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THE FALL OF THE REDSKIN

(With apologies to Edwin Markham.)

Awed by the laws of Arkansaw, the whims  
Of Hitchcock, and the bill that Curtis sent  
To him, he leans against a witness tree  
And gazes on the far-blazed section-line,  
The emptiness of treaties in his face,  
And on his back the burden of the squaw.  
Who made him dead to raptures of the chase,  
The ills of not desiring to allot,  
A thing opposed to change, that never files,  
Stubborn and slow, a brother to the Boer?  
Who loosened and let down the pledge --  
"As long as streams give tribute to the sea,  
And grass spreads yearly banquet for the herds?  
Whose breath blew out the faith within this brain?  
Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave  
To have dominion over sea and land;  
To hunt the deer and chase the buffalo  
From climes of snow to climes beneath the sun?  
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped Tom Platt  
And sent Roosevelt on his career of light?  
Down all the stretch of Carpetbaggers to  
The last man fresh from Maine or Illinois,  
There shines no ray of hope for him! He sees  
But darkness filled with censure of his ways --  
Night filled with signs and portents that appall --  
Greed fraught with menace to his grass and ore!

What gulf between him and home rule! The ward  
Of Uncle Sam's high-salaried minions,  
What to him are Tams Bixby, J. George Wright?  
What the long reaches of the tape of red,  
The splendors of the carpetbag regime?

Through this dread shape the Fillipino looks;  
The vow not kept is in that doubting stare;  
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,  
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,  
Cries protest to the judges of the courts,  
A protest that is also made in vain.

O, Bill McKinley, Hanna, bosses in  
All lands Republican beyond dispute,  
How will you reckon with this Indian in  
That hour when he unchallenged casts his vote,  
When whirlwinds of Democracy blow J.  
Blair Shoenfelt back north to see the folks,  
And spiders weave their nets in spacious rooms  
And corridors of Misrule's capital?

How will it be with towns that <sup>&</sup>vatten on  
The wrong -- with those whose bread depends upon  
The shame -- when Bradford's dream becomes a fact  
And pies of politics are baked at home?

CHINNUBBIE HARJO.