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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF ALEX POSEY

Alex Posey, the Creek bard and philosopher was born near Eufaula in the Creek nation, now part of Oklahoma, August 3rd, 1873, and met his tragic death by drowning in Canadian river, May 27th, 1908, only a few miles from the place of his birth. He graduated at Bacone college, about 5 miles from Fort Gibson, in 1894, having acquired local fame as an Indian dialect writer and humorous sketches. He was married to Miss Minnie Harris, of Fayetteville, Arkansas, a white woman, in 1867, the union being a very happy one. Mrs. Posey is now living in Muskogee with her two children, a boy and girl, very interesting and intelligent children.

Posey's mother is a fullblood Creek Indian, still living, and his father, an Irishman of much latent literary talent and ability, which was developed in his son Alex. who was a great student and admirer of Thoreau, the "Sage of Concord," from

whom he largely derived his religious sentiments and philosophy, founded on Nature's Laws, as demonstrated by Copurnicus, Descartes, and others, Kepler, Newton, Spencer and others, the indestructability of Matter; the continuity of Motion; the persistency of Force," united in unchanging Power, of which no limit in time or space can be conceived, as the fundamental principle in all religions, which survives all changes, creeds, kingdoms, empires and ravages of time -- the Unchangeable -- "the Great First Cause, least understood," -- the Great Unknowable, only thro' His great works, which, when studied and understood elevates mankind to higher planes of thoughts and action. These were the principles we had in mind when we wrote "Alex Posey's Creed," which attracted a good deal of attention and had a wide circulation.

Alex Posey did not observe the conventionalities of religion, refusing to subscribe to what he considered idle ceremony. His house of worship was all nature, and was as broad and comprehensive as nature itself. He loved nature, and in his own heart, and in his own way, worshipped Nature's God. He recognized the "Sermon on the Mount," The "New

Commandment" and the teaching of the Book where it says: "As men sow that shall they also reap," and as a true philosopher believed that no one through theological or religious jugglery can escape the consequences of evil acts, or misspent life, and that every one shall be "judged according to the deeds done in the body." How sweetly does he answer us in his lines to --

DAFFODIL

When death has shut the blue skies
out from me,
Sweet Daffodil,
And years roll on without my memory,
Thou'll reach thy tender fingers
down to mine of clay.
A true friend still,
Although I'll never know thee till
the judgment day.

*

'TIS SWEET

'Tis sweet, so sweet, when work is o'er,
At eve, to hear the voice of love
Shout welcome from the cottage door,
Embowered on the bill above.

The furrowed field: where, all the day,
You toil and sweat for little bread,
So sweet to see the child at play
Drop toys and come with arms outspread.

*

HUSSE LOTKA ENHOTUTLE

(The West Wind.)

From o'er the hills it comes to me
The clouds persuing,
With song of bird and drone of bee,
So soft and wooing.

From o'er the woods, thro' shade and sheen,
With fragrance teaming;
From o'er the prairies, wide and green,
And leaves me dreaming.

Across the fields of corn and wheat
In valleys lying,
It seems to sing a message sweet
Of peace undying.

I shout aloud -- the wildwoods ring
As they have never --
"Blow, O Wind of the West, and sing
This song forever!"

TO THE INDIAN MEADOW LARK

When other birds despairing southward fly,
In early Autumn time away;
When all the green leaves of the forest die,
How merry still art thou and gay.

O, golden breasted bird of dawn,
Through all the bleak days singing on,
Till winter, wooed a captive by thy strain,
Breaks into smiles and Spring is come again.

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ON THE CAPTURE AND IMPRISONMENT OF CRAZY SNAKE, JAN. 1900

Down with him, chain him, bind him fast!
Slam to the iron door and turn the key!
The one true Creek, perhaps, the last
To dare declare, "You have wronged me?"

Defiant, stoical, silent,
Suffers Imprisonment!

Such coarse black hair! Such eagle eye!
Such stately mein! How arrow straight!
Such will! such courage to defy
The power makers of his fate!
A traitor, outlaw -- what you will,
He is the noble red man still.

Condemn him and his kind to shame!
I bow to him, exalt his name!

*Chitto Harjo -- the leader of the Snake
band who would not submit to allotment of lands.

TWILIGHT

O Twilight, fold me, let me rest, within
Thy dusky wings;
For I am weary, weary. Lull me with
Thy whisperings,
So tender; let my sleep be fraught with dreams
Of beauteous things.

SHELTER

In my cabin in the clearing,
I lie and hear the Autumn shower falling slow;
Afar, almost out of hearing,
I lie and hear the wet wind thro' the forest
go.

Sense of shelter steals o'er me;
Into the ev'ning dimness falling,
Into the night before me,
I lie and fancy I am sailing.

All night the wind will be blowing;
All night the rain will slowly pour;
But I shall sleep, never knowing
The storm raps ceaseless at my door.

WHEN LOVE IS DEAD

Who last shall kiss the lips of love,
when love is dead?

Who last shall fold her hands and
pillow soft her head?

Who last shall vigil keep beside her
lonely bier?

I ask, and from the dark, cold night
without, I hear.

The mystic answer, "I, her mother,
Earth, shall press
Her lips the last, in my Infinite ten-
derness."

Under the name of "Fus Fixico" Posey treated some of the questions of the day in a humorous philosophical manner, which attracted almost National attention. The following on the so-called Oklahoma State Dispensary Law shows a specimen of his wit and humor. It was republished in the Post May 21, 1908, six days before the death of its author, and was the last of his published humorous productions:

"So it was Tokpafka Micco want to know if Sunnybrook was any kin to Senator Brook, an' Hot Gun he tell 'im, 'Well, so they was no kin to one nuther; but maybe so, they was good frien's socially.'

"Topafka Micco he didn't know no better an' think Sunnybrook was a man, an' Hot Gun was had lots o' fun out o' him before he get wise. An' Wolf Warrior an' Kono Harjo didn' know no better neither, an' think Sunnybrook was a young boy from Kentucky, like Hot Gun say, 'when the find out different they smoke slow an' look way off an' don't see nothin' to laugh

at.' But the women folks was fixin' dinner an' Topatka Micco an' Wolf Warrior an' Kono Harjo wasn't offended long.

"You can't make an Injin mad when the smoke is comin' out o' the chimney an' the dog is lookin' in the kitchen door.

"Well, so,' Hot Gun he go on an' say, 'ever'-thing was different since statehood. In stead o' busk groun's we got county seat, instead o' stomp dances we go rallies, instead o' green corn feasts we go primaries, instead o' fish fry we got the initiative an' referendum; an' instead o' fifty lashes on the bare-back we got sixty days on the rock pile. So, instead o' the ol' time whiskey peddler that stayed in the woods till after dark, we got a dispensary agent.

"This nek kind o' whiskey peddler was come out of the pulpit, an' you couldn't see the back o' his knee for the tail o' his coat. He was peddle Sunnybrook, an' it was put' near good as 'White Muls' mixed with branch water, or the kind o' Peruny.

"He was handle no other bran' of fire water but this Sunnybrook. If you drink it you wasn't accountable for your misdemeanors. It was the kind o' strong drink Solomon tackled in olden times an' called a mockery. (Topafka Micco an' Wolf Warrior an' Kono Harjo pay close tention an' look dry.'

"An, Hot Gun, he go on, say, 'The peddler o' this Sunnybrook stuff was a preacher, I say, an' he was had lots other peddlers under him, an' some o' them was women. Guess so that made the business more interesting. You didn't know how to tell big lie an' swear it was the truth. Makes no difference how husky you was you had to make a oath you was punny an' wasn't long for this world!'

"Then Topafka Micco, he say, 'Well so I think the new state whiskey law was breed lots o' graft an' cheerful liars, an' was make me sorry for religion an' womanhood.'"

The above are but a few extracts taken at random from the writings of Mr. Posey. It is intended shortly to have his writings collected, and printed in book form.