th. We have 41 young ladies here,—we met them a little while this morning, arranged their seats at table and this afternoon had them meet in the schoolroom and study till four o'clock, instructed them in some of the rules.

March 22nd. This afternoon Mrs. Butler¹⁰ announced to me that she had heard I expected to leave in June. I don't think the good lady is pleased that she did not know it before, but I did not feel called upon to communicate to her what my plans were, but it makes no difference. The day has passed pleasantly.

March 23rd. Have had a pleasant day, good lessons and correct deportment generally.

Friday, April 9th. Contrary to my plans and purpose two weeks have passed since I have written in my journal—weeks of toil and labor, of some pleasure but much anxiety.

¹⁰ Lucy Ames Butler, the wife of Elizur Butler, physician and missionary. They had followed the fortunes of the Cherokees, coming with them from Georgia. In 1851 the Reverend Mr. Butler was unanimously voted “religious instructor” for the Female Seminary.



GRANT FOREMAN COLLECTION

Mary Jane Ross - Mrs. W. P. Ross

"She is very beautiful indeed and highly educated."

Nine weeks later Ellen Whitmore was married to Warren Goodale. According to Carolyn Foreman's *Park Hill* they were married "in the residence of Chief John Ross." It was summer, so Rose Cottage must have looked its loveliest. The mahogany and rosewood furniture, "the imported china and beautiful silver" must have gleamed; the kitchen garden, the orchard, the smokehouse, the dairy must have made heavy contributions, and all for the New England bride so many miles from home.

Her wedding certificate, a slip of blue tinted paper, was in her son Charles's possession in 1918. It reads,

Female Seminary, Cherokee Nation, June 17, 1852

This certifies that Warren Goodale and Ellen R. Whitmore have been, this day, by me, joined together in the marriage covenant in the presence of many Witnesses.

ELIZUR BUTLER

Minister of the Gospel.

One is tempted to let the imagination play a little with the phrase "many witnesses." There would be the chief and his wife, of course, and the W. P. Rosses, for Mr. Ross was her "constant friend and support," and Sarah and her family (Hannah had married a few months before, but lived near.) And in addition to the Reverend Mr. Butler as officiating clergyman there would be Mrs. Butler (let's hope she was pacified by then) and probably their daughters. All three of them attended Mount Holyoke and one of them was there when Ellen and Sarah were. Vann and Ross had sent their regards to "Misses Worcester & Butler."

The "forty-one young ladies" may have been on vacation, but the comparative immediacy with which the successor was to take over suggests that the Seminary might have been in session. But the "interesting Cherokee family" Miss Whitmore had visited the evening of her arrival in the Cherokee Nation, was it there? And the "lovely devoted Christian lady" who had stood beside her as she wrote the letter to Miss Chapin?

And did Miss Harriet Johnson, the "Miss Johnson" of the letter, one of the two persons Ellen willed to come as head, get there "to take charge of the Female Seminary by the first of June" and incidentally to attend the wedding? (She was

principal for one year until she followed Ellen's example and married; however, unlike Ellen she stayed in the Indian Territory.)

Certainly the "many witnesses" suggest that Miss Whitmore was right when she wrote, "I know not if I have any enemy here,—I think—I know I have warm friends."

The young couple returned to New England, and in October of the same year set out for Honolulu as missionaries.

Five children were born to them, Mary, Charles, William, David, Ellen. The two daughters attended Mount Holyoke College, although their mother did not live to know it. For Ellen Whitmore Goodale died in Honolulu at the age of thirty-three. Her husband survived her thirty-six years; he too died in Honolulu.¹¹

A copy of Ellen Whitmore's journal and one of her wedding certificate came into the possession of the history department of Northeastern State College, Tahlequah, Oklahoma, through her son Charles W. Goodale, living then in Butte, Montana.

Ellen Whitmore's account of travel in the United States one hundred years ago, her glimpses of Cherokee life and culture in an early period, her unconscious revelation of the training and education given young women a century ago, her expression of the universal doubts and fears of a person undertaking great responsibility, her record of the beginning of that educational institution which has had a continuous existence of one hundred years and has sent out into the world three generations of disciplined and cultured women make the document no longer a personal one, but one which in reality is the property of all who treasure such records and revelations.

In 1852 Ellen Whitmore wrote in her journal, "Two months of the deepest interest have fled and not one item have I recorded. O how I shall regret it in years to come." She could hardly have done so more than do her readers of a century later.

¹¹ Miss Bertha E. Blakely, Librarian Emeritus, Williston Memorial Library, Mount Holyoke College, has very kindly given information about the Goodale family. Grateful acknowledgment is also made to Althea Bass, Carolyn Thomas Foreman, and Marion L. Starkey for material from their writings which has been used for background.