

THE CLAREMORE PROGRESS

Claremore, Ind. Ter.,  
Saturday, July 21, 1906  
Vol. 14 No. 26  
A. L. Kates, Pub.

TO SAVE INDIAN CAPITOL

Now that Oklahoma and Indian Territory are to take their place among the sisterhood of states, and will have but one capital where heretofore there has been two, some concern is felt for the old capital towns of the two territories, and the question is being asked, what will become of the old state buildings? Sentiment is reluctant to let the historic buildings pass into oblivion.

Especially is this true in the Indian Territory, where it is said a movement will be inaugurated to preserve the historic capitol buildings of the five civilized tribes.

In line with this movement it has been suggested, and the plan seems to have met with general approval, is that each building be made the national museum of the nation wherein it is located. In this manner

they would become objects of interest and attract visitors from all parts of the world.

The Creek Indian capitol building at Okmulgee was erected in 1867, and has been the center of all that was important in the Creek nation during almost a half century.

Okmulgee means "springing water." Around the council house and the trees which surround it are memories of a proud but vanishing tribal government, once warlike and warring, but whose sun is now setting, and whose existence is now merging into that of general government. Clustering about the council house are recollections tinged with pathos of former splendid gatherings of the great council composed of two bodies -- the house of kings and the houses of warriors -- now only empty names. It was here the sentences of the Creek courts were executed. The prisoner was tried, convicted and sentenced to be shot to death at a given date, and then released with the admonition to return and receive his penalty on the day of execution. History or tradition does not record an instance in which the condemned man failed to appear and take his punish-

ment manfully. After bidding his friends farewell he took his station under the old maple tree and the unerring aim of his dearest friend sent his soul to his maker.

In the history and chronicles of the Creek tribe there is no more interesting story than that of the Red Stick war. This happened many, many years ago, at a time when the wily Chief Tecumseh, of the Shawnees, was at outs with both the English and the Spaniards, and he was determined to have revenge and lift a few scalps. He had visited nearly all the Indian tribes for the purpose of organizing a federation and destroying the white people. Among the tribes that were favorable to a war of extermination was the Muskogees, or Creeks, and, although many of the leading men of the tribe advised against the war, yet the advice of the sages was not heeded, and Tecumseh's cause was espoused by a majority of the Creeks. They flocked to this wily chieftain's camp, ready to follow him. The medicine men of the Creek recruits ordered a long pole to be painted blood-red from top to bottom. This was planted, and around it the warriors danced night and day, when not listening to war speeches. Tecumseh joined

in all these proceedings.

A few miles from the town of Sapulpa, in the Creek nation, is a high cliff, known to all the people for miles around as "moccasin Track" cliff. This name is derived from three moccasin tracks on top of this cliff of stone. The tracks are of different sizes, and the legend is as follows:

"Years ago, during the formative period of this cliff, there lived near a beautiful Indian maiden, who loved and was loved by a young white man who had found her in her home while on a hunting trip in the Indian country. He wooed her and she was to be his bride, but the laws of the tribe prohibited the match. The white lover also incurred the dislike of the girl's parents. Often the lovers would steal away to this cliff, and on one occasion the girl's little sister was sent to find her. They crossed this cliff together, making the three different sized moccasin tracks. The sun hardened the stone and the tracks have endured to tell the tale. The legend further recites the fact that the young white lover fell asleep on the cliff and fell to his death on the rocks below.