

for the very large share he had taken in originating this monument. Answering him Colonel Potter used these words in making proper acknowledgement of the letter received from General Steel:

"It may not be amiss here to state in what my limited claim to it consists. I suggested the first crude idea of such a memento made from the stones of the Alamo and furnished some of the inscriptions and devices. In 1841 I found in San Antonio a man named Nangle, a sculptor of unusual skill, then engaged in making from the material above mentioned divers small tokens such as vases and pipes and candlesticks. I advised him to construct a monument of size suitable for decoration of the interior of some public building and offer it to Texas. The form I suggested was that of a Roman altar having on the upper entablature of one side a heart, pierced with two cross falchions, significant of immolation; on the opposite side a skull with two cross palm leaves below it typical of victorious death; and on the other two upper fronts a Lone Star and a liberty cap each supported by branches of oak and olive. These emblems are found on some part of the actual memento. The inscriptions that I proposed were for one side of the main body, the names of Travis, Bowie, Crockett and Bonham, and for the other sides three of the epitaphs which had been adopted. The artists disposed of the four principal names more tastefully than I had suggested on the four fronts of the entablature and put on the side I had allotted to them an inscription better than any of mine: "Thermopylae had her messenger of defeat—the Alamo had none." Where he got it I know not. The expression occurred in some public address of that day (meaning 1841), but I cannot say whether the orator borrowed it from the monument or not."

The inscriptions above referred to and approved by Colonel Potter were these:

"To the God of the fearless and free is dedicated this altar made from the ruins of the Alamo," on the east side of the monument.

"Be they enrolled with Leonidas in the hosts of the mighty dead," on the west side.

"Blood of heroes hath stained me; let

the stones of the Alamo speak that their immolation be not forgotten," on the north side.

The remaining one on the south side referred to above, "Thermopylae had her messenger of defeat—the Alamo had none," has been ascribed to General Thomas Jefferson Green, on good authority. Judging from General Green's well known patriotism and literary ability, it is not improbable that he suggested to the artist the words of his noble sentiment in the inscription on the south side of the monument.

Colonel Guy M. Bryan, who was a nephew of Stephen F. Austin, told the writer of the yearbook for Texas in 1898 that General Hugh McLeod informed him that the authorship of this inscription was freely discussed at a banquet in Galveston during the days of the republic between '41 and '45 and that it was there in the banquet room accepted and agreed without contradiction that General Green dictated the words to Nangle the sculptor.

I have gone into this at length, perhaps, Senator, because I wanted to give you the benefit of all that I am able to find on the matter from the historic division of the State Library and I am indebted to Miss Rogan, assistant librarian, for gathering for me the above data, and I trust that this will serve your purpose.

With continued appreciation of your friendship and expressions of esteem, I am, cordially your friend,

W. A. KEELING,  
Attorney General.

In the June number of Frontier Times will appear a splendid sketch of the experiences of Joe T. McKinney, a former citizen of Uvalde county, Texas, but now living at Wilcox, Arizona.

**WRITERS** If you enjoy working up character studies and biographies of picturesque frontiersmen, or producing fiction based in historical fact, communicate with us. We are in the market for material of this nature.

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# FRONTIER TIMES

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J. W. Bracken, 1907 Eva St., Austin, Texas, writes: "I wish to renew my subscription to Frontier Times. I am an old Texas Ranger, also an old time cow-puncher. Was in the ranger service when we had something to do; were in our saddles twenty-five days out of thirty. Did not stand around on corners in the city with big wooly hats on looking pretty."

For some time we have been planning to re-publish, in serial form in Frontier Times, the "Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson," the note Texas desperado. We expect to begin this in either our July or August issue, and after it has run serially in Frontier Times we will publish it in book or pamphlet form. Ben Thompson was killed in San Antonio in 1884. The story of this desperate character's life, which was written by Major Buck Walton of Austin, reads like a romance from start to finish.

C. H. McDuffie, of Iola, Texas, writes: "Please find enclosed check for another year's subscription to Frontier Times. I don't want to miss a copy of your magazine, for I don't suppose I will ever find another magazine that will compare with yours. I think you have started something which every full-blooded Texan should support, and that is what I am, but just a kid. I was born in Montgomery county fifty-six years ago, and of course I was too young to go up the trail, but I have punched a few cattle and have seen some of Texas. I lived awhile among the Indians, but they were civilized. When I first went to the Indian Territory in 1889 that was a fine country, but the people were mostly of a rough character. I am interested in anything concerning the early days of Texas, so don't let me miss a copy of Frontier Times. You can count on my subscription as long as I can see to read."

## OLD AMY, THE SEMINOLE

(Continued from Page 15.)

of the burning buggy that gave momentum for the poor cayuse's movement's. A relief party was hastily mounted and went up the road in the direction of Mason. Within two miles of the store they came upon the nude body of Old Amy, lying in the road. Every thread of clothing had been burned off. Near by was found a quart bottle partly filled with whiskey. Amy was an incessant smoker and the theory was that while trying to light her pipe from a burning match her thin clothing had caught fire, with the result that she burned to death.

A few days later, I received a letter from Governor Brown setting forth that Amy's statements were satisfactory, but before her claims could be legally established she would have to produce the evidence of yet another witness and that the testimony of some one of her grandchildren or some one who had known her at Fort Martin Scott would be accepted in addition to that of Mr. Parker, and when this testimony was forthcoming, he would send for her and that when she came into her own she would be one of the wealthiest women in the Indian Territory. But, too late! Whiskey cut her off while the door of hope and restoration to her people stood ajar.

No one knew the age of this wandering Seminole. She did not know. When asked if she had no record of her birth her reply was short and laconic. "No; Indians don't keep books!" She spoke English with a broken pronunciation, spoke Spanish fairly well and said she had not forgotten her mother tongue, the language of Osceola, now passing and soon to go down into the shades of oblivion.

Amy's kinsman, Juan Cano, whom I have mentioned, was well known to the early pioneers along the Southwestern border. Like his kinswoman, the Negro and the Indian blood flowed in his veins, uniting the brutality of the one with the cunning of the other. He became a terror along the Rio Grande and was finally killed by the rangers, if I mistake not, under Captain George W. Baylor.

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