

* . . . the most mischievously artful, of all the United States Indians, the Comanches. While not so coldly bloodthirsty as some other tribes, - priding themselves upon their silent stealth and cunning, and ranking the expert horse-thief above the dashing warrior, - the Comanches are at night the most dangerous of all Indians. Crawling into camp and bivouac, he will, in his efforts at theft, harmlessly pass close by sleeping men whom one blow of his knife might silence forever. But woe betide the unfortunate who discovers him, or attempts to interfere with his favorite pastime. His weapons are ever ready. A shot, or quick plunge of his knife, and in the confusion and darkness, he vanishes like a ghost, leaving death and terror behind him.

Richard Irving Dodge

1882 Our Wild Indians: Thirty Three Years Personal Experience Among the Red Men of the Great West

* In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
Round about the Indian village
Spread the meadows and the corn-fields,
And beyond them stood the forest,
Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,
Green in summer, white in Winter,
Ever sighing, ever singing. . .

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
Groping blindly in the darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened; -
Listen to this simple story,
To this song Song of Hiawatha.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 1855
Song of Hiawatha

*. . . these savages were created for the wild surrounding of their existence, expressly for it, and they live happily in it.

Henry Wood Elliot (American Painter)
1897

*Laura was frightened. Jack had never growled at her before. Then she looked over her shoulder, where Jack was looking, and saw two naked, wild men coming, one behind the other, on the Indian trail.

“Mary! Look!” she cried. Mary looked and saw them, too.

They were tall, thin, fierce-looking men. Their skin was brownish-red. Their heads seemed to go up to a peak, and the peak was a tuft of hair that stood straight up and ended in feathers. Their eyes were black and still and glittering, like snake’s eyes.

Laura Ingalls Wilder 1953
Little House On the Prairie

*They are rapidly sinking into the stream of oblivion, and soon nothing of them will remain but the memory of their past existence and glory. Where are now the descendants of Powhattan, the father of Pocahontas, or Tamenend and of Pontiac? Alas! They are blotted from the face of the earth, or swallowed up in the remnants of other tribes.

NY Newspaper 1837

*"The Indians will eat you," Lemuel said and smacked his lips loudly. 'They will chop off your head,' little Robert added, with a wide innocent smile...'They will skin you alive...' That was Lemuel.

Alice Dalgliesh 1954
The Courage of Sarah Noble