

INDIANS OF TEXAS IN LEGEND AND POETRY

A THESIS

Approved:

Committee

Approved:

Chairman of Graduate Council

INDIANS OF TEXAS IN LEGEND AND POETRY

A THESIS

Submitted to the Faculty of
Sam Houston State Teachers College
in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements

for the Degree

MASTER OF ARTS

By

Mildred Ford Mead, B. S.

S. H. S. T. C. LIBRARY

Huntsville, Texas

August, 1941

As a race they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken and their springs are dried up; their cabins are in the sut. Their council fires have long since gone out on the shore, and their war cry is fast dying out in the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the mountains and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave that will settle over them forever. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains and wonder to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be true to their rude virtues as men and pay tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.¹

Thus did Sam Houston prophesy and plead for the preservation of the Indians whom he befriended and defended, for he knew them and shared in their beliefs and their omens.

1 Quoted in J. Frank Dobie, Texas and Southwestern Lore, no. VI (1927), p. 107.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Appreciation is hereby tendered to the director, Dr. Charles Oran Stewart, for his kind counsel, guidance and encouragement throughout this study. Acknowledgement is likewise made to Mr. George P. Evans and Mr. T. H. Etheridge in appreciation of their willing assistance given during its preparation.

10

TABLE OF CONTENTS

<u>Chapter</u>	<u>Page</u>
FRONTISPIECE	iii
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT	iv
I. WHY THE STUDY?	1
A Three-Fold Purpose	
Method of Procedure	
Poem	4
Maps	6
II. THE INDIANS OF TEXAS	13
The Tejas	25
The Alabamas and Coushatties	32
Pictures	36
Collection	39
Map	40
Picture	41
Facts About the Indians	42
The Passing of the Red Man	44
III. TEXAS IN LEGENDS AND STORIES	45
IV. POEMS	87
V. CONCLUSION	101
BIBLIOGRAPHY	103

CHAPTER I

WHY THE STUDY?

A Three-fold Purpose:

This study and collection was started in 1919 by the late Marvin Harrison Ford of Navasota, Texas, entomologist with the United States Department of Agriculture, and it was his hope that his son, Marvin H. Jr., would become interested in these first Americans. Mrs. Ford took up this trend of thought while exploring the mountains of Arizona in 1924. The majority of this collection was found along the Rio Grande but articles are from all over Texas, the United States and Mexico.

A personal interest in school children and their development of interests led to further study of the life, customs, lore and history of the red men of Texas.

These particular legends and poems were selected because they are typical, suitable and appealing in connection with the English-Texas History unit in the junior high school.

Method of Procedure:

The first step in this investigation was a research in approximately forty-five books for Indian tribes in Texas, their legends, their music or poems, their life, their location and their dates. The tribes were numerous, roving and confusing since their names were different in the French,

the Spanish and the English languages. The large theoretic lines which have been laid down without sufficient restrictions could not be followed too implicitly. Ethnologists and other students anxious to ascertain criteria by which to classify into divisions and subdivisions have often ventured upon generalizations without sufficient data to establish them as universal characteristics of the race. The prevalence of a custom in various tribes may have exception elsewhere.

After a compilation of the data on the tribes, maps were made locating the principal tribes and placing numbers where arrowheads were found in Texas.

Many pictures were made of the collection and of the Alabama Indian reservation; then these were selected and arranged for the final photographs.

The scarcity of Texas Indian poems was an appalling problem, yet there was an abundance of legends and history material. A careful study of this literature was needed in choosing what seemed best adapted to the emotional maturity of the child and which would develop an appreciation of nature, higher ideals and build a stronger, unbiased personality. Since rhythm and rhyme are the natural response of the child he enjoys the poetry and music of the Indian.

In the presentation of this study it must not be supposed that this thesis or the collection of some three thousand arrowheads, axes, tools, artifacts, gods, baskets and

vases has resulted from the writer's unaided efforts. Without generous cooperation, inspiration and support from teachers, friends and relatives there could have been little merit in this accumulation of materials.

Friends at Smithsonian Institute, United States National Museum, Washington, D. C. and Witte Memorial Museum, Brackenridge Park, San Antonio, Texas were given a part of this collection and these are listed as:

I. Ford, M. H., Harlingen, Texas: Chipped stone artifacts collected by donor along various arroyos in Rio Grande Valley of Starr County, Texas, (115932), Report of The United States National Museum, 1932; Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.

II. Witte Memorial Museum, Brackenridge Park, San Antonio, Texas: Flint arrow points and tools collected by M. H. Ford. Presented July 31, 1933. (General Catalogue)

Columbus and the Indians

Katie Daffan

'Twas long after Columbus in fellowship came,
That the red man with cruelty, treachery, shame,
Was aroused to rebellion and massacre's strife,
Had the plan of Columbus to watchfully guide
In Kindness, been followed and had each white
 man tried
To thus soften and sweeten the wild savage stray,
Then, dear peace would have crowned the new world
 to this day.

THE TEXAS INDIANS

Mary Jourdan Atkinson



Skull-Cannibal. (Karankawas
(Attacapas
(Tonkewas



Scalp Pole. Comanches



New Fires



Perpetual Care



Nomad Tribes. (Comanches
(Kiowas



Peace Pipe



Village Tribes. (Wacos
(Wichita



Green Corn Dance. (Caddos
(Asinai
(Apache
(Coahuiltecan



Boats. (Karankawa
(Attacapa



(Kiowa
Pony. (Apache
(Comanche



Sun Worship. All Tribes



A HISTORY OF TEXAS

Joseph L. Clark

I Timber

Caddo - Adaes, Natchitoches, Yatasai, Caddacho,
Nasonite, Natsoo - Red River and Texarkana.

Hasinai - Hainai, Nacogdoche, Nabedoché, Nasoni,
Nadaco - Angelina and Neches Rivers.
Cherokee, Nacogdoches and neighboring
counties.

Attacapan - Attakapa, Bidai, Orcoquiza, Deadose -
Sabine, Neches, Trinity, San Jacinto
Rivers; Polk, Montgomery, Liberty and
Orange Counties (Big Thicket).

II Coast

Karankawa - Coco, Ceyone, Coapite, Copane - Chambers
County to Nueces River, Cabezade Vaca,
1528, La Salle on Garcitas Creek, 1685.

Tonkewas - Bexar to McLennan Counties.

III Plains

Sedentary - Wichitas, Taovayas, Tawakoni, Kichai,
Ysconis - Red, Upper Brazos, Trinity
and Sabine Rivers.

Nomads - Comanche, Apaches, Kiowas - Canadian, Pecos
to Rio Grande Rivers. Shoshone Comanche
driven to Panhandle by Sioux, 1700; Onate
found Apache 1601 on Canadian, Apache to
Mexico, 1800.

Trans-Pecos - Mescalero Apache between Pecos and Rio
Grande. Lipan Apache east of Pecos.

Pueblo - Cave dwellings in Hueco, Chisos, Guadalupe
mountains and Big Bend country.

Coahuiltecan - Bexar County to across Rio Grande.



TEXAS HEROES

Katie Daffan

1. Ceniz-near Buffalo Bayou, on Trinity River
2. Lipans, Karankawas, on lower Brazos and Colorado Rivers
3. Asinails, Adaes, Aes (Caddo)-between Neches and Sabine River
4. Caddo-in Northeast
5. Tonkawas-between Colorado and Guadalupe Rivers
6. Waco-on Brazos
7. Tehuacana-Northeast of Waco
8. Comanches-in Northwest
9. Iowas-in Northwest
10. Apaches-central western, southern
11. Anaquas-Goliad
12. Bedias-on Trinity River
13. Anadarcos, Ionies, Keechies, Wichitaws-only named



COMPILATION OF TRIBES

1. Hashiani (Assinai)
2. Tejas, Ceniz, Nassonites
3. Alabama, Coushattis
4. Caddo, Tejas
5. Bidai
6. Keechis
7. Wichita
8. Waco
9. Buffer State
10. Tewakana
11. Cherokee and associates
12. Apache
13. Lipan, Lipan-Apache
14. Comanche
15. Kiowa
16. Attacapa Family
17. Orcoquiza
18. Mayeye
19. Tankawe
20. (E) Bahamas
21. Kironoma
22. Cujanes
23. Cooques
24. Goliad
25. Pakawa
26. Carrizo
27. Ysleta
28. Karankawa



CHAPTER II

THE INDIANS OF TEXAS

Knowledge of the lives of the principal tribes of Indians in that land which is now Texas and of their pre-historic mode of life forms one of the most interesting segments of early history. From the Sabine to the Rio Grande roved many bands of Indians who belonged to tribes speaking different languages but living in much the same fashion. Those in the eastern part called themselves Tejas (Tahas, Tayes, Tehas), meaning allies, so the early Spanish explorers named the country Texas. Land laws, tribal laws and blood rights were commonly observed among these Indians who, geographically, may be catalogued as Timber or Woodland Tribes, Great Plains Tribes and Gulf Coast and Rio Grande Tribes.

The Timber Tribes and the Fighting Fringe

The eastern tribes were the most advanced. The Caddo nations and the Nations of the Asinai were gathered each into a great confederacy. These confederacies, in turn, were leagued through permanent treaties. Each nation had its petty chieftain subject in rank to an overlord of a confederacy. These tribes were settled throughout the seventeenth century. In their scattered agricultural villages, they

constructed large communal lodges, raised maize, beans, corn, calabashes and sunflowers. This vegetable diet was supplemented by buffalo meat. Their beds were of reed and in the center of the tree-covered house were a fire and earthen pots. They traded corn to the Comanches for horses, money or silverware.

The Caddo Nations were in what is now Northeast Texas. Cabeza de Vaca found them there between 1527 and 1535.¹ Coronado noted the Caddos and Tejas tribes in East Texas in 1541.² Jeutel found them on the Sabine, 1644-'88³, De Leon and Father Massanet found the Tejas on the banks of the Neches in 1690⁴, Bellin listed both on the Trinity River near Crockett, 1744⁵ and in 1797, Philip Nolan traded with the Caddo where Texarkana is now.⁶ Another map showed them on the east side of the Neches River crossing the San Antonio and Nacogdoches road. Nacogdoches (Naugdoches) are also listed as Caddo in San Augustine County.⁷

1 Albert S. Gatschet, The Karankawa Indians, p. 23.

2 Rev. Homer S. Thrall, A Pictorial History of Texas, pp. 445-450.

3 Ibid.

4 Joseph L. Clark, The Story of Texas, pp. 35-42.

5 Rev. Homer S. Thrall, op. cit.

6 Joseph L. Clark, op. cit., p. 56.

7 Rev. Homer S. Thrall, op. cit.

The Hashiana (Hasinai, Asinai) Federation consisted of nine to thirteen tribes living west of the Sabine River on the upper Angelina and Neches Rivers west of Nacogdoches. They were Tejas, Nabedache, Nacogdoche, Neche, Hainai, Nasoni, Nadaco, Nacono, Nacachau, Nacao and Nechauli tribes.⁸ The Nassonites (Nasoni) and Cenis (Coenis, Cennis, Cenys -- now Caddos), Tejas, Asinays (Asinais) were near Buffalo Bayou and on the Trinity and Neches Rivers.⁹ The Coast Orquizacos belonged to this general class. They were replaced by the Alabamas, Coushattis (Koasati) and Muscogeas in Tyler County and north of Woodville and are now living on a reservation near Livingston.¹⁰

Other settled tribes were the Kichais (Keechis, Keechies) of northeast Texas who were farther inland than the Bidais. The Comanches feared this peculiar race as they believed that they possessed witchcraft, but they were generally classed as low, crafty, harmless brutes. The Creeks caused them to move to Oklahoma. Southeast of the Hasinais were the Bidais (Vidais, Vadayos, Bedais) on the Trinity and just north of the Atacapas.¹¹ According to Teran's diary these Vidais

8 Mrs. Anna J. H. Pennybacker, A History of Texas Revised, pp. 16-21, 309.

9 Katie Daffan, Texas Heroes, pp. 20-25.

10 Rev. Homer S. Thrall, op. cit.

11 Mrs. Anna J. H. Pennybacker, op. cit.

were the oldest tribe in Texas, who flit ghostlike through history, and were known as the shrub or brushwood people.¹² East of the Hasinai were the Ais (Aes) and Adaes.¹³ The Wichita tribes were below the Wacos at one time but moved westward by 1852 to the upper Brazos, Wichita, Trinity and Red Rivers. Those who joined the Apache-Lipans became the Jumanos. Other tribes here were the Tauvayas (Taovoyases),¹⁴ Towakanas, Wacos and Yscanis.¹⁵ The Quakers of Texas were the Quapaws. At Henderson in Rusk County were the Shawnees; the Kickapoos from the Illinois Algonquins were at Crockett, Houston County, and on the upper Trinity were the Pawnees. On the Brazos, in Limestone County and at Graham, Young County, were the Anadaquas (Anadarcos).¹⁶

The Buffer State was formed beyond the edge of the Southern Forests and consisted of the Wichitas, Ionies, Wacos, Anadarkos and the Tewakanas and became the fighting fringe of the civilized Nations. Pioneers called these five allied tribes Pawnee Picts, or Pintos, due to their excessive tatooing. The Tewakanas (Towakana, Tehuacana (os), Tehuaconies, Tawakoni) were east of the Wacos and in Limestone County.¹⁷

12 Albert S. Gatschet, op. cit.

13 Mrs. Anna J. H. Pennybacker, op. cit.

14 J. Frank Dobie, Southwestern Lore, no. IX (1931) p. 167.

15 Mrs. Anna J. H. Pennybacker, op. cit.

16 Rev. Homer S. Thrall, op. cit.

17 Mary Jourdan Atkinson, The Texas Indians, pp. 180-181.

The Wacos (Weko, Huasas), on the Brazos and Trinity, were fleet-footed and could out-run the Comanches on their ponies. Their prehistoric writings were found at Hueco Tanks in Santa Helena Canyon near the Rio Grande.¹⁸ The Wacos were different as they built their main village near the center of their roaming ground.

The Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Delawares, Kickapoos, Shawnees and Kiowas were not natives of Texas but came after the white man entered and caused trouble until their expulsion in 1839.¹⁹ The Cherokees came from beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains to Arkansas in 1809 and to Texas in 1820. They and their associates of about twelve bands (Shawnees, Choctaws, Caddos, Delawares, Kickapoos) were north of the San Antonio road and the Neches and west of the Angelina and Sabine Rivers.²⁰ The Alabama, Creek or Muskogee, Seminole, Apalachee, Chickasaw and Choctaw tribes were of the Muskogean stock, the Natchez being an offshoot.²¹ Webster's New International Dictionary lists the Five Civilized Nations or Tribes as the Cherokee (with the affiliated Delawares), Creek and Seminole, Nations of Oklahoma, Chickasaw and Choctaw and each as having possessed a government

18 Holland Thompson, The Book of Knowledge, The Book of Texas, vol. XXI (1929), p. 54.

19 Rev. Homer S. Thrall, op. cit.

20 Clarence R. Wharton, Texas Under Many Flags, p. 341.

21 Hartley Burr Alexander, The Mythology of All Races, vol. X (1916), p. 55.

combining tribal features with institutions similar to those of American State governments.

The True Plains or Nomads

West of the Timber Tribes were the roving tribes who trailed the buffalo for food, clothing and various articles but stopped to plant corn.

The main tribes were the Apache, Comanche and Kiowa. The Apaches were of Athapascan stock and near Bandera Pass. Two of these tribes, the Apache-Lipan and Mescalero, were west of Kerrville, the upper Brazos and Colorado, later south and east, and were driven by the Comanches to the Nueces and into Mexico.²² In the seventeenth century a number of weak tribes were found between San Antonio and Rio Grande Rivers, but by the eighteenth century the Lipan-Apaches had driven these Coahuiltecan tribes to the coast as they in turn were driven south and east by the Comanches.²³

The Comanches (Naine) of the Shoshone family were north of the Apaches at San Saba and pushing south and on to the upper Brazos. The Comanches were listed in three divisions: Northern, Tennewas; Middle, Zimaricks; and Southern, Comanches.²⁴ Another lists them as Kwahada or Antelopes,

22 Mrs. Anna J. H. Pennybacker, op. cit.

23 Clarence R. Wharton, op. cit., pp. 85-91.

24 Rev. Homer S. Thrall, op. cit.

Penetethka, or Honey-eaters, Kayowe or Mescalero-Apaches.²⁵
 The Tonkawan or Tankewas and related tribes roamed east of the Comanches and Apaches on the middle Colorado and upper Sabine and were driven southeastward beyond the Guadalupe to the Rio Grande by the Lipans.²⁶

The Apaches and Comanches were warriors and destructive. There is not a village or hamlet west of the Colorado from Port Lavaca to the Red River, from the Rio Grande to Kansas, that is without tradition of the Comanches' midnight visit.²⁷ According to Catlin they were awkward on foot but at home on horseback.²⁸ The Ripas warred on them and drove them to the Gulf.²⁹

The Kiowas roamed in northern Texas. They came after the white man and like the Wichitas often mixed with the Comanches and Apaches and were allies of the Comanches but warred with the Apaches. The Kiowas and Comanches were at Graham, Young County.

The little Pakawan tribes were like the Plains and Coast both located back of the Coast tribes.³⁰

Colonel R. I. Dodge made this analysis: "All Indians of

25 Albert S. Gatschet, op. cit., pp. 33-42.

26 Mrs. Anna J. H. Pennybacker, op. cit.

27 Clarence R. Wharton, op. cit., pp. 353-357.

28 Rev. Homer S. Thrall, op. cit.

29 Holland Thompson, op. cit., p. 351.

30 Mrs. Anna J. H. Pennybacker, op. cit.

the Plains believed in Good and Bad Gods. They looked on the West as Bad and on the eastern skies as their Happy Hunting Ground."³¹

The Coast Tribes

The Coast Tribes moved about according to hunting season and weather and made their homes of poles covered with skin or reeds. They gathered cactus and mesquite beans.

The Coast Tribes preceding the Karankawas or the Ebahamos were the Cooques, Hans, Chorrucos, Doguenes, Mendicas, Querunes, Mariames, Guaycones, Quitoles, Camoles and las de las Higas. They cannot be identified as later tribes. Joutel found the Bahamos (Ebahamo, Hebohamas) or Bracamos's language different from the Cenis yet they were allies. He placed them to the southwest and on the Rio Grande. Delisle's map of about 1707 placed them on St. Bernard Bay.³² The Ebahamas were closely affiliated to the Karankawas. In 1867 the Erigoanna tribe was at war with the Bahamos. The Kirononas were south of the Assinais or Cenis and Joutel called them Kikanonas in 1686. Douay mentions them as neighbors of the Biskatrongs or weepers and called them Kironomes. The Cooques (Biskatrongs) were on the Sandbar and also the Capaques and Quoaquis. These Kouyanis and Quouans were later Cujanes. The Cooques or Cokes near San Antonio were said to

31 Mary Jourdan Atkinson, op. cit., pp. 233-234.

32 Albert S. Gatschet, op. cit., pp. 23-28.

be the same as the Cujanes, a branch of the Koronks. These Cujanos or Cujanes and Tarancahusas from Corpus to the Colorado were good fighters.³³

Joutel, February, 1687, found the Karankawa tribes (Koienkahe, Korenkohe) north of the Maligne (Colorado) River and along the St. Louis (Matagorda) Bay also the Kouyams and Quouans (French for Cujanow).³⁴ The Karankawa tribes were listed as the oldest inhabitants of Texas soil and vanished into Mexico. They were between the Brazos and Nueces and called Cocos of the Atacapas, Karankawas, Guapites, Cujanes and Copanes and Anacocos on the Sabine and in Louisiana. These six were listed as cannibals like the Atakapas and Tonkawas.³⁵ De Solis found the Karankawas, Coupanes, Guapetes and Coxanes at Goliad. He knew them by their painted stripes and cut of hair.³⁶ The Aranamus and Anaquas were also near Goliad and remnants of the Anadarcos, Ionies, Keechies and Wichitas were found here and there.³⁷ The Aranamus were more advanced in civilization than the Rio Grande tribes as they used glass in their windows and were pacific.³⁸

33 Ibid., pp. 33-42.

34 Ibid., pp. 23-24.

35 Mrs. Anna J. H. Pennybacker, op. cit., p. 309.

36 Mary Jourdan Atkinson, op. cit., pp. 194-196.

37 Katie Daffan, op. cit.

38 Rev. Homer S. Thrall, op. cit.

The Attacapas (Attacapan, Man-eaters) were east of the Brazos and Trinity and in Louisiana. In 1780 Milfort, with two hundred Creeks or Maskokis from Alabama and five days west of St. Bernard Bay, fought a cannibal tribe called Atacapas to avenge the Spaniards. The Orquizacos were on San Jacinto River and Bay, the Orcoquizas east of the Brazos and the Horcoquisas on the lower Trinity to the Comanches. The Orcoquizas (cors), Arkokisas, Acconesaws, Horcoquisaes were related to the Assinais (Cenis, Nassonites). The Nacogdoches census of 1790 listed the Atacapas, Mayeyes, Arcoquizas and the Cocos. From 1700 to 1800 the Mayees (Mayeye, Meye, Miyi, Meyei, Mayeses, Malleyes, or Mayes) were in the vicinity of the Karankawas from the Texas coast to San Antonio and spoke the Tankawe dialect. In 1805 the Mayes were on a creek near the mouth of the Guadalupe. On the Sabine the Atakapa family, the Diggers, Orejones, Takuyas and Patagones spoke the same dialect.³⁹

The Tankeweyas or Tankawes (Weya, Wei, Waih-meaning all in Caddo) were on the lower Rio Grande and became Pakawas and some as Pintos.⁴⁰

Pakawas or Coahuiltecans (Paikawa (n), Pajalates, Orejones, Pacaos, Pintos) were on both sides of the Rio Grande. From San Antonio to the Rio Grande were the Tiliyayas,

39 Albert S. Gatschet, op. cit., pp. 26-27, 33-42.

40 Ibid., pp. 33-42.

Alasapas, Pausanes, Pacuaches, Mescales Pampasas, Tocames, Chayopines Venados, Sanipanos, Manos de Perro (Dog Hands) and Barrados. The Carrizos were also lower Rio Grande. Other dialects were from Mier to Matamoras, but in 1886 only two survived; the Comecrudos and the Cotonomes living near Las Prietas. Only eight old people in Tamaulepas of the Carrizo tribe spoke the dialect.⁴¹

The real coast tribes in 1825 were the Atakapas of Assinais, Karankawas, Tonkeyas and Pakawas. The intruders to the coast were the Lipans, the Panis of the Wichitas, Kickais, Tawakonis, Wekos and the Neumes (Neuma) from the Shoshonean stock. The coast tribes had intertribal contests with the Lipans, Aranamus, Tonkawes, Bidais and Comanches.⁴²

There is authentic and documentary proof that all the original Texan tribes were man-eaters. The Tonkawes, the Indians on the lower Rio Grande, the numerous Assinais (Cenis, now Caddos) tribes and the Atakapas were all given to this horrible practice, and the Tonkawes stated that the human flesh tasted like bear meat.⁴³

At the time of the Texan-Mexican war, the Carancahuas were a very powerful and warlike nation, exceedingly dreaded by the Mexicans and other Indians for their unparalleled ferocity and cruelty. They were cannibals and horrible stories

41 Ibid.

42 Ibid., pp. 29, 33-42.

43 Ibid., p. 27.

are still told of their atrocities perpetrated upon defenseless inhabitants. Now only ruins are left in the vicinity of Matagorda Bay to tell the story of this low, mean tribe which never became civilized.⁴⁴

A great deal of time has been spent on studying the customs of Tejas, and their lives are a curiosity to all Texans or people interested in Indians. There are, however, but three tribes of Indians in Texas today. The Pueblo Indians at Ysleta, near El Paso, are not natives of Texas but refugees from Mexico. The Alabamas and Coushatties, near Livingston, came in 1831.

The Tejas

From the missionaries who first led the way into this unknown region across the Rio Grande came the records of the Tejas, the friendly tribes of East Texas. Of the Indians of the Southwest none are more interesting than these who gave their name to a great empire along the northern banks of the Rio Grande. A feud is supposed to have arisen among the Aztecs and these Nasonites were driven from the halls of the Montezumas and wandered northward to the beautiful summits of the hills of San Marcos. As they gazed with rapture upon the clear streams, the emerald valleys, the herds of deer and buffalo and the droves of wild turkeys and believing they had reached the "Beautiful Hunting

44 Clarence R. Wharton, op. cit., p. 75.

Ground" they cried out in delight, "Texas!", or, as the Anglo-American says, "Paradise!"⁴⁵

Ramon, the Spaniard, stated in his diary that these people were loyal to their lands and skillful in the construction of their houses. The houses were shaped like beehives; trees were planted in the ground and united above by branches, which were covered with grass. Everyone was served in the crowd according to his rank from the highest official to the smallest child. They were served ground corn and venison. In the house the Fire was never extinguished, the beds had mattresses of skins stuffed with Spanish moss or shredded corn husks and had mat coverings of striped red, black, natural or maize-yellow. The smooth earth floors were covered with closely woven matting or rugs, beautifully painted on both sides with vivid figures of birds, beasts and flowers. The Indians of the Northwest had chimneys or screens about the fire. Some had kalsomined walls of white clay. They had four stubby legged stools, baskets full of corn, nuts, acorns, and beans, and earthen jars of ground cornmeal or bear oil. Seed corn was sacred and not to be touched. The royalty ranked first among the Tejas but the imperial family were demoted until they distinguished themselves by notable acts. The Medicine Men were next, then the warriors.

⁴⁵ J. Frank Dobie, Texas and Southwestern Lore, no. VI, pp. 107-109.

The public square was the hut of the village, floored with clay for dancing and surrounded by the public edifices, the Temple and Council House.⁴⁶

According to old accounts, the Temples for the Perpetual Fires were rectangular, with pitched roofs, while the Temples for the New Fires seem to have been round and domed like the dwelling houses. All were ribbed with trees and thatched.⁴⁷

The Tejas worshipped fire, and an old man was appointed to keep it burning as all would die if it went out. Here the old men gathered for their councils and war dances or when they needed rain for their crops.

They were afraid of angering the fire and offered it their first tobacco, corn, game or fruits.⁴⁸

The New or Secular Fires were created afresh each year by the priests of the Green Corn Festival. The Perpetual or Sacred Fires, being from the Sun, were, in Indian eyes, supremely holy and subject only to the Sun; whereas the New Fires, though sentient beings akin to the Sun, and therefore influential with the Sun, were thought, without disrespect, to be subject to man, having been produced by man. They were sanctified and used as oracles, but not deified like the

46 Mary Jourdan Atkinson, op. cit., pp. 1-22.

47 Ibid., p. 37.

48 J. Frank Dobie, op. cit., p. 111.

Perpetual Fires. The New Fires were for the purpose of furnishing brands to rekindle household hearths so as not to have an infidel Flame.⁴⁹

Like all other Indians of the Agricultural Area, villagers in East Texas celebrated the eating of the first fruits of the corn as their supreme religious festival. Throughout the garden lands the Green Corn Dance occupied eight days in September, varying in minor details, states Espinosa's account.

The kindling of the New Fire took place in the outer square and was removed to the Sacred Square by the priests when the fire was well alight. Here pots of Yaupon Tea were set to boil over its fresh pure flame. The next act was the dance of the ancients in which both men and women took part - The Dance of the Yaupon Boughs. The purification rites occupied two nights and a day and included purging, fasting and the segregation of the sexes. Following this thirty-six hour fast of the Green Corn Dance or Festival of the Busk was The Feast of Old Corn and the fast turned into a feast. Then the Sacred Square was thoroughly cleansed and on the fourth day came the distribution of the New Fire to the women and the sacrifice of the first ear of new corn, after which only new corn might be eaten, only new clothes worn and only new pots cooked in or drunk from.

49 Mary Jourdan Atkinson, op. cit., p. 36.

Following this were the magic or pantomimic dances in which they prayed to the Fire, the Air, the Corn, the Buffalo and the Deer; then mimic wars, awards of honor, contribution of food to the Temple on the part of the women, the ceremonial hunt for a sacrifice, the salutation of the Sun at dawn by the whole populace at the conclusion of the segregation period; and last came the Dance of the Olden Time celebrating the reunion of the sexes.⁵⁰

This Green Corn Dance restored man to himself, to his family and to his nation. It absolved Indians from all crimes, murder excepted, and buried guilt. It was regulated by the season of the harvest and sealed the old year with a clean page in the life of every one.⁵¹

Espinosa says that the Indians were promised by the priests that if they touched a single ear of new corn before the symbolic sacrifice they would be bitten by Snakes. The Snake was another version of the Sacred Fire -- a jealous, watchful eye to report their indiscretions to the Sun.⁵² Their religion taught them that there was a spirit in all nature, in the trees, in the birds and in the animals. The priests, or medicine men, were supposed

50 Ibid., pp. 83-97.

51 Ibid., p. 101.

52 Ibid., p. 51.

to know how to keep the spirits in good humor.⁵³

Other festivals and games were the May Fete, the orchestras, the Ball Play, the Building Bee or spring planting and the marriage ceremony. The groom gained consent from the bride's parents for the maiden and she gave an ear of corn as her earnest fact that she would cultivate the garden and cook the food, and he gave a haunch of venison to show evidence of a provider. The marriage took place in The Social Whirl. According to De Solis, the men were free to exchange or barter their wives, yet the women were very decent. Both were free to break away but the wife kept the children.⁵⁴

One report says that it was surprising to see the variety of dishes that they could make out of wild flesh, corn, beans, peas, potatoes, pumpkins, dried fruits, herbs, chestnuts, honey, maple sugar, barbecue and roots.⁵⁵

The agricultural Indians were not only comely but extremely clean with themselves and children -- baths in specially dedicated structures or in creeks and rivers constituted regular purification rituals.

Their headdress was made up to set forth their position

53 Eugene C. Barker, Henry Steel Commanger and Walter P. Webb, The Building of Our Nation, pp. 33-36.

54 Mary Jourdan Atkinson, op. cit., p. 15.

55 Ibid., pp. 145-146.

and fame and to their clothing were attached medallions or bouquets to indicate achievement or social position. Ornaments were worn by both men and women but the nose pendants were worn only by men.⁵⁶

According to Ramon, the Spaniard, who observed the smoking of the Peace Pipe in Texas, the tobacco of the various Tribes or Nations taking part in the ritual were mixed as a symbol of the mingling of their wills. This ceremony was performed with manifestations of joy among the smiling, happy, agreeable Tejas.⁵⁷

They were very strict in the observance of their league pledges. These treaty pacts were sealed by the Peace Pipe and served as their monetary system based on beads called wampum in facilitating trade. These beads were dark blue and white. The dark ones were rarer and more valuable and the white resembled ivory. The University of Texas archaeology crew has removed a number of these core beads ranging from three to six inches long, one being carved as a human head.⁵⁸

The following is a summary of etiquette and social customs which prevailed in the southern agricultural area:

The Indian never bowed socially; bowing was an act of reverence paid only to divinity.
No Indian ever interrupted the speech of another.

56. Ibid., pp. 145-146.

57. Ibid., pp. 57-58.

58. Ibid., pp. 62-63.

A visitor was offered food the moment he appeared in an Indian home and it was construed as an insult for him to refuse to eat. All Indians ate when they felt hungry and no regular meal hours were observed.

People of the better class used platters of braided reed to hold their food. Low class people placed their food on the ground -- or on their feet.

It will be noted in descriptions of Indian cooking, as well as by visits to Mexican Indian houses today, that most food is wrapped in corn shucks or folded in tortillas so as to be handled without tableware.

Quarreling was absolutely intolerable to Indian society, either in the agricultural area or on the Plains. It was punishable in children by isolation from the family, and in adults by banishment from the community.⁵⁹

The Tejas Indians were not ignorant of God. Some believed they issued from underground to Earth and others believed they sprang from the Sun; so the Sun was their Father and the Earth their Mother. However much they varied as to the exact spot of their tribal ascension, they all fairly well agreed on their return to the Under World by the path of the setting Sun. In their graves they placed hundreds of articles for the convenience of the flitting ghost and these are being discovered for study today.⁶⁰

Father Massanet came to the land of the Tejas to alter their beliefs and built the first church in Texas naming it San Francisco de los Tejas.⁶¹

59 Ibid., pp. 32-34.

60 Ibid., pp. 173-175.

61 Ibid., pp. 193-194.

The Alabamas and Coushatties

One origin-legend says that the Alabamas and Koasati came out of the earth on opposite sides of the root of a certain tree and settled there in two bodies. Their speech was slightly different, though they lived near each other.

The Alabamas belonged to the Creek confederacy and were of the Muskogean stock. Prior to 1541 the history of the Alabama tribe is uncertain, but De Soto wrote in his chronicle that he encountered them when he was searching for the mythical Fountain of Youth.

After this they disappeared until the settlement of Louisiana. In 1702 they are mentioned as enemies of the Mobile tribes and in 1703 the English induced the Alabamas to declare war against the French. The French placed a bounty on their scalps and the Chickasaws brought in five in exchange for ammunition.

When Fort Toulouse was established in 1717 the Alabamas came to sing the calumet and peace reigned until the close of the French domination. After 1814 they moved west to the Sabine River, then to Peach Tree Village in Tyler County.⁶²

In 1831 they settled in Polk County on Big Sandy Creek and became known as the Sandy Indians. When the war with

62 Frances Densmore, Straight Texas, pp. 271-273.

Mexico came on Sam Houston persuaded them to remain neutral and they crossed back to Louisiana. The state of Texas formally deeded them the 1108 acres in Polk County in 1854. They built permanent log homes and copied the white man. Sam Houston is supposed to have told them, when he presented the land to them, never to let the sun set with a white man on their territory. When the home of their beloved Presbyterian minister, Dr. Chambers, was burned, however, they invited him to rebuild there. Now they have white teachers, a public-health nurse and their full-time agent.

The Presbyterian church, Clem Fain, Jr., and the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs succeeded in helping the Alabamas. Their appeal for government aid got \$40,000 from Congress in 1928. This was spent for 3071 acres of better farming land and stock. So in 1929 the state appropriated \$47,000 for a gymnasium, a hospital, twenty-five houses for the Indians and a home for the agent. A doctor and a dentist in Livingston care for them, but a nurse lives on the reservation. In 1932 the Federal appropriation was \$15,000 for education. From 1934 to 1936 the Federal government allotted \$33,640 for work at the Indian village, such as fencing the entire reservation, making fire-lanes for the protection of timber and cleaning the creeks to prevent floods and mosquitoes. With their wages the Indians purchased more groceries, forty mules, two horses, farm

implements, a casket for Chief Charlie and a piano for the church.

Work among the Alabamas was begun by the Presbyterian Church in 1881, and Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Chambers came in 1899. Mrs. Chambers acted as teacher and doctor as they ministered to their flock. The Indians walk miles to their church coming when the bell rings. They are deeply religious and will not sell anything on Sunday. Rev. O. F. Landry is now their spiritual adviser.

The Indians say very little and are timid and in the privacy of their homes use their Alabama language.⁶³

Lutie Thompson, daughter of the former chief, revived the art of bead work, blankets and pine-needle basketry. Now their teacher, Mrs. Lizzie Sylestine, a sister of A. J. Battise and cousin of the chief, teaches the upper classes.

Their folklore, legends and ceremonial dances were forsaken for Christianity, but are being revived. Their main game is capachi, a ball game played with rackets, which they learned from the French.

Their marriage custom is similar to ours now but in the past, according to Andrew J. Battise, the groom did hide the bride-to-be out until he had fixed the home, or another custom was to have the girl run and the boy run after her. The girl was given several feet the advantage. If the boy

⁶³ Mary Donaldson Wade, The Alabama Indians of East Texas, pp. 1-24.

could not run, he paid a fast runner to run for him.

The poverty of the Indians is shown in their burial grounds as they place their treasured possessions on the grave of the lost one. Many colored glass objects, a baby's bottle, toys, false teeth, paper flowers, combs, a razor, a necklace and a flashlight are among the articles seen on the graves.

The Alabamas still maintain the clan system and are ruled by a chief. Sun-Kee or Charlie Thompson lived to be 106 years old. Chief Bronson Cooper Sylestine, whose Indian name is Ticaiche, is the present chief and was chosen by election, which is an honor. Their population is about 350.

The following legend was related to Frances Densmore by Charlie M. Thompson when chief of the Alabamas:

THE VISIT TO THE SKY

In the beginning four old men walked toward the west. They heard a sound--boom, boom. The sky opened and they went up. One after another they ran through the sky.

One said, "I am the panther, running through." Another said, "I am the wolf, running through." The last one said nothing, but he got caught and was killed. The others went on until they came to a place where an old woman lived by herself. There was a river near by. The old woman told a boy to make a dipper and give it to these men. One after another they dipped up water and threw it in different directions. Then they crossed the river on dry ground.

They went a long way and found some people



fighting; so they could not pass. The three men made cigarettes and smoked, and blew the smoke all over the land. It became such a thick fog that the people could not see to fight, and the men passed through.

They came to a great many snakes piled up--about a mile of them. The men tied slippery elm bark all over their legs and then they could walk among the snakes. Afterward they took off the slippery elm bark and threw it away.

They went on and on. At last they came to another old woman. They had eaten nothing and were hungry. The old woman cooked squashes and put three on each plate. As soon as a man had eaten these squashes three more appeared on his plate.

The woman said, "You are dirty." She said, "Go fill a bucket with water and put it on the fire." When the water was boiling, she made them stand in a row with their backs to her, and she poured the boiling water on their backs and scrubbed them hard. They felt light after this and went on and on.

They went up on high to the Lord's place. The Lord asked, "Do you think you came a long way?" The Lord had a big telescope and said, "Come, look in here." They looked and saw their old home down below. The Lord said, "Do you want to go back?" They said, "Yes." The Lord gave them all kinds of seed--corn, sweet potato, and so forth, and made them sleep that night. In the morning they waked up in their old home and had all this seed with them.⁶⁴

Songs and Dances

The songs of the Alabamas are of a distinct type, quite uniform in structure and the repetitions of a rhythmic unit constitute a larger part of the melody. The rhythms of the

64 Frances Densmore, op. cit., pp. 276-277.

songs are dancing rhythms and not like those of the medicine men. The Alabama songs are cheerful and lively and not hypnotic.

Their musical instruments were the flute, gourd, rattle and drum. The rattle had berries, beads and small objects within to produce sound.

Their dances were: Green Corn, Buffalo, Corn, Duck, Chicken, Frog, Rabbit, Terrapin, Horse, Woman's, Nateka, and Social. They held the social dances at any time, many of these dances imitating birds and animals, a custom common to many Indian tribes.

The Green Corn Dance (busk) was celebrated at the festival held in late July or in August and took place in the ceremonial square ground and lasted eight days. The new fire was kindled on the first day and from this fire, on the fourth day, the women kindled the fires on their freshly cleaned hearths. The feast of new corn took place on the second day, and different dances on each day.

The new fire meant the new life, physical and moral, which had to begin with the new year. Everything was new--even clothes. This busk was one of the most remarkable ceremonial institutions of the American Indians.⁶⁵

65 Ibid., pp. 280-288.

DIVISIONS

- I SOUTHEAST WOODLAND
- II PLAINS
- III SOUTHWEST

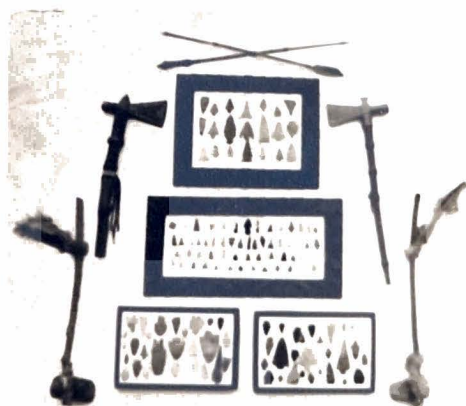
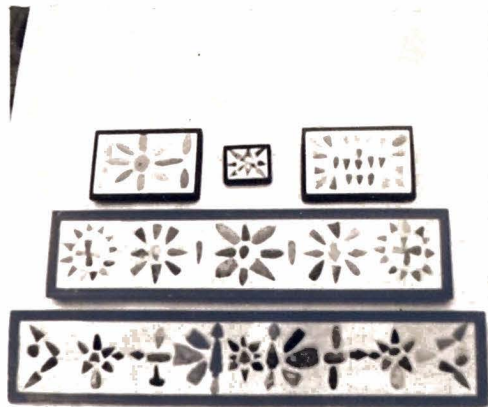
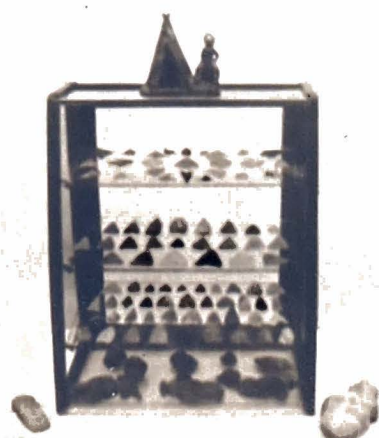
Arrow Head Collection Numbers

- 1, 8 - Arroyo Quixote, Rio Grande City to Roma
- 2, 25 - Arroyo Los Olmos
- 3 - Arroyo El Salado
- 4 - Mier
- 6, 25, 28, 36 - Zapata, San Ignacio
- 7 - Between Mission and Rio Grande City
- 9 - East of Roma, La Leora
- 10 - 28 miles west of Mission
- 11, 20, 23, 25, 27, 29, 43 - Mission to Rio Grande
City, Roma, Starr Co.,
Zapata Co., Arroyos
- 21 - 21 miles east of Laredo
- 22 - Guerrero, Mexico
- 24 - Guerrero, Mexico, Falls Rio Salado
- 26 - Fort Sterrit, Junction, Bédias
- 28 - Kerrville, Navasota, Bryan, Austin
- 30 - West of San Ignacio to west of Laredo
- 31 - West of Roma, Arroyo El Tigre
- 44 - Houston Co., Elkhart Creek
- 46 - Big Bend
- 47 - Johnson City
- 51 - Palestine
- 52 - Aquilla Creek, Hillsboro
- 53 - 8 miles from New Waverly
- 54 - Houston, Katy Track
- 57 - Elgin
- 58 - Jasper
- 59 - Indian Reservation, Livingston
- 60 - Fort Worth
- 61 - East Bernard

In the olden days the arrowhead was made of horn, bone, shell, flint, obsidian, quartz and other varieties of stone. Later traders introduced the copper and sheet-iron which replaced the native materials. Arrowheads and chipping can be found in every part of the country and the type depended on the individual, his style, time and patience.

These numbers represent the places where the various arrowheads, artifacts, vases and gods were found. The pictures are a few of the collection.





Facts About the Indians

Most people think of the Indians as savages. Few realize that the original inhabitants of this country had developed a civilization of their own, which, although still primitive included the arts and the techniques of many handicrafts still used today.

When the white man came to live here the world gained from these first American farmers many important facts about life and food plants that had been unknown to the people of Europe and Asia. They taught the white men how to live in the New World. They taught them woodcraft, hunting, trapping, farming and self protection in the forests. They taught them how to clear land by burning or girdling the trees and how to fertilize their fields by putting a fish in each hill of corn. They knew what was best suited for each soil and climate. The Indians knew where the salt licks were, the shortest distances or trails between streams, mountains or village sites. These are the cities today.⁶⁶

The explorers traded to the Texas Indians the things that the various tribes needed. The inland Indians wanted shells and shell beads. The coast tribes wanted ochre, skin, arrow shafts, deep sinews for bows, flint and cement for

66 Eugene C. Barker, Henry Steele Commager and Walter P. Webb, op. cit., pp. 33-36, 620-621.

arrowheads and deer dyed red tassels.⁶⁷

The bow remained the Indian's favorite weapon, as many arrows could be fired in a fight at close quarters in the time that it took to load and fire a gun.⁶⁸

The life of the Indian was centered on the buffalo, deer and antelope. From their hides, horns and bones the red man made his bows, shields, lodges, clothing and tools; and their meat was roasted, broiled or dried for winter. They powdered the bones for food, caught fish, fowls and small animals. The ones that did not rove made rude huts and even plastered mud homes. Very few knew how to make good pottery so they used gourds for vessels in which they cooked by adding hot stones until the water finally boiled.⁶⁹

The Indians did record events and express their ideas by means of crude picture writing and puffs of smoke. Within recent months an archaeological site has been opened at Round Rock, Texas, which sets the date of man's occupancy of this region at not less than twenty thousand years preceding the arrival of the Europeans.⁷⁰ Another in Henderson County

67 W. Frances Scarborough, Stories From the History of Texas, pp. 16-19.

68 Julian Harris Salomon, This Book of Indian Crafts and Indian Lore, p. 159.

69 Eugene C. Barker, Henry Steele Commager and Walter P. Webb, op. cit.

70 Mary Jourdan Atkinson, op. cit., p. 1.

proves that a curious race lived and died here more than twenty-five thousand years ago. Other sculpture has been found near Beeville, in the Panhandle, the Davis Mountains and Santa Helena Canyon on the Rio Grande.

The Passing of the Red Man

President Houston said, "We should establish trade with the different tribes, supply their needs and treat them with kindness and justice." He thought that this policy would make them the white man's friend and there was no serious trouble under him, but when Lamar became President trouble over land titles began.⁷¹

In 1852 the United States government proposed the plan of establishing reservations in Texas. The Indians were to be compelled to live on them and learn the ways of the white man. This mode of living did not suit the Indians and they would not give up their lands without a struggle.

The last campaign was the rounding up of the chiefs in 1875 which ended the reign of terror and the Red Man's rule. The last important battle was fought in 1881 near where the town of Claude now stands.⁷²

And there remain in 1941 the Alabamas and Coushatties on their reservation near Livingston and the Pueblos at Ysletta near El Paso.

71 Joseph L. Clark, op. cit., pp. 185-187, 277.

72 Clarence R. Wharton, op. cit., pp. 236-239.

CHAPTER III
TEXAS IN LEGENDS AND STORIES

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind."¹

About the origin of the North American Indians there are many theories. From these theories has developed the general supposition that their beginnings may be traced to those Ten Tribes of Israel commonly called The Lost. It is presumed that they entered the New World crossing at Alaska; at any rate they are the acknowledged first peoples whether this be the Old World or the New.²

In this beautiful land these aborigines lived a care-free life, thriving from the free benefits of richly-varied flora and fauna.

Their primitive task of learning was to listen to a myth or to a true story of some deed done in the past and told by one of the parents or grandparents. The child listened with parted lips and glistening eyes and, as a rule, being an apt pupil, he repeated the story to the receptive audience.

The Indian was deeply religious, believing in one Great

1 Mrs. W. R. Potter, Texas in History-Story-Legend, pp. 68-72.

2 Ibid.

Spirit and thinking that every manifestation of nature showed a mood of this Spirit. The Medicine man was the interpreter of these moods and everything he could not understand he called medicine, since that meant mystery to him.³

The missionaries who first led the way to the land of the Tejas recorded the myths of the various tribes.

When the Storm God Rides

The Gulf Coast of Texas was not always skirted by islands. The Indians who lived a long time ago on the coast have left behind them the story of a god and his great black-winged thunder bird which he rode like a horse over the Gulf at certain times. He was the Storm God and he made islands where none had been before. These islands were made as homes for the wild birds, the sea gulls, the big pelicans, the cranes and the herons.

The God of storms did not live among the Indians, but lived down in the warm seas below the Gulf of Mexico. And for this the Indians were glad, for his terrible thunder bird, named Hurakan, filled the people with fear. The tribes which lived near the Gulf only saw the mighty god when he rode his thunder bird through the skies. He visited their land when he wanted to get for his cloak the white and colored feathers of birds living on the seashore.

³ Ibid.

The Indians could tell when he was on the way. As Hurakan, the thunder bird, came swiftly through the air over the gulf, the sky in front of him became filled with bits of white clouds sailing high over the beaches. Then the wind began to blow, first here, then there. At last came the great thunder bird in the shape of a cloud which closed the eye of the sun and made the land dark. Then the wind grew strong and howled and blew as the God and his thunder bird came flying through the sky. The Indians ran into their wigwams and held them down as best they could while the Storm God rushed by and snatched feathers from birds to put on his cloak. The Indians were happy when he was gone because Hurakan made them afraid. Even today Hurakan comes back once in a while in the shape of a storm which people call a hurricane.

There was a day when the peaceful tribes who fished in the Gulf were driven away from their homes by fierce tribes from the north. Unlike the Indians who lived on the coast these tribes liked to kill. When they saw the birds flying around, they shot them with arrows. They caught them on their roosts at night. They robbed their nests. The poor birds cried out at the tops of their voices for the Storm God to save them.

Far off down in his home in the warm seas the God lifted his head and heard their cries. Quickly he rose to his feet and shook himself. Thunder broke loose over his head, so

angry was he. He ran and jumped upon the back of Hurakan. He shouted for Hurakan to hurry. Shooting fire like lightning from his eyes and shaking loose black clouds from the tips of his great wings the Storm God's thunder bird flew toward the Texas coast. He and the God were wrapped in darkness, and as they flew across the sky the day became like night and the waters of the Gulf broke into white foam.

The Indians who were killing the birds saw the Thunder God coming too late to get away. The sun was gone and the clouds were so thick that the day was like night. The wind from Hurakan's wings hit the Indians and blew them down when they tried to run. Behind them came the waters of the Gulf, pushed upon the land by the wind stirred up by the Storm God's thunder bird. The wind blew the birds high in the air, but it drove the water into the camps of the bad Indians and scattered their homes and made the Indians climb into trees. The Gulf now poured far inland over the prairie, and the prairie was like the sea. Everywhere was rolling water, leaping waves and crying winds. High above the earth the Storm God rode his thunder bird and shouted with joy while the wind blew his long hair loose through the flying clouds.

At last the God went away. As he left, the waters of the Gulf began to roll back from the land, and when they reached the ocean bed again they dropped the mud and sand they had torn loose from the land and brought with them.

The mud and sand began to pile up. Soon many islands were forming. They rose higher as the waters kept dropping their loads of earth around them. When all was done the Texas coast was dotted with islands that were new homes for the birds. Indians could not reach those birds any longer. The pelicans, the gulls, the sand pipers and all the others now went to their new homes and made their nests where they could be safe and where the Storm God could find them when he wanted new feathers for his cloak.

To this day those islands remain. Dwarf trees, cactus plants, weeds, grasses and flowers cover them like fairy gardens. And thousands of birds live on them, sing amid the bushes and bathe in the little pools left by the rains. During spring and summer they lay their eggs and rear their little ones. They are happy and safe from men, because long ago the Storm God built the islands for them.⁴

How the North Wind Lost His Hair

The howling old north wind is afraid to come to the country around the Gulf of Mexico. Only now and then does this cold fellow dare to come into the south and, when he does, he does not stay long. He is afraid of the strong young south wind. Once the two winds had a great fight. There are still signs of that fight in the southern woods.

4 Florence Stratton and Bessie M. Reid, When The Storm God Rides, pp. 1-7.

The Natchez and the Tejas Indians, who lived along the Gulf, had a story to tell about the north and the south winds and why the moss that grows in the trees is a sign of their fight.

The two winds hated each other. The north wind was a strong, fierce old man with long, thick, gray hair. When he came into the southern woods, where the south wind lived, he would rush around blowing cold out of his mouth. His gray hair would fly behind him like a dark cloud. Nobody liked the old north wind. The Indians shivered in their tents and the flowers closed up and died when he came around. But everybody liked the warm young south wind, for he lived there. The flowers always opened up when he touched them with his soft hands and breathed upon their buds. The Indians would roam through the woods when he was with them.

From time to time the north wind and the south wind would grow angry with each other. The old north wind would come down out of his country where he belonged and try to drive the south wind away from his home along the Gulf. Sometimes he would bring his blanket of snow with him and stay for weeks. When the south wind would try to drive him out of the woods and send him home again the north wind would puff up his red cheeks and blow cold air around, and his long gray hair would fly over his head.

One spring the old north wind came south and would not

go away. He stayed for many weeks after the flowers should have been coming out and the birds should have been building their nests. It was so cold the leaves would not come out on the bare limbs of the trees. June came, but still the Gulf country looked as it looked during the winter months. The north wind kept blowing the south wind out over the Gulf, and because of this the spring weather would not come.

Finally the young south wind became tired of staying over the Gulf so long. He made up his mind to gather all his power and to enter into a great fight with the north wind that had driven him from his home. Filling his lungs with all the air he could hold, the south wind rushed across the water toward the land. He hit the north wind a mighty blow. When the two winds locked themselves in each other's arms and began howling in each other's faces the Indians ran into their tents, thinking the Storm God was riding over their heads on his thunder bird that breathed out the lightning. The fighting winds knocked around the clouds in the sky and tore them to pieces as they fought. They pulled up trees; they caused great waves to dash on the beach, they whirled birds around in the air, they tore up the snow that lay on the ground. They ran through the trees, they rolled on the earth and they clawed and shrieked.

At last the young south wind began to get the better of the old north wind. The old fellow was out of breath,

and because he was out of breath he lost his power. Then the south wind wrapped his arms in the north wind's long gray hair and began whirling him round and round over his head. He whirled him faster and faster. A strange thing happened. Part of the north wind's gray hair broke loose, and he flew howling through the air.

There stood the young south wind with his strong arms full of hair. He was so happy that he began dancing around and swinging the north wind's hair over the trees. The birds sang and the Indians shouted, for they were glad the south wind had come home again. As the south wind danced and whirled around he let the hair loose, and it fell all over the trees, and where it fell it took root. There it grew and it still grows today. It is called Spanish moss. It hangs from the magnolia, oak, gum and other trees in long, gray beards that sometimes dip into the streams.

The north wind does not stay in the south any more. When he sees the moss he remembers that fight with the south wind and he leaves as fast as he can.⁵

Kachina Brings the Spring

An Indian tribe living in the southwestern country was once filled with fear and suffering. It was the beginning of spring, when the green buds should have been peeping from the trees and new flowers should have been

5 Ibid., pp. 8-14.

lifting their fresh, cheery faces from the grass, but something was wrong with this springtime. It was not like spring. There was no rain from the hard blue skies that looked down without tears of pity on the hills and prairies that would not flower and the dry creek beds where water used to flow. And the weather should have been warm, but it was bitter cold. In the day the sun was far away and had no heat. In the night the moon and stars were like cold steel in the wide, black sky, where no clouds floated.

And because of these things the Indians suffered great hunger. There was little food, only parched corn and acorns and shreds of dried buffalo meat. Gone were the wild deer, flown away were the wild turkeys, gone were the buffaloes. The animals and the birds which the Indians used to shoot and eat could not live there without water and food, and they had died or had left the country. And the berries that the tribe needed to eat could not grow in the dry, hard earth. There was no rain to call them up from their sleep under the ground.

The Indians wandered over the hills in search of food, but they could find none, and they began to starve, the skin on their bodies became loose, their bones began to show through their flesh. Their women and children grew weak and moaned or cried in the night because they were hungry.

One night the tribe's medicine man, the wrinkled, wise

old Indian who warded off the evil spirits and who knew how to get the good spirits to grant the Indians' wishes, came out of his wigwam and beat loudly on his drum. He was calling the tribe to come to listen to him. The Indians hurried around him and watched him in fear as he pounded on his drum and danced and shouted a song. The starving dogs, when they saw his painted face and his red eyes burning with the light of the camp fire, howled and ran away with their tails between their legs and hid. They knew there was a strange power working in him.

Suddenly the medicine man cried to the Indians, "Ho! Hear me! The Great Spirit has thundered in my ears and told me to speak. He has taken away from us the rain and the flowers and the animals because we have angered him. But he will give us help if we will make him a burnt offering. We must burn something which we love most and gather its ashes and scatter them to the four winds of heaven. Then the winds will carry the ashes to the Great Spirit and he will be pleased again. Go back to your wigwams and think what we love most. Tomorrow we will burn it when the sun rises."

Among the Indians who listened to the medicine man was a little girl. She was holding in her thin arms a wonderful kachina doll made for her by her grandmother. This kachina was far prettier than any of the others in the tribe. It was made of wood carved with a flint knife. Painted on the

wooden form were the clothes of a warrior, an Indian brave. On its head was a war bonnet of blue feathers and its eyes were made of two little black beads dyed from berries. The little Indian maiden loved her kachina, carried it with her when she played and slept with it in her arms at night.

When this little girl heard what the Great Spirit wanted she almost cried, for she felt in her heart that nothing among her people was more loved than her own doll. But she looked up and saw the shadows of pain in the face of her hungry mother. She saw how thin was the face of her baby brother strapped to his mother's back in his cradle. She remembered low moans in the wigwams at night, and she knew her people suffered because the Great Spirit was angry. She looked down at her beloved little doll, held it tightly to her breast and slipped away to her father's wigwam where she lay for a long time with her face pressed close against her doll.

The lodges were still and the fire in the middle of the camp had died down to red embers when the little girl came out again. In her arms was her doll. She knew she loved her kachina more than anything else was loved in the tribe, and she had decided to give it up as the Great Spirit had asked, so that her people would be happy again.

She cried a little bit as she laid twigs on the dying embers of the fire. But she blew the fire until it sprang up into a blaze that made the shiny eyes of her doll sparkle,

so they seemed to be bright with tears, like her own. She hugged the doll and kissed it. Now she laid it in the middle of the flames. Quickly the flames began to eat the doll. The blue feathers on its head were gone, the tiny shoes turned into smoke, the beady eyes fell off the burning face into the fire, and soon there was nothing left of the doll the little girl had loved.

Now she raked out the ashes and sat down to watch them cool. When they had cooled she took them in her two hands and held them up while the cool wind blew them out of her hands and into the darkness. Finally the little girl stooped and patted the ground where the ashes of her doll had lain. Then a wonderful thing happened. Where the ground was bare and hard before, it was now covered with soft leaves that felt warm to her cold little hands. The sharp cold of the night wind now was gone, and the smell of spring flowers seemed to fill the air around her. The Great Spirit must have been pleased with the offering of her doll. Happy once more, the little girl hurried to her wigwam and lay down to sleep.

In the morning the child was awakened with the sound of joyous cries outside. She heard drums beating and heard dancing feet. The Indians were singing. She peeped outside and saw that she had pleased the Great Spirit, because for the first time in many moons a misty rain was falling, a rain that was good to the thirsty earth. The cold wind

was gone, too. The warm south wind was gently blowing through the rain and rustling trees that were heavy with new green leaves.

She went outside and saw a wonderful sight on the hills around the camp. Everywhere the hills and prairies were covered with strange and lovely flowers the Indians had never seen before. When she ran to pick one of them she saw that they were shaped like the little bonnet of feathers her doll had worn, and blue like those feathers. At the heart of each small blossom was a speck of red, just like the red of the fire which had burned her doll. And the tips of buds were silver gray, like the ashes that were left after it had been burned.

When the little girl hurried with one of the new flowers to the Indians they knew what had happened. She had given her doll to the Great Spirit and he had given back to her millions of flowers that were now lying on the hills like a piece of blue sky fallen to earth. And spring had come at last. The Indians named the new flowers blue-bonnets, because they were like the blue bonnet of the little girl's doll. Today, when the bluebonnets appear on the Texas prairies, it is a sign that the Great Spirit has once more returned springtime to the earth.⁶

Mrs. W. R. Potter in Texas in History-Story-Legend says:

⁶ Ibid., pp. 15-25.

When the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America requested that the Bluebonnet be adopted as the state flower for Texas, the resolution passed the Senate of the twenty-seventh Legislature and also the House without opposition. Governor Joseph D. Sayre signed the bill on March 27th, 1901, and the Bluebonnet became officially the state flower. In April thousands of bluebonnets lift their heads in approval, feeling that as members of the official family they should do their part, and give a cordial nod of welcome to all who pass their way.⁷

The Plant That Grows in Trees

The mistletoe is a strange little plant. It does not live on the ground with other plants, but always is found growing up in the limbs of trees by itself. Only the birds can reach the little white berries which appear both in summer and winter. That is why the mistletoe plant is found only in trees. And a bird once put it there because it had pity on the mistletoe.

There was a time when the mistletoe plant did grow on the ground as a small bushy plant. One day when it was growing on the ground a bird called by Indians the thunder bird, which they thought caused the thunder, lit on the mistletoe. The thunder bird was hungry because it could find no berries on other plants. But it found berries on the mistletoe and began to eat them. At last, when the bird had eaten all it wanted of the little waxy white berries, it thanked the bush.

⁷ Mrs. W. R. Potter, op. cit., p. 105.

"I am glad you liked my berries," said the mistletoe. "I shall not be here long because I shall soon die." Its leaves were drooping as if it were very tired.

The thunder bird opened its red beak and asked, "Why must you die, little plant?"

"Because I am green the year around," said the mistletoe. "My berries grow in winter when the other berries are gone. Many animals feed on me. They break off my brittle branches when they chew me. I shall not live long."

Then the thunder bird took pity on the mistletoe because the bird had liked the little berries. "I shall take you from the ground and put you where the animals that walk on the earth cannot find you any more," said the bird.

The thunder bird took the plant in its strong beak and flew up to the top of a mesquite tree. It fastened the roots of the mistletoe into the fork of a limb. Then the bird flew down to the ground and brought back some earth on its beak and packed the earth around the roots of the plant.

"Now, little mistletoe," said the bird, "you will grow up here in this tree, and the animals will not get your berries."

"Yes, I will grow but when I die my seeds will fall to the ground and they will suffer as I did," said the mistletoe.

The thunder bird laughed and answered: "Oh, but I will

see to that." The bird then wiped his long bill, to which stuck some of the berries of the mistletoe, on a limb. "See?" said the bird. "The berries stick on the limb. They will grow there, like you and whenever other birds eat your berries they will wipe their bills as I do and the seeds of the mistletoe will continue to grow forever and ever."

And that is why the mistletoe keeps growing in the trees.⁸

The Magnolia Babies

Look into the heart of one of the large magnolia flowers that grow like white stars on trees in the woods. Inside is a little green-brown figure that looks just like a baby wrapped in his colored blanket. This is how the baby got in the magnolia.

Once some Indian babies were playing in the woods near a river. Across the river was a small bear, and he wanted to join in their fun. The babies saw him and waved their hands and laughed. The little bear stood up on his hind legs and waved his paws and growled. It was only a funny little growl but the Indian babies thought it was a big growl, and away they ran for the nearest tree, which was a magnolia tree. The baby bear thought they were running just for fun. Into the river he jumped. When he reached the other

⁸ Florence Stratton and Bessie M. Reid, op. cit., pp. 29-32.

bank he growled again and ran after the little Indians.

Up the magnolia tree they climbed. Up climbed the little bear behind them, because he wanted to play. But the Indian babies didn't know this. Full of fear each one opened a bud of the magnolia flower and hid himself inside the white petals. And there they all stayed.

This is why the magnolia has the little green-brown figure of a baby wrapped in a blanket. He is wrapped so closely that you can't see his eyes, because he is still afraid a little bear is around.⁹

The Maiden Who Loved A Star

There was once a young and beautiful Indian girl who went from her home into a desert of the western country to gather there the purple ripe fruit of the prickly pear. She left the desert late one day after the sun had gone down, and when she set out for home the bright stars were beginning to sparkle in the sky. One star was much brighter than the others, and seemed closer to earth than the others. The Indian maiden stopped in the sand and watched it. Was the star winking down at her? She thought it was. She dreamed of the shining star that night, and she saw in her dream that the star was the home of a fine, tall youth, a sky dweller.

The next day the maiden went again into the desert to

9 Ibid., pp. 53-54.

gather the fruit of the prickly pear. Again she stayed until the sun had gone down behind the distant hills on the far edge of the desert, and she watched her star winking once more at her. That was the sky youth, she knew. For seven days she visited the desert and each night she dreamed of this fair young man. She dreamed that he spoke of his love to her, but he could not join her on earth as long as she lived there and as long as he lived in the sky. He could not come down to the desert. She could not visit him in his star home.

The maiden was full of love, but she was unhappy because she was so far away from her lover in the star-frosted sky. She decided she did not want to live any longer. An old witch woman lived with the tribe, and the Indian maiden went to her and asked the woman how to die in order that she might be taken up to the sky to live in the star with her lover.

"Life is too great a gift to be flung aside," said the witch woman as she looked at the poor girl weeping on the other side of the old woman's fire. "You must live out the life the Great Spirit has given to you, but I can change you into a form that will permit you to live always out upon the desert under the loving smiles of the star youth."

Her words filled the maiden with joy. She went with the witch woman upon the desert that night. There the old woman made a powerful drink from desert plants and told the maiden

to drink it. As soon as she had done so her feet began to take root in the dry, sandy soil. Her arms turned to branches. Her black hair turned to leaves, and the maiden had become a new shrub which no Indian had seen in the desert before. As the wind blew the shrub seemed to murmur thanks to the witch woman.

When the sky youth saw what had happened he leaned far out of an opening in his star lodge. He leaned so far out that the edges of the star broke with his weight, and he fell with sparkling pieces of star straight towards the maiden who had become a bush. The starry bits were shattered to fine dust that powdered the leaves of the bush with white. The youth was changed to purple blossoms. At last the maiden and the sky youth were together.

The bush with white-dusted leaves and beautiful blossoms became known as the cenisa, or ash-covered bush. Today it is called the purple sage. Not many white people know the story of how it came to the desert.¹⁰

The Pecan Tree's Best Friend

In almost every pecan grove in this part of the country you will find the little orchard oriole and his mate living and raising their families in the spring. Where you find pecan trees you will find this little black and chestnut fellow and his tiny yellow, green and brown wife. You see the

¹⁰ Ibid., pp. 109-113.

trees and the orioles living together because once upon a time each did a favor for the other. The Indians remember.

One spring in the long ago an oriole family was living in its small nest of woven grasses swinging at the end of a branch on a tall pecan tree. The proud father bird and his wife were the parents of five little ones. As yet they could not fly, though their tiny feathers were beginning to grow large enough so that they could flutter to the edge of the nest and look over to see what the world looked like down on the ground. All day the parents gathered bugs for the little ones and sang their sweet songs. The big pecan tree liked the oriole family because they ate the bugs that tried to bore into the trunk or cut its leaves off. And so the tree and the birds got along like good neighbors.

One day the father bird looked up and saw the sky beginning to fill with bits of white clouds like snowflakes and flying very fast towards the north. Soon he saw flying under the clouds those great wide-winged birds called frigate birds or men-of-war, which live far away on islands in the Gulf. These birds only fly inland when a hurricane, or storm, is getting ready to rush out of the Gulf of Mexico and blow its wild breath upon the coast country. The father oriole knew this. He knew by the clouds and the frigate birds that a storm was soon to strike the country where his little ones were waiting in the nest. He became frightened. When the pecan tree saw him fluttering around and around in

distress the tree asked him what was the matter. The oriole told him that a storm was coming and would blow his five children away.

"I know what to do," said the pecan tree. "There is a hole under my biggest branch. Take your wife and babies into that hole and the wind will not touch you."

Thanking the good tree, the oriole father took his family into the hole and waited for the storm. They did not have to wait long. The next day the howling winds swooped into the grove with the black clouds and rain that came with the hurricane. All the trees bent their heads as the wind tore at their leaves. Branches were stripped from the tree, and the grass nest of the orioles was soon torn apart and scattered and carried away. But, safe in their hole, the oriole family listened to the wind howl and were glad that the pecan tree was good to them.

After the storm the father oriole decided he would do a good turn for the tree just as soon as he got a chance. He told the tree about this.

The pecan tree laughed and said, "What can you do for me, little bird?"

"Wait and see," said the oriole. "Something will give me a chance to help you."

He was right about that, too. One winter all the trees and bushes thought that the cold north wind would not come. Spring was about due, and the winter had been warm. The

trees thought it was now too late for the north wind to make them a visit, and they began to put out their buds and leaves earlier than usual. One day down in Mexico, where the orioles always went during the winter months, the father oriole felt in his tiny bones that a cold spell was on the way from the north. He had heard that the trees in Texas were putting out their buds too soon. He knew that if his friend, the pecan tree, put out its buds the cold north winds would bring sleet and would freeze the buds, so that the tree could not have any pecans.

Here was a chance to do the pecan tree a good turn. The oriole flew quickly to Texas. He found his friend, the pecan tree, was about to put out its buds on the limbs.

"Keep in your buds and leaves!" cried the oriole. "A cold wind is on the way from the north and will hurt all the trees that are budding too soon." Then the oriole hurried back to Mexico before the cold weather could catch him.

The pecan tree laughed to itself and thought the oriole was wrong. But it decided it would wait until later to put out its buds. And how glad it was! For the next day the north wind made a late trip into the south, bringing the sleet and cold weather with it. It whooped and blew around the country, and all the trees and bushes had their early buds frozen off. All but the pecan tree who had been the friend of the little oriole, for this tree had not put out any buds. It was the only tree that bore pecans that year.

The other pecan trees learned about the good turn which the oriole had done for one of them. They became the friends of all orioles from that time, and this is why you find the little birds living and nesting wherever pecan trees are growing.¹¹

Why Arrows Have Feathers

A baby hawk once fell from its nest in a high tree and lay on the ground, too young to fly. The little bird would have soon died from lack of food, or it would have been caught by an animal and eaten, if an Indian boy had not found it. The boy took the young hawk home with him and cared for the bird. He made it a nest on the top of a stump and fed the bird day after day until it at last was ready to fly, but the hawk did not leave. It liked the Indian boy who had saved its life. When the boy was playing around in the village the hawk sat on the stump where it had been raised and watched him.

One day the young Indian was making arrows from slim branches of trees and shooting them from his bow. At that time Indians did not put feathers on their arrows. Each time he shot an arrow it would fly straight for a little way and then turn over and over. The hawk saw this and had an idea. Why could not one of its wing feathers make an arrow fly straight?

¹¹ Ibid., pp. 144-151.

The bird could not talk to the boy, but it pulled out a long feather and dropped it at his feet upon one of the arrows that lay on the ground. He paid no attention to the feather. Then the hawk dropped another and whistled. So the young Indian saw that it was trying to tell him something about the feathers. He picked up one that lay on the arrow at his feet, fastened it to the blunt end of the arrow and aimed at a tree far away. This time the arrow flew straight as the hawk. The Indians in the village gave a great shout, for at last they had found out how to make their arrows fly straight through the air.¹²

How the Arrow Came to Be

"Now I guess I'd better tell you how the arrow came to be."

"Oh do, Grandfather," Bob said, "I've always wanted to know about the arrow."

"Well, I read in a book once," Grandfather began, "that the word flint in Indian meant Tawiskala, and that Tawiskala was a great stone man who lived a long way up in the mountains. This stone man had a loud voice, which was often heard by the animals and birds in the valley below.

"The animals wished to get rid of him, so they called a council of the birds and animals to try and get some way to get rid of Tawiskala.

¹² Ibid., pp. 160-170.

"The Rabbit was a very loud talker and every plan suggested he disagreed with. He knew that Tawiskala was a difficult man to handle, nothing had been found that could hurt this chief of flint. His fiery heart was always burning.

"Finally the Rabbit suggested that they invite the stone man down into the valley, then they could deal with him easily. It was voted to send the Rabbit to invite Tawiskala.

"He dressed in his best blanket, with feathers in his ears. This stone man, as gray and as old as the mountain, stood at the door of his lodge and frowned down at the little upstart Rabbit, who had come to call on him. The Rabbit asked about his health, and talked and talked, but the stone man only looked scornfully down at him and asked where he lived.

"In the broom-grass down in the valey", the Rabbit told him, and he asked Tawiskala to come down to see him, and to come at once so they would reach the broom-grass in time for supper. So the two started out together, Tawiskala's footsteps striking fire as he walked and almost singeing the Rabbit's ears.

"After they had their supper, they stretched out to sleep. Tawiskala closed his eyes. Now had come the Rabbit's chance to win glory for himself. He cut from hardwood a mallet and wedge. He made sure Tawiskala was sound asleep, and

crept softly over to where he lay. He bent over his body, his mallet in his paw. He placed one of the stakes he had cut on Tawiskala's body and drove it straight through him, pinning him to the ground. Then the Rabbit ran, but what do you suppose happened? In an instant, the air was filled with flying stones and flashes of fire. Tawiskala had broken into a shower of small pointed bits of flint that filled the valley and would have killed all the birds and animals but they were hiding. These were the first arrow-heads."

"What became of the Rabbit," Betty inquired.

"Well, that Rabbit was on his own doorstep, and in an instant would have been out of danger, but he could not resist turning around to look. A piece of flint hit him and cut his lip. Ever since, the rabbit has a cleft lip and cannot talk as much as he used to."¹³

How the Brazos River Got Its Name

Among the oldest inhabitants of Columbia is Mr. J. P. Underwood, whose mother was one of the "first three hundred" of Austin's colonists. Acting upon a request, Mrs. V. M. Taylor of Angleton secured from Mr. Underwood his version of how the Brazos got its name. Mrs. Taylor writes:

Hostile Indians were pursuing a body of Indians under the care of the Catholics who were trying to reach the Tockanhono, 'mighty water of

¹³ Mrs. Grover C. Johnson, Tell Us About Texas, pp. 72-73.

the Tejas.' They reached it in time to gain the opposite shore, but the hostiles trying to follow were swept away by a mighty current. The joy of the padre and company were expressed by their calling the Tockanhono (Indian name) 'Los Brazos de Dios' -- The Arms of God. Mr. Underwood gave the account as above, saying that it is the true version of the origin of Los Brazos as he heard it from old settlers of Austin's colonies.¹⁴

Indians Capture Dick Freeman
and John Bailey

Perhaps the best known and most widely discussed Indian capture, besides that of Cynthia Ann Parker, in the history of Indian depredations was that of Dick Freeman and John Bailey, an orphan to whom the Freemans had given a home. These boys had played and worked together and were like brothers in every way.

The earliest home of the Freemans was the typical log cabin of frontier days. One of the first things a boy was taught in those days was how to manage a horse skillfully. Dick's father, who owned large herds of cattle and fine horses that were known all over the country, took a great deal of pride in teaching his young son, and the latter soon became an expert horseman. Dick was as reliable as a man in looking after his father's interests; so he was placed in charge of a herd of cattle.

In 1867 Dick and John were herding cattle on a small

¹⁴ J. Frank Dobie, Legends of Texas, no. III, 1924, p. 211.

opening in the timber near their home when they were surprised by a band of Indians and taken captive. Both boys were riding fine horses. Dick was mounted on Billy Button, a large, famous race horse of that day.

When the Indians appeared, Dick said, "John, we must run for our lives."

They urged their powerful horses to the limit, but the warriors circled around them and cut off every chance of escape. There was nothing an Indian admired more than bravery and good horsemanship. It was this that probably saved the boys from being killed and scalped. As they were led away, they passed in sight of the Freeman home and Dick was almost frantic for fear the Indians would stop and murder the family. But wishing to keep the boys and the two fine horses, they did not take time to molest the family.

"Let's take a last look at home, John," whispered Dick, "for we will never see it again."

He tried hard not to show any feeling, for the Indians usually punished any show of emotion; but in spite of everything a tear stole silently down the manly little fellow's cheek and there was a lump in his throat, as he thought of his father and mother and that he would never see them again.

They went on for about a mile before they stopped. Then the boys were tied to a tree, as were Billy Button and the other horse. Two Indians, who amused themselves by occasionally pricking the boys and dancing around to frighten

them, were left as guards and the rest of the band turned back with the intention of attacking the Freeman home and of stealing other horses. But Mr. Freeman caught sight of them before they reached his place, seized his gun and began a rapid fire which frightened them away.

The father became alarmed at once for the safety of his boys and, with two other men, he circled through the woods to where the lads were herding the cattle. There he found only the herd; the little horsemen were gone. A searching party went to look for them, but when they found Dick's saddle that had been dropped by the way, they were convinced that the boys had been killed by the Indians, and gave up the search.

At last Dick, who was a courageous little fellow, decided that he was going to teach one of those Indian boys a lesson, for he thought he could never make his escape and would eventually be killed by the Indians anyway. Soon after he made up his mind to do this, an Indian boy, much larger than Dick, began to tantalize him. He was taken by surprise when Dick, with sudden fury, sprang upon him. The warriors began to circle around them, and Dick supposed the time for him to be killed had come at last, but he determined to give the Indian lad something to remember; so he redoubled his energies and fairly rained blows upon his combatant until he begged for mercy. Then Dick arose, folded his arms and looked his tormentors full in the face, expecting to be

killed the next minute; but to his astonishment, they seized him, tossed him into the air and called him "heap big warrior."

From that time on he was a great favorite with the tribesmen. They taught him all sorts of Indian tricks in riding, in lassoing, in dancing and swimming, and also how to speak the Comanche language fluently.

Almost a year had passed since the capture of the two boys, when some citizens, who were in the vicinity of the Comanche camp in the Indian Territory, unexpectedly saw and recognized John Bailey. They bought him from the Indians and took him home. He had not been in the same camp with Dick and could not say whether or not Dick had been killed.

His return, however, aroused a renewed hope within the father's heart and he determined to make another effort to find his son. Mr. Freeman armed himself heavily, mounted his finest horse, and, accompanied by a brave friend, rode to the Indian camp on the Washita River, where he found Dick alive and well.

To all outward appearances, Dick was an Indian. The chief had become so fond of him that he tried in every way to cause him to forget all he knew about civilization. He had caused the boy to discard his clothes for the Indian garb, to allow his hair to grow long, and to wear rings in his ears and bracelets on his arms. He had painted his face Indian fashion and had taught him the Comanche language

very carefully. In spite of all this Dick recognized his father at once, ran to him and begged to be taken back to his mother and the children.

It was very difficult to induce the Indians to give the white boy up; but at last Mr. Freeman offered them the fine horse he was riding in addition to five hundred dollars in money and they consented to let him go. The Indians took a great dislike to Mr. Freeman and threatened to kill and scalp him if they ever caught him out anywhere alone.

There was great joy in the Freeman household when the father returned with Dick. The neighbors gathered in to see the boy and to hear him relate his experiences with the Indians. His Indian antics and Comanche language amused the other boys very much, but he gradually dropped these customs he had acquired and it became almost impossible to induce him to speak of his captivity. Not far from where he was captured this boy, now grown to manhood, lives in a pretty white cottage at the foot of a high hill.¹⁵

Cynthia Ann Parker

One of the best known and most romantic figures in all pioneer history is Cynthia Ann Parker. Around this little white girl, who became an Indian, gathers a glamor of romance, sadness, tragedy and fierce warfare.

¹⁵ Ibid., pp. 82-86.

She came to Texas with her grandfather's colony of thirty-four in 1834. The colony selected a beautiful spot on the Navasota, a small tributary of the Brazos River, two miles west of the present town of Groesbeck in Limestone County. They called the settlement Fort Parker. These families were truly the advance guard of civilization in that part of the frontier.

Each morning the men would go to the fields to plow the cotton and corn, leaving behind the women at their daily tasks of cleaning the rude huts, baking the bread and washing the clothes, and the children playing around the door.

Even though their life seemed to be of peace and quiet, they were ever watchful and anxious for fear of the Indians, and the settlers always went armed.

For two years they were unmolested and the little settlement thrived, but on the morning of May 19, 1836, came disaster. Five hundred Comanche and Kiowa Indians swooped down upon the fort and massacred almost the whole company. A few managed to escape. The hardships of these escaping few, making their way painfully on foot to Fort Sam Houston, near the present town of Palestine, eating of twigs and herbs, is another tale.

The fort and other buildings were burned. Mrs. Silas Parker, with her four children, was interrupted in her flight by a small party of mounted Indians. They required her to lift her little daughter, Cynthia Ann, aged nine, up behind one of the mounted warriors. This was the last that she

ever saw of the child, and to her dying day she carried in her mind the picture of little Cynthia's flying golden curls as the Indian galloped away.

Cynthia Ann apparently disappeared from the face of the earth. Despite desperate efforts to obtain some trace of her, none was successful until four years later. A party of white traders were trading with a band of Comanches on the Canadian River. The little white girl was with them. One of the traders offered all his goods to redeem Cynthia Ann, but the old chief would not consider an agreement. The Comanches were notoriously fond of white children, and they seemed to be particularly so of Cynthia Ann. So the tribe moved away and with it went the little white girl.

Years went by and Cynthia Ann accepted the life of the Indians, learning their language and their customs. She grew to womanhood with the knowledge of no other life, married Pete Nocona, a Comanche warchief, and became the mother of several children. From long non-use, she even forgot her mother tongue.

The Comanche Indians continued to raid the settlements until, driven to desperation, the whites resolved to exterminate them. Governor Sam Houston, although a friend to the Indian, realized that the depredations must cease if Texas was ever to come into her fullest development. He directed Captain Sul Ross and sixty Rangers to take the field against the Comanches. A detachment of cavalry from Fort

Cooper and numerous settlers were added to this number.

Captain Ross and this force came upon the Indians December 18, 1860. In the fight that followed, Pete Nocona was killed, and among the captives was a white woman with a baby. They were brought to Camp Cooper and placed in charge of the wife of the commandant. Someone remembered the story of Cynthia Ann, so one of her uncles was sent for to come and ascertain if the captive woman could be the long-lost child. Mr. Parker was not able to see any resemblance. During the conversation he remarked that the name of his niece was Cynthia Ann. She brightened and repeated twice, "Me Cynthia Ann." This left no doubt as to her identity.

She was removed to the home of her relatives in Anderson County, near the present town of Palestine. The kindest of treatment, however, brought no smile to her face, and Little Prairie Flower, the baby, sickened and died. Cynthia Ann spent her days and nights in sad seclusion. One word, "Quanah," was constantly on her lips. It was learned that "Quanah" was the name of her son, who was with Peta Nocona when he was killed in the fight that led to her capture. She refused to associate with her white friends and relatives, apparently being alien in speech and thought. A few years later she died.

It may be added, to mitigate the tragedy of Cynthia Ann's metamorphosis, that her white blood evidently had its effect in the personality of the great chief, Quanah Parker.

He was very proud of his white blood, and he greatly revered the memory of his mother. He even obtained from the government a special permit to have her body removed from Texas to his Oklahoma home.

Quanah Parker lived in peace with the white settlers of southwestern Oklahoma and was liked and respected by them all. He left a large family of children who with their descendants are among the most respected citizens of Oklahoma.

At the site of Fort Parker, near the town of Groesbeck, a beautiful monument has been erected by the Texas State Legislature in memory of Cynthia Ann.¹⁶

The Boy Hermit

One day in the spring of 1870 while Herman Lehmann, whose parents had emigrated from Germany to Texas, was out in a wheat field scaring the birds off the grain, a band of Apache Indians swooped down upon him. He was eleven years old. He fought like a tiger, but two braves, after tearing all his clothes off, succeeded in tying him on the back of a mustang pony. Then, plunging through a thicket of thorns, they galloped with him out of the country.

He was taught to eat Indian foods and to herd the Indian ponies. After trying in vain to escape, he at length became so much one of the Apaches that he helped them fight Comanches and then scalped a Mexican. He even went on raids against his

16 Mrs. W. R. Potter, op. cit., pp. 95-99.

own race. Once in a brush with the Texas Rangers he got away from them, for he had learned to fear all white men. He found gold in some wild mountains and then was lost in a snowstorm. He and other warriors captured a herd of cattle from trail drivers. All this and much else make the narrative of Herman Lehmann's life rarely interesting. But nothing is more interesting than the account of how he lived as a hermit.

When he was in his sixteenth year, Carnoviste, the good-hearted Apache who had been a father to him, was killed in a quarrel with a medicine man. The medicine man then turned upon him, and to save his own life he had to kill him. That act made him an outlaw among his adopted people. He must flee. Before leaving, he stole in the darkness to the tent of Carnoviste's sister to say good-bye. She told him that he must ride a certain gray horse--the best in the herd. Then she helped him gather up his bow and arrows, a blanket and some provisions. He took also the gun with which the medicine man had tried to murder him.

He roamed over arid plains, rugged hills and a waterless desert, and ate only a meat diet. He lived in a cave in a canyon for months but became frightened by the Apaches one night and rode east. His hair grew long and his ammunition gave out so he hid his gun in a cave near the Rio Grande. Around here he ate vegetation and cactus apples. He was forced to eat a skunk and drink muddy water that he

strained bugs from with grass as a strainer. As he traveled east he finally found a buffalo and succeeded in killing the calf, by dragging him, as he was too weak to shoot him with his bow and arrow.

He made a new saddle from buffalo and deer hide and finally decided to join the Comanches. They gave him the name Montechena so that name precedes Herman Lehmann. He met Quannah Parker and joined in his raids. General MacKenzie of Fort Sill persuaded him to go home. There he found his mother and they took him to a revival. He misunderstood, thought they were on the warpath and broke up the meeting.

He would go hunting and kill their best calves and wanted to steal all horses. At last he grew accustomed to the white man's ways, but always spent part of his time with the Comanches.¹⁷

Greatest of all the Comanches

Many, many grasses ago the Comanches were a great people. Their warriors were as many as the buffaloes of the plains and they were cunning like the wolf. They had herds and herds of ponies and their villages were by many waters. They were a brave nation and all the other tribes feared them.

But two of the Comanches were braver than all others.

17 J. Frank Dobie, On the Open Range, pp. 190-201.

One of them was ripe with years and had long been the unquestioned leader of his people; the other was a younger man ambitious to overthrow his elder. In games on horseback, in hunting the buffalo and the antelope, in capturing the eagle and the mustang, in trailing the enemy and taking his scalp--in all activities the two chiefs were coming to be silently pitted against each other. The lesser chiefs looked up to them both and all warriors obeyed them.

One day these two leaders and their braves were returning from a raid against distant enemies. They had many scalps and ponies and no one of their number had been left behind. When they made camp in the green valley of Medicine Bluff Creek under the great bluff in the Wichita Mountains in Oklahoma, they had much to be thankful for. While they ate buffalo meat and rested, the younger of the two leading chiefs fixed his gaze on the heights. For a long time he seemed rapt in meditation. Then suddenly he drew himself up in proud gesture and, turning to the braves lounging on the grass, said:

"I am the great warrior of the Comanches. No other warrior equals me. I am like the mountain. My deeds tower above yours as the mountain towers above the valley. Where is the Comanche that dares follow me?" As he spoke, he lifted high in one hand his shield and in the other his spear.

Every warrior was now erect. Immediately their old

leader, who had been so affronted, stepped forth.

"If you are the great warrior of the Comanches," he rumbled, striking his own breast with heavy blows, "then you are the buffalo that leads the herd and I am the shrunk old bull driven away to die and feed the wolf. You ask me to follow you! I will follow no man! But I will go with you! And after you have stopped I will go on!"

Then, without saying a word, the chieftains put on their war paint and war bonnets, hung their trophies of past victories about their belts, mounted their battle horses and rode away.

Side by side across Medicine Bluff Creek they rode, then threaded up the trail that led to the sacred summit. When they had reached it, the younger warrior drew rein, his rival halting also. The tribesmen below could see and hear. The words of the young chieftain bounded down to them.

"You have come with me so far," he said to the veteran by his side. "Follow me now!"

With these words he shouted the war whoop of triumph, dug his heels into his horse's flanks, and dashed straight for the precipice hardly fifty yards away.

The older warrior fairly lifted his steed from the ground and, with a yell that drowned the echoes of the first, lunged beside his swiftly running antagonist.

In a minute the edge of the whirling precipice was reached. Then the younger man jerked his horse upon his

haunches. The other saw the treachery or the cowardice, whichever it was. With a ringing cry that was both taunt and boast he swept on into space. The warriors far below saw their great leader leap. They heard his awful shout. It was: "Greatest of all the Comanches!" Down, down, through the hundreds of feet of fearful void he sat upright on his horse as calm as if in council. Then for throbbing seconds after man and horse had crushed against the rocks, the great cry he had cried reverberated down the canyon-- "Greatest of all the Comanches!"

The warriors buried man and horse together, performing their most solemn rites. All night long they chanted their songs of mourning. After riding on to the camp where their families awaited them, they spent days reciting the deeds of "the greatest of all the Comanches." As for the younger chief, he became a despised outcast. No lodge of all the Comanche villages would receive him. No man would speak his name.

And "the greatest of all the Comanches" is greatest too of all the riders whose names legend has coupled with the horse-tracked bluffs of the Southwest.¹⁸

Reminiscences of an Early Settler

Dr. M. H. Chism of Huntsville, Texas, told Mrs. V. C. Mead these stories on March 1, 1941. Dr. Chism was born

18 J. Frank Dobie, op. cit., pp. 142-145.

March, 1854, in Mississippi and moved to Texas that fall to what was formerly known as Mercers Colony, Comanche County, 12 miles south of Comanche Town, near the Captain J. C. Cunningham ranch. He lived eighty-six years at Graham, Young County, and is the father of Mrs. J. L. Clark and Mrs. F. A. McCray of Huntsville.

Incidents from Indian Days

One day Dr. Chism's father and mother went to town and left their two boys, Marshall and Matt, age six and three, at home with an Uncle. The Uncle told the boys that if they would stay hidden upon the roof between two weight poles he would go to town and get Matt a pair of shoes--red tops with copper toes. The children hid there and no harm befell them. It did not seem long and no Indians came near. Dr. Chism recalled shining those brass toes and enjoying his red shoes.

A Close Call

About a quarter of a mile from the Jehu M. Chism home was a big live oak thicket and beyond this was the Captain J. (Uncle Jimmie) C. Cunningham's ranch. As Marshall and Matt Chism were walking down the road toward the range where the Cunninghams were herding cattle, they heard a noise like quail in the hog plums and green briars. They started toward the sound when an Indian rose, showing his enormous teeth, dark skin and long hair with a plait on each shoulder.

The brother, Marshall, stood still screaming for the father and Matt gave him a shove, telling him to run. They ran home yelling for their father who, hearing their screams, came around the house in time to see the Indians about seventy-five yards behind his boys. Not until they saw the father did the Indians cease their pursuit. The Cunninghams had not heard their cries for help on account of the lowing of the cattle. Dr. Chism said that his older brother never could run fast but led him home that day. He says that to this day he can close his eyes and see that Indian before him. The Indians were supposedly Kiowa or Comanche.¹⁹

19 This incident is quoted from the unpublished manuscript of Dr. M. H. Chism.

CHAPTER IV

Poems

In point of time Indian literature is the earliest literature of this continent and its influence is felt in art circles north and south of the Rio Grande. The interest is recent, less than twenty years, as the World War quickened the search for inspiration in the realm of pioneer life and brought forth the red man, not in conflict with the white man, but in relation to his own background, the American wilderness.¹

Since deep poetic feeling was the breath of life to the Indian, song was his natural expression.² It was heard at all hours, rising from the village or from the plains and cliffs. The Indian modulated his voice according to the sounds of his natural environment, the winds, the birds, the waters. Feeling deeply and sincerely that all nature was spirit creation, he was thrilled by the knowledge of a power over all life. To him the wind, the clouds, the beasts and the plants were brothers, united in the loveliness of everything; therefore, he expressed his feelings for life naturally

1 Constance Lindsay Skinner, "The First American Poets," The Columbia University Course in Literature, vol. XVI, p. 1.

2 Olive Beaupre Miller, The Book House for Children, A Picturesque Tale of Progress, Book VIII, p. 199.

Observing the regularity of the sun, moon, stars, tides, wind, the beginning and the end of plant, animal and human life, the heart beat, breathing and walking, the Indian gained his primitive sense of rhythm and, unconscious of self, accented this with bodily movement emphasized by the clapping of hands.

The Texas Indian directed his prayer, dance and song to the Mysterious Being who sent the rain and the storm.³

Even his names for the month were beautiful and poetic, March, the Awakening Moon; April, the Grass Moon; May, the Planting Moon; June, the Rose Moon; July, the Thunder Moon; August, the Maize Moon; September, the Hunting Moon; October, the Leaf-Falling Moon; November, the Mad Moon; December, the Long Night Moon; January, the Snow Moon; February, the Hunger Moon.⁴

Over long periods of time and after much patient effort, and from confidence obtained from living among the Indians, archeologists and ethnologists have been able to compile invaluable records. This literature includes striking varieties of rhythmic poetic expression, lengthy chants or a vivid phrasing of one line.

3 Lota M. Spell, Music in Texas, pp. 3-5.

4 Olive Beaupre Miller, op. cit.

RITUAL OF FIRE AND DARKNESS

Great Spirit, who puts us to sleep in darkness,
We thank thee for the silences of darkness,

FIRE AND DARKNESS

How the wind whistles now!
No one dares race with it.
Great trees bend low to it,
Rivers fight back to it,
Roaring and splashing it!
Hear how its strong wings beat
Deep in the gusty sky!
High through the night it flies
Whistling and screaming, still
Hunting the prey that runs!⁵

--Harriet Converse

RELIGIOUS SONG

To the house of my kindred
There I return.
Child of the yellow corn am I.
To the Red Rock House,
Where the blue Kethawns are by the doorway,
There I return;
The pollen of evening light on my trail.

5 Constance Lindsay Skinner, op. cit., p. 2.

In beauty may I walk,
 All day long may I walk
 Through the returning seasons may I walk,
 On the trail marked with pollen may I walk,
 With grasshoppers about my feet may I walk,
 With dew about my feet may I walk,
 With beauty may I walk.
 In old age wandering on a trail of beauty,
 lively, may I walk;
 In old age wandering on a trail of beauty,
 lively again may I walk.
 It is finished in beauty--
 It is finished in beauty.⁶

--Washington Matthews

THUNDER-SONG

Sometimes
 I go about pitying myself
 While I am carried by the wind
 Across the sky.

SPRING SONG

As my eyes
 Search the prairie
 I feel the summer in the spring.

6 Ibid., p. 4.

ARROW SONG

Scarlet is its head,

(Repeat)⁷

--Frances Densmore

LISTENING

The noise of passing feet

On the prairie--

Is it men or gods

Who come out of the silence?⁸

(Translated by Alice Corbin)

THE LIGHTS

The Sun is a luminous shield

Borne up the blue path

By a god;

The Moon is the torch

Of an old man

Who stumbles over stars.⁹

(Translated by Eda Lou Walton)

SUNSET SONG

Good night to thee, Fair Goddess,

We thank thee for thy blessing.

7 Ibid., p. 5.

8 Max J. Herzberg, Off to Arcady, p. 51.

9 Ibid.

Good night to thee, Fair Goddess,
 We thank thee for this day.
 In glory we behold thee
 At early dawn again.
 We thank thee for thy blessing,
 To be with us this day.
 This day,
 We thank thee for this day.

(Translated by Carlos Troyer)

WIND SONG

Far on the sert ridges
 Stands the cactus;
 Lo, the blossoms swaying
 To and fro, the blossoms swaying, swaying.¹⁰

(Translated by Natalie Curtis)

GONE TO WAR

(Kiowa)

Idlers and coward are here at home now,
 Whenever they wish, they see their beloved ones.
 Oh, idlers and cowards are here at home now,
 Idlers and cowards are here at home now.
 But the youth I love is gone to war, far hence.
 Weary, lonely, for me he longs.

(Translated by Natalie Curtis)

¹⁰ Ibid., p. 52.

ON HEARING THE CRY OF AN OMINOUS RAVEN

Raven!

I am going to die--

Fly away!¹¹

A WAR SCOUT DREAMS OF HOME

A certain maiden

To the garden

Goes.

Lonely

She walks.¹²

(Translated by Frances Densmore)

INDIANS

They wear squash-flowers cut in silver

And carve the sun or canyon walls;

Their words are born of storm and calyx,

Eagles, and waterfalls.

They weave the thunder in the basket,

And paint the lightning on the bowl:

Taking the village to the rainbow,

The rainbow to the soul.¹³

--Haniel Long

11 Ibid., pp. 53, 66.

12 Ibid., p. 67.

13 Ibid., p. 75.

THE THUNDER BIRD

Red Bird said:

"Fly, Thunder Bird, fly;
 Let your wings hide the sky.
 But don't wink near me,
 Or near Mother's teepee.
 If you do--hoo, hoo, hoot!
 I am going to shoot."

"Flap, old Thunder Bird, flap your wings--
 Shake down water on all our things!
 But don't wink near me,
 Or near Mother's teepee.
 If you do--hoo, hoo, hoot!
 I am going to shoot."¹⁴

INDIAN CHILDREN

Where we walk school each day
 Indian children used to play--
 All about our native land,
 Where the shops and houses stand.

 And the trees were very tall,
 And there were no streets at all,
 Not a church and not a steeple--
 Only woods and Indian people.

14 Mabel Guinnip La Rue, Little Indians, p. 74.

Only wigwams on the ground,
 And at night bears prowling round--
 What a different place today
 Where we live and work and play!¹⁵

AN INDIAN LULLABY

Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, little brown baby,
 Safe in the green branch so high,
 Shut your bright black eyes and go to sleep, baby,
 While the wood-wing sings, "Hush-a-by-by."
 "Hush-a-by-hush," 'tis the voice of the forest,
 "Hush-a-by-hush," the leaves seem to say,
 "Hush-a-by-hush," sing the wild birds in chorus
 Up in the tree-tops so far, far away.

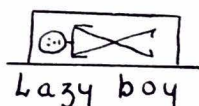
Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, swinging so gently,
 See, from the dark woods so cool and so deep,
 The little gray squirrel, the timid brown rabbit,
 Are coming to see if papoose is asleep.

Mother will watch by her little brown baby,
 Swinging aloft on the green branch so high,
 No harm can come to the little brown baby,
 Hush-a-by, rock-a-by, hush-a-by-by.¹⁶

--Anonymous

15 Childhood Education, Silver Umbrella, p. 135.

16 Edna Johnson and Carrie E. Scott, Anthology of Children's Literature, p. 802.

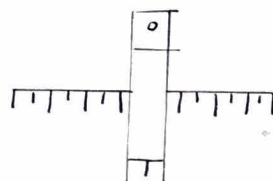


Lazy boy

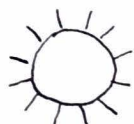


Rain

AN INDIAN LULLABY



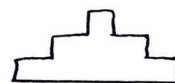
Hush-a-by, rock-a-by, little papoose



Sun

The soft green leaves are rustling o'er head;
Soft winds are sighing, the whippoorwill's crying,
Sleep, papoose, in your treetop bed.

Hush-a-by, rock-a-by, little papoose,



Wrapped tight in your cradle-board nest, Clouds

The pine tree is swinging, while Mother is singing,
Little papoose, close your eyes and rest.



Moon

Hush-a-by, rock-a-by, little papoose,



Night owl is calling from over the hill; Lightning
Tiny stars peeping to see if you're sleeping,

Sleeping and dreaming while all is still.

X Then rock-a-by, hush-a-by, little papoose,

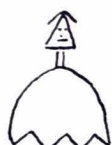


X Sail away in your cradle ship high;

Arrow

X Manitou's keeping a close watch while you're sleeping,

Stars So rock-a-by, hush-a-by.¹⁷



Woman



Lodge



Snake



Chief

17 Florence Piper Tuttle, Creative Seatwork Activities,
A Guide Book for Teachers, p. 146.

PRAYER TO THE MOUNTAIN SPIRIT

Young man, Chieftain,
Reared within the Mountain,
Lord of the Mountain,
Hear a young man's prayer!

Hear a prayer for cleanness
Keeper of the "he" rain,
Drumming on the mountain,
Lord of the she rain
That restores the earth in newness;
Keeper of the clean rain,
Hear a prayer for wholeness!

Young man, Chieftain,
Hear a prayer for fleetness,
Keeper of the deer's way,
Reared among the eagles,
Clear my feet of slothness!
Keeper of the Paths of Men,
Hear a prayer for straightness!

Hear a prayer for courage!
Keeper of the lightning,
Reared amid the thunder,
Keeper of the dark cloud
At the doorway of the morning,
Hear a prayer for staunchness.

Young man, Chieftain,
Spirit of the Mountain!¹⁸

Notes

At certain seasons of the year the young men go up into the mountains to pray. They separate near the summit, each going to his secret place of prayer.

18 Mabel Major and Rebecca W. Smith, The Southwest in Literature, pp. 136-137.

INDIAN NAMES

Ye say they all have passed away--
that noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished
from off the crested wave;
That, 'mid the forests where they
roamed, there rings no hunter's shout,
But their name is on your waters--ye
may not wash it out.

Ye say their cone-like cabins, that
clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled away like withered leaves,
before the autumn's gale;
But their memory liveth on your hills,
their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak their
dialect of yore.

Ye call those red-browed brethren the
insects of an hour.
Crushed like the noteless worm amid the
regions of their power;
Ye drive them from their fathers' lands,
ye break of faith the seal,
But can ye from the court of heaven
exclude their last appeal?

Ye see their unresisting tribes, with
toilsome steps and slow,
On through the trackless desert pass a
caravan of woe.

Think ye the Eternal Ear is deaf? His
sleepless vision dim?

Think ye the soul's blood may not cry from
that far land to Him?¹⁹

--Lydia H. Sigourney

19 F. A. Owen Publishing Company, Poems Teachers Ask For,
pp. 135-136.

CHAPTER V

CONCLUSION

There is a tendency among authors to write a book or article on one or two phases of the Indian, as his beliefs and legends, music or poems, customs, life and history; but no reference could be found that could be used as a supplement for the English-Social Science unit on the Indians in Texas.

In order to develop an appreciation of these first people and their legendary lore, colored by the atmosphere in which they were nurtured, it is necessary to combine a knowledge of their lives with that of their literature. With this background the child can grow in his imagination, in his moral and spiritual nature and can evolve a broader personality.

The teacher may inspire and guide the child in imagining the Texas of yesterday, but an Indian legend or poem which tells about nature, the wind, the sun, the storm, the birds, the bees and the trees, and what these meant to a people who could think only of them as mysterious, supernatural or phenomenal, productive of weird sounds and movements, will give the child a real insight into the bygone days.

A change of attitude from a biased dislike for a people,

whom he thought of as cruel and unclean, will turn to the realization that the Indians were clever and were forced to be cruel. An arrow, a vase or a basket that took time and patience will become a fascinating piece of art.

These opportunities of study will bring forth creative work, leadership, cooperation, a love of God and nature, and a desire to delve into more mysterious pasts, as he strengthens for his future.

This thought from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow seems applicable as a conclusion to this study.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
 It fell to earth, I knew not where;
 For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
 Could not follow it in its flight.
 I breathed a song into the air,
 It fell to earth, I know not where;
 For who has sight so keen and strong
 That it can follow the flight of song?
 Long, long afterward, in an oak
 I found the arrow, still unbroke;
 And the song from beginning to end,
 I found again in the heart of a friend.¹

1 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, The Complete Poetical Works,
 Houghton-Mifflin Company, New York, 1902.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Alexander, Hartley Burr, The Mythology of All Races, Louis Herbert Gray, editor, Marshall Jones Company, vol. X, Boston, 1916.
- Association for Childhood Education, Sung Under The Silver Umbrella, The Macmillan Company, New York, 1935.
- Atkinson, Mary Jourdan, The Texas Indians, The Naylor Company, San Antonio, 1935.
- Barker, Eugene C., Henry Steele Commager and Walter P. Webb, The Building of Our Nation, Row, Peterson and Company, Evanston, Illinois, 1937.
- Clark, Joseph L., A History of Texas, Land of Promise, D. C. Heath and Company, Boston, 1939.
- The Story of Texas, Row, Peterson and Company, Evanston, Illinois, 1932.
- Daffan, Katie, Texas Heroes, Katie Daffan Publisher, Ennis, Texas, 1924.
- Dobie, J. Frank, Legends of Texas, Texas Folk-Lore Society, no. III, Austin, 1924.
- On the Open Range, The Southwest Press, Dallas, 1931.
- Southwestern Lore, *ibid.*, no. IX, 1931.
- Texas and Southwestern Lore, Texas Folk-Lore Society, no. VI, 1927.
- Dobie, J. Frank and Mody C. Boatright, Straight Texas, Texas Folk-Lore Society, no. XII, Austin, 1937.
- Gatschet, Albert S., The Karankawa Indians, Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology, Cambridge, Mass., 1891.
- Herzberg, Max. J., Off to Arcady, American Book Company, Cincinnati, 1933.
- Johnson, Edna and Carrie E. Scott, Anthology of Children's Literature, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1935.
- Johnson, Mrs. Grover C., Tell Us About Texas, Tardy Publishing Company, Dallas, 1935.

Jones, Jonathan H., Indianology, Johnson Brothers Publishing Company, San Antonio, 1899.

La Rue, Mabel Guinnip, Little Indians, The Macmillan Company, New York, 1933.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, The Complete Poetical Works, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1902.

Lyman, Rollo L. and Howard C. Hill, Literature and Living, Book I, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1935.

Major, Mabel and Rebecca W. Smith, The Southwest in Literature, The Macmillan Company, New York, 1929.

McGee, W. J. and Cyrus E. Thomas, The History of North America, Frances N. Thorpe, editor, (vol. XIX), George Barrie and Sons, Philadelphia, 1905.

Miller, Olive Beaupre, The Book House for Children, A Picturesque Tale of Progress, Explorations Part II, Chicago, 1935.

Pennybacker, Mrs. Anna J. Hardwicke, A History of Texas, Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker publisher, Austin, 1924.

Potter, Mrs. W. R., Texas in History-Story-Legend, The Southwest Press, Dallas, 1933.

Salomon, Julian Harris, This Book of Indian Crafts and Indian Lore, Harper and Brothers, New York, 1928.

Scarborough, W. Frances, Stories from the History of Texas, The Southwest Press, Dallas, 1930.

Sigourney, Lydia H., Poems Teachers Ask For, F. A. Owen Publishing Company, Book II, Dansville, New York, n. d.

Skinner, Constance Lindsay, "The First American Poets", The Columbia University Course in Literature, Columbia University Press, vol. XVI, New York, 1929.

Spell, Lota M., Music in Texas, J. R. Reed Music Company, Austin, 1937.

Stratton, Florence and Bessie M. Reid, When The Storm God Rides, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1936.

Thomas, Cyrus and W. G. McGee, The History of North America, Guy Carlton Lee, editor, (vol. II), George Barrie and Sons, Philadelphia, 1903.

Thompson, Holland, "The Book of Texas", The Book of Knowledge, (vol. XXI), The Grolier Company, Dallas, 1929.

Thrall, Rev. Homer S., A Pictorial History of Texas, N. D. Thompson and Company, St. Louis, 1879.

Tuttle, Florence Piper, Creative Seatwork Activities, A Guide Book for Teachers, Creative Educational Society, Mankato, Minnesota, n. d.

Wade, Mary Donaldson, "The Alabama Indians of East Texas", Polk County Enterprise, Livingston, Texas, January 16, 1936.

Wharton, Clarence R., Texas Under Many Flags, The American Historical Society, Chicago, 1930.

The Lone Star State, A School History,
The Southern Publishing Company, Dallas, 1932.